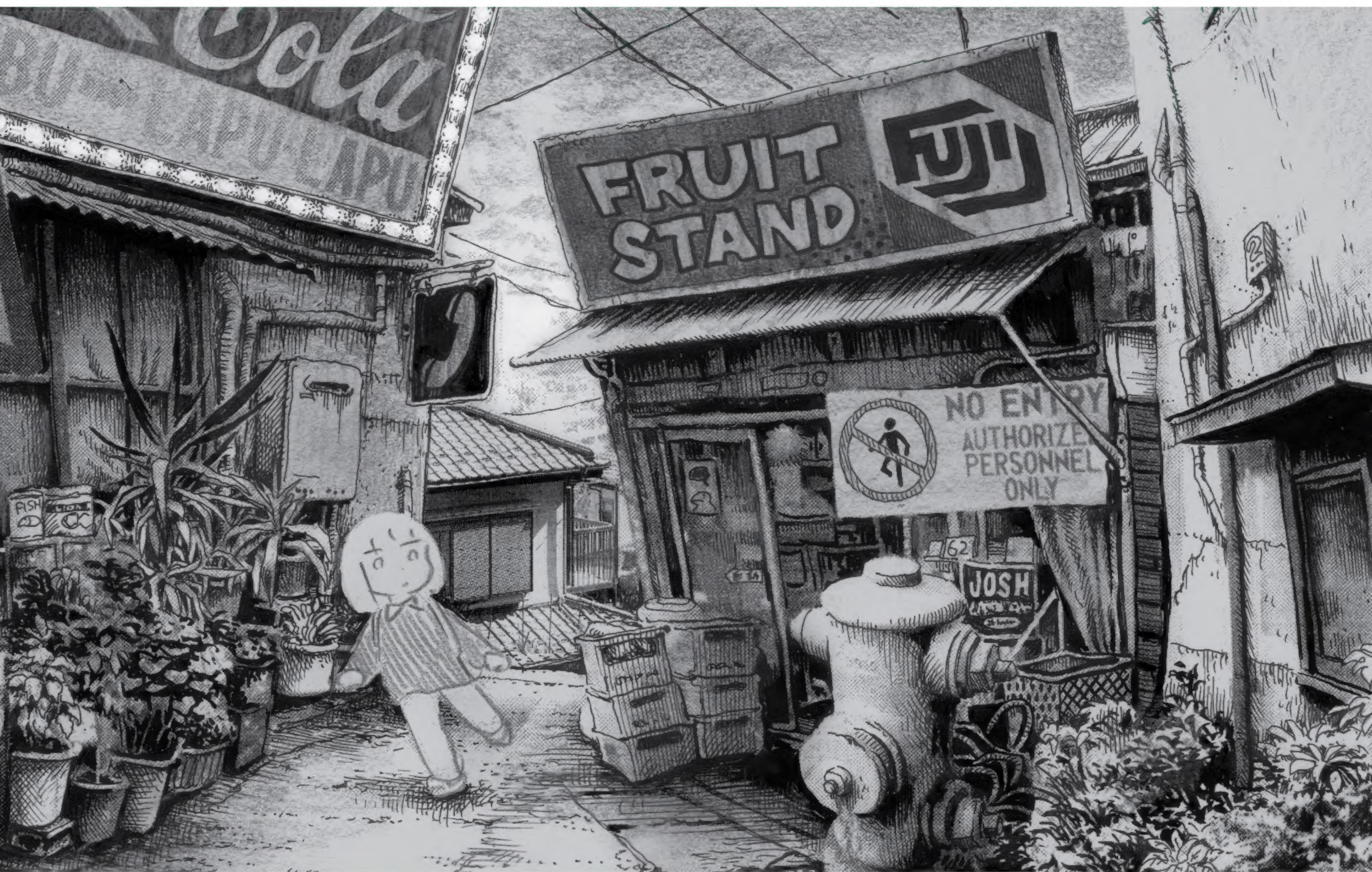


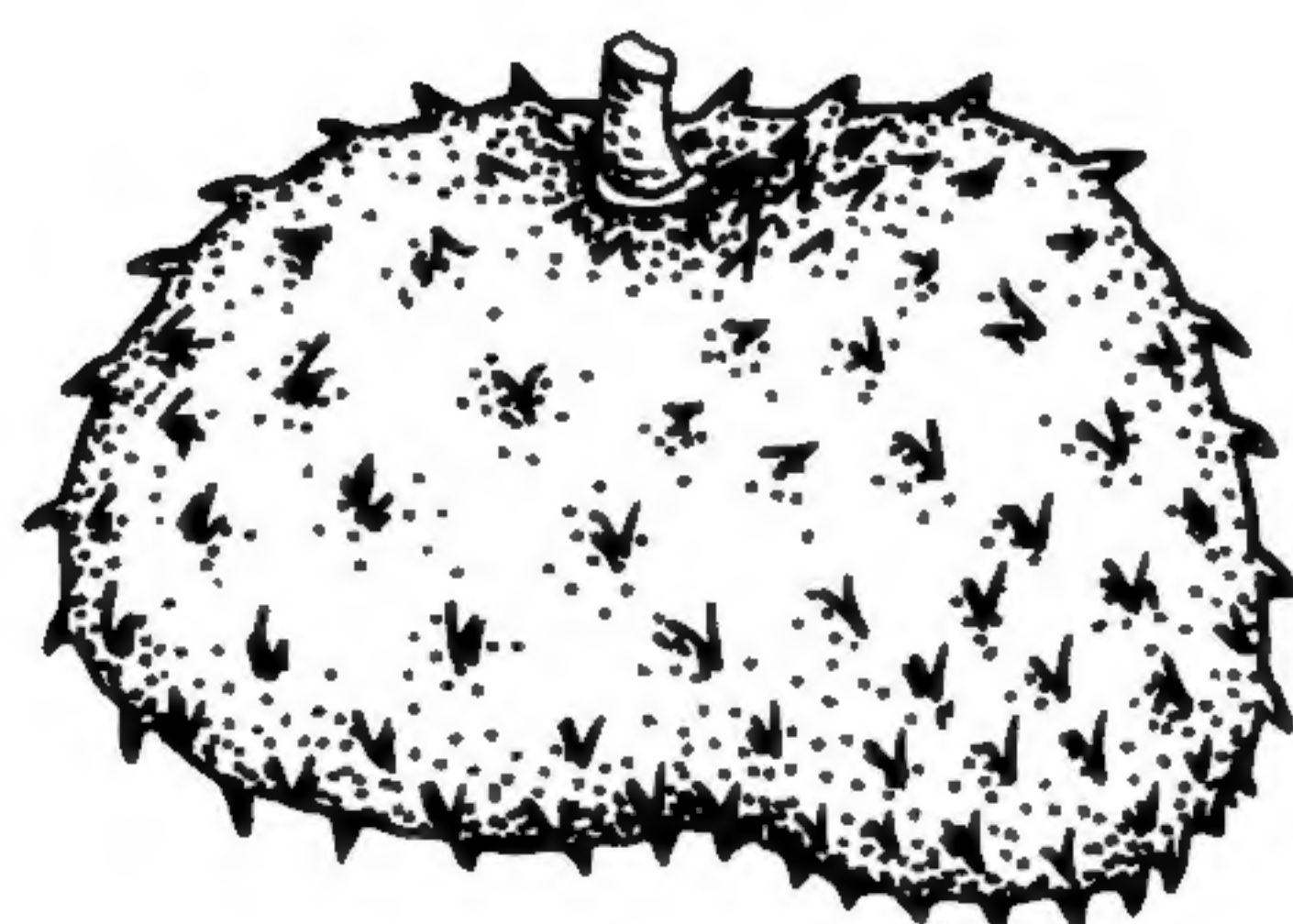
GUYABANO HOLIDAY



panpanya

Guyabano Holiday

panpanya



DENPA

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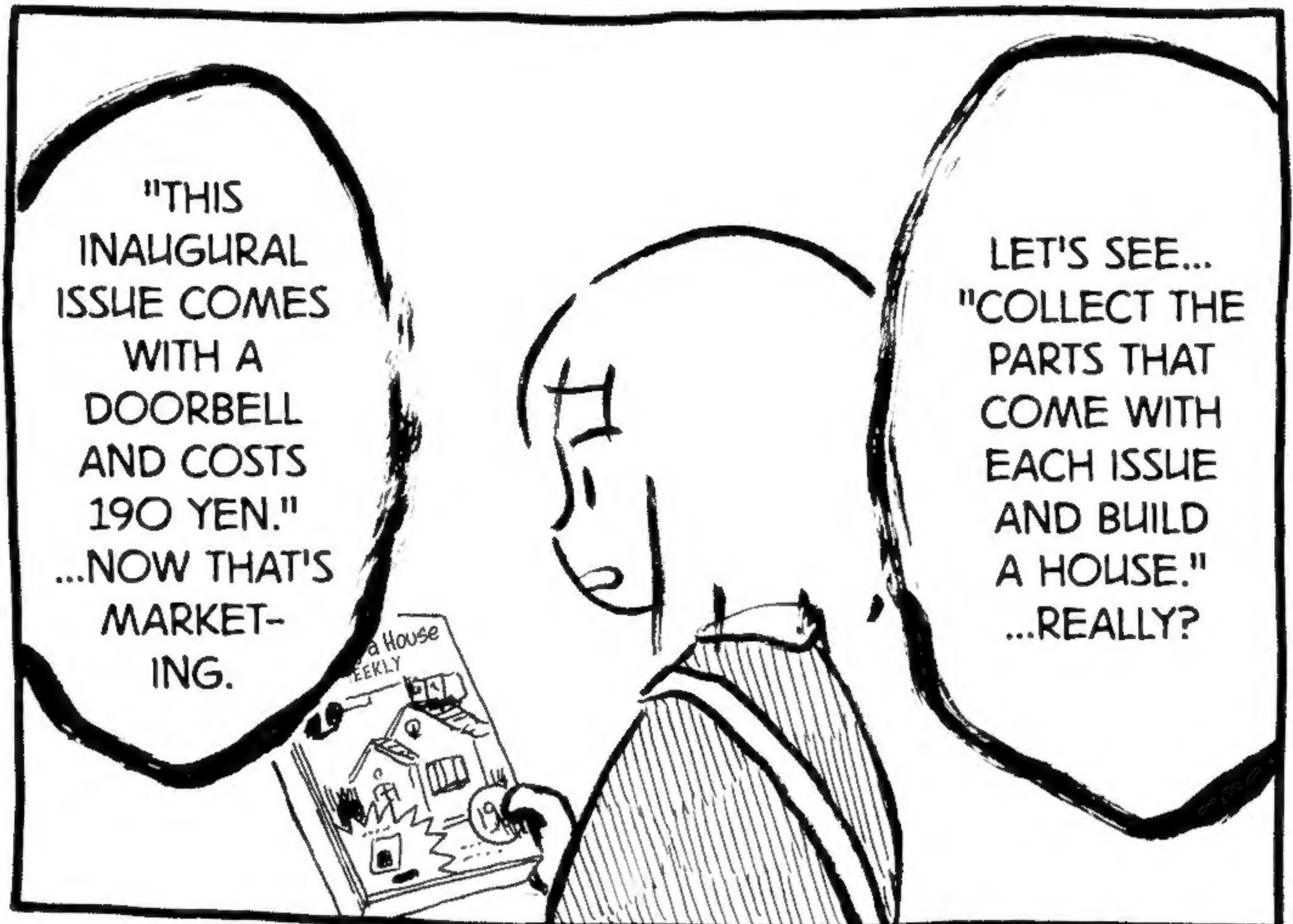
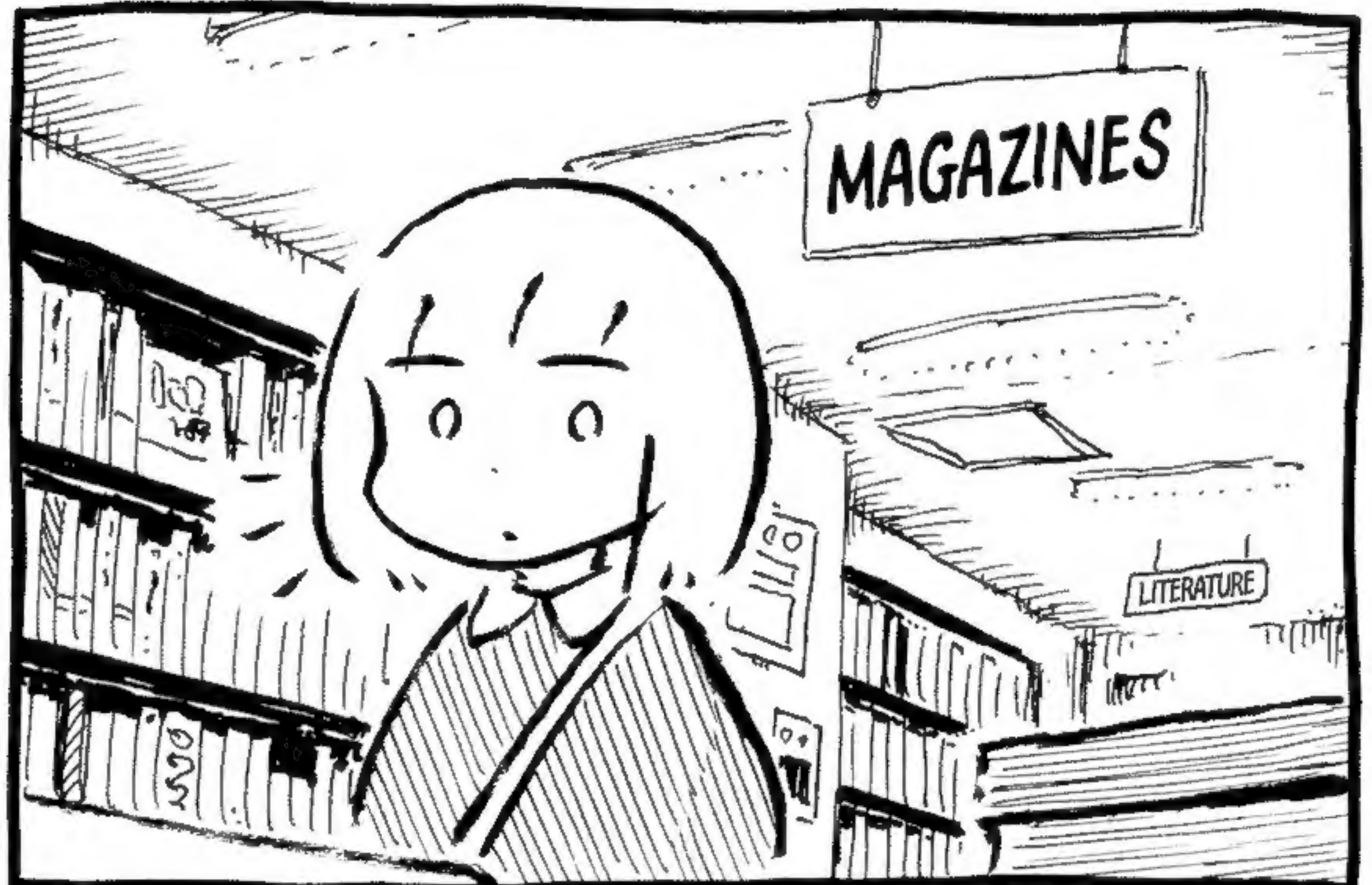
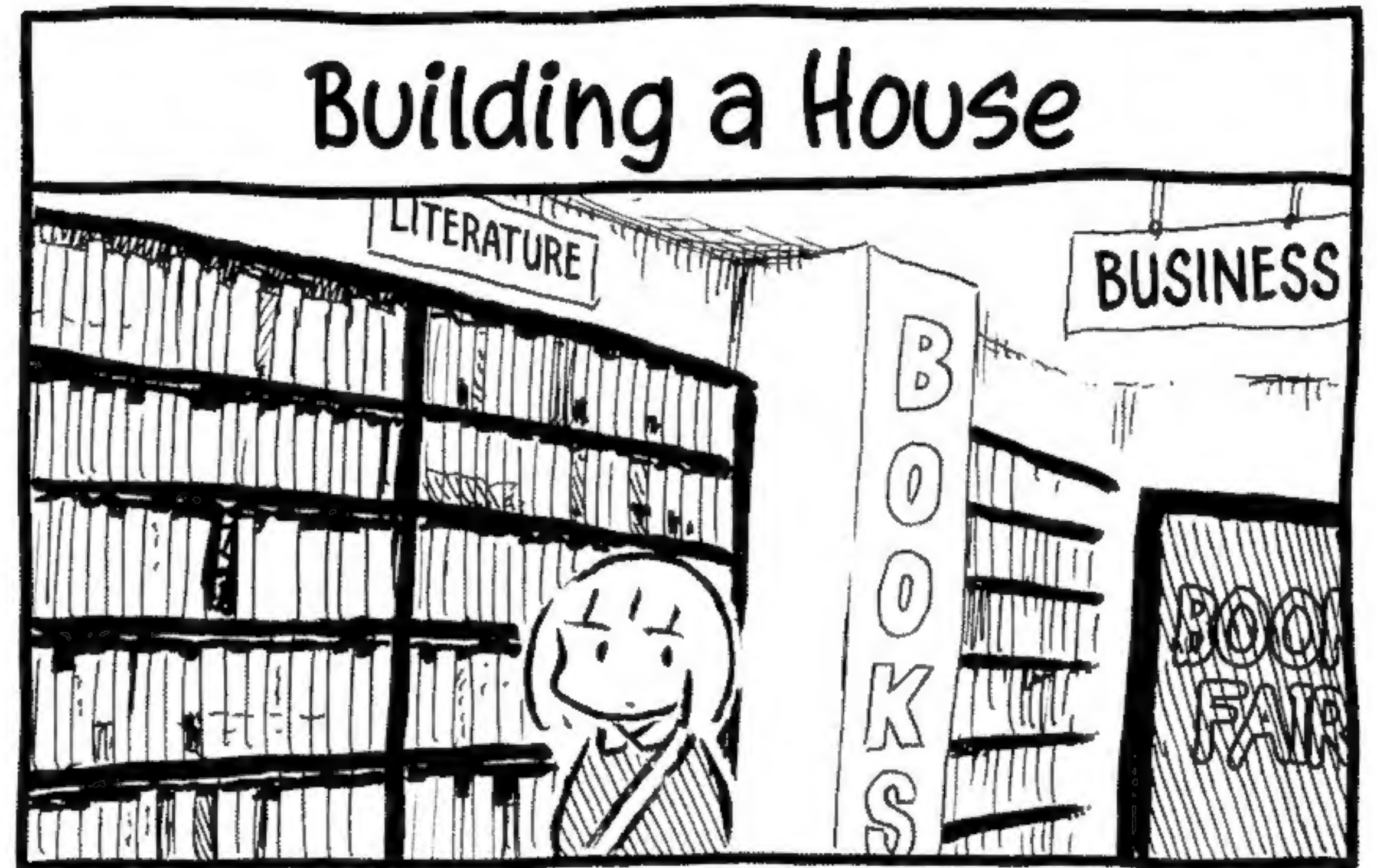
At the AquariumCLI

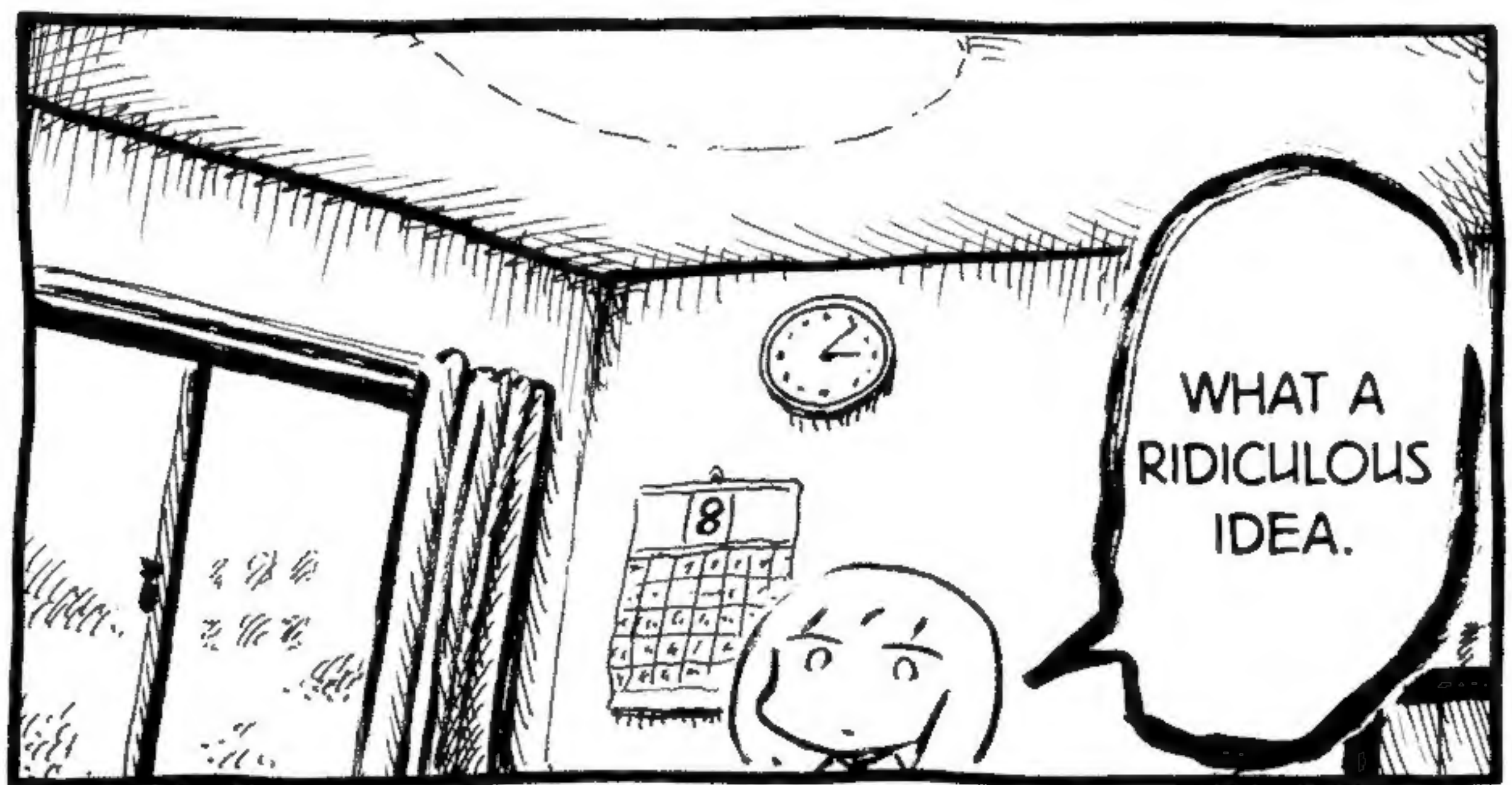
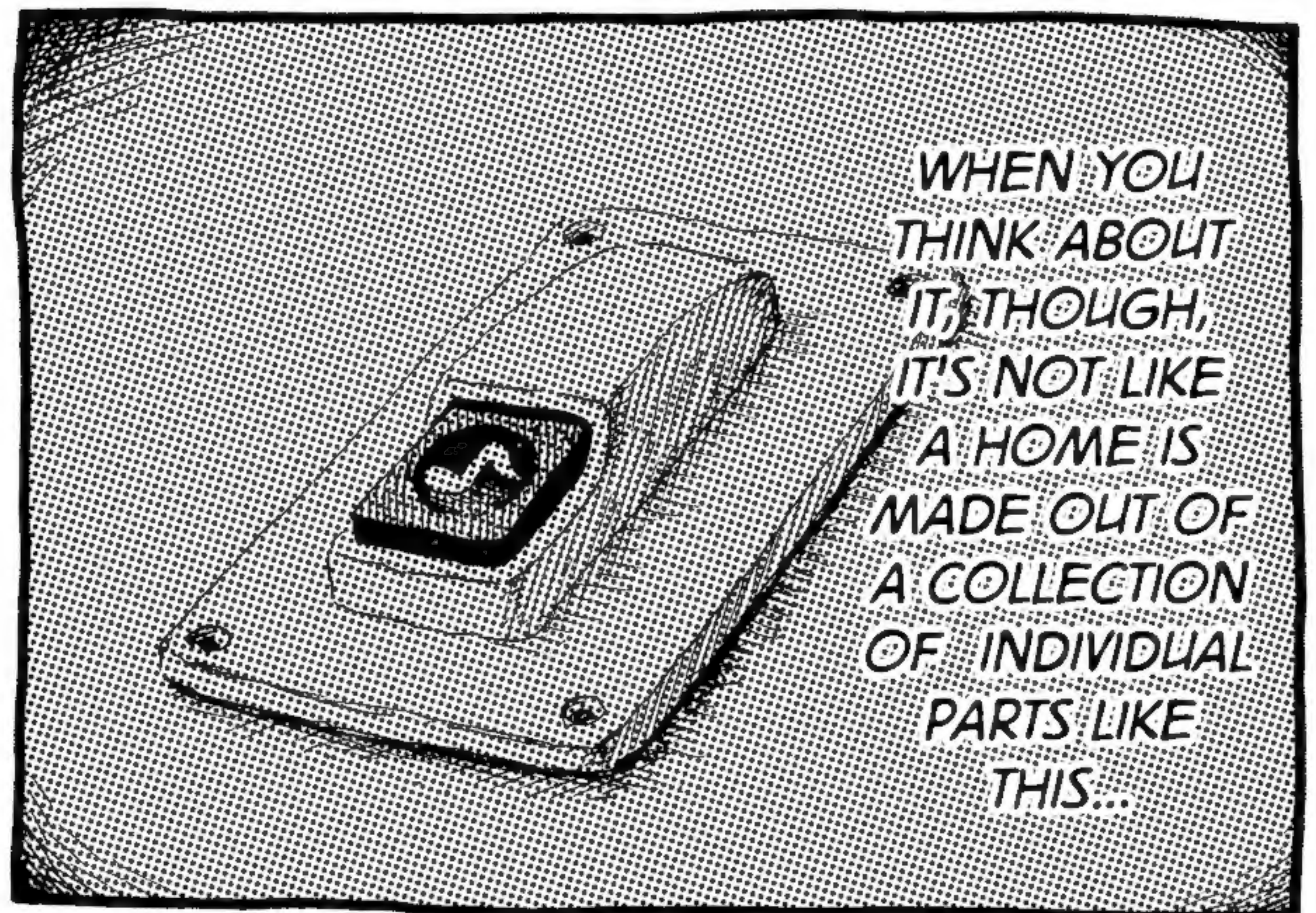
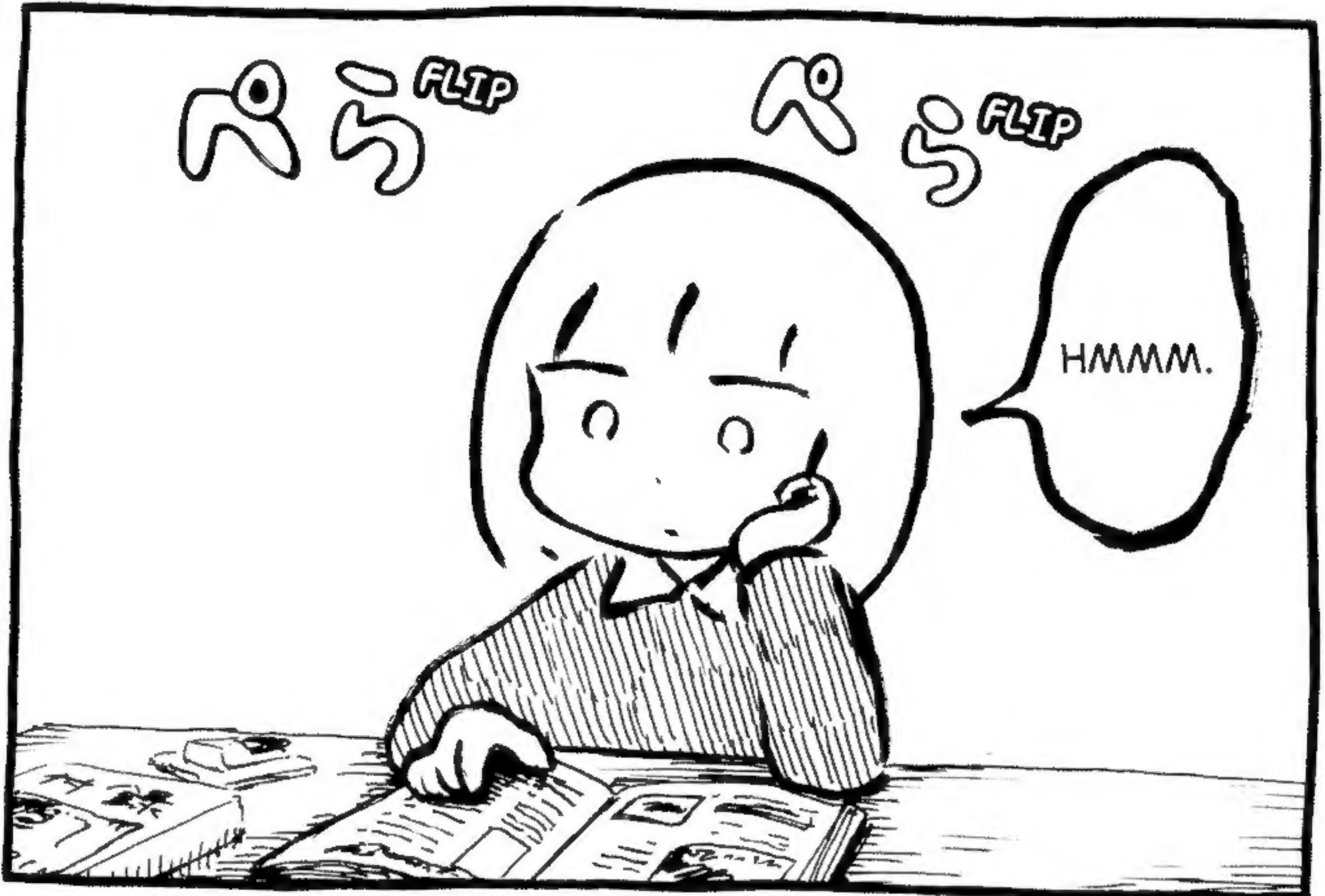
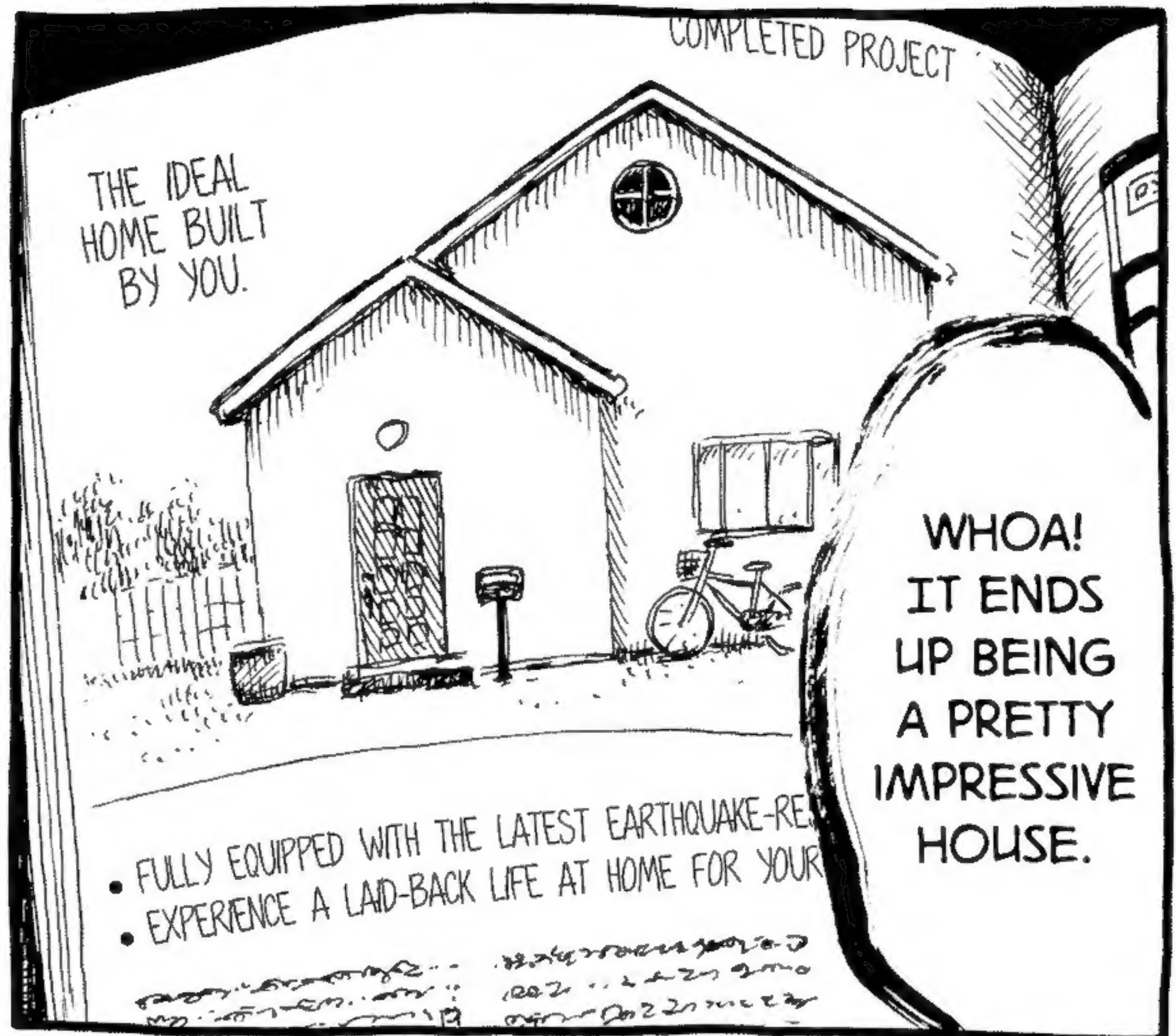
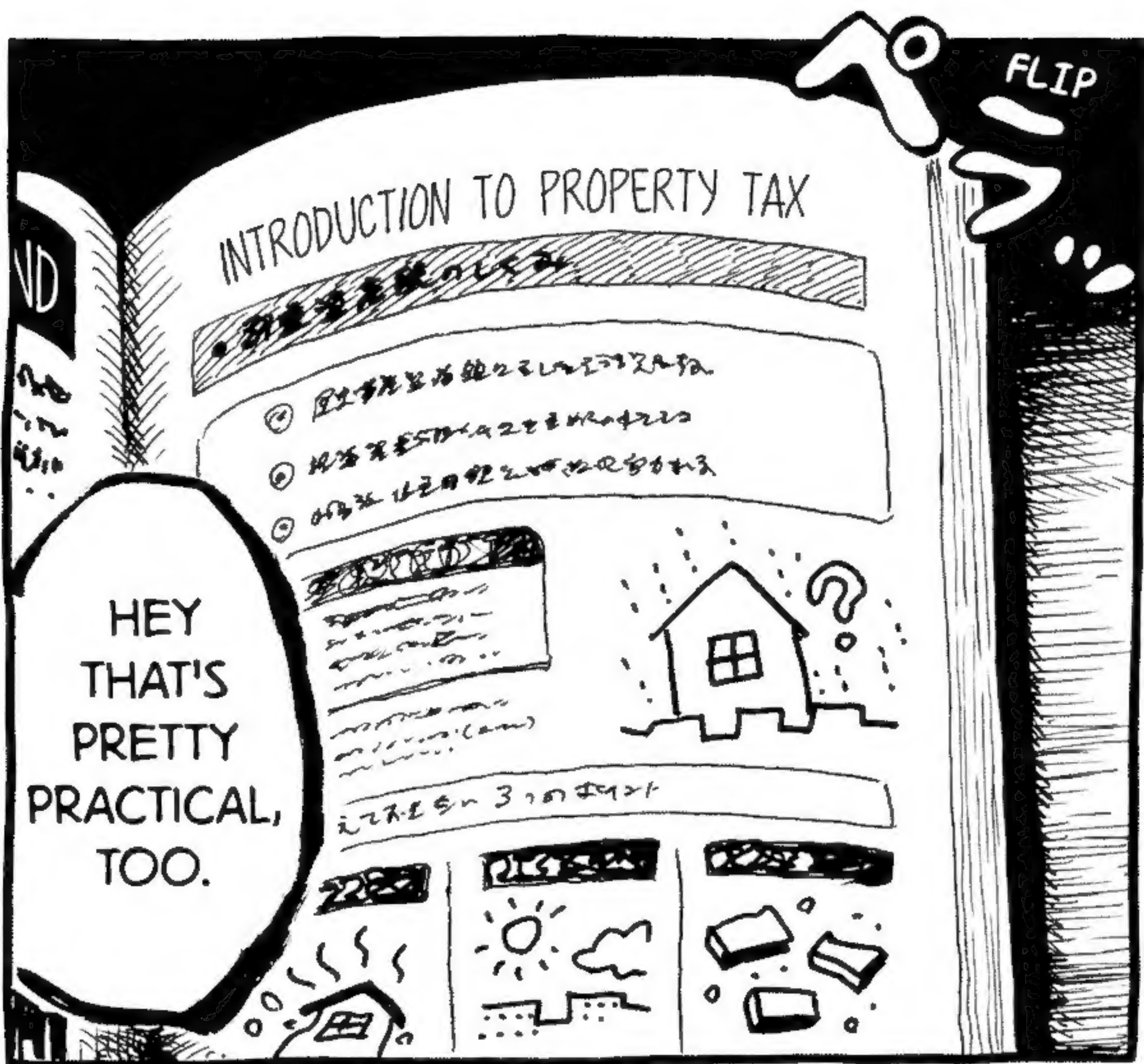
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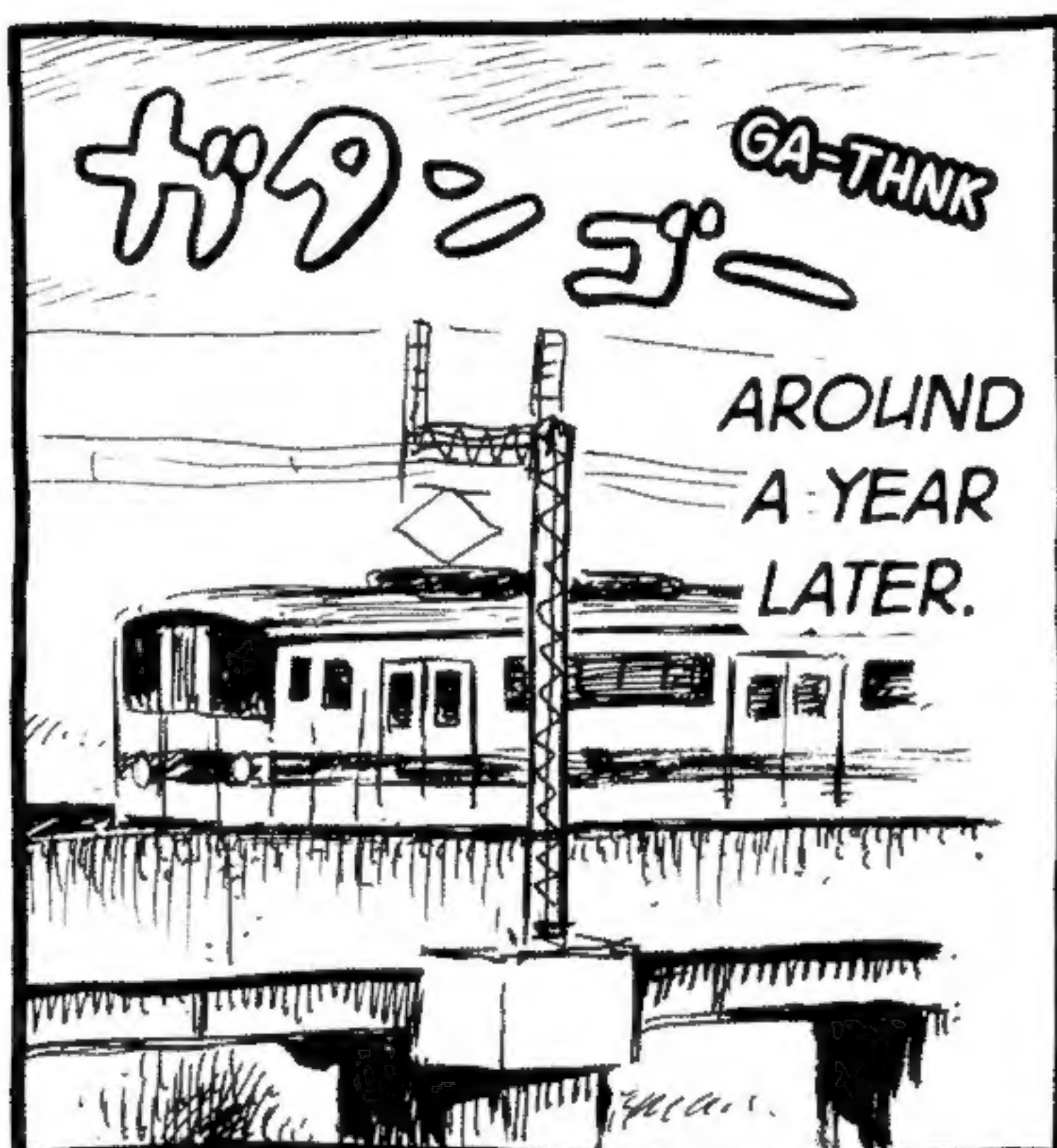
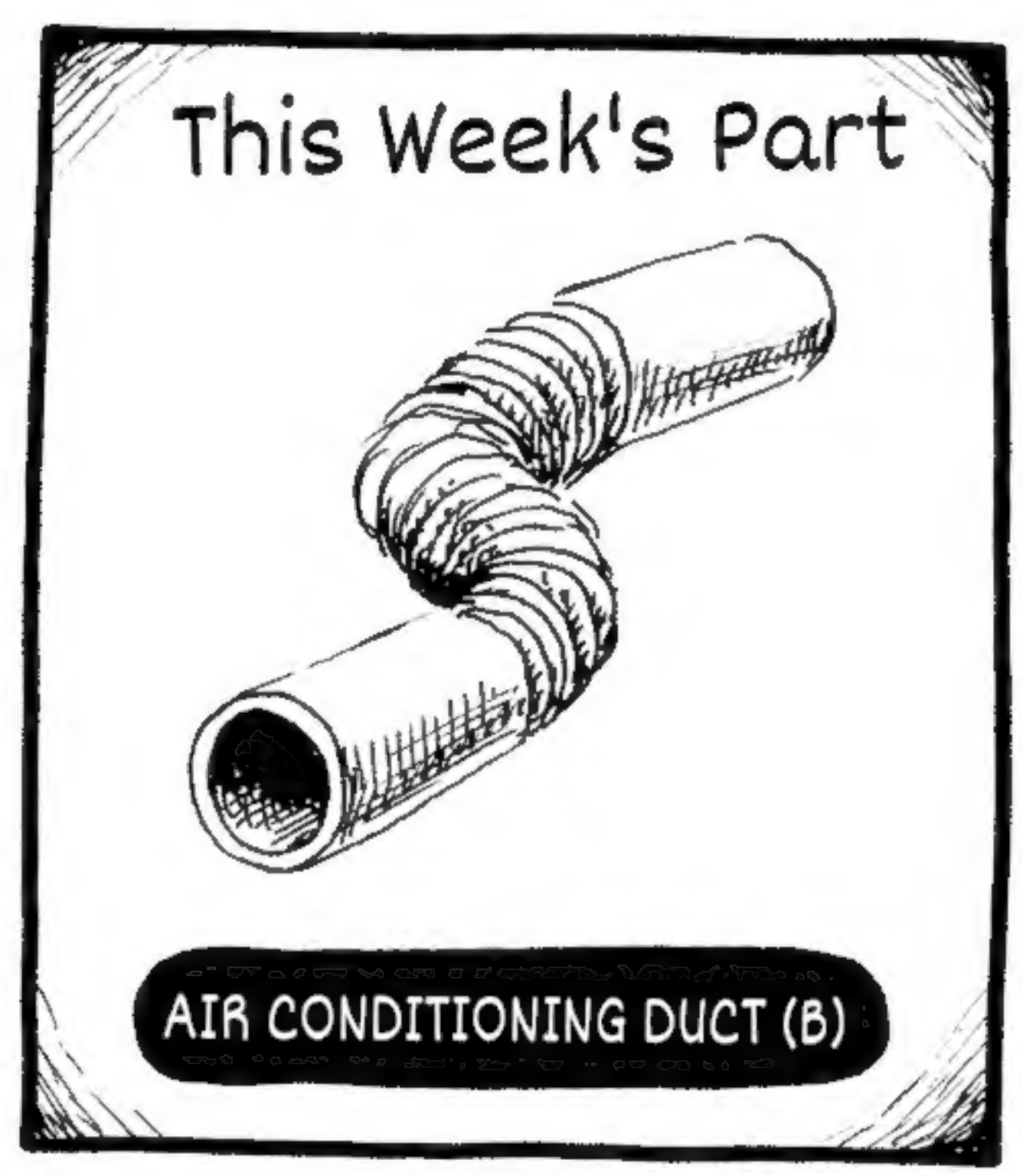
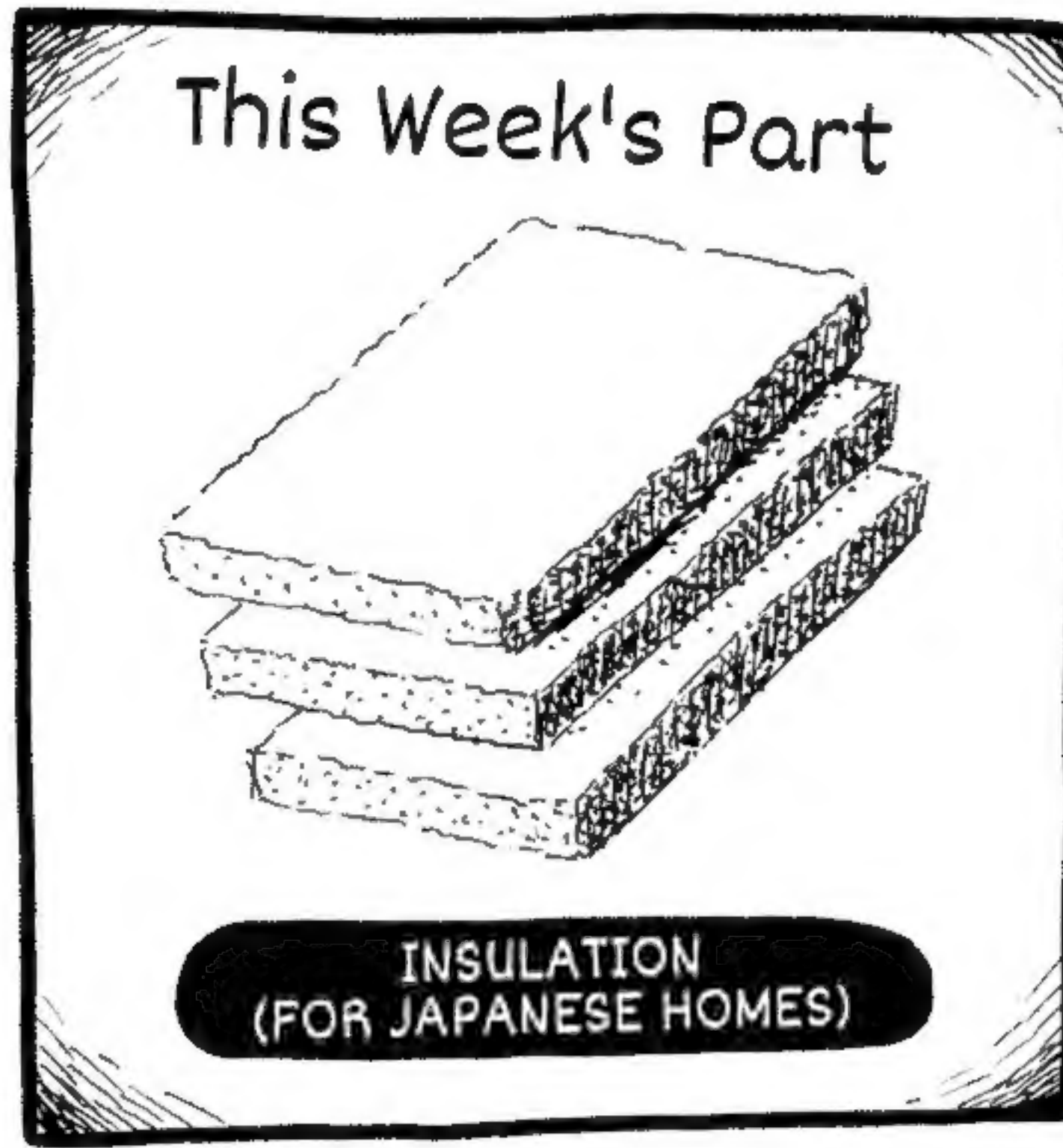
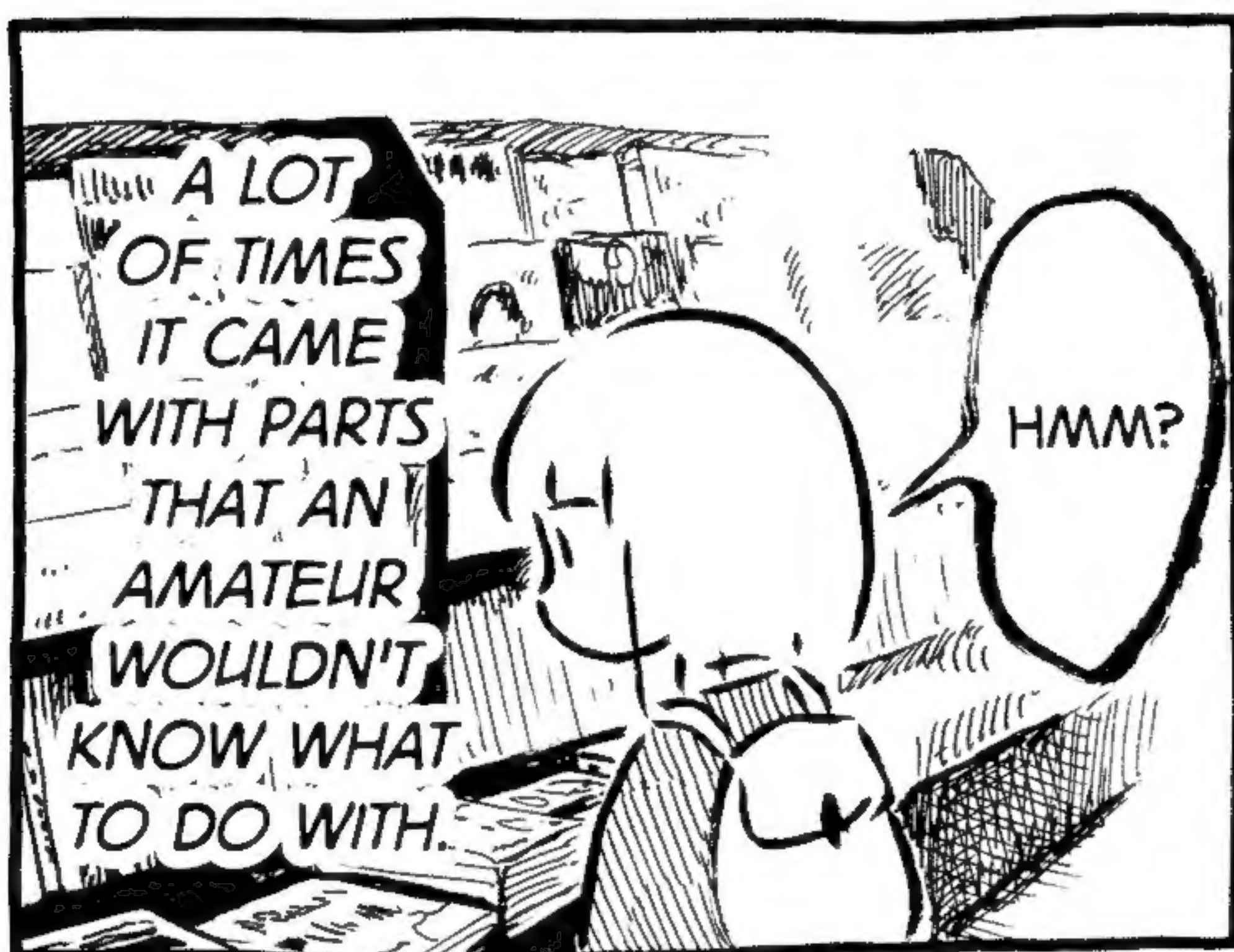
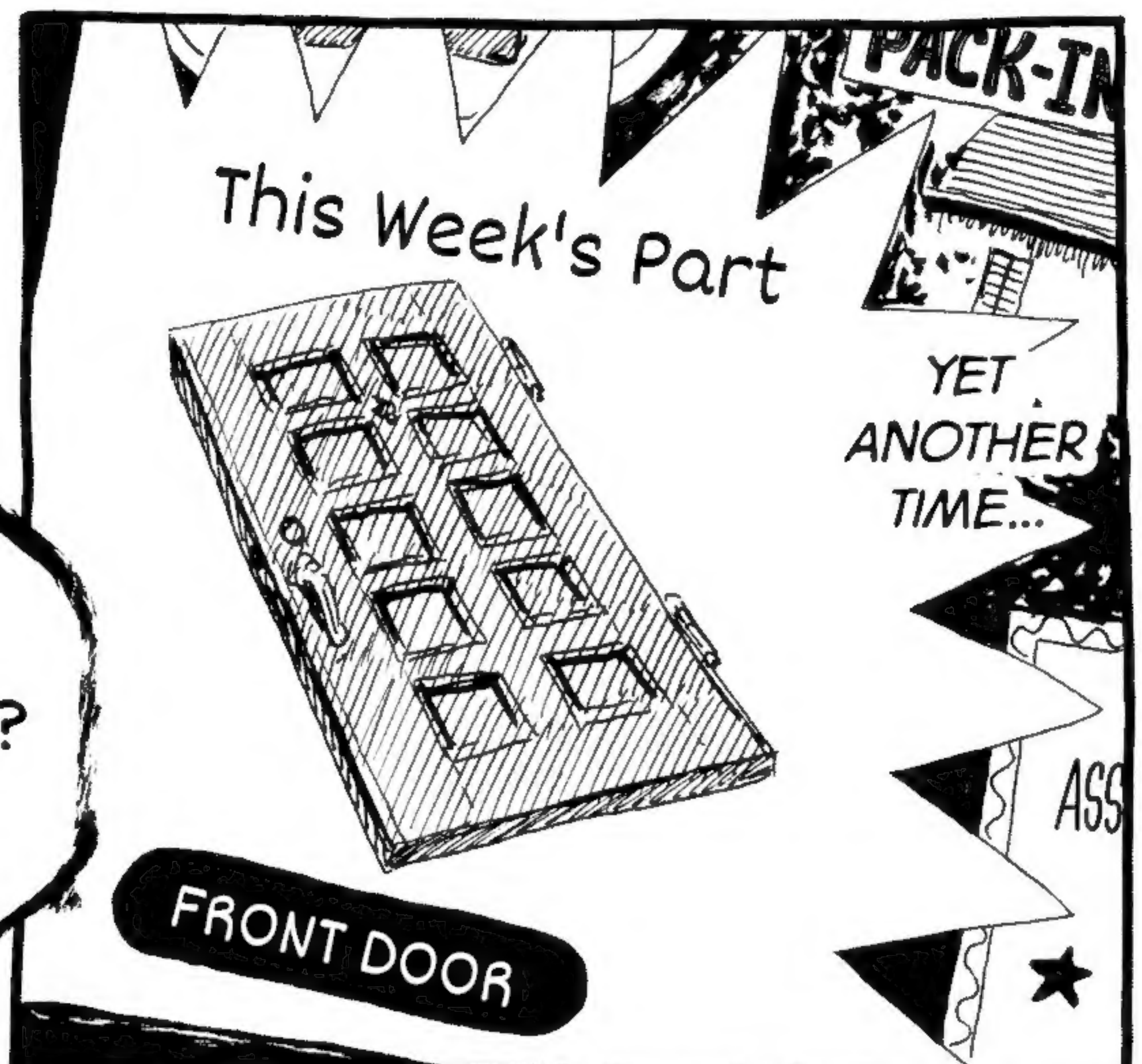
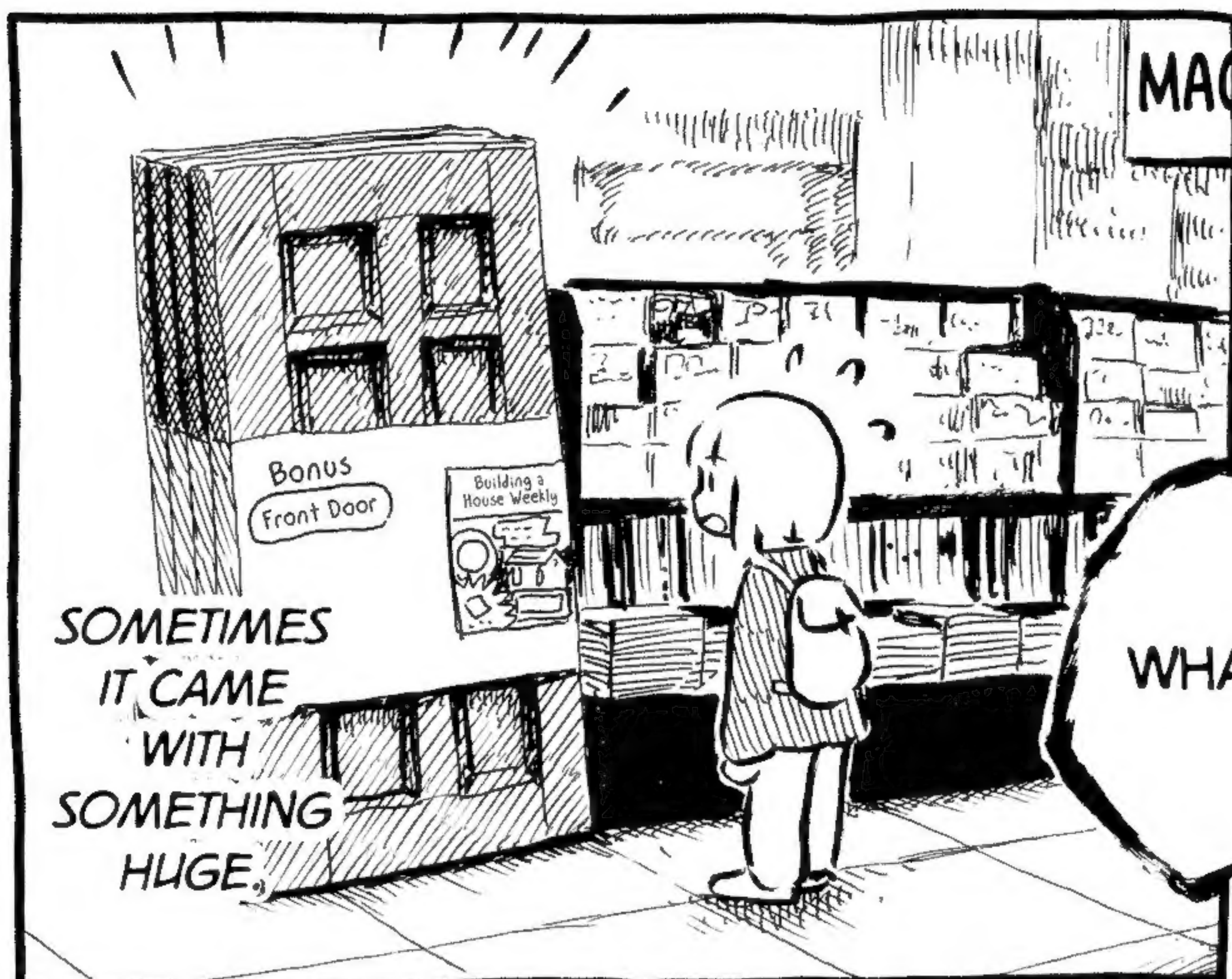
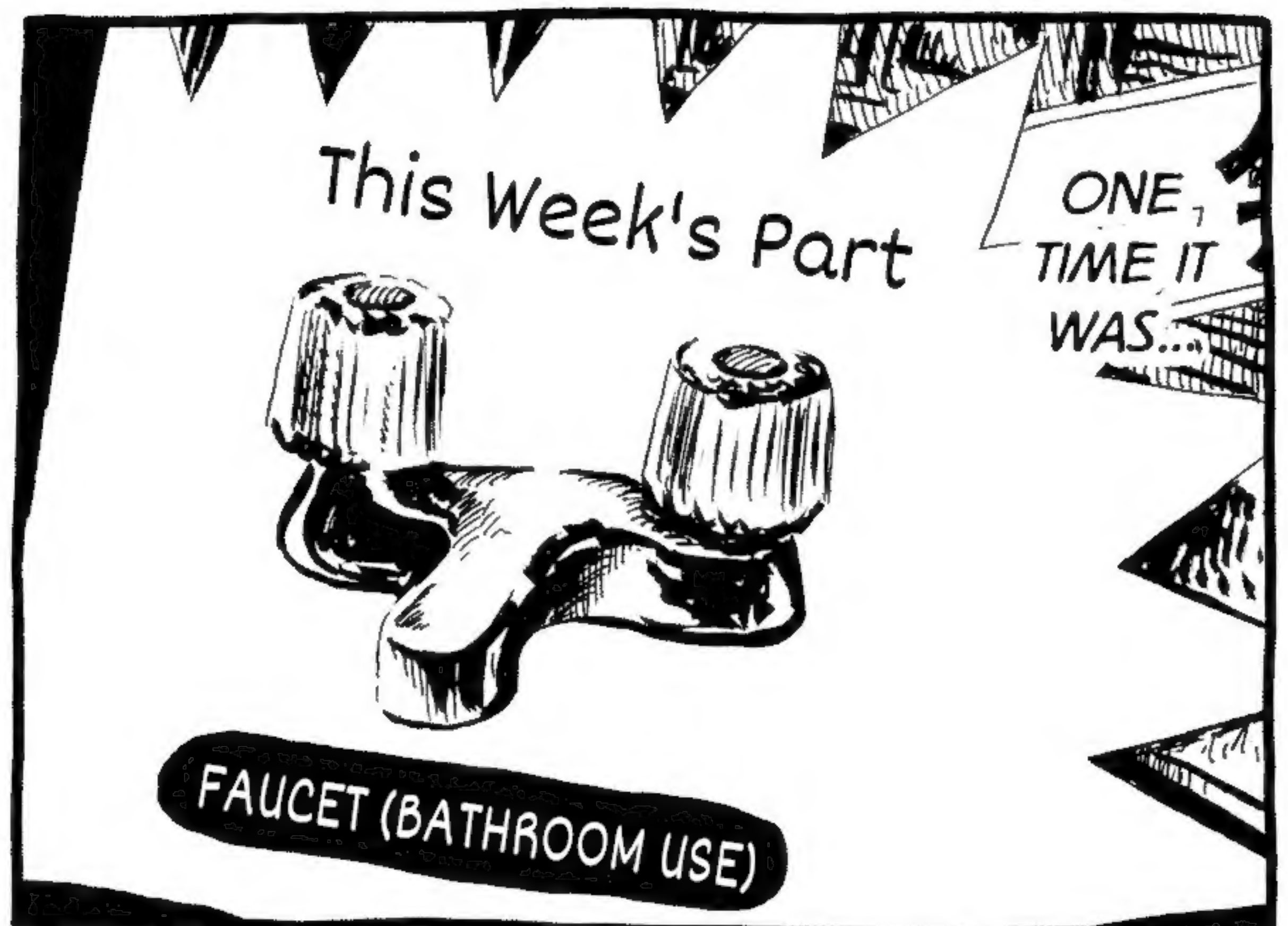
Waiting at the Usual Spot.....CLIX

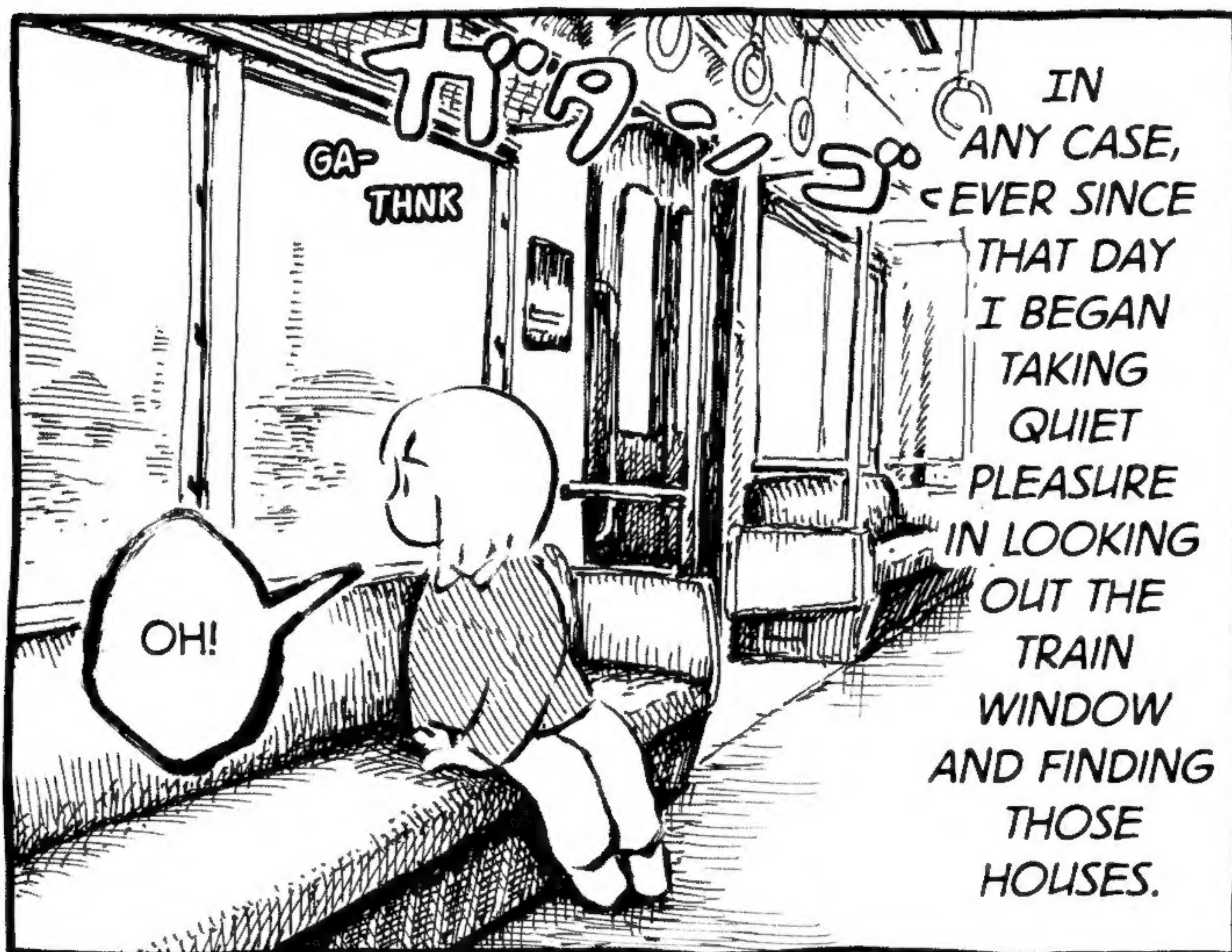
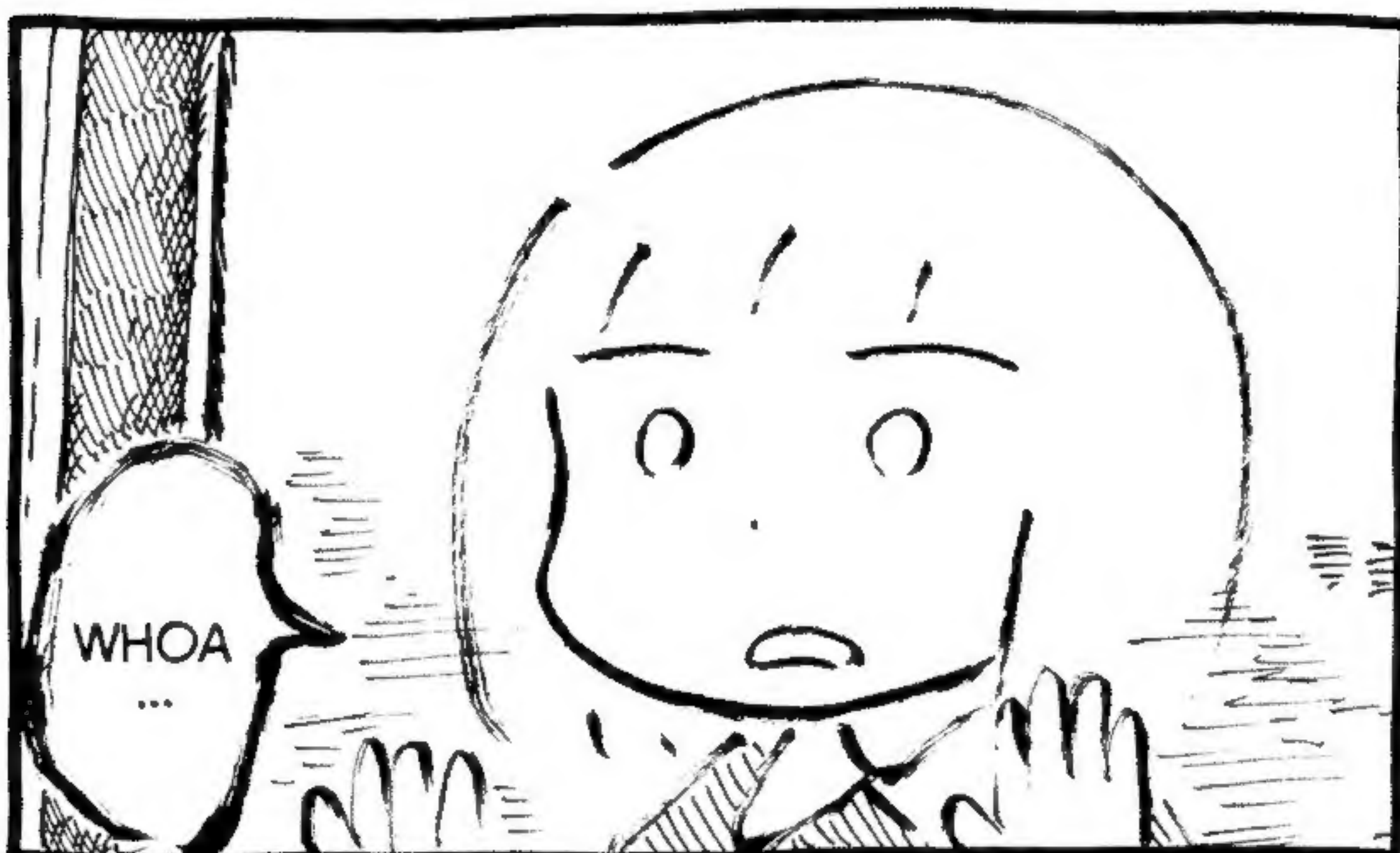
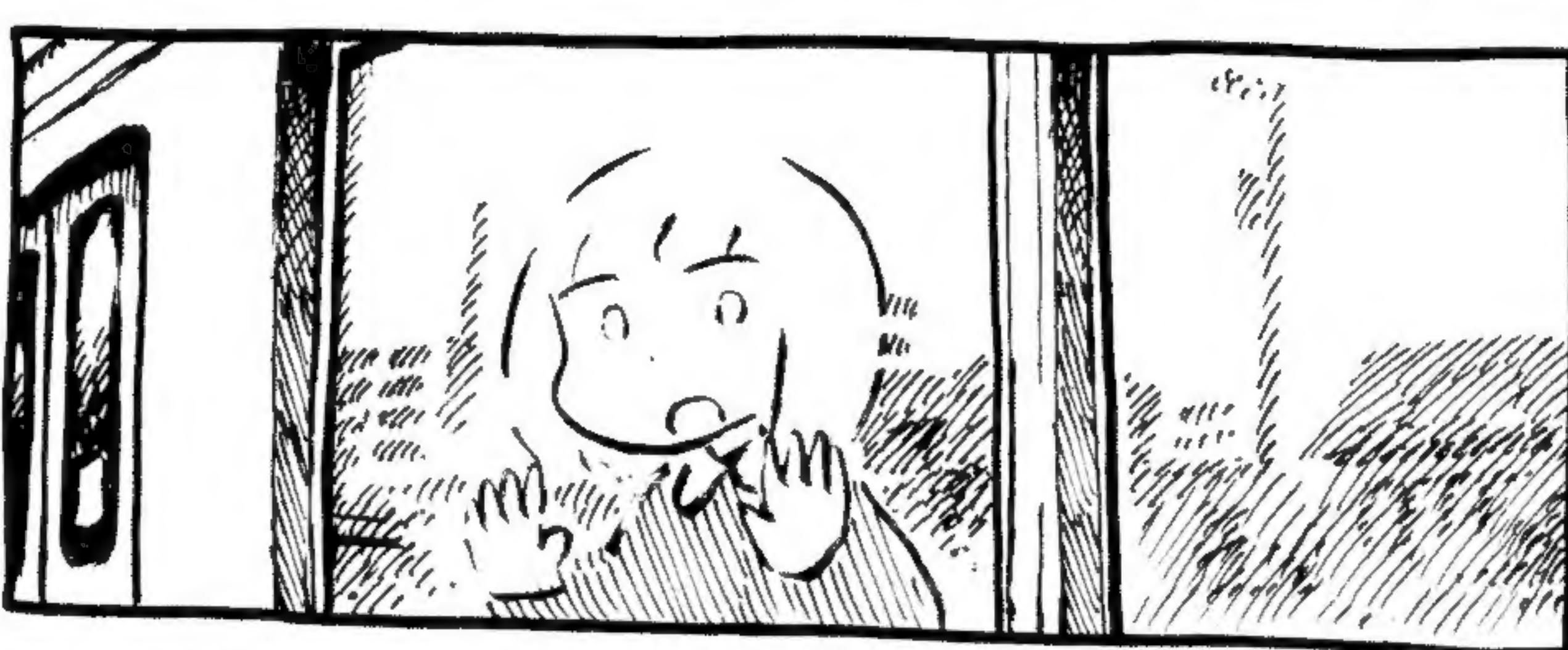
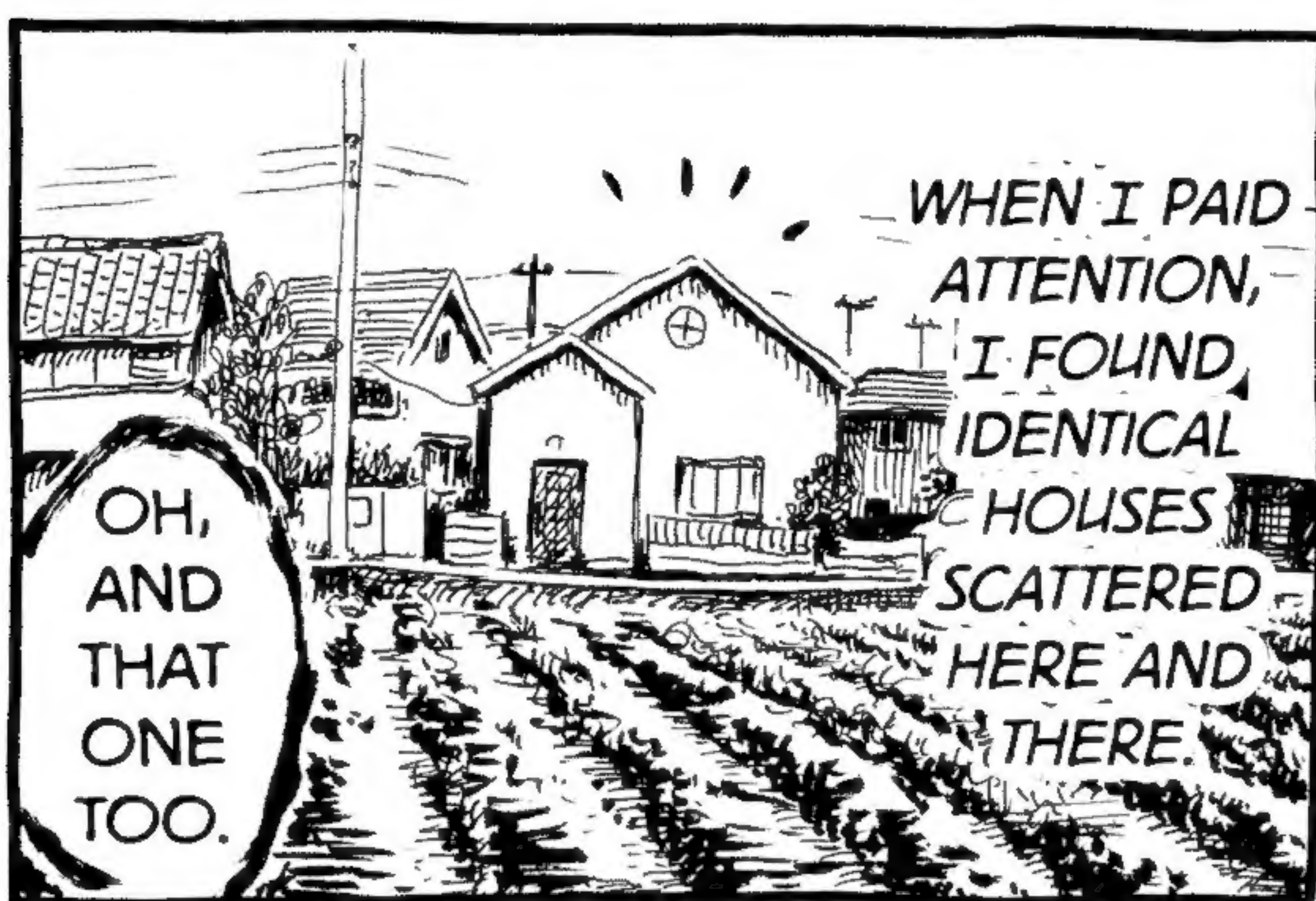
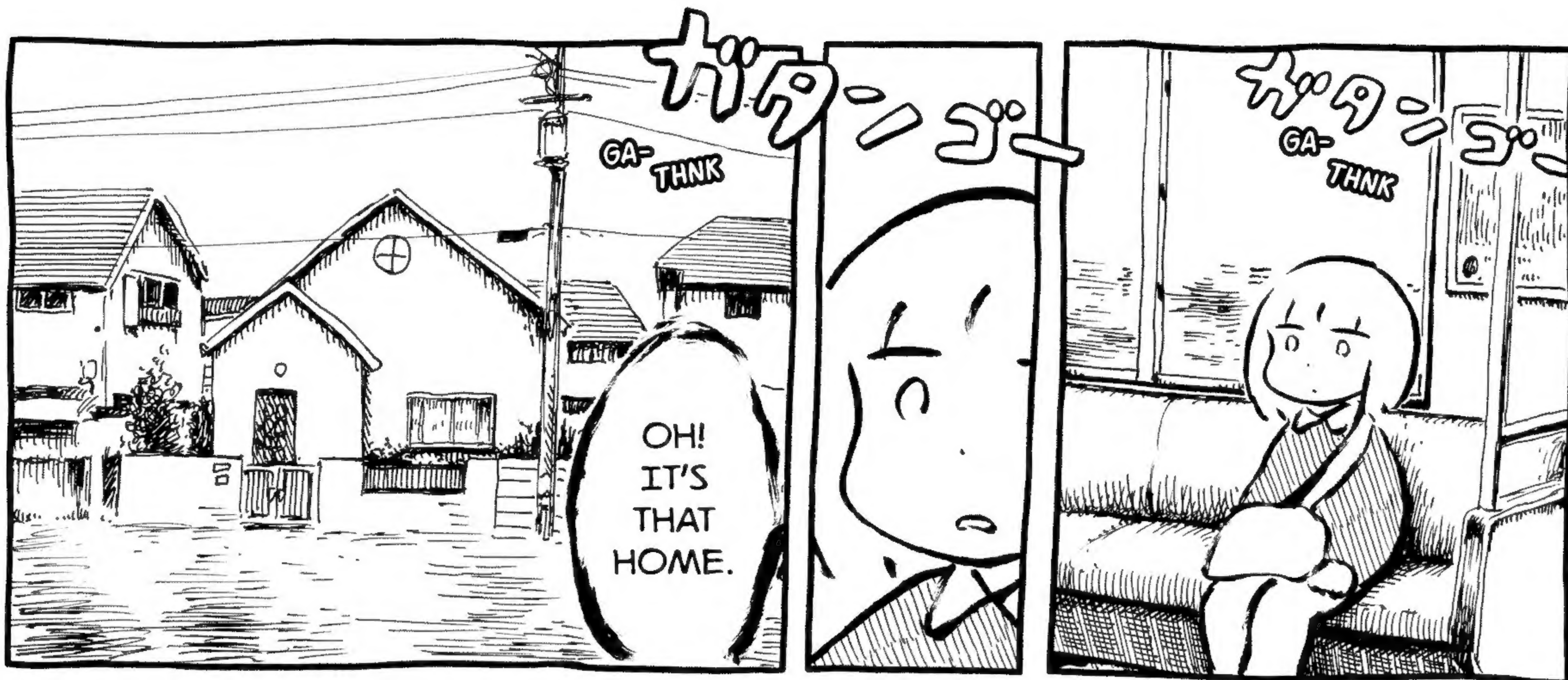
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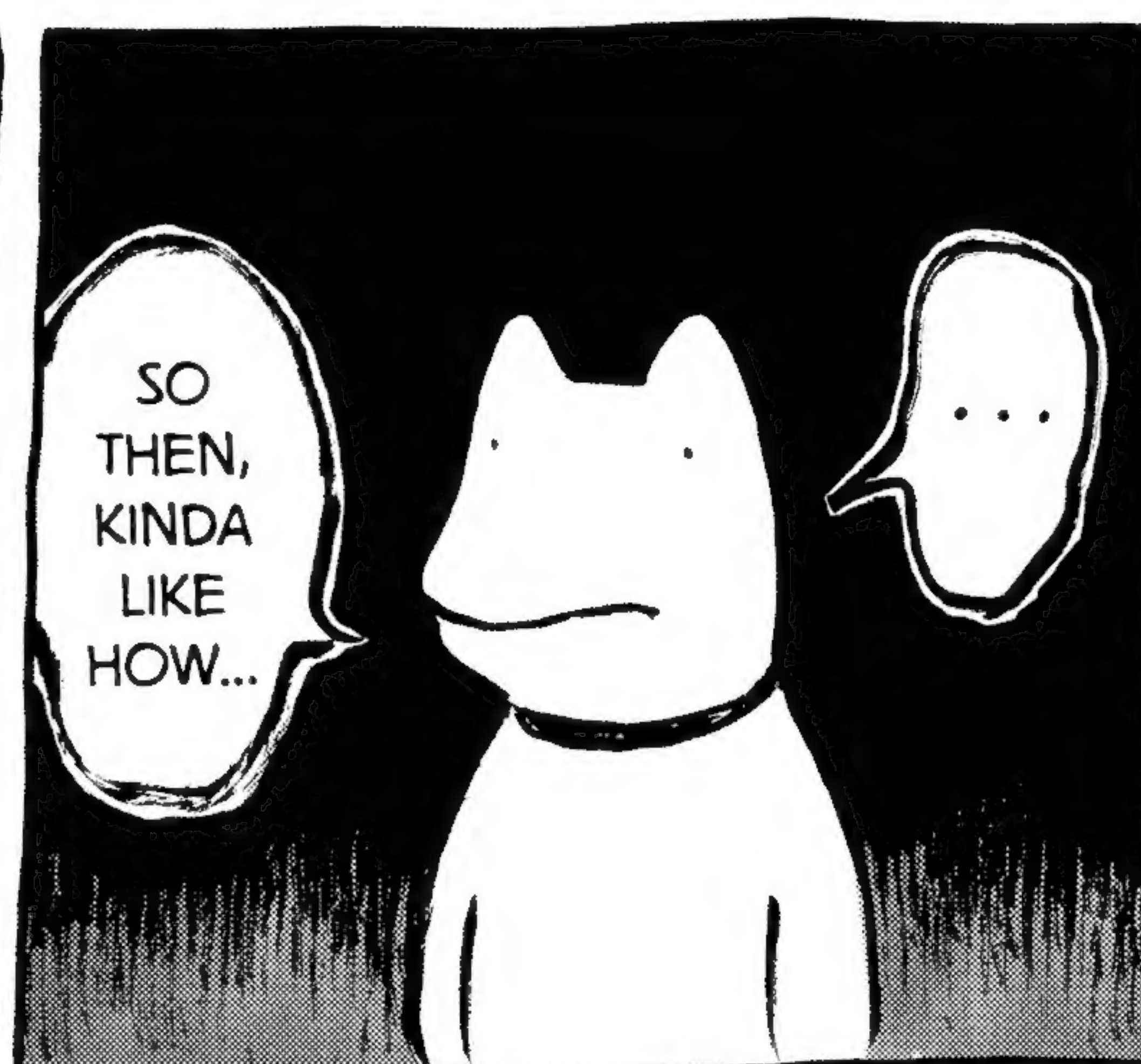
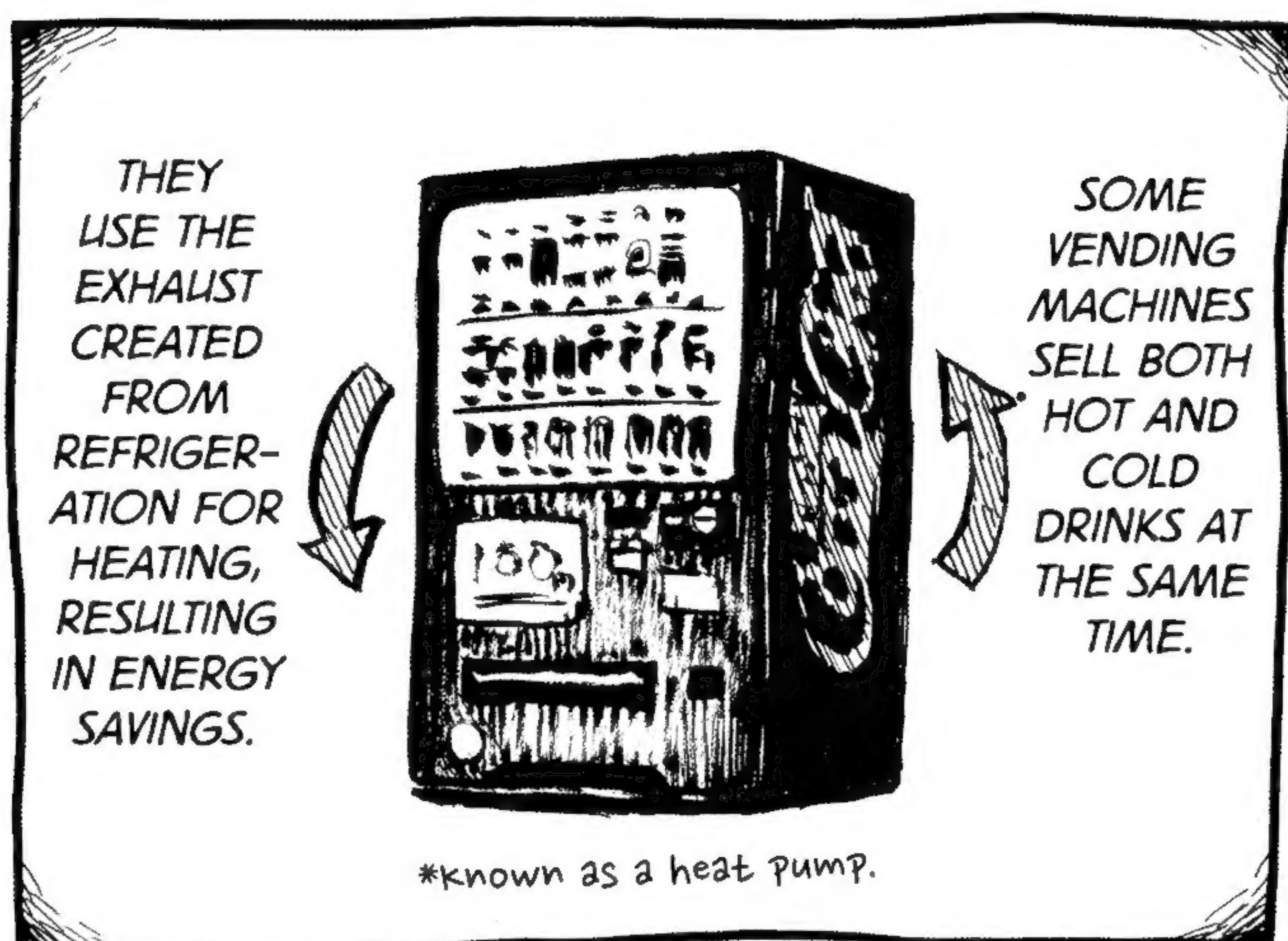
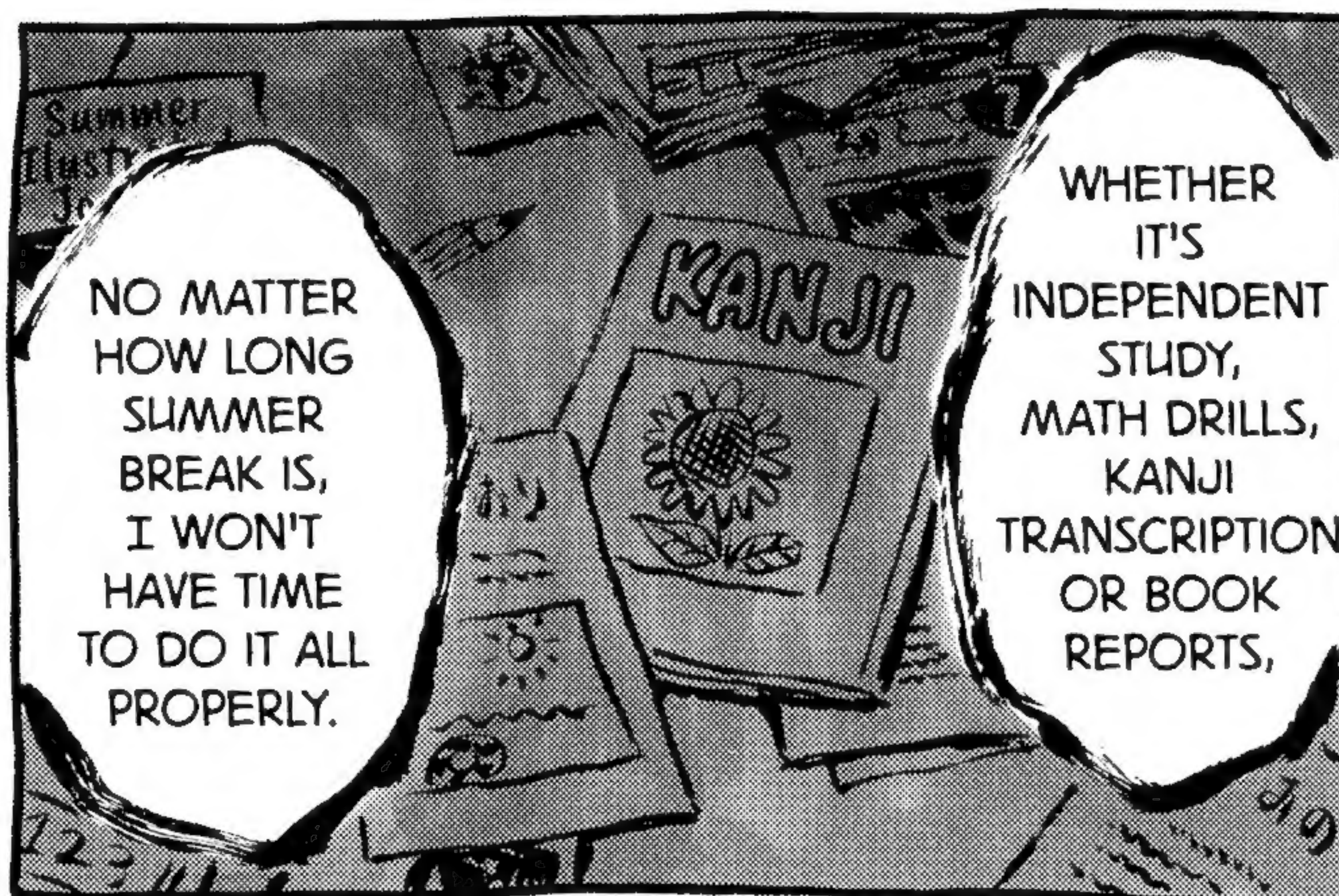
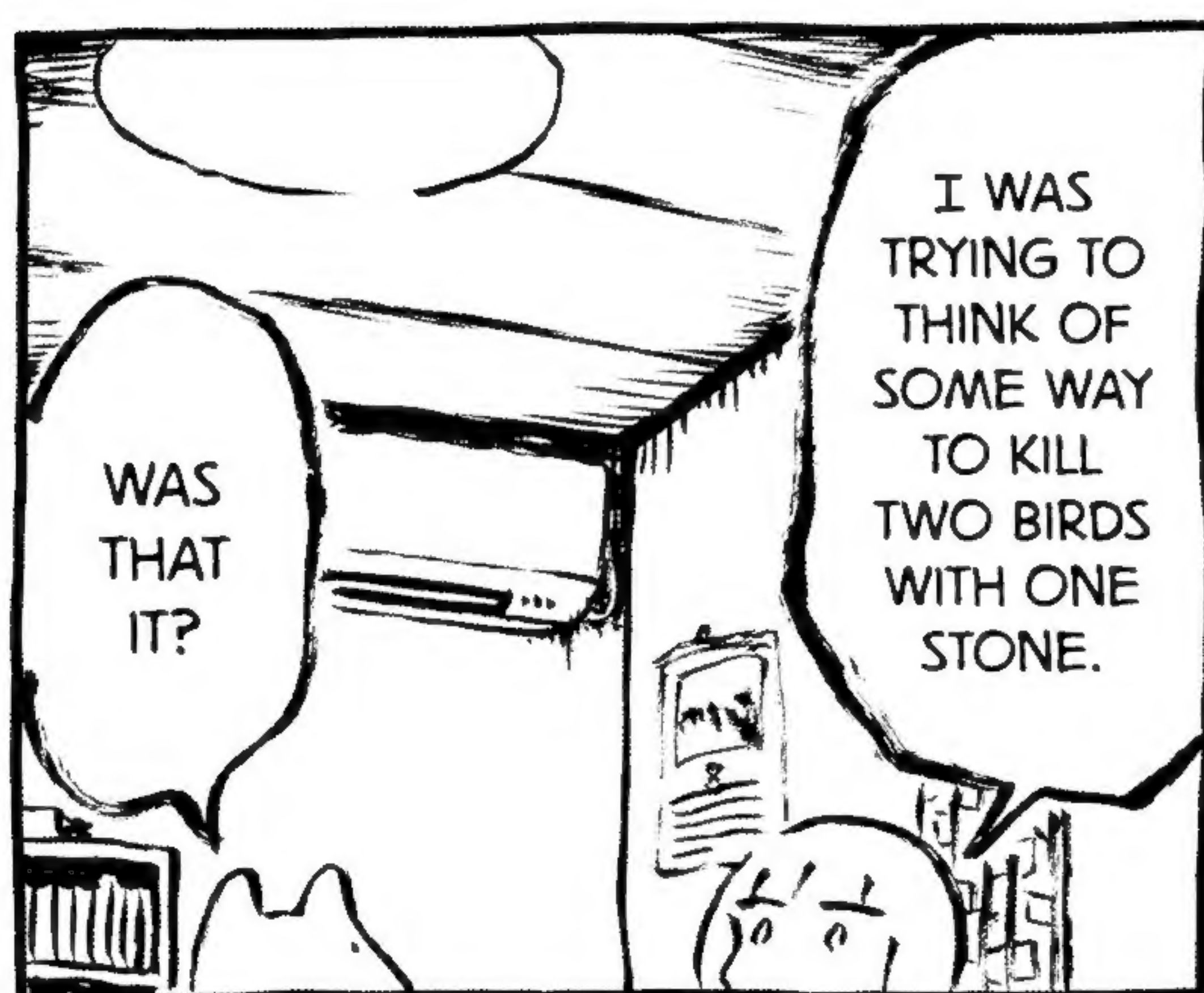
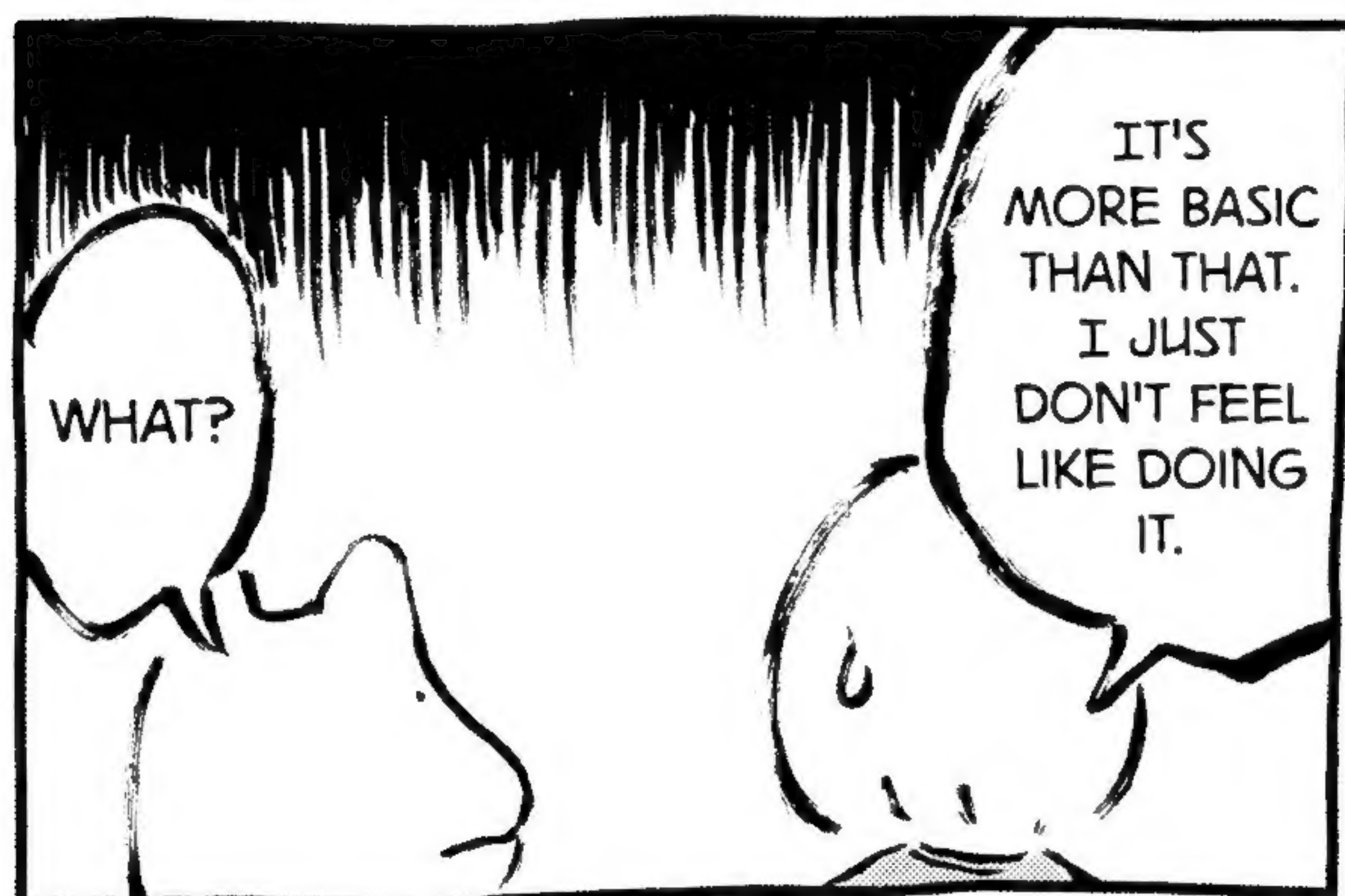
Commentary.....CXCIV

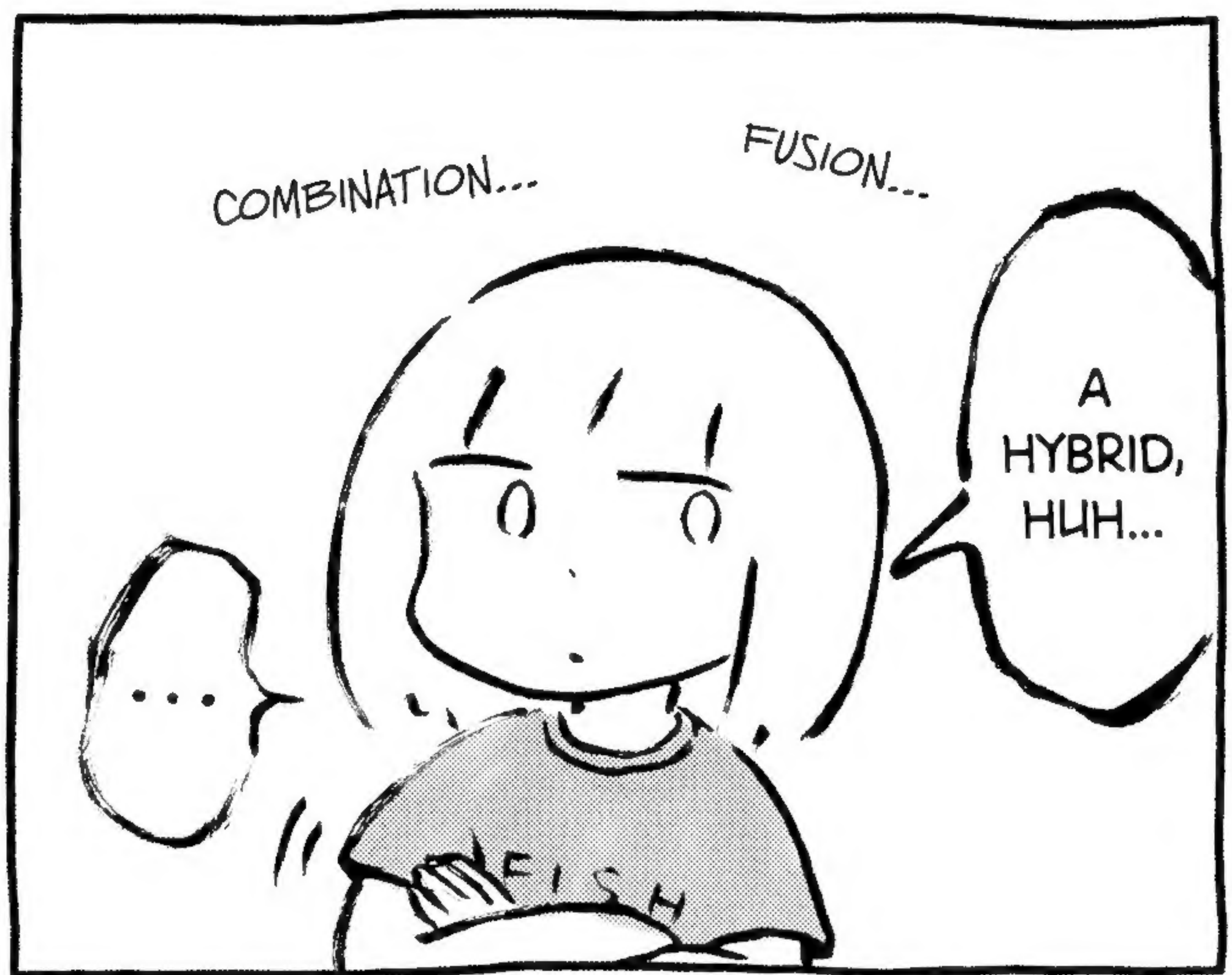
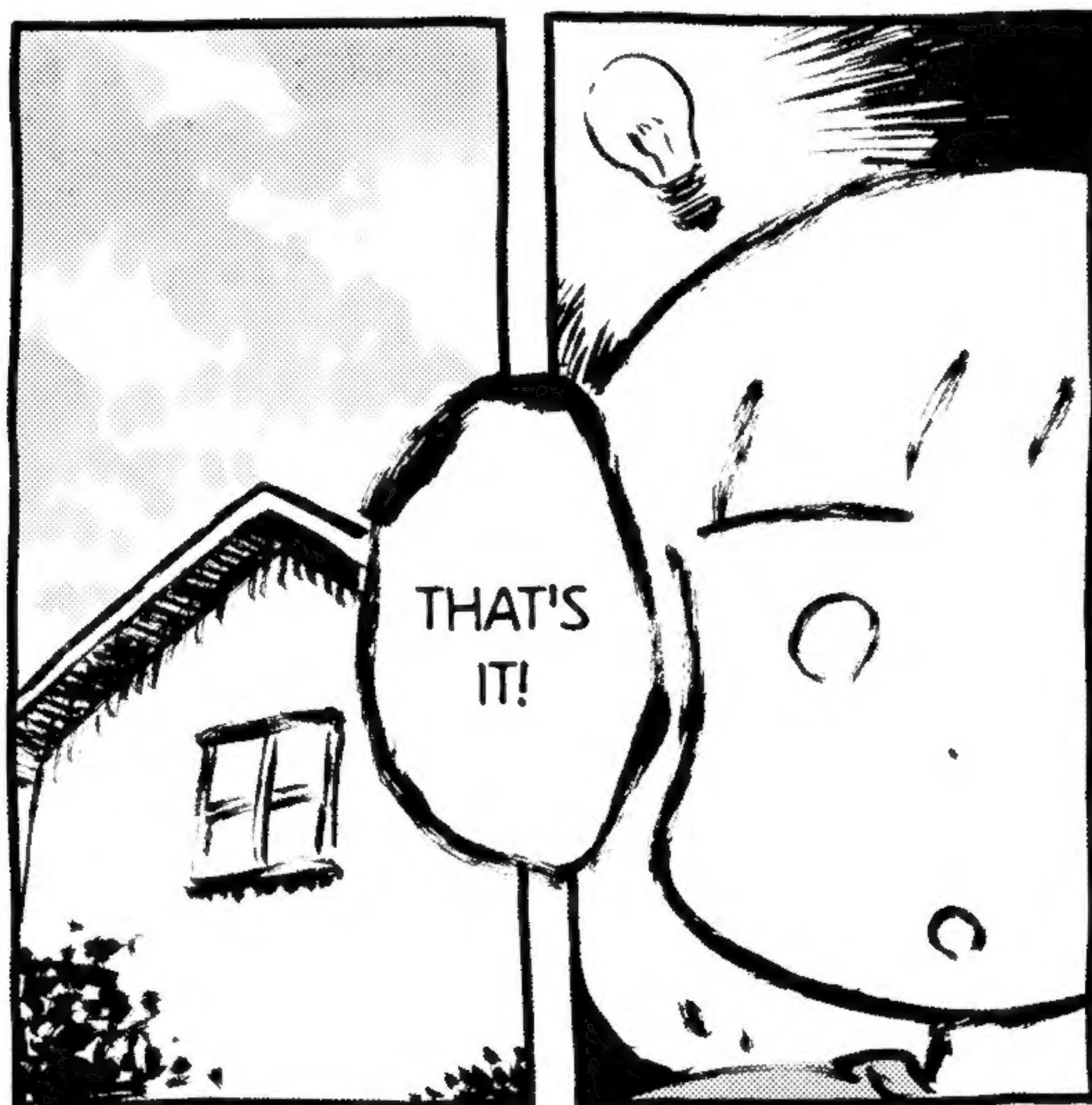
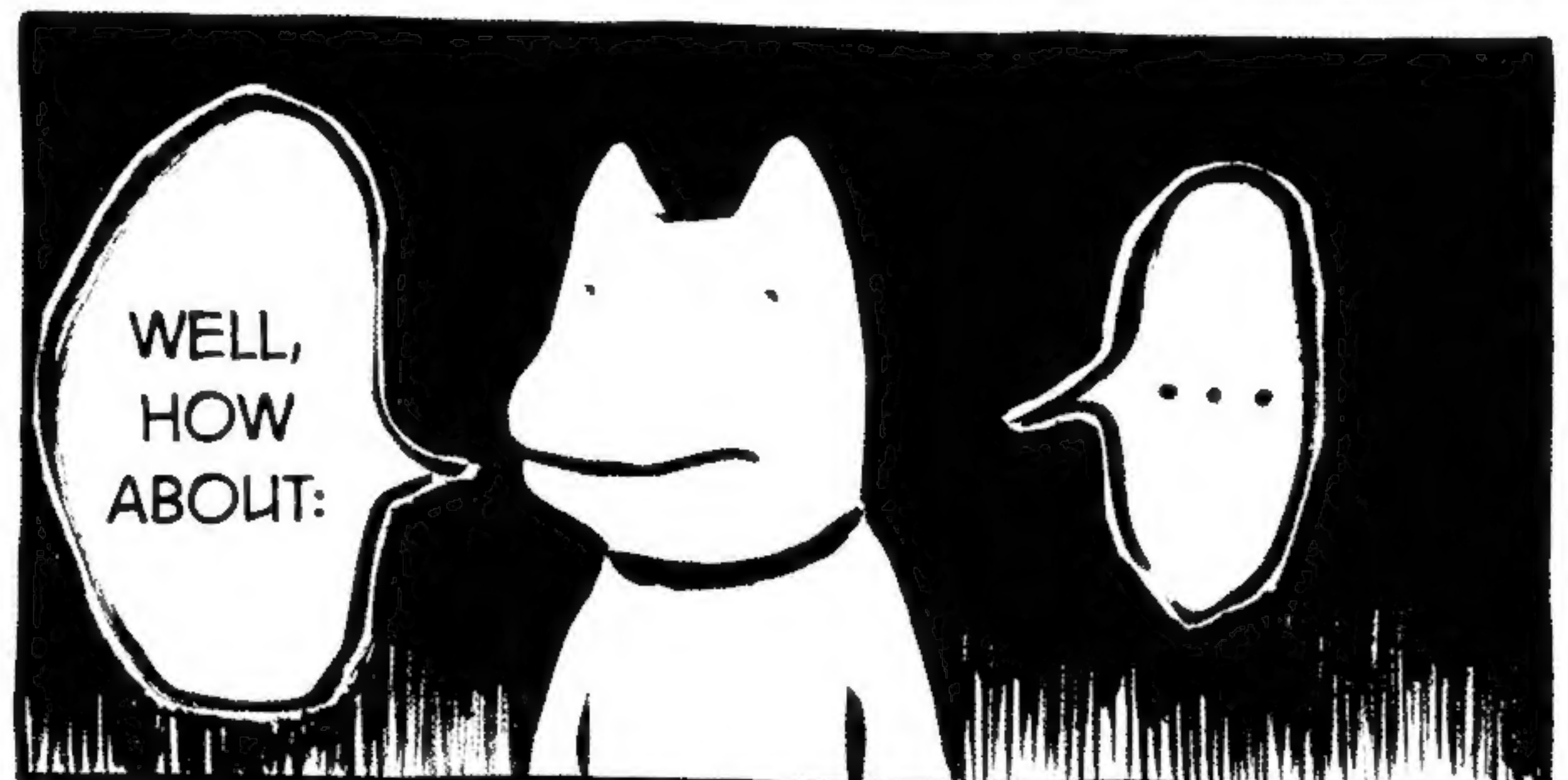
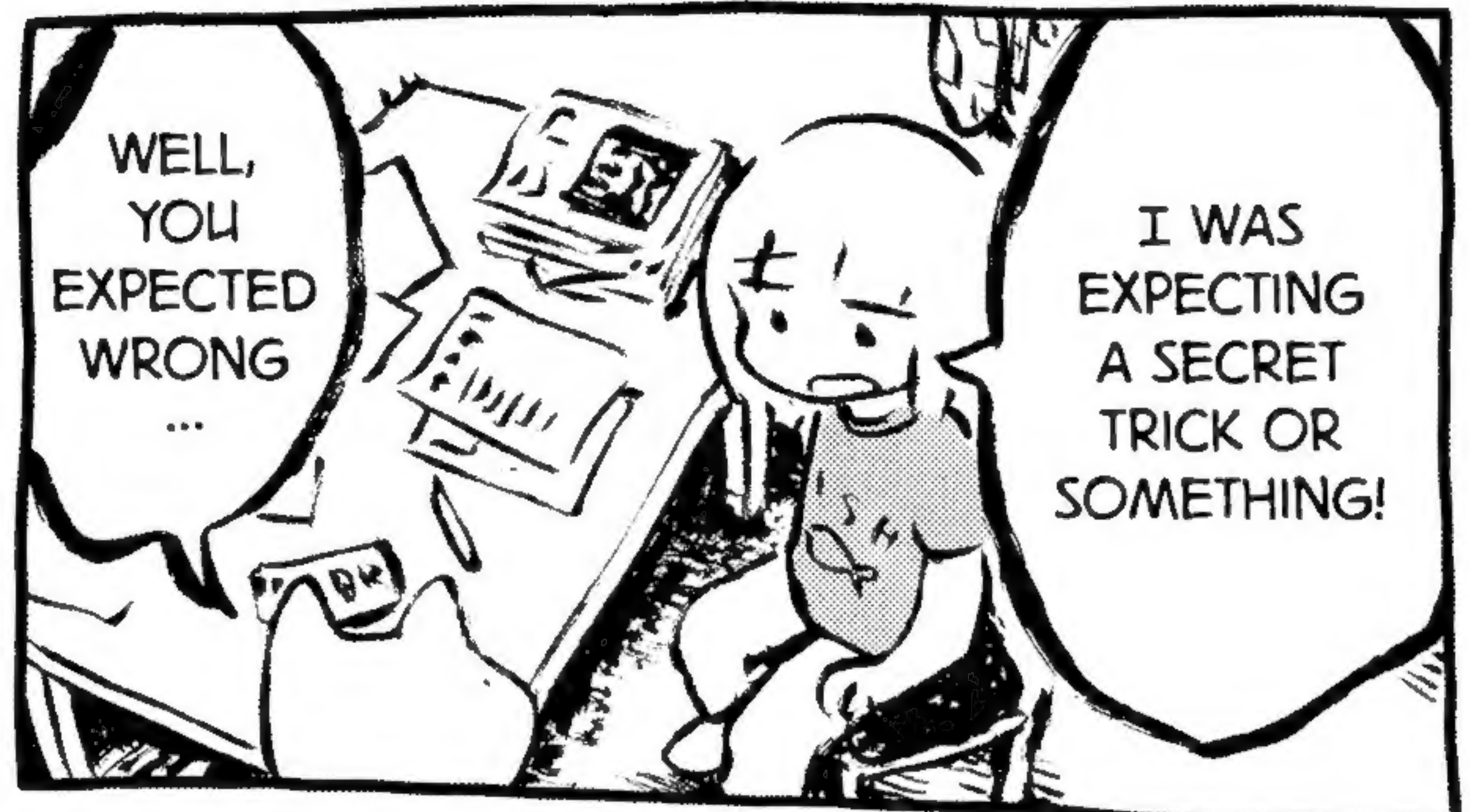
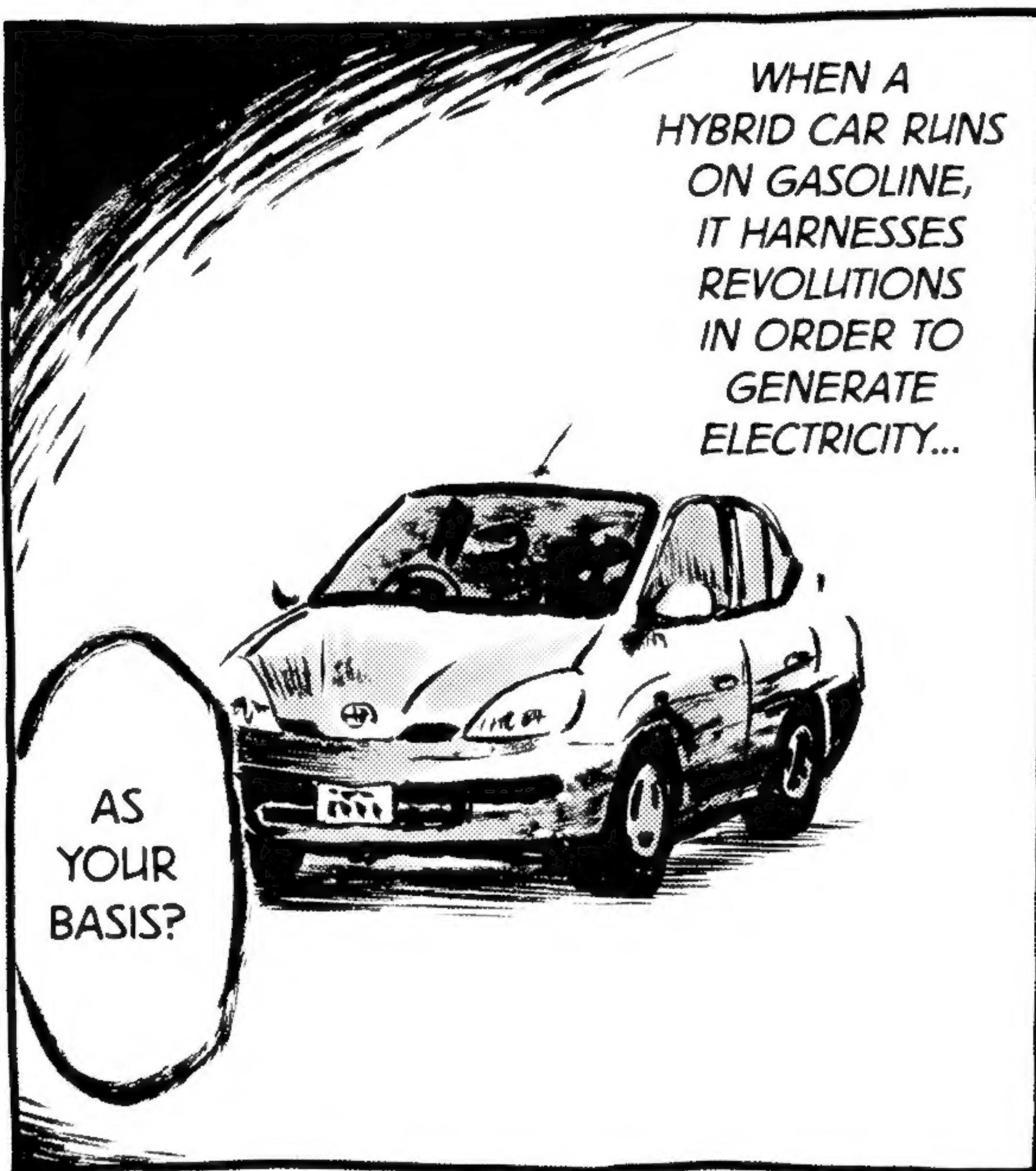
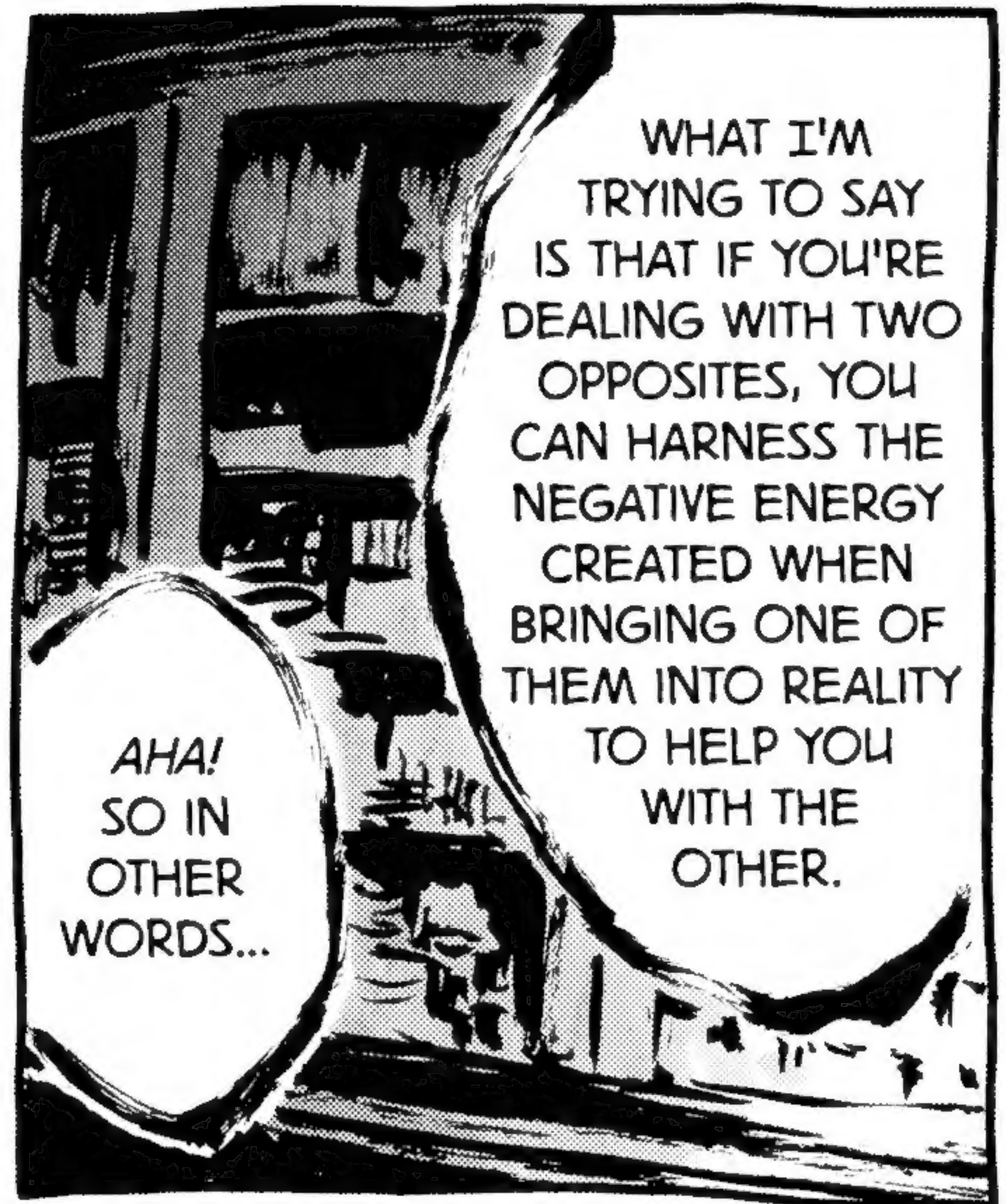
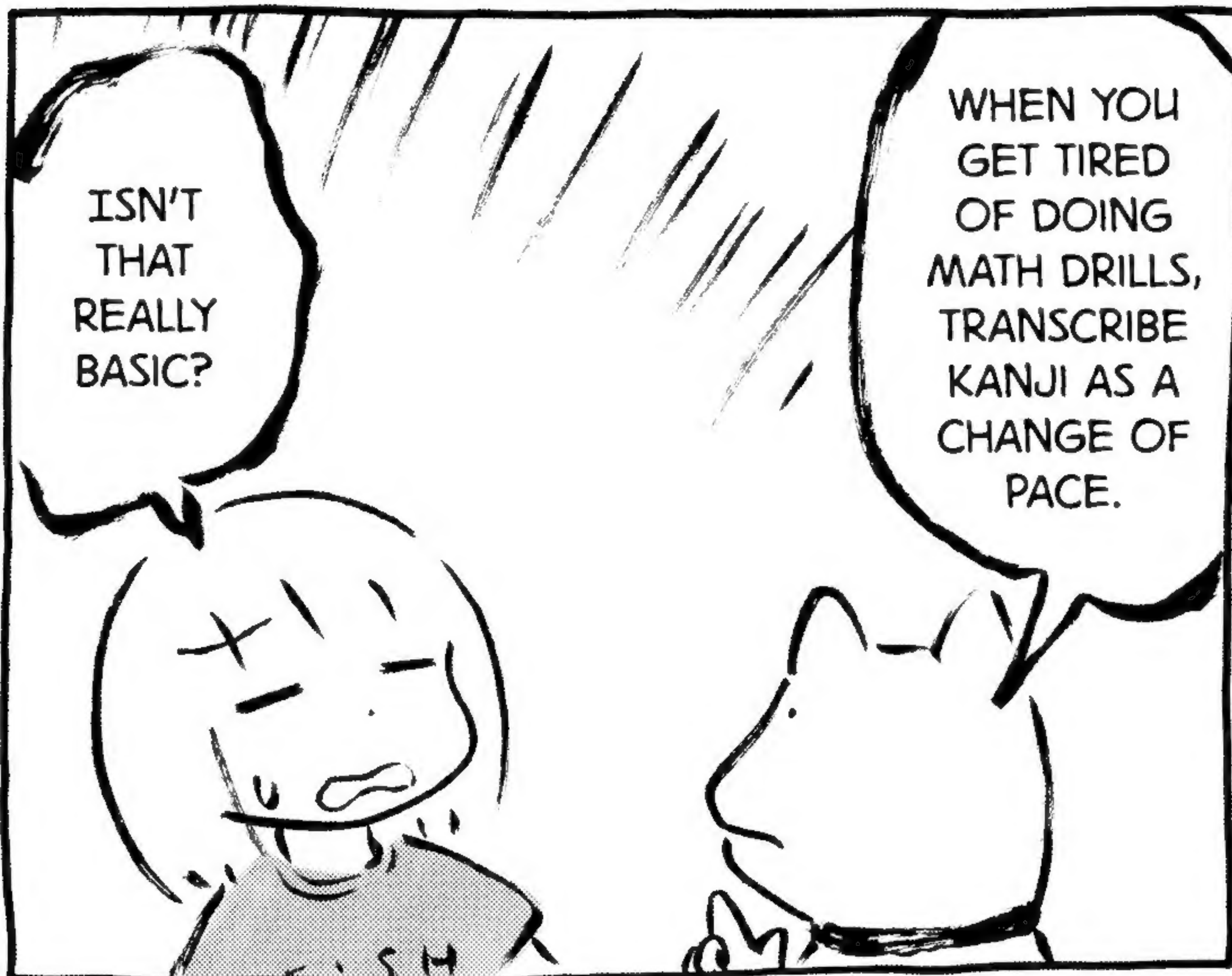


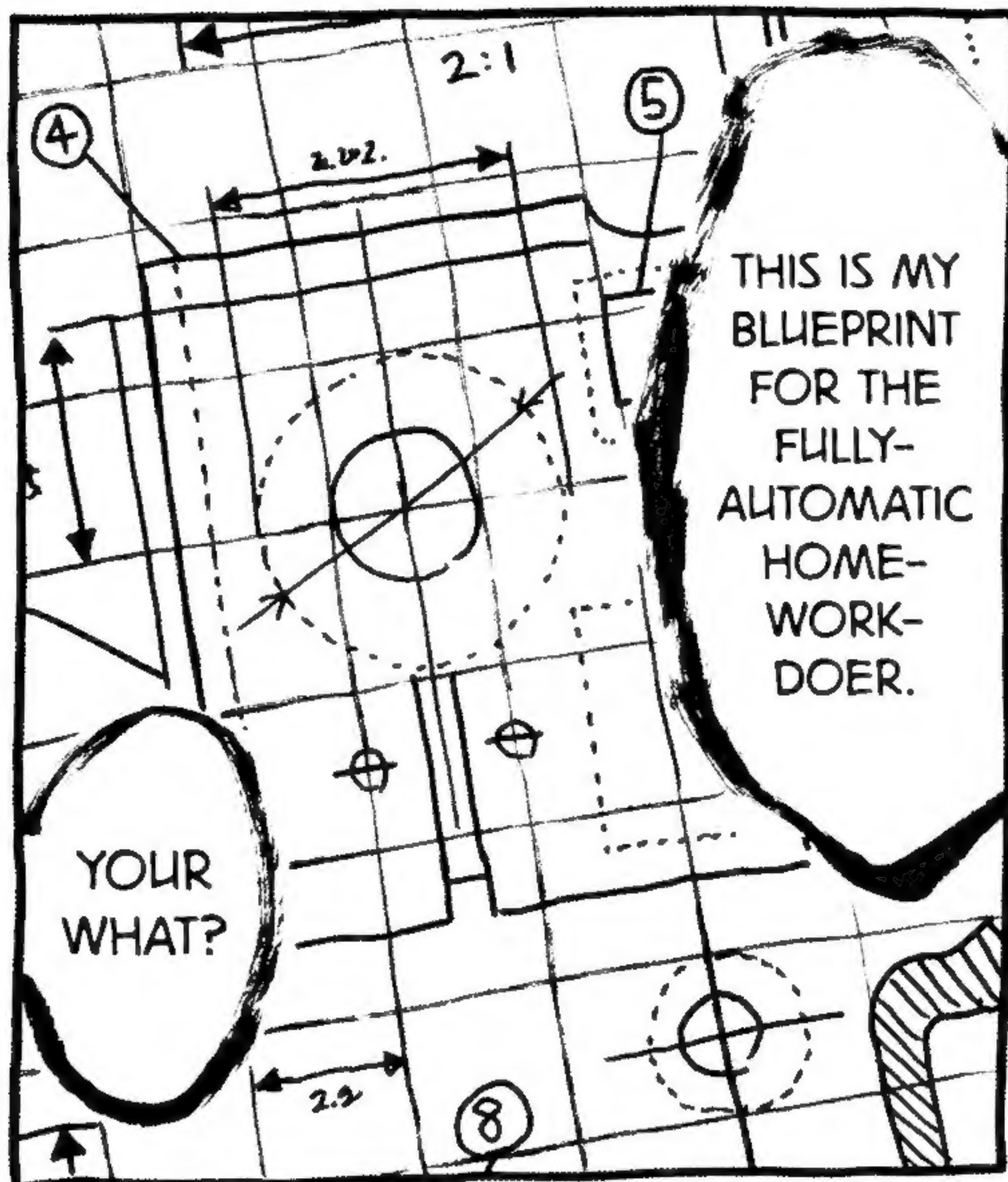












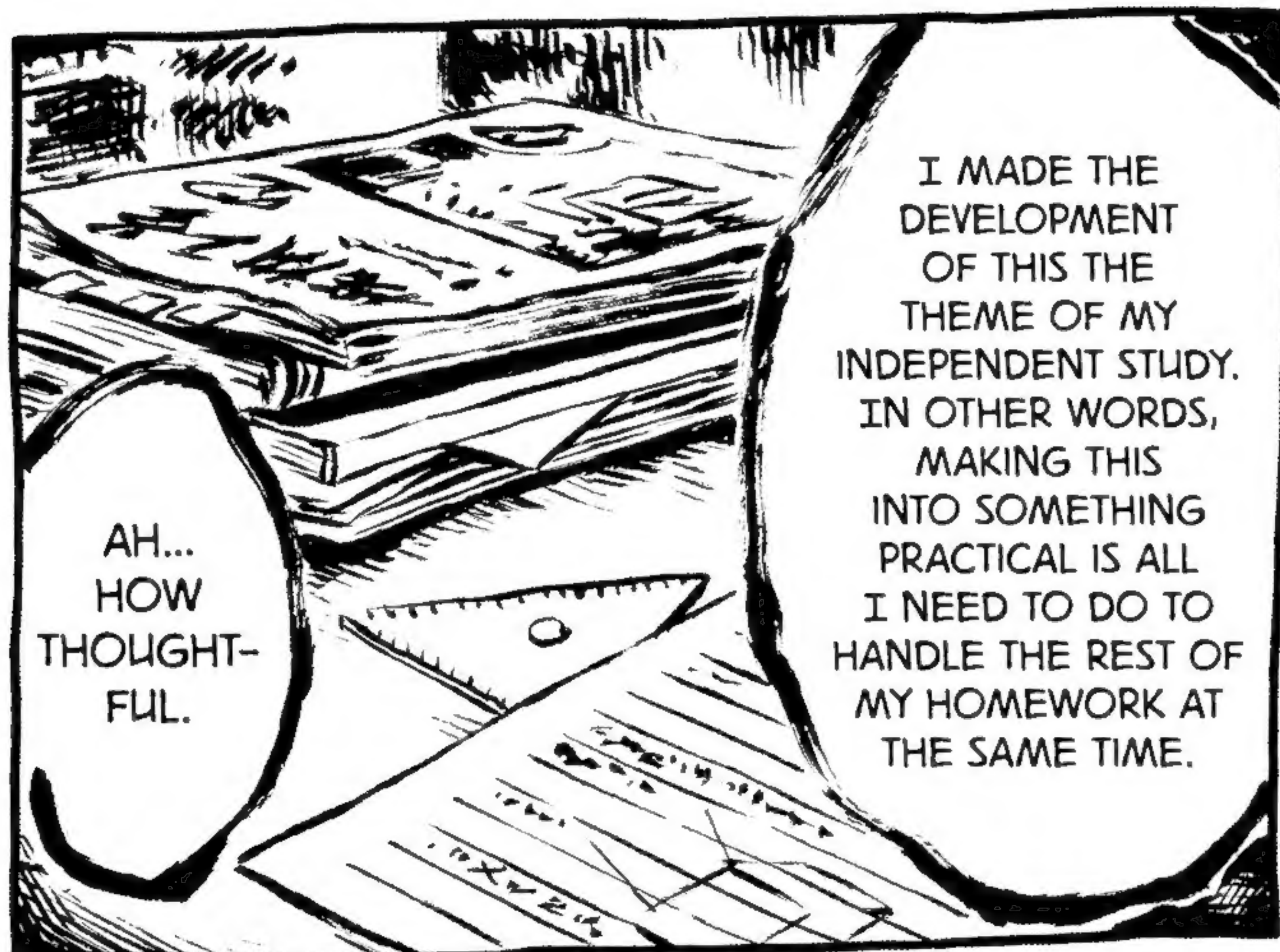
THIS IS MY
BLUEPRINT
FOR THE
FULLY-
AUTOMATIC
HOME-
WORK-
DOER.

YOUR
WHAT?



OH.

WHAT
IS
THAT?



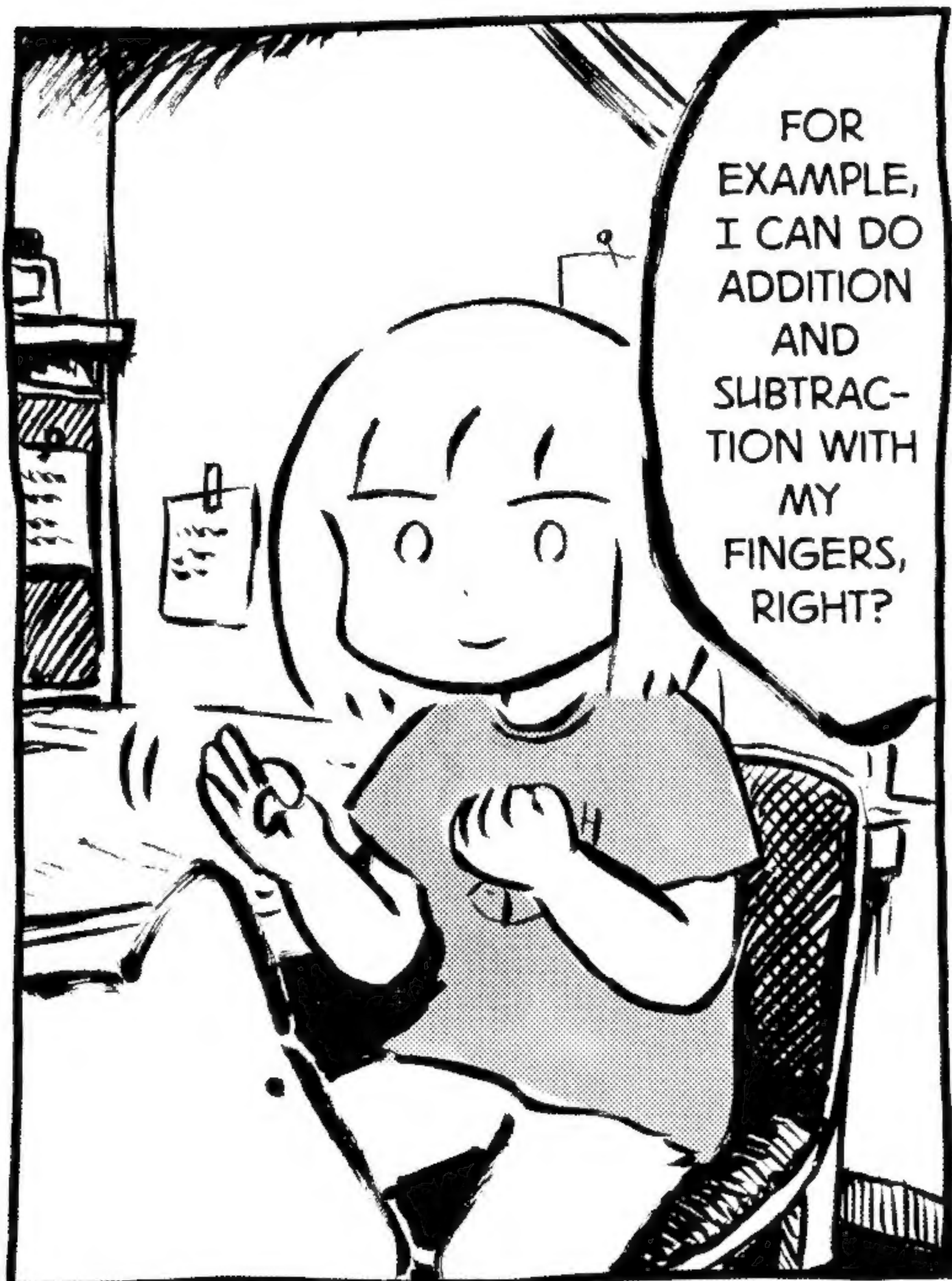
AH...
HOW
THOUGHT-
FUL.

I MADE THE
DEVELOPMENT
OF THIS THE
THEME OF MY
INDEPENDENT STUDY.
IN OTHER WORDS,
MAKING THIS
INTO SOMETHING
PRACTICAL IS ALL
I NEED TO DO TO
HANDLE THE REST OF
MY HOMEWORK AT
THE SAME TIME.

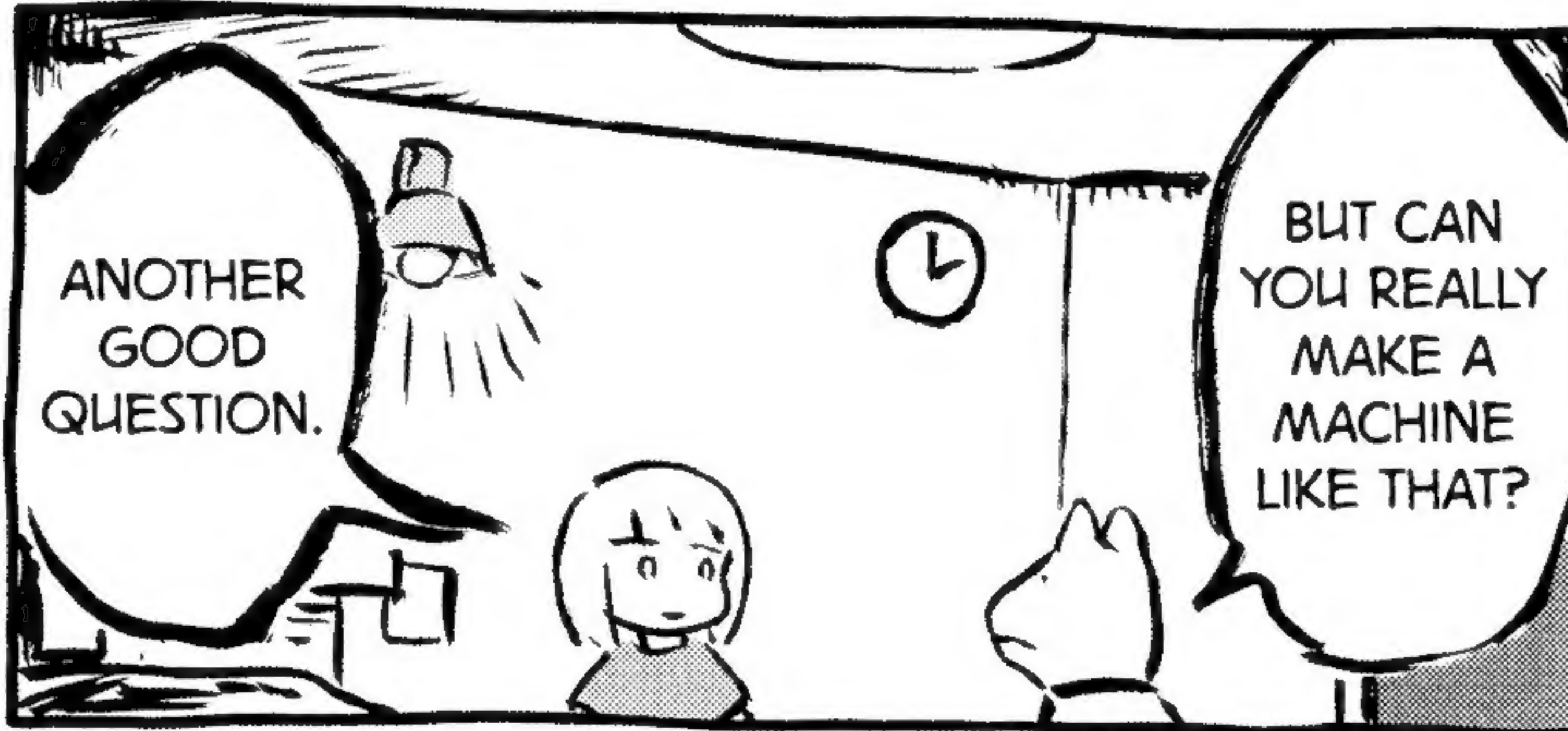


GOOD
QUESTION.

HOW
IS THIS A
HYBRID
SOLUTION?



FOR
EXAMPLE,
I CAN DO
ADDITION
AND SUB-
TRACTION
WITH MY
FINGERS,
RIGHT?

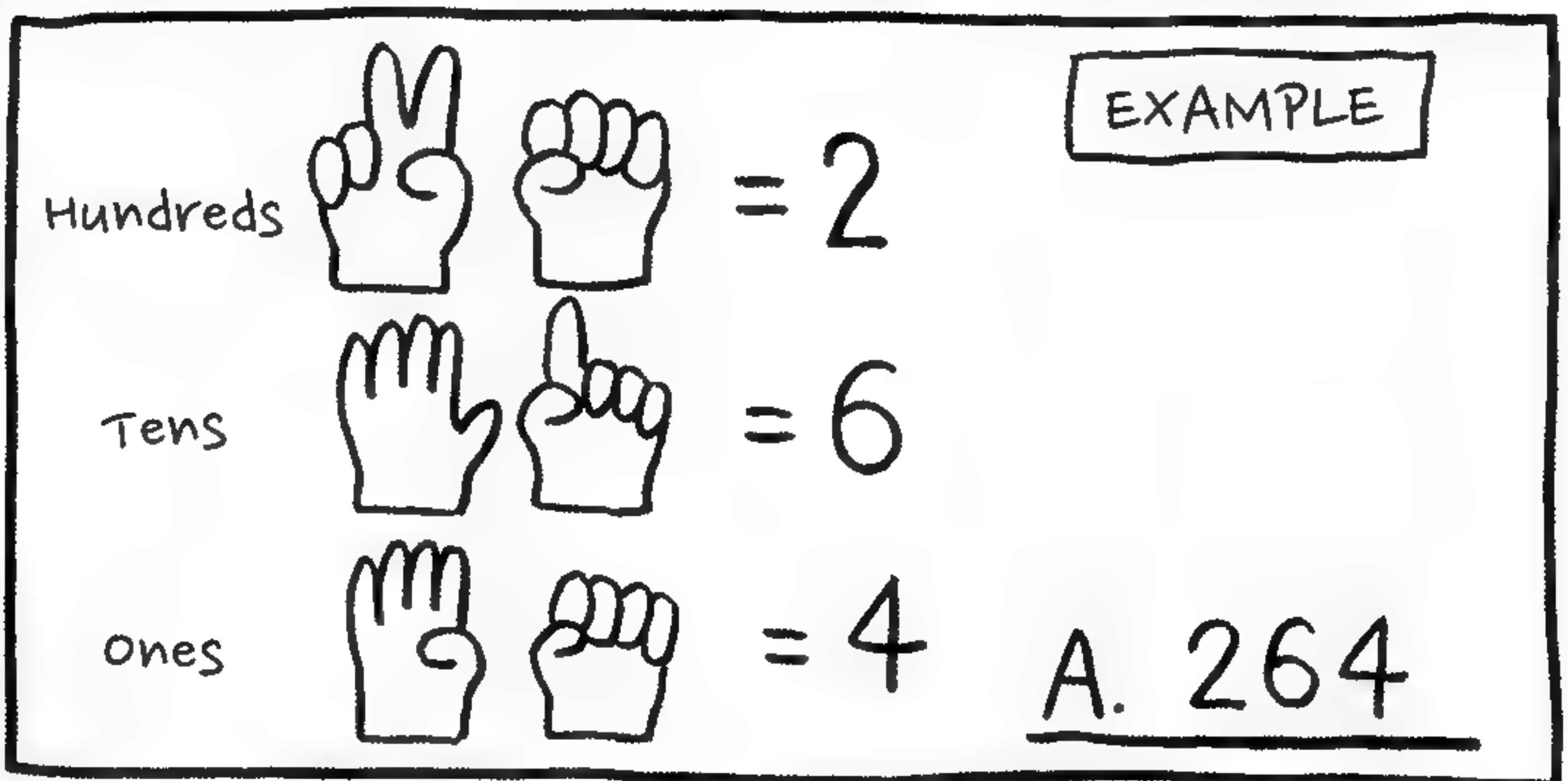
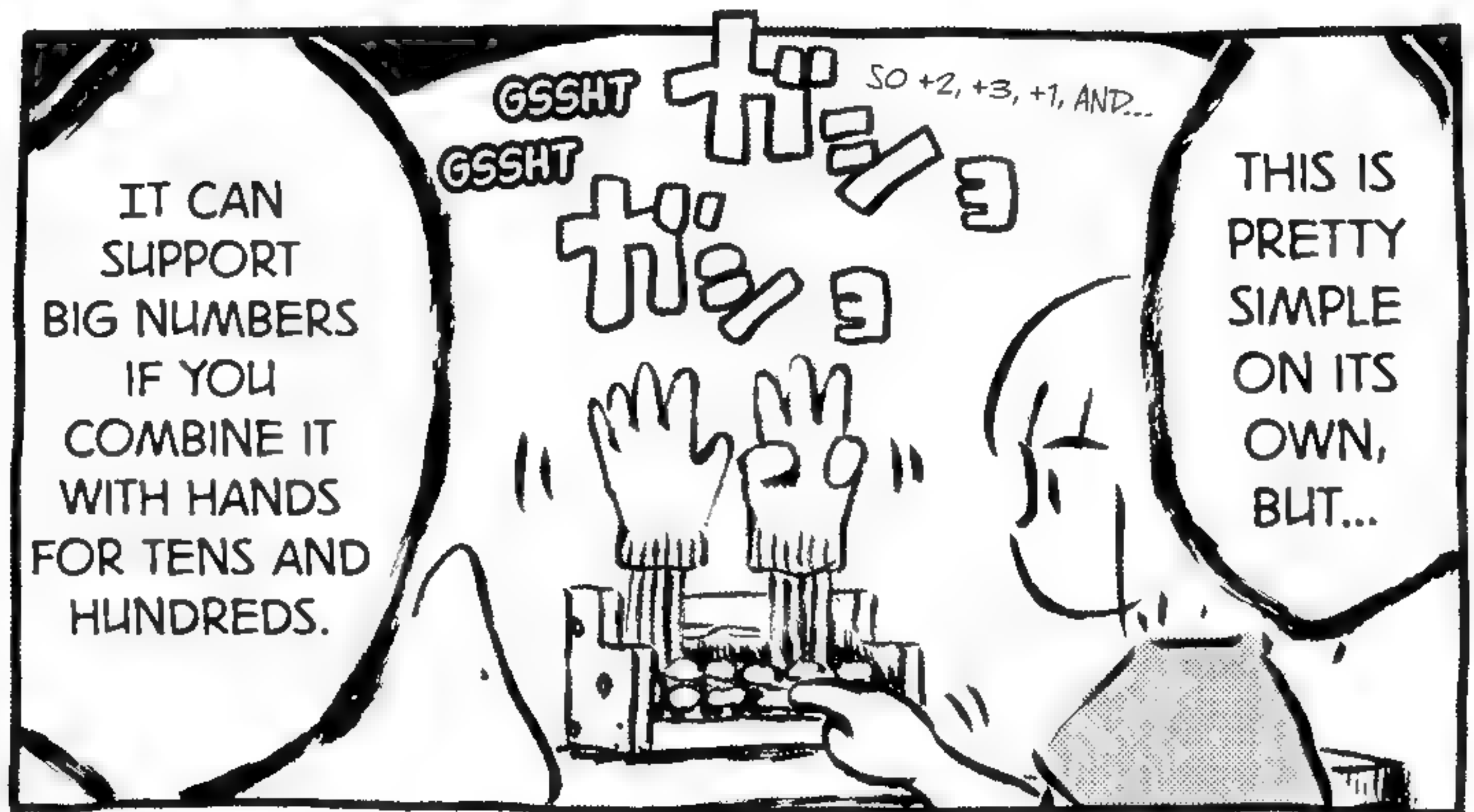
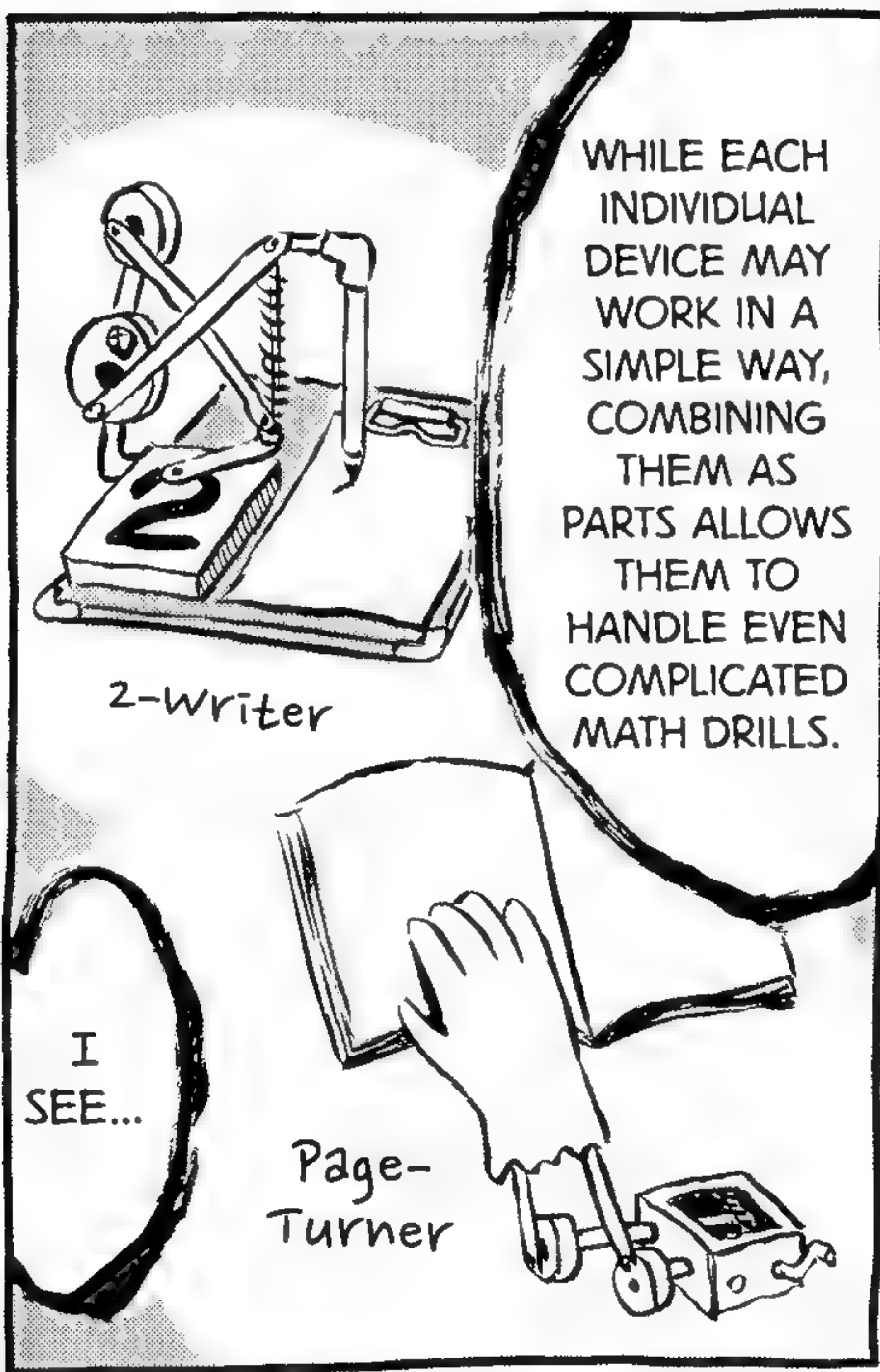
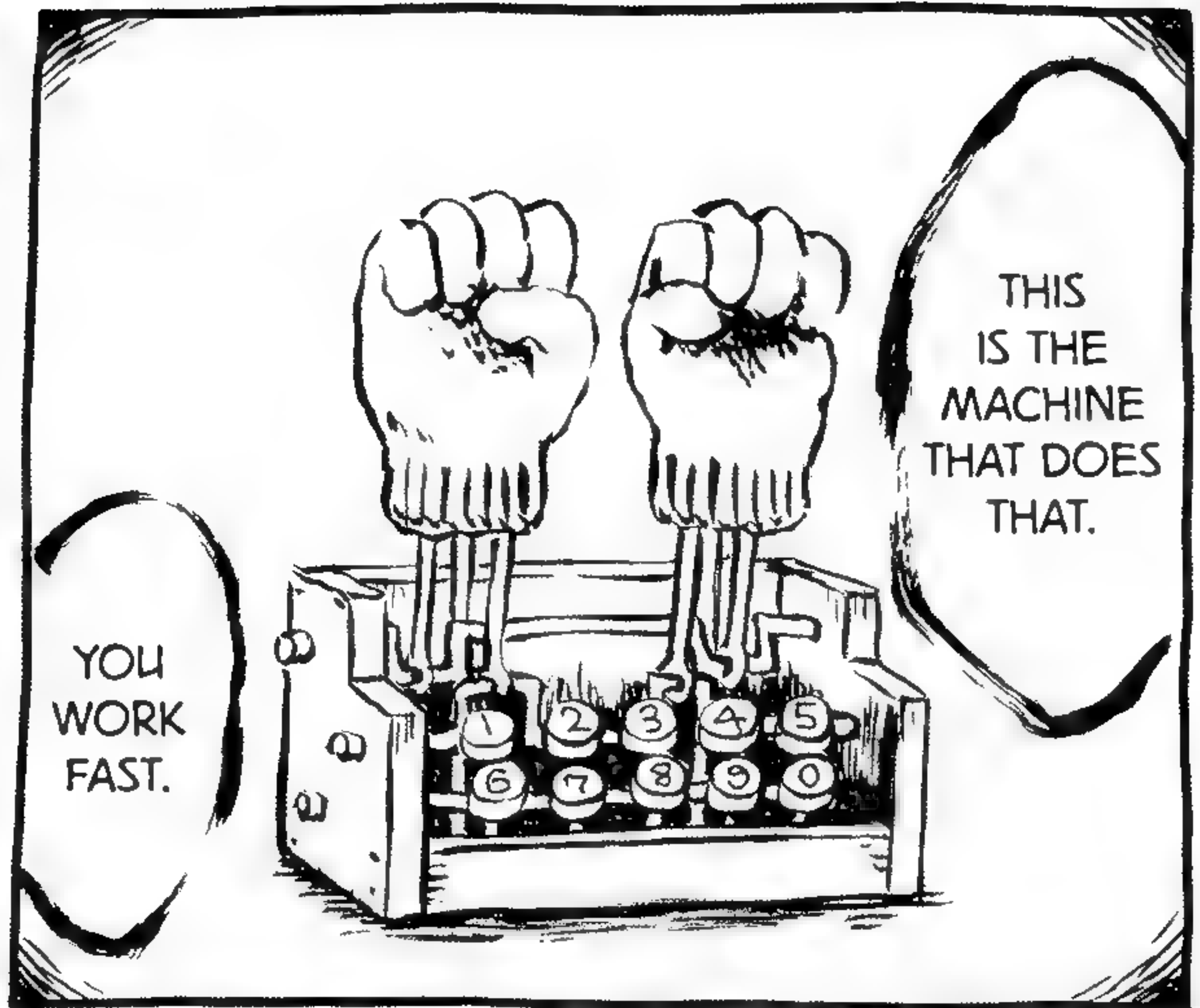


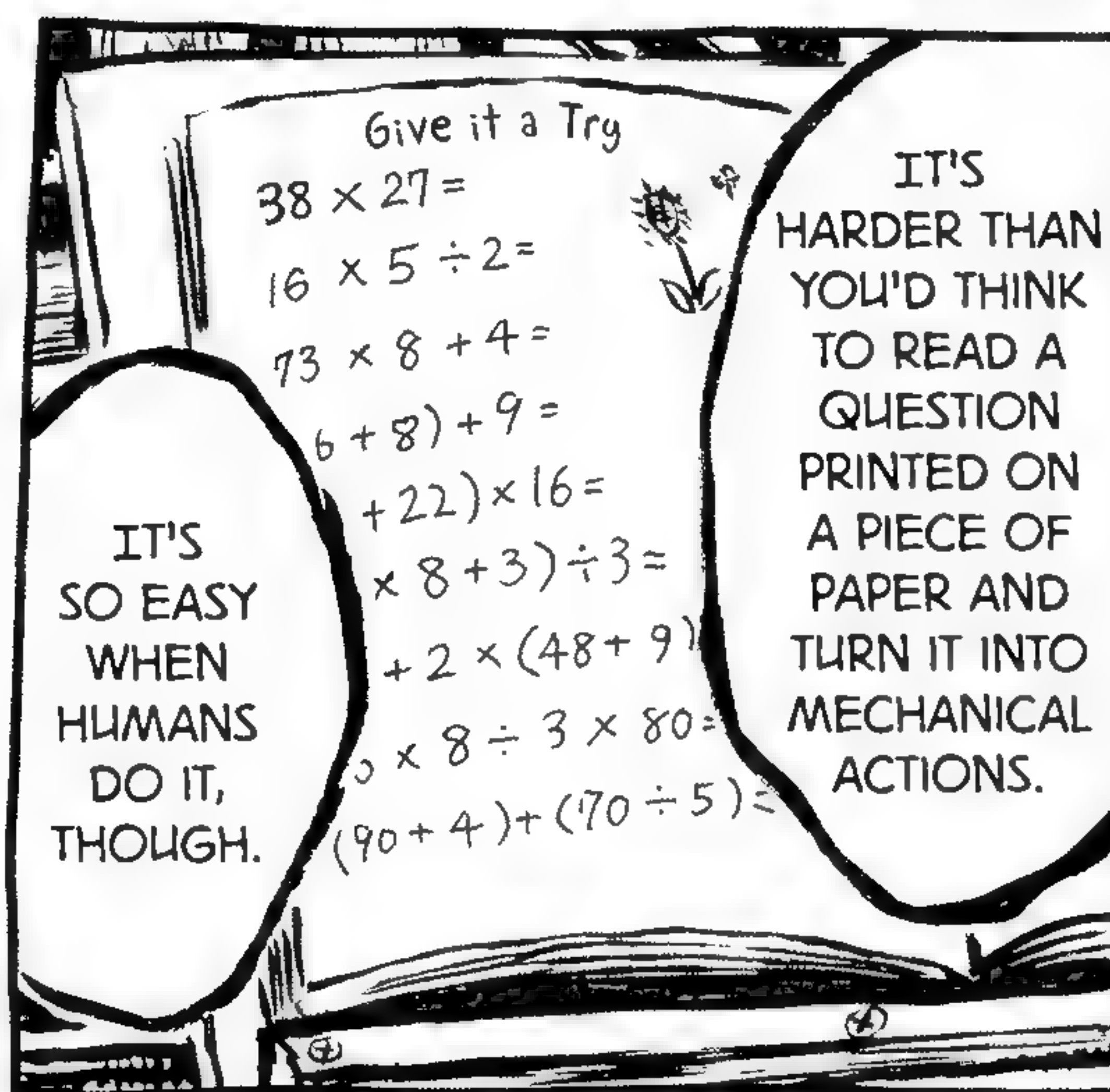
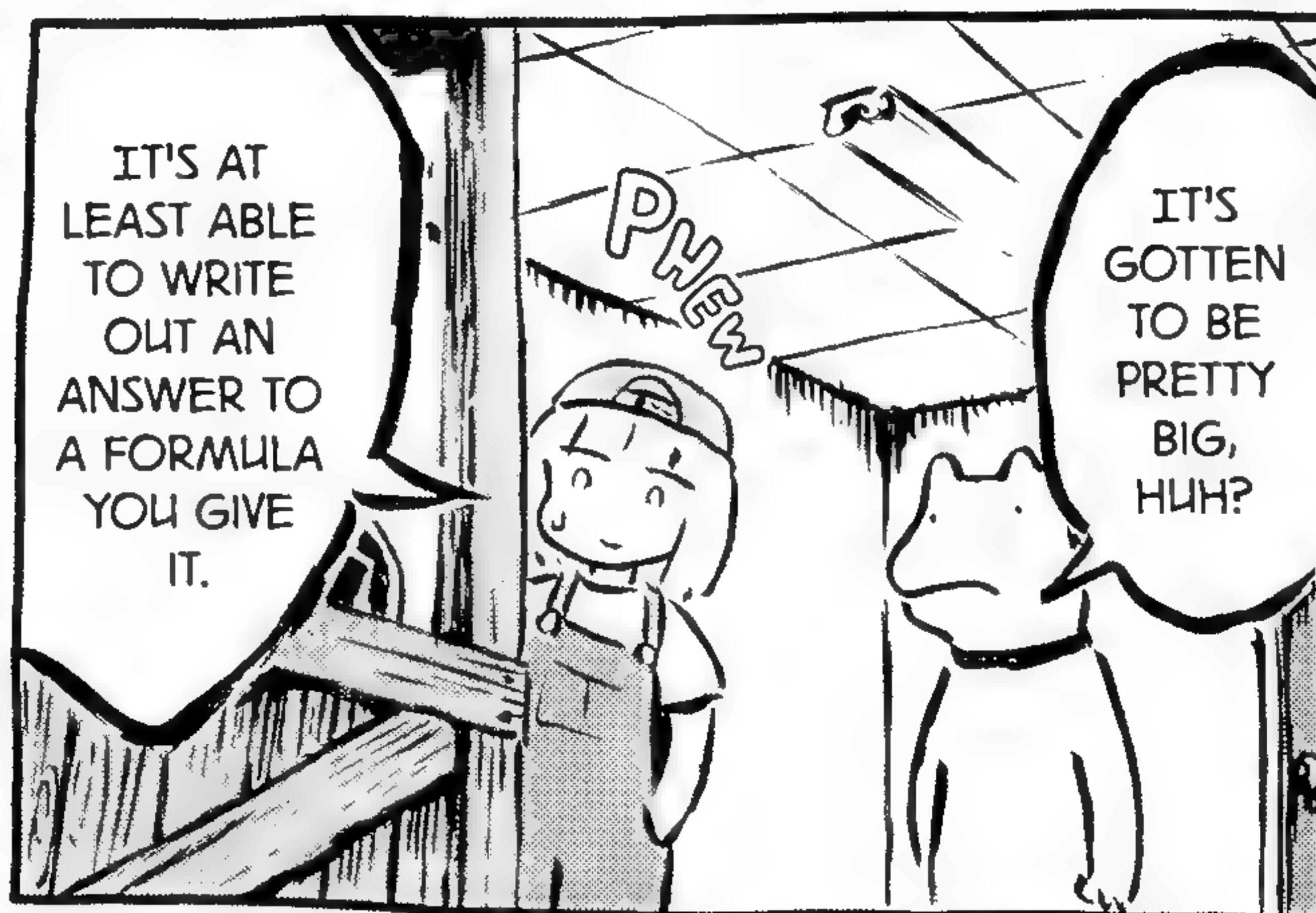
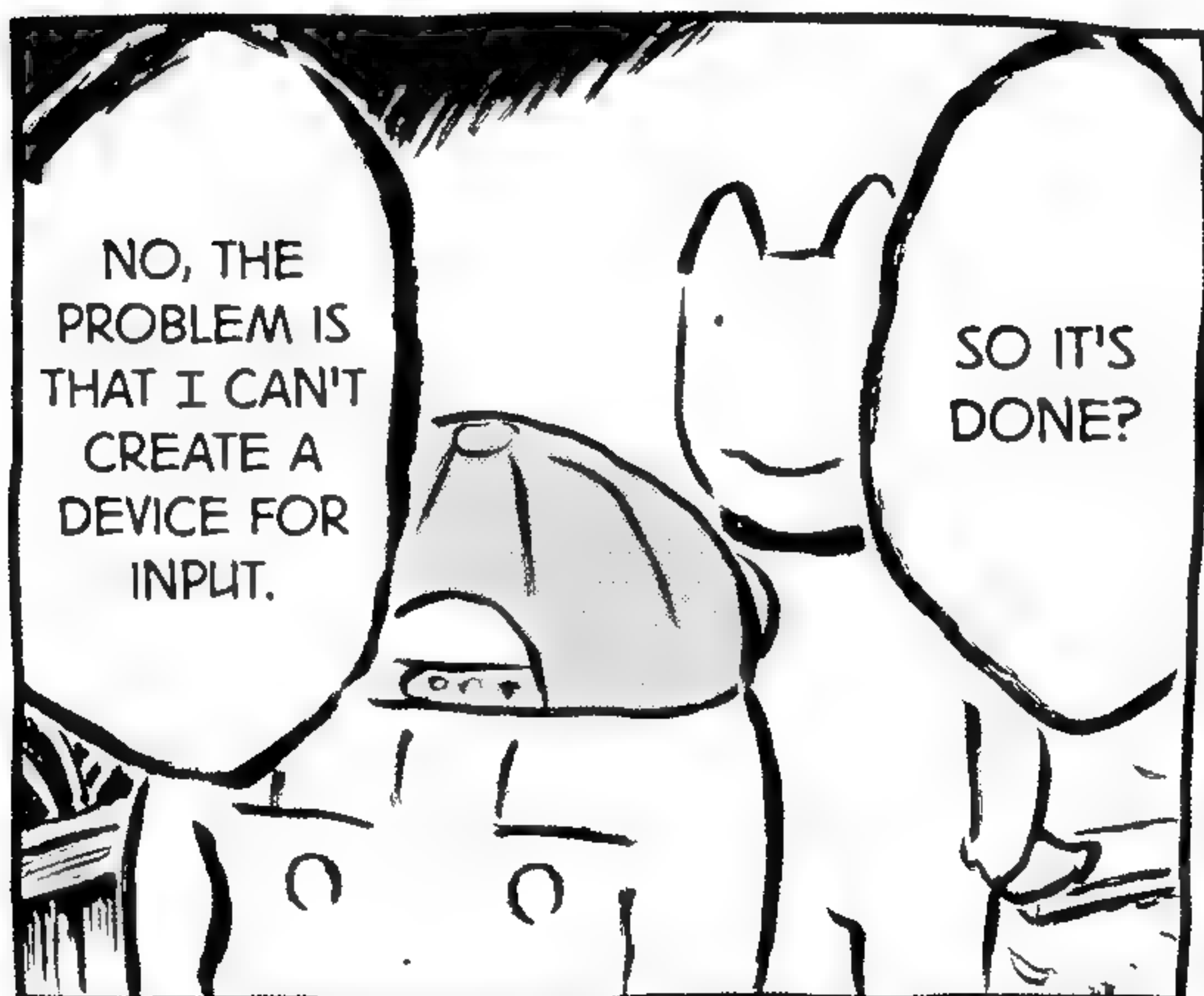
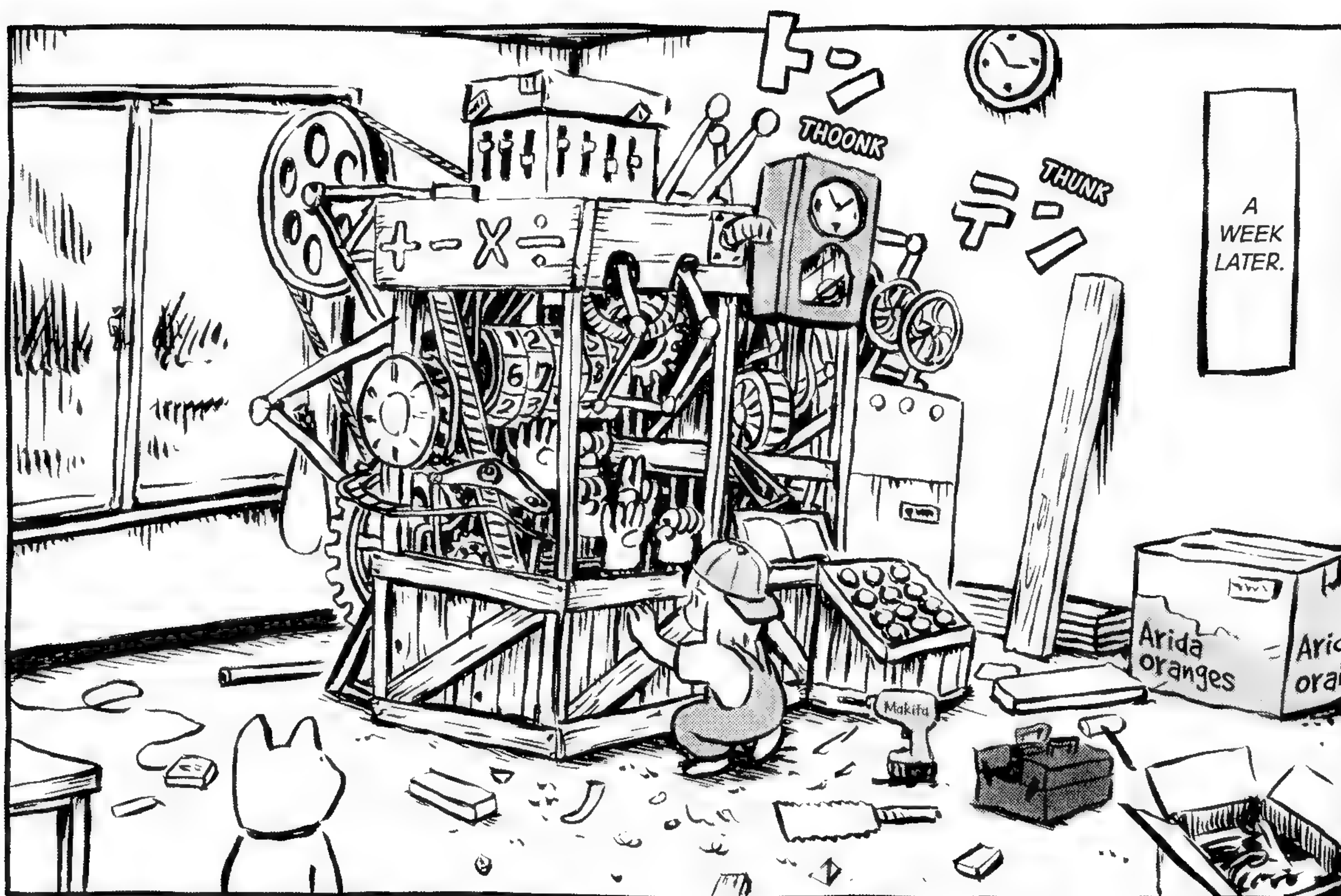
ANOTHER
GOOD
QUESTION.

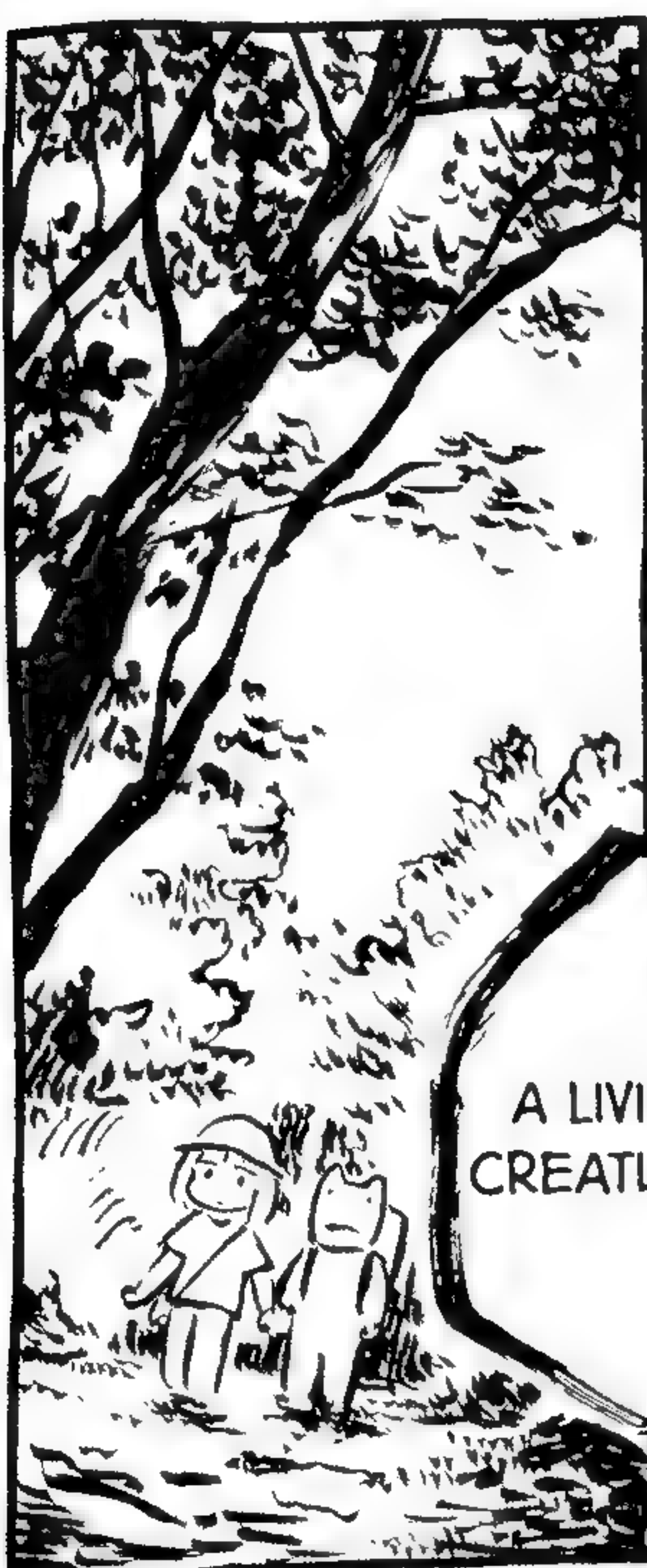
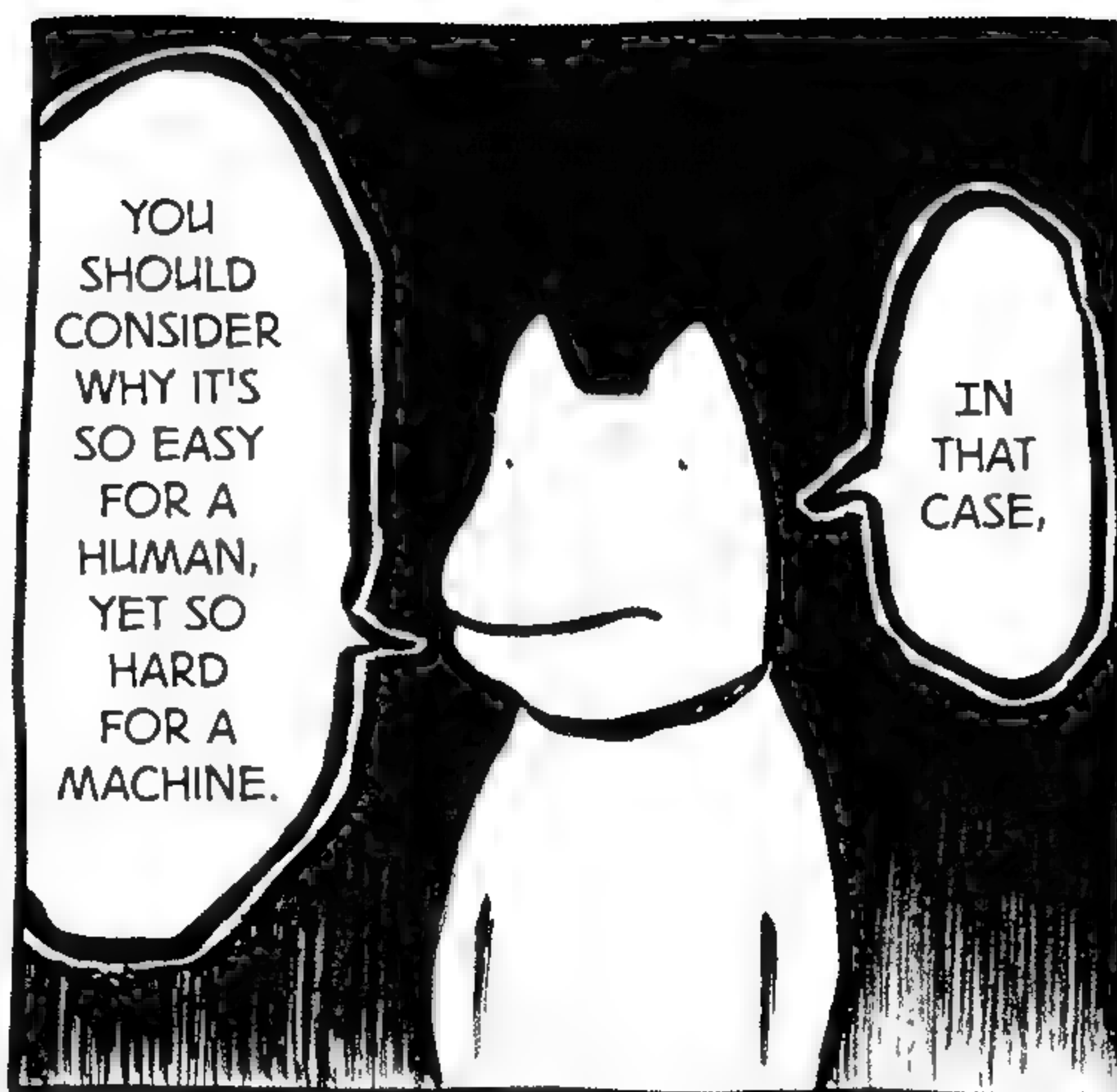
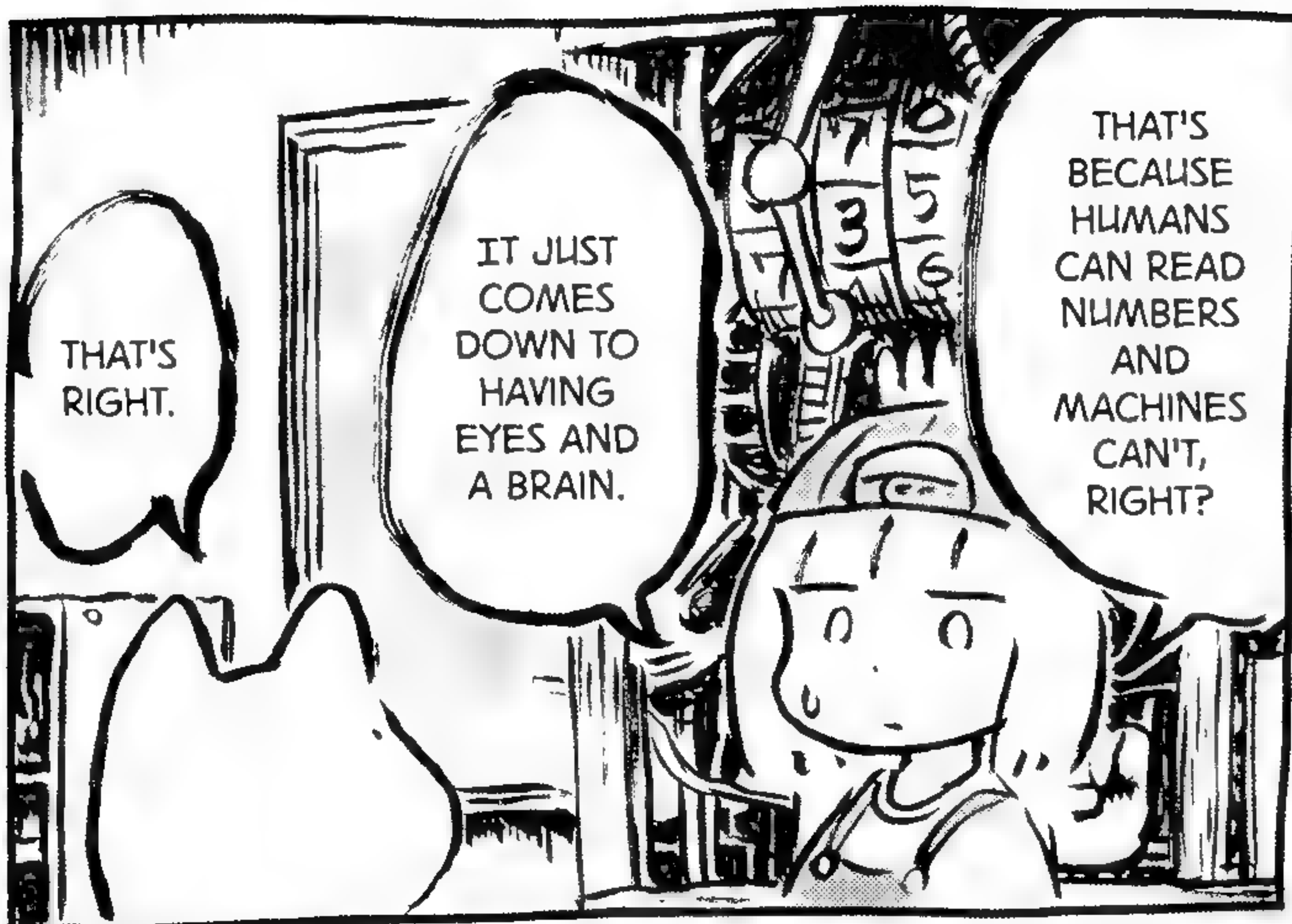
BUT CAN
YOU REALLY
MAKE A
MACHINE
LIKE THAT?

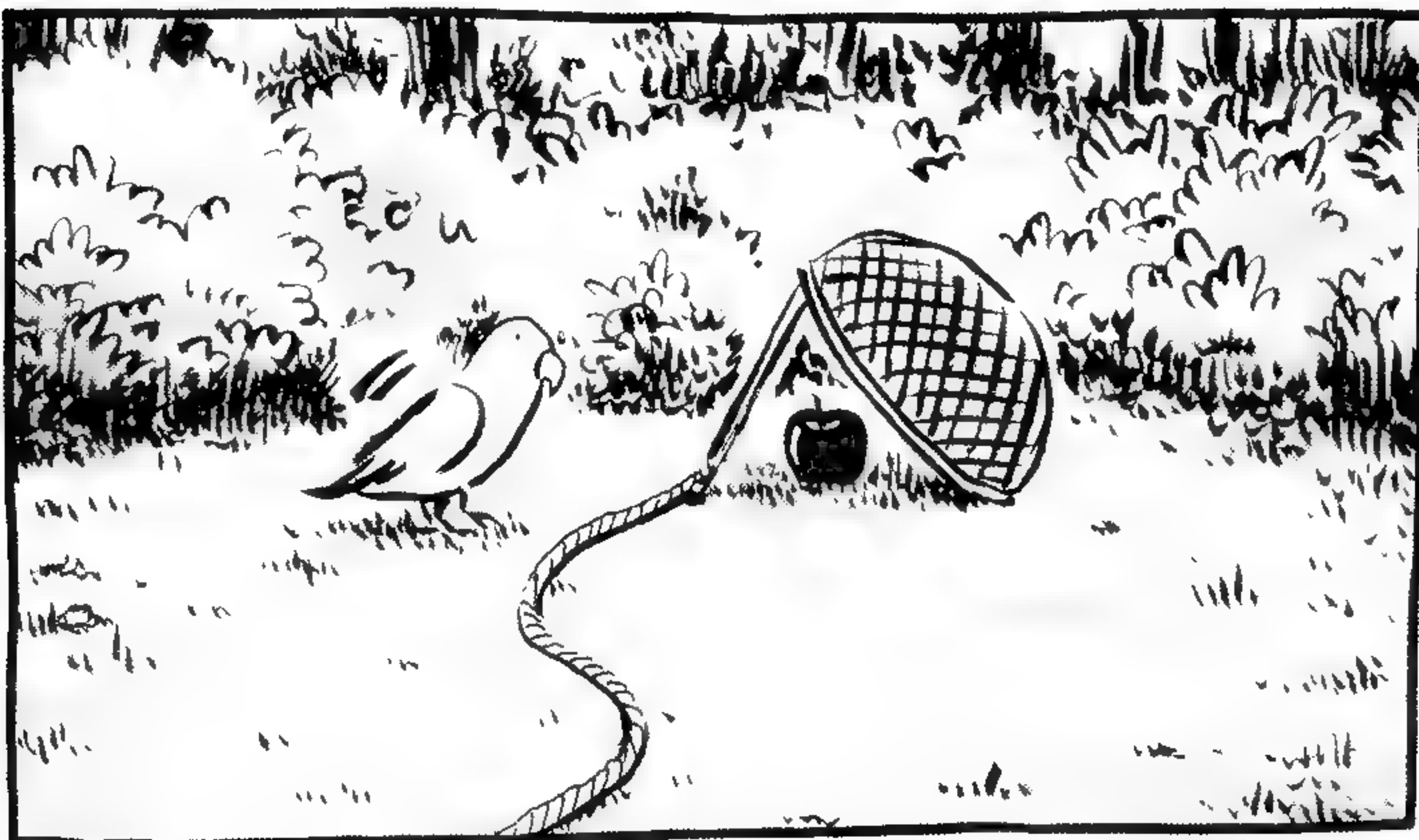
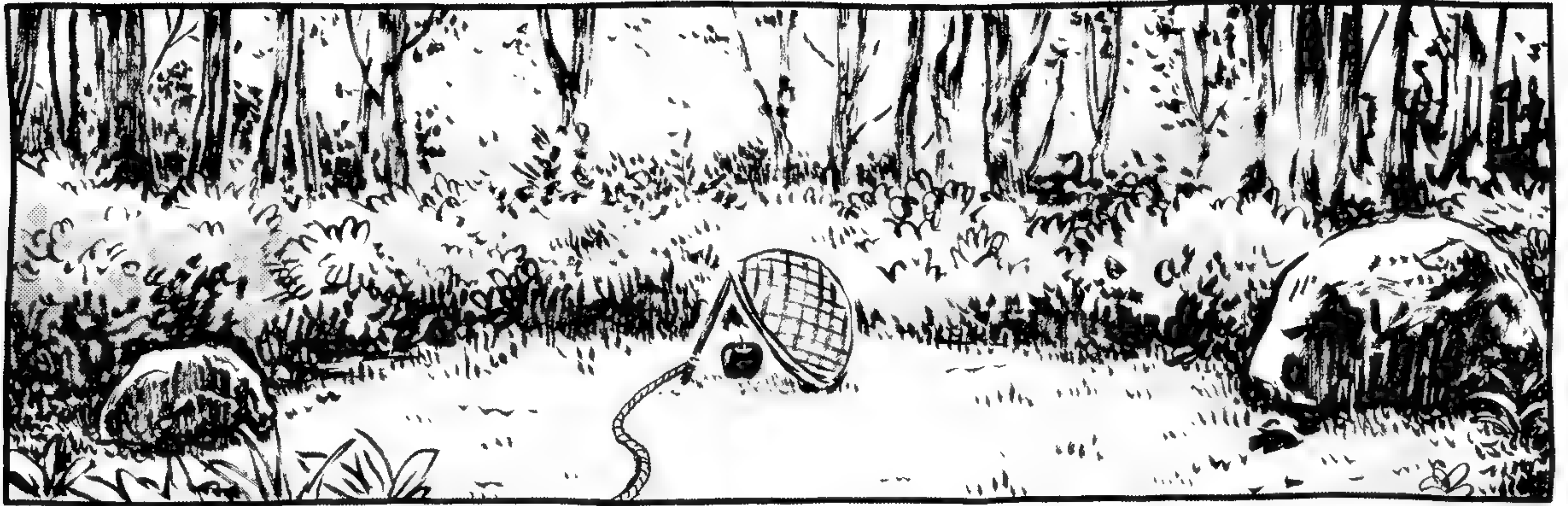


ESSENTIALLY,
I JUST NEED
TO REPLACE
THE THOUGHTS
IN MY HEAD
WITH PHYSICAL
OBJECTS.

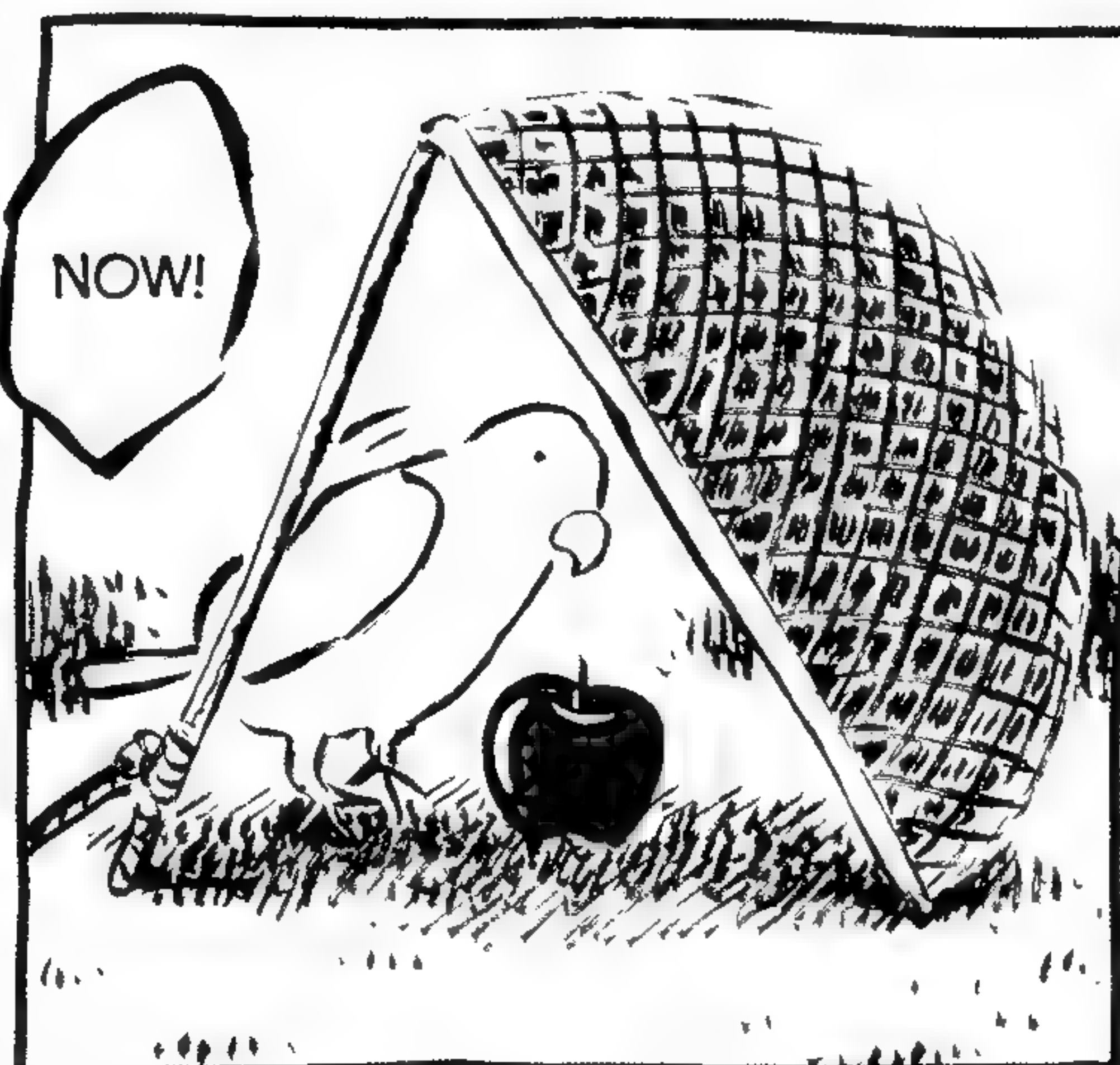
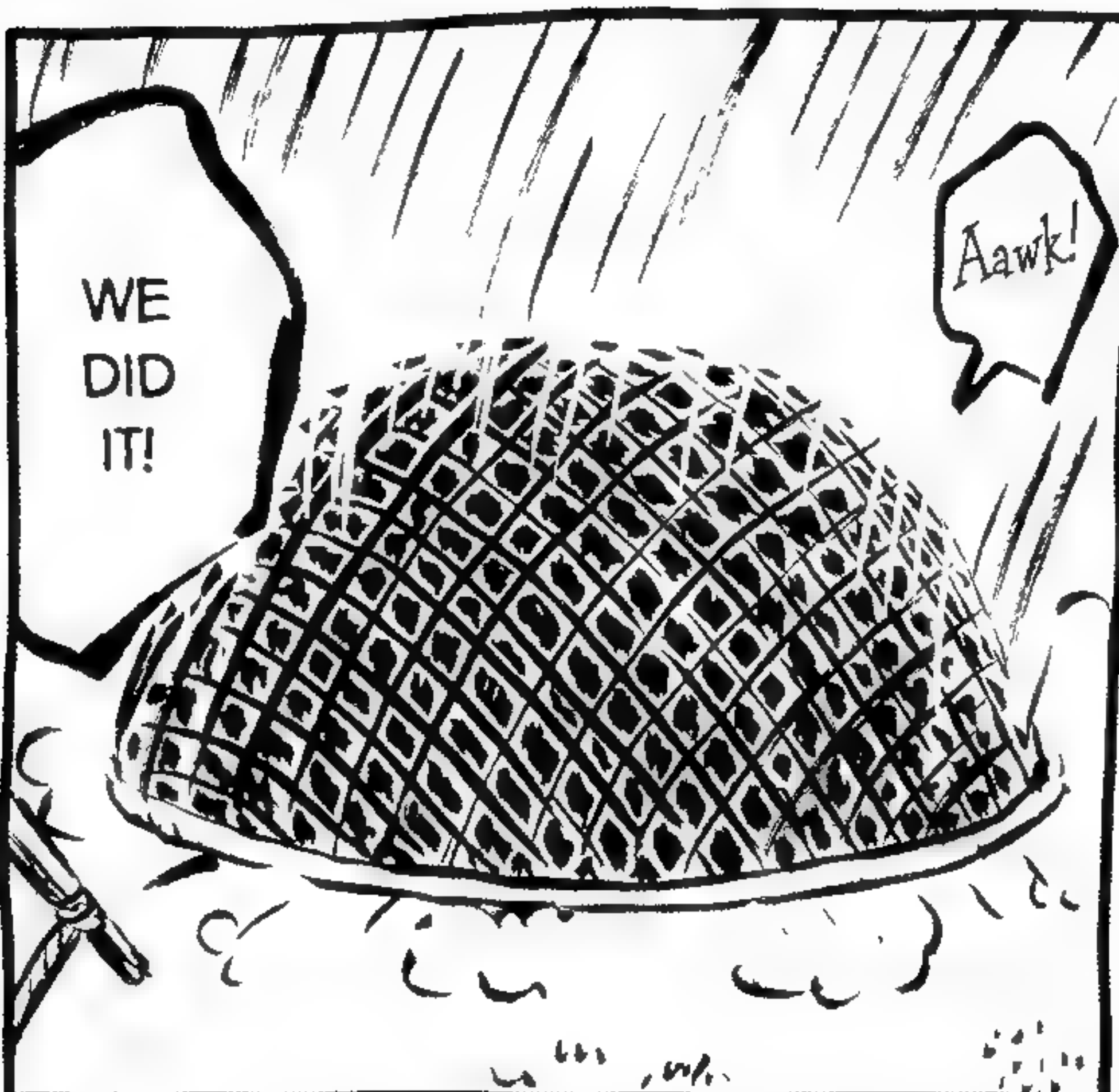
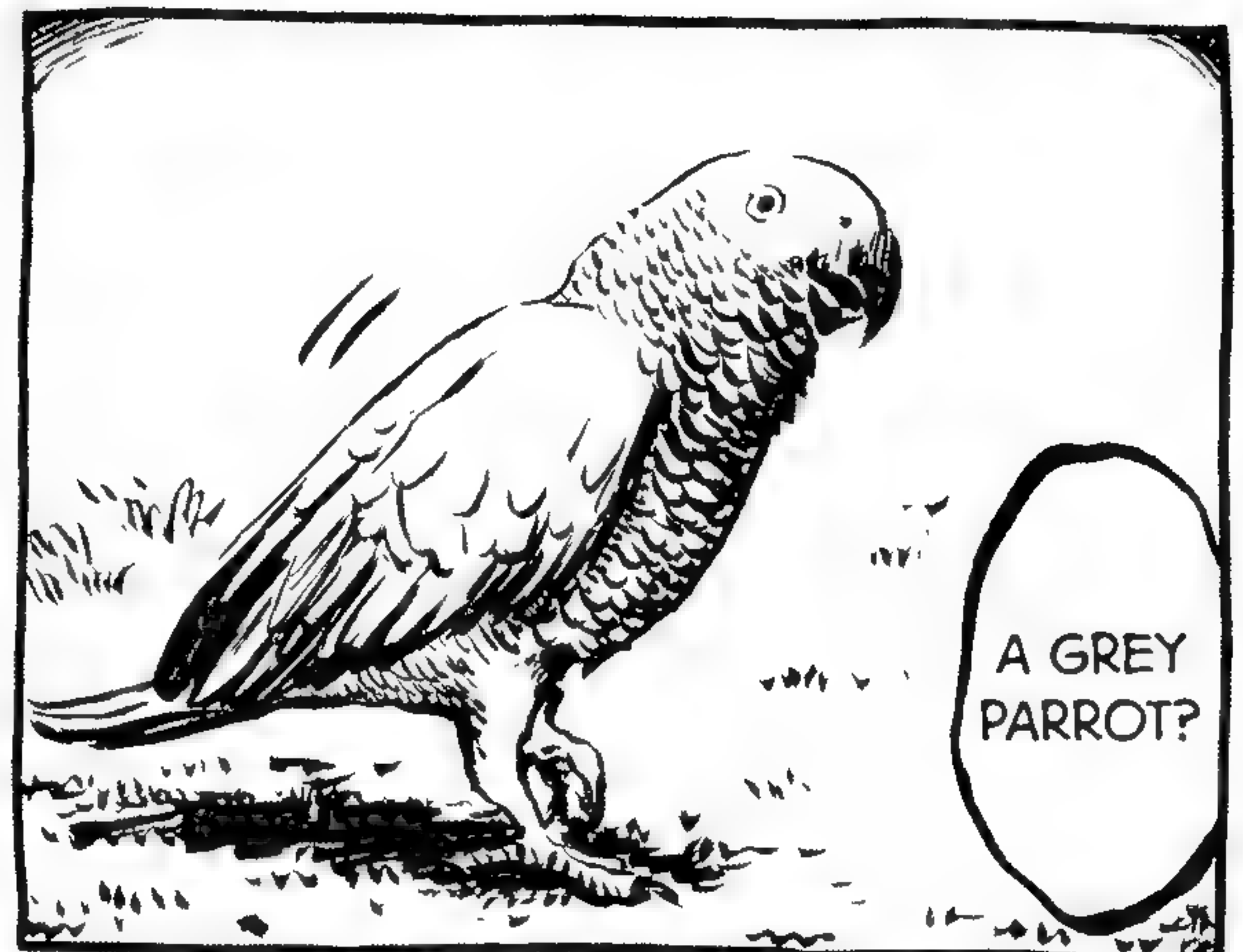








While grey parrots are related to cockatoos and true parrots, they are known for being exceptionally intelligent. It is even said that their brains are equivalent to those of five-year-old human children. We could consider them especially suitable for teaching the kinds of simple operations discussed here. Also, they are known for their extreme curiosity as well as their lack of caution, resulting in them being a relatively simple species to catch using simple traps despite their intelligence.

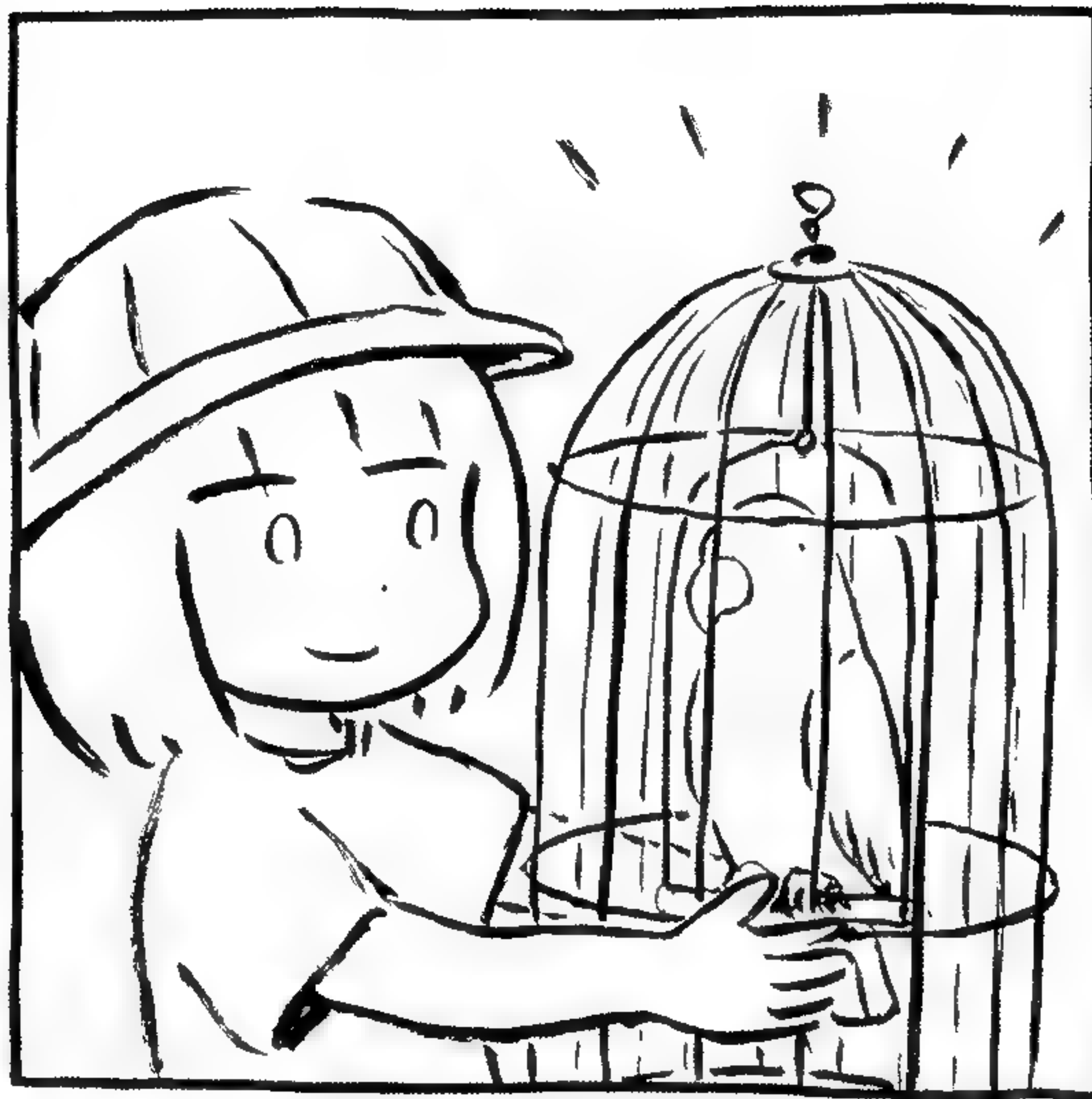




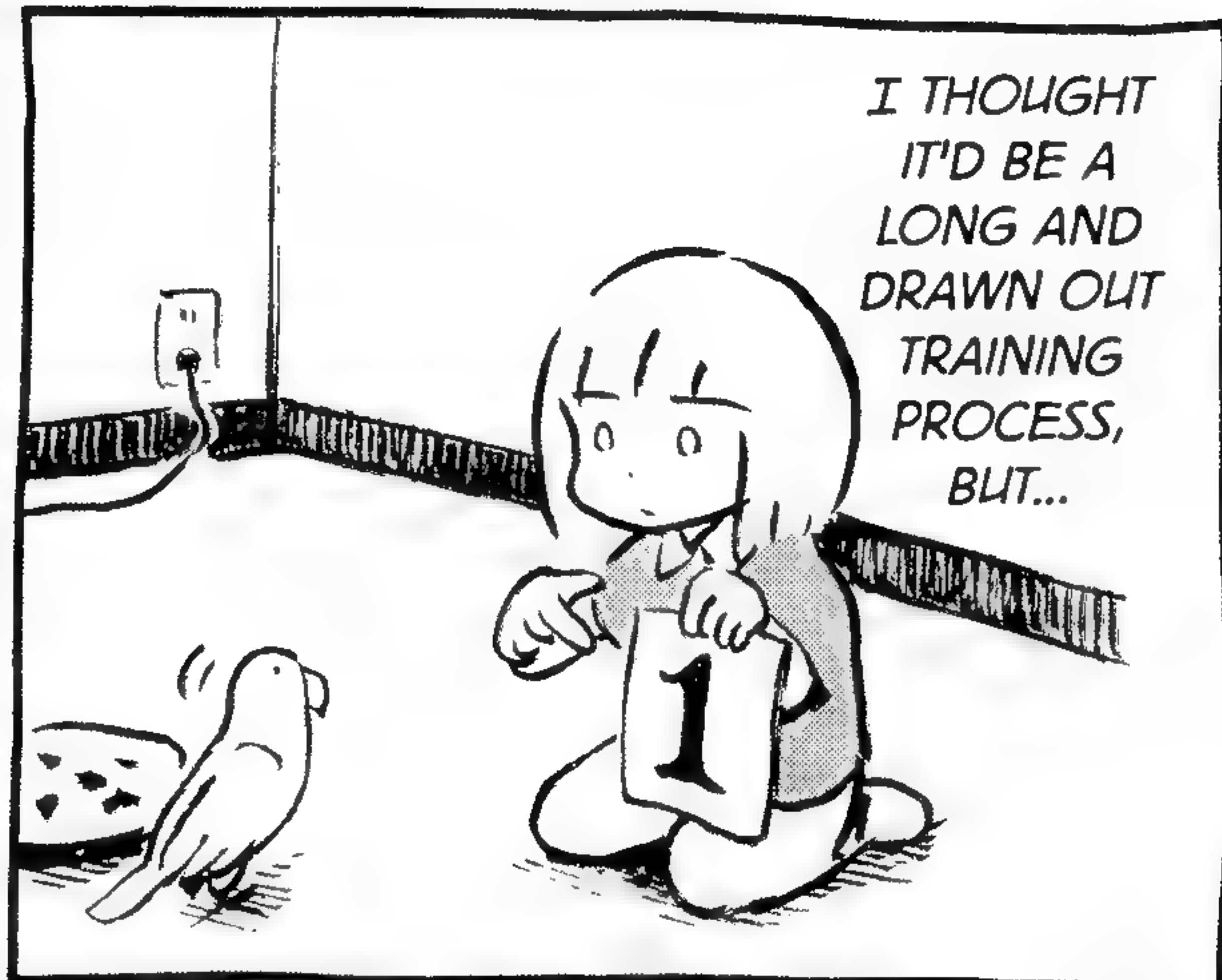
HOME...



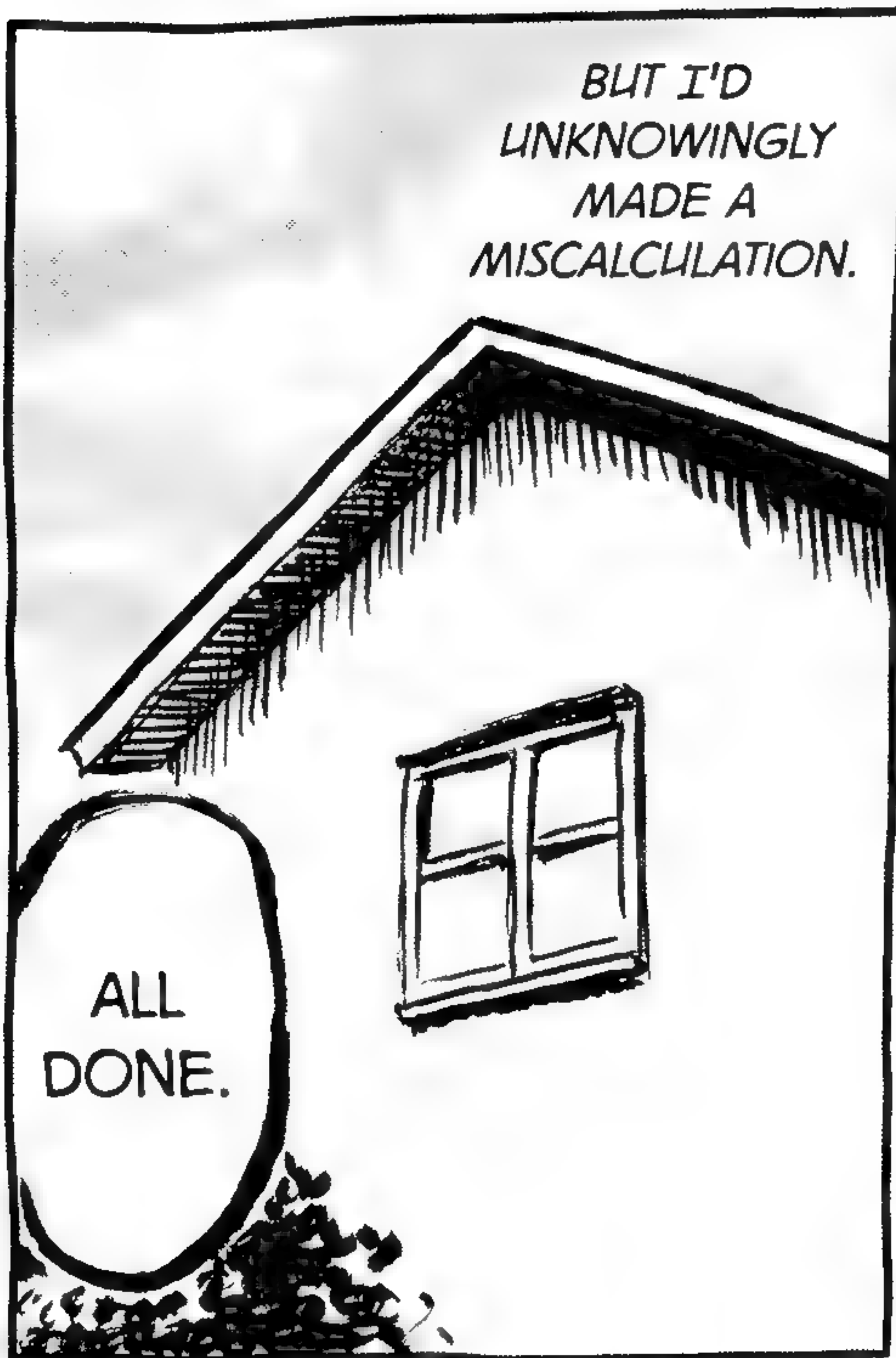
SORRY,
BUT
YOU'RE
GOING
TO HELP
ME FOR A
SUMMER.



OH,
THAT'S
RIGHT.

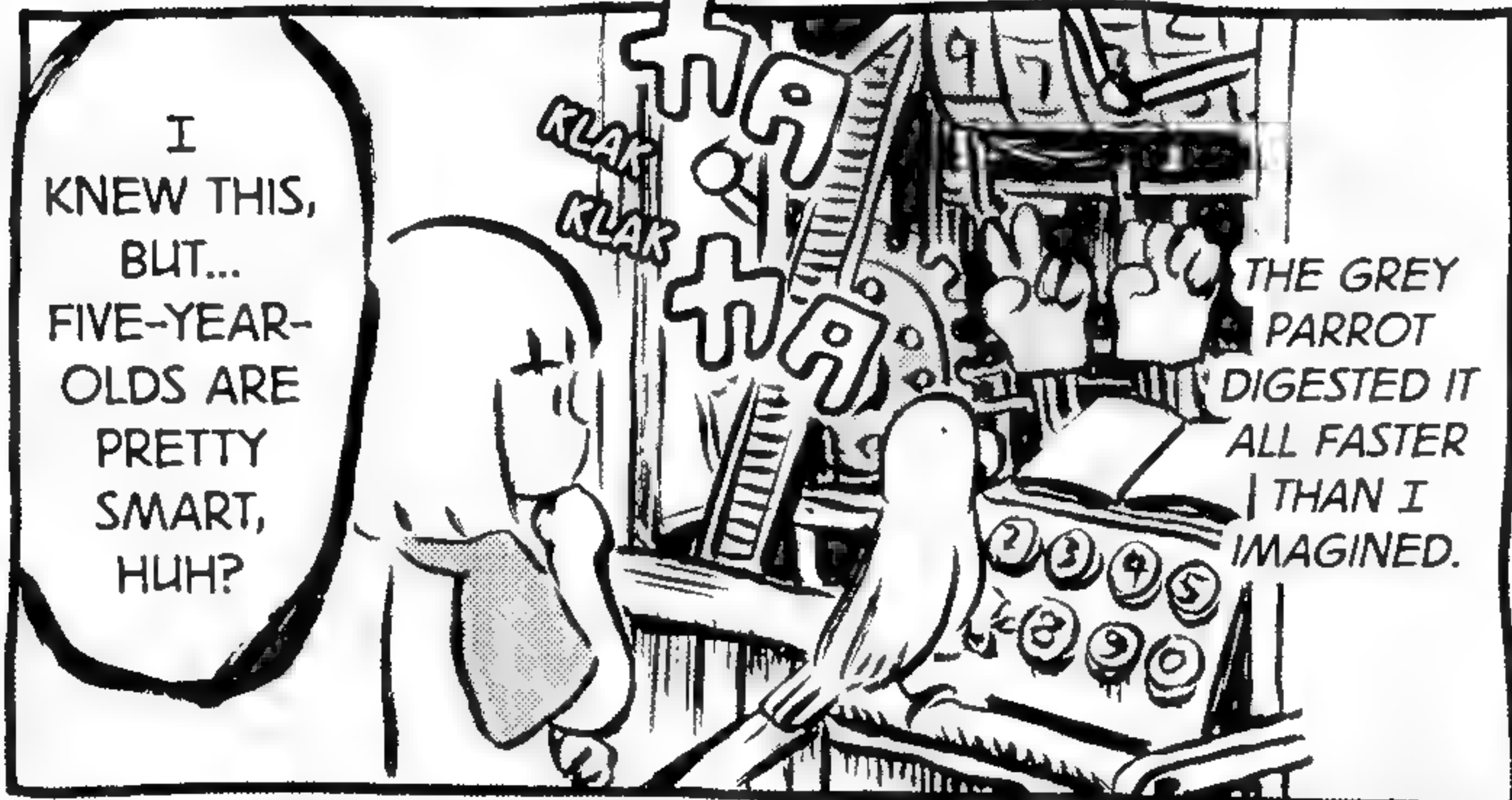


I THOUGHT
IT'D BE A
LONG AND
DRAWN OUT
TRAINING
PROCESS,
BUT...



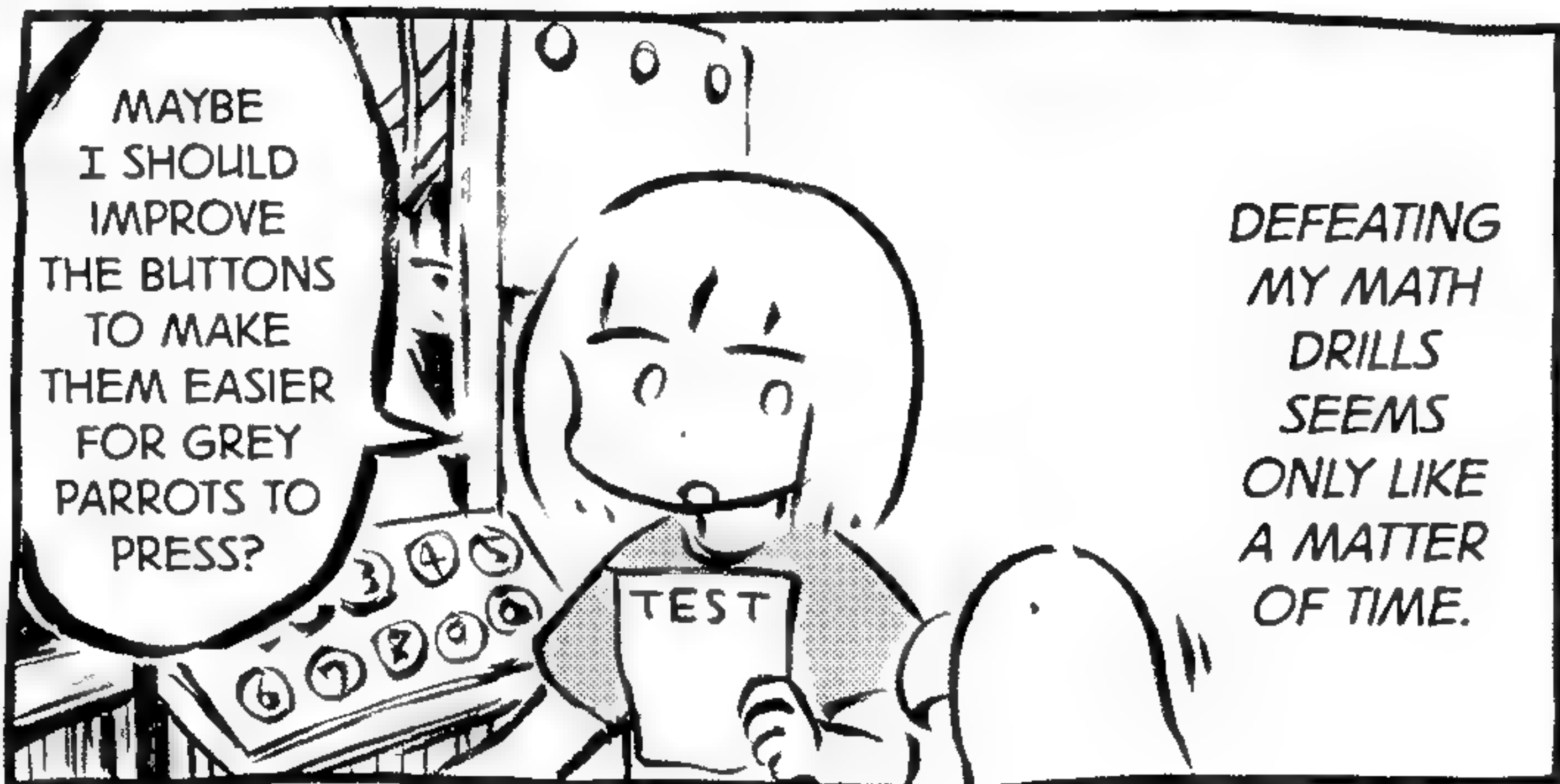
ALL
DONE.

BUT I'D
UNKNOWINGLY
MADE A
MISCALCULATION.



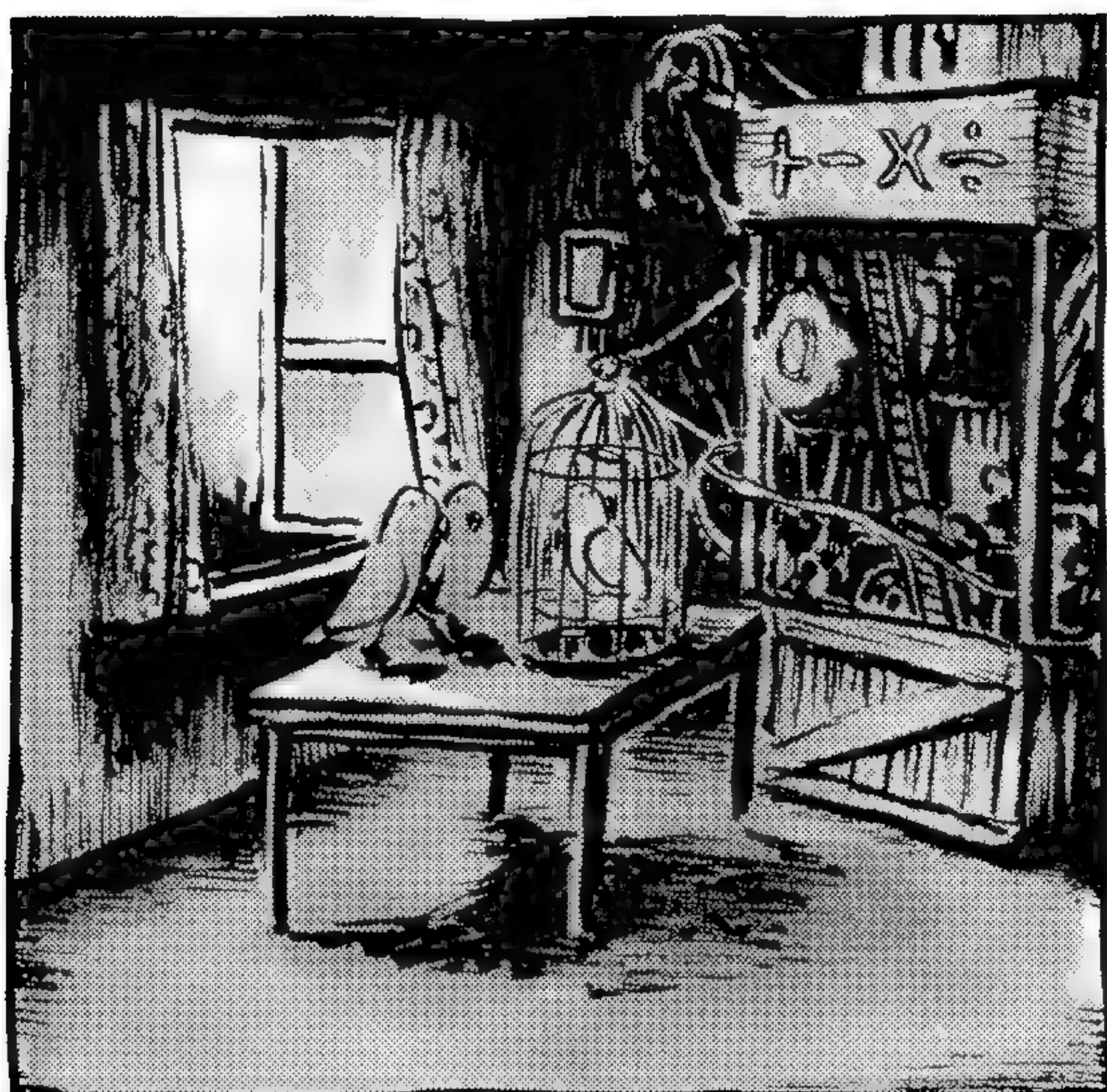
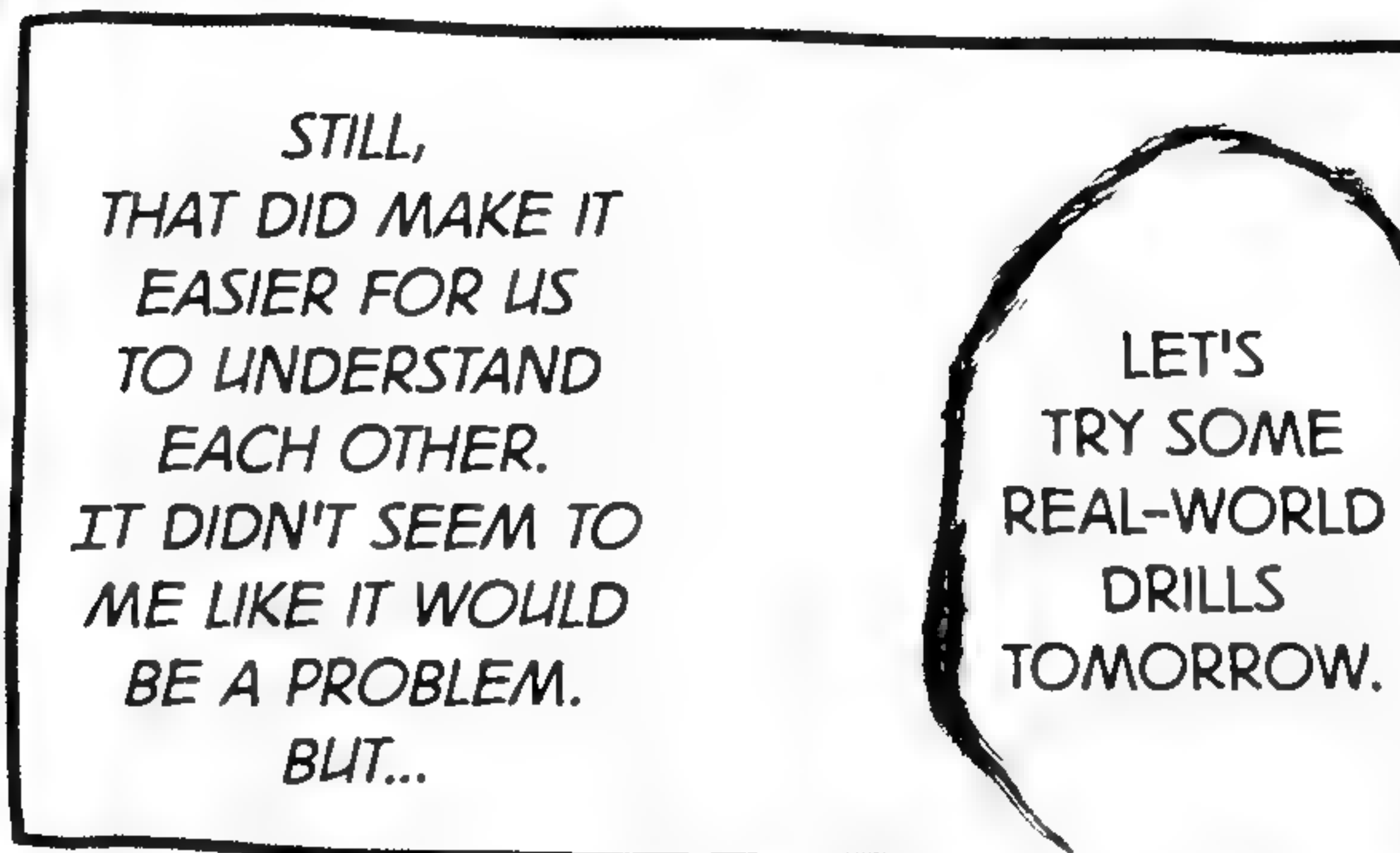
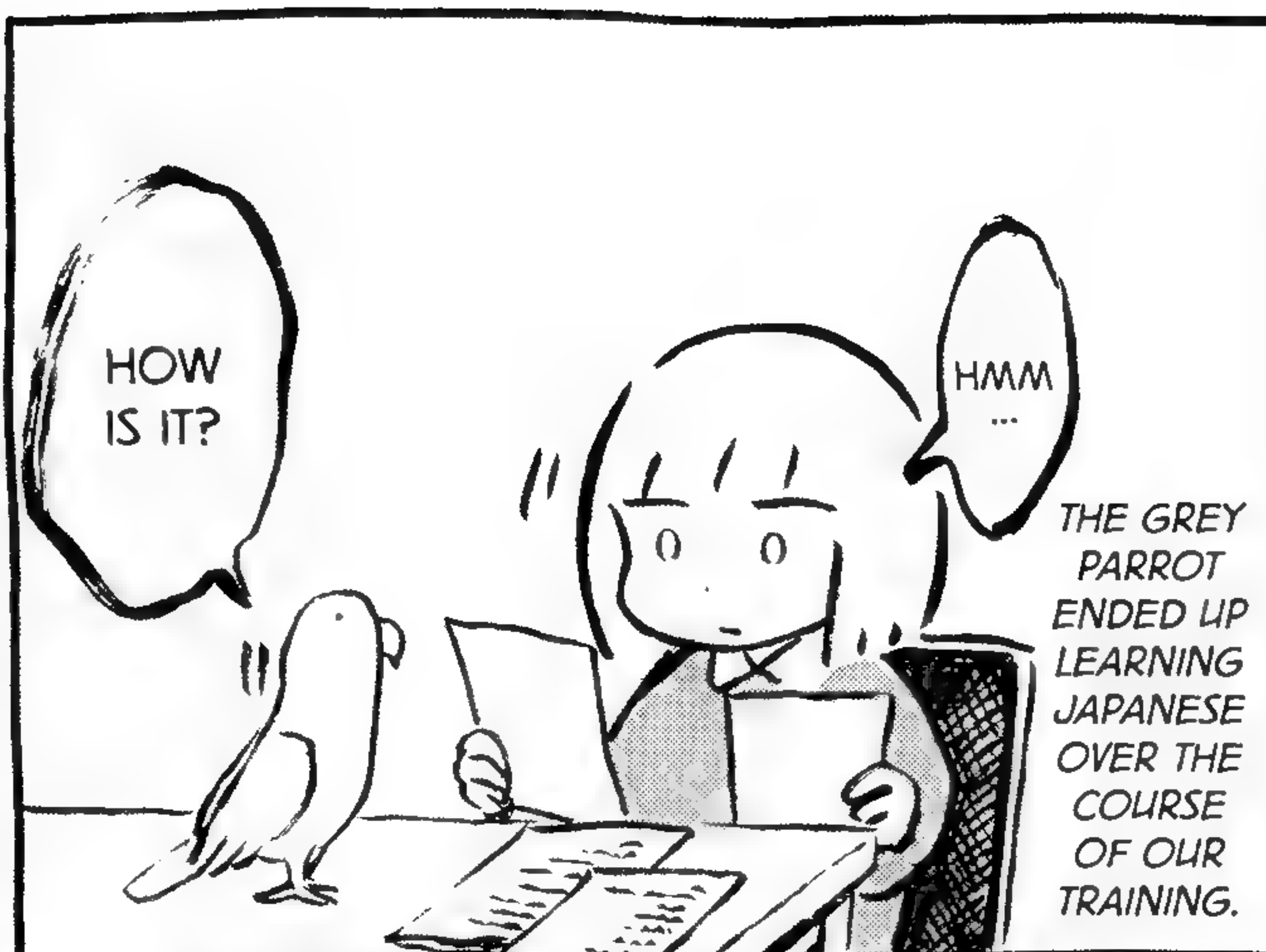
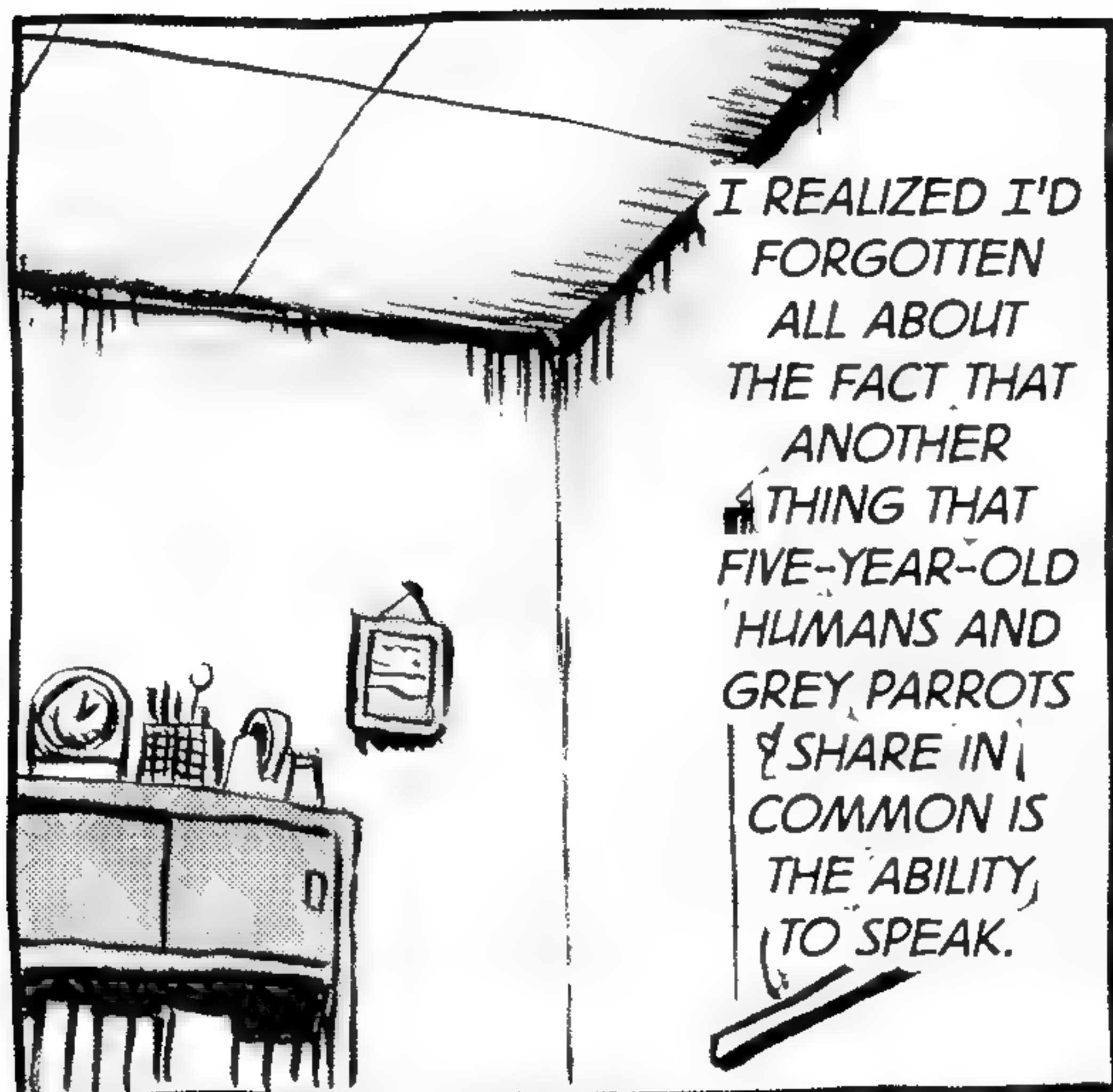
I
KNEW THIS,
BUT...
FIVE-YEAR-
OLDS ARE
PRETTY
SMART,
HUH?

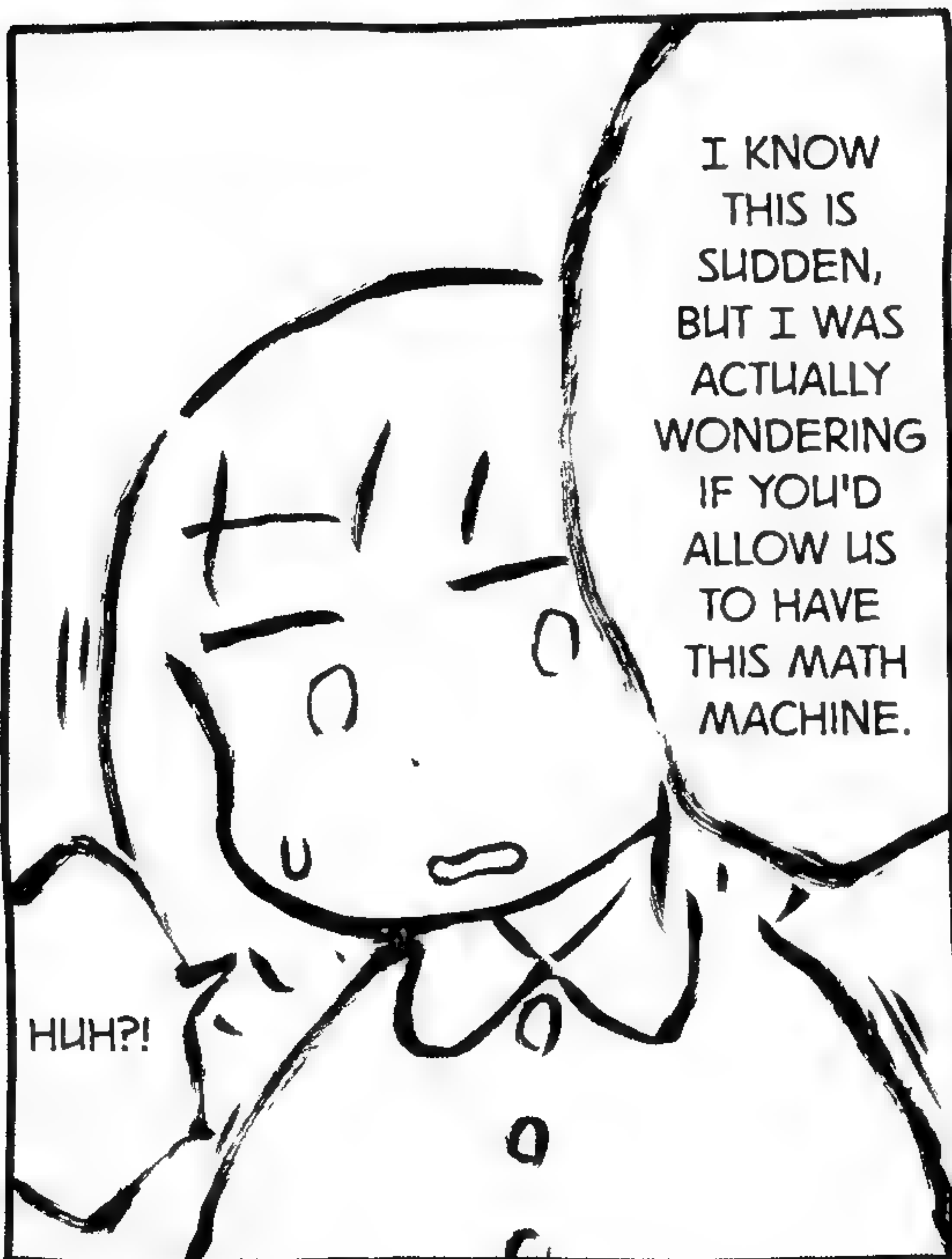
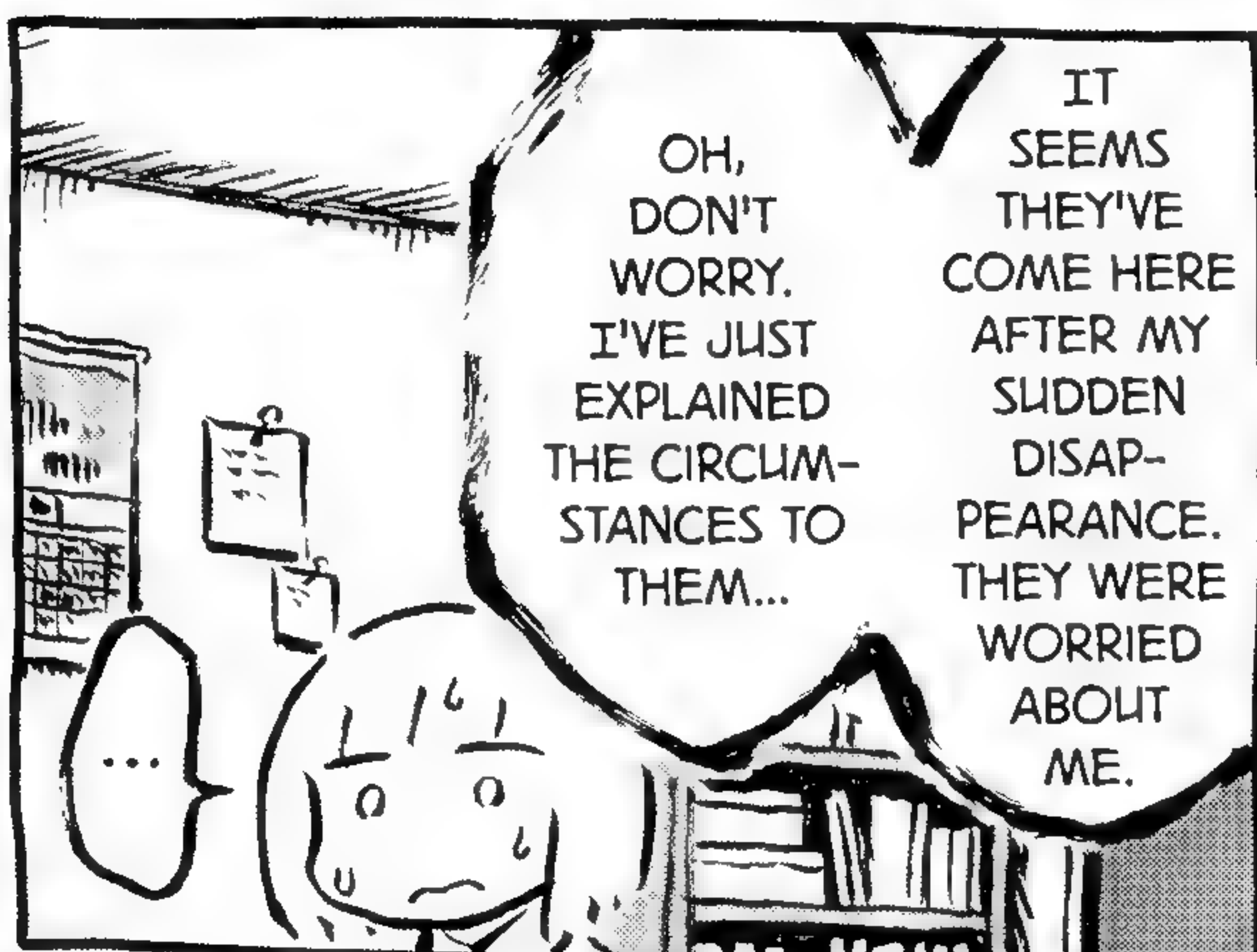
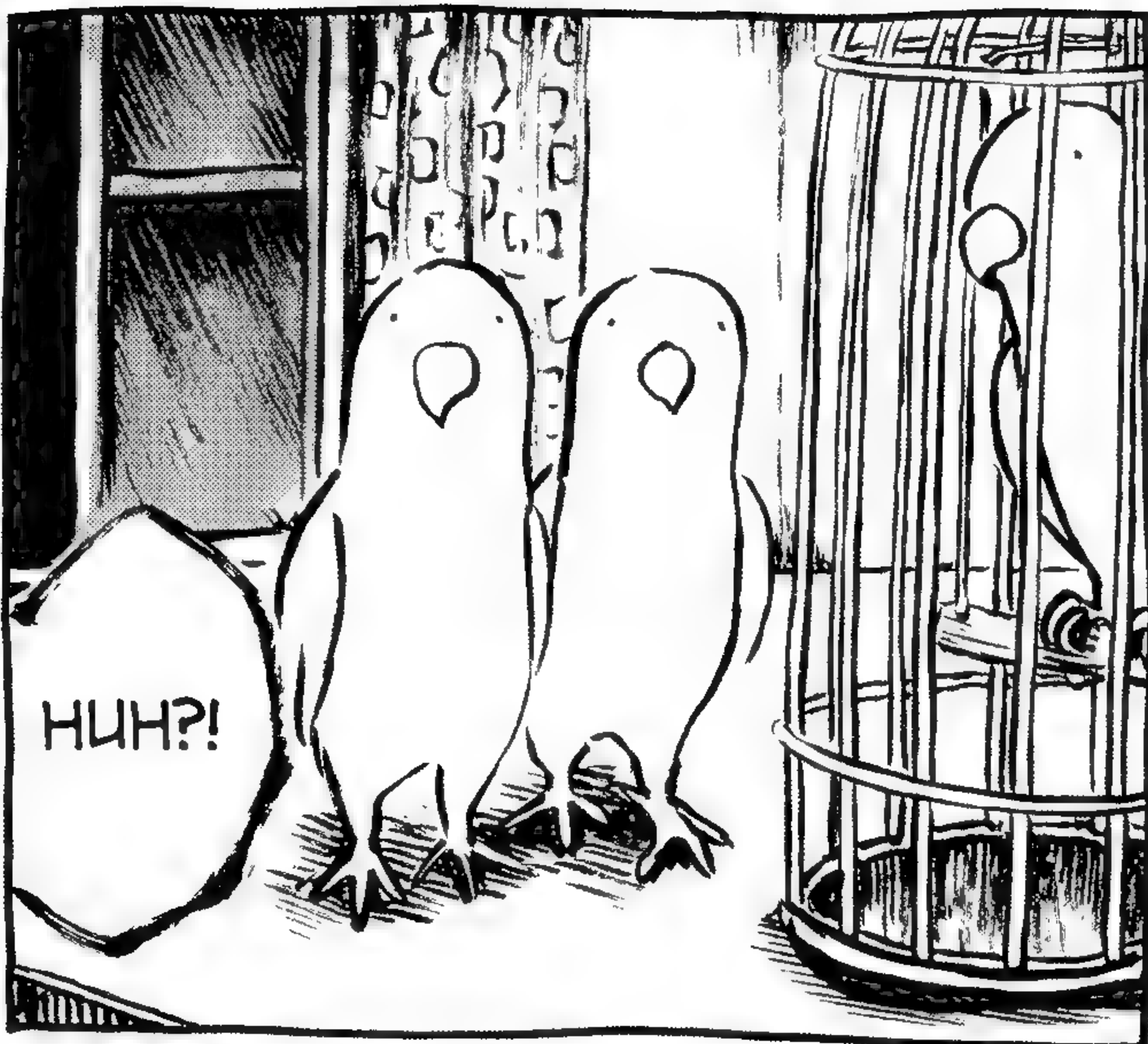
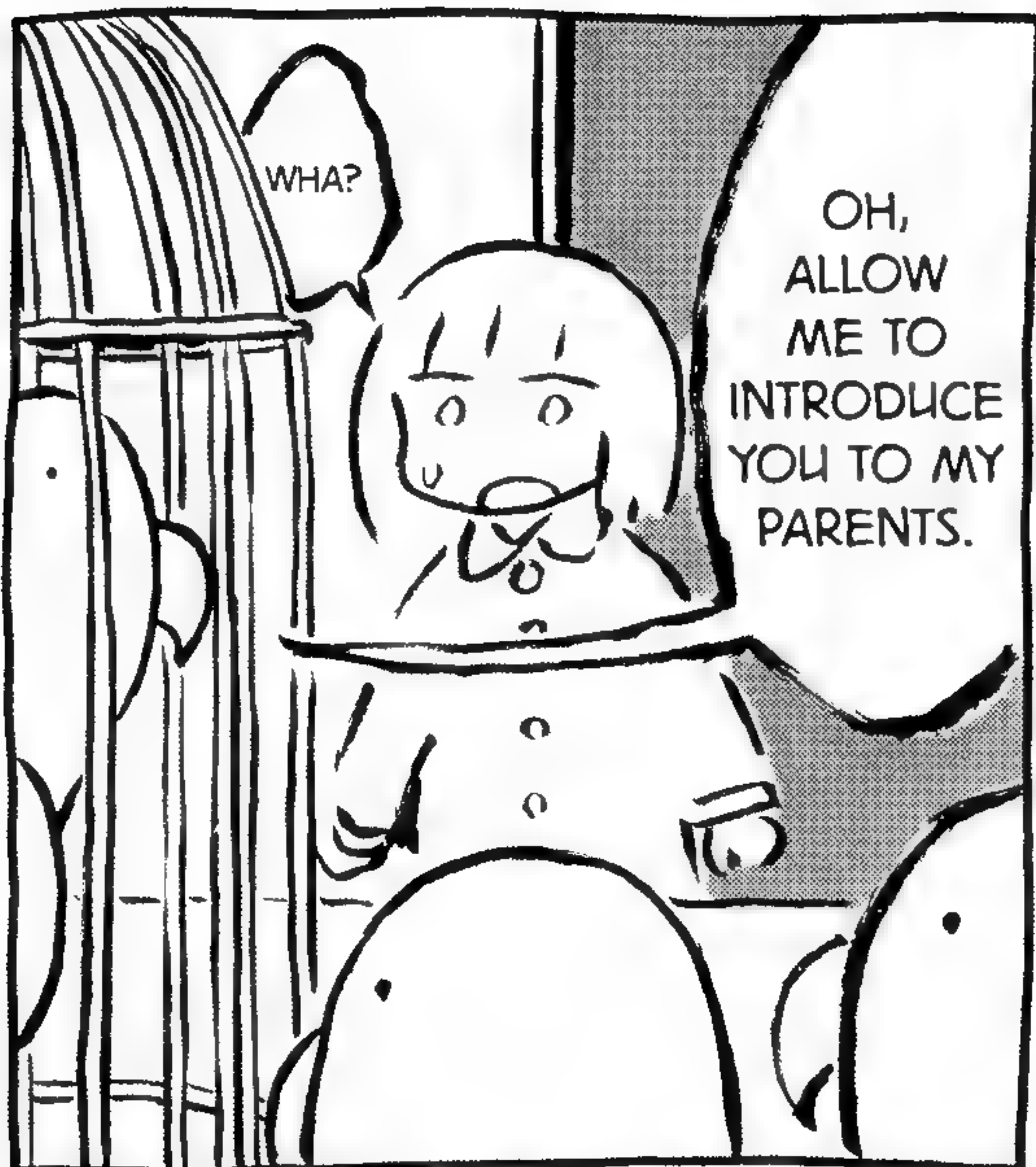
THE GREY
PARROT
DIGESTED IT
ALL FASTER
THAN I
IMAGINED.

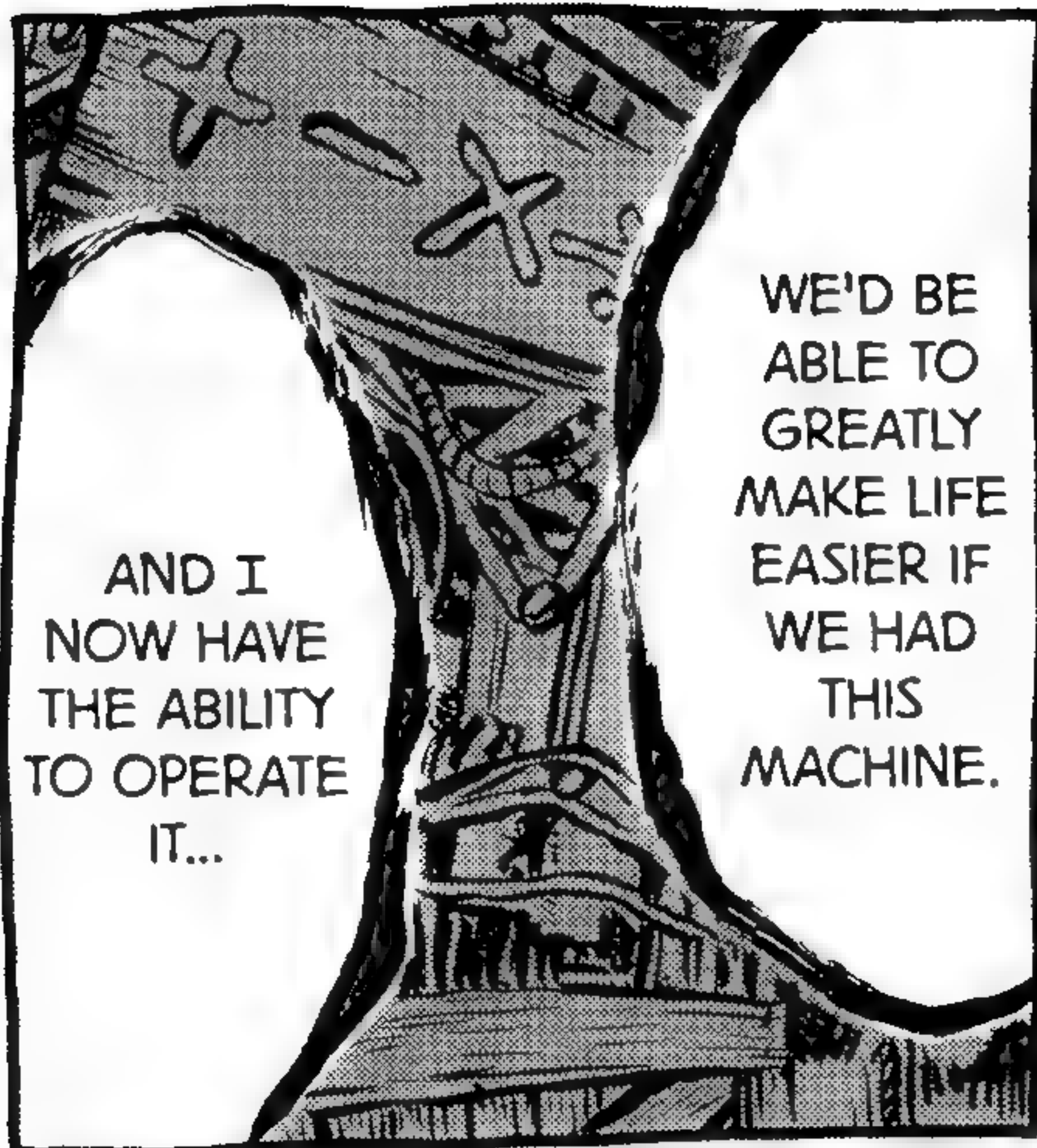


MAYBE
I SHOULD
IMPROVE
THE BUTTONS
TO MAKE
THEM EASIER
FOR GREY
PARROTS TO
PRESS?

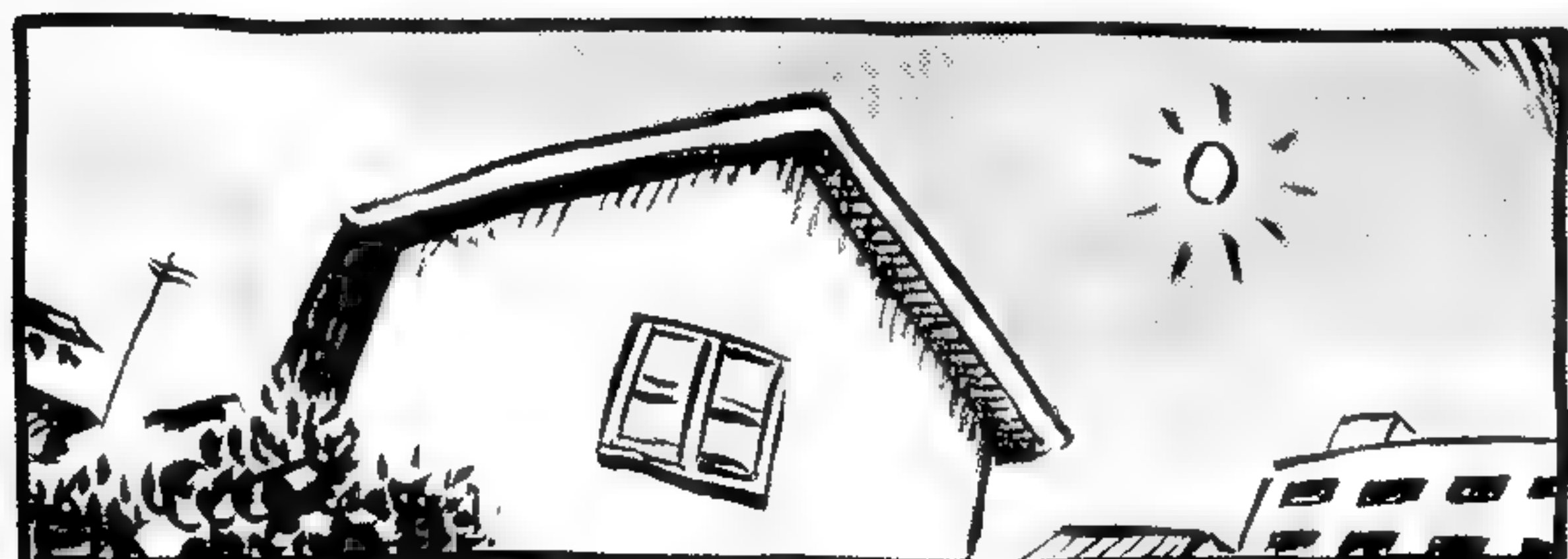
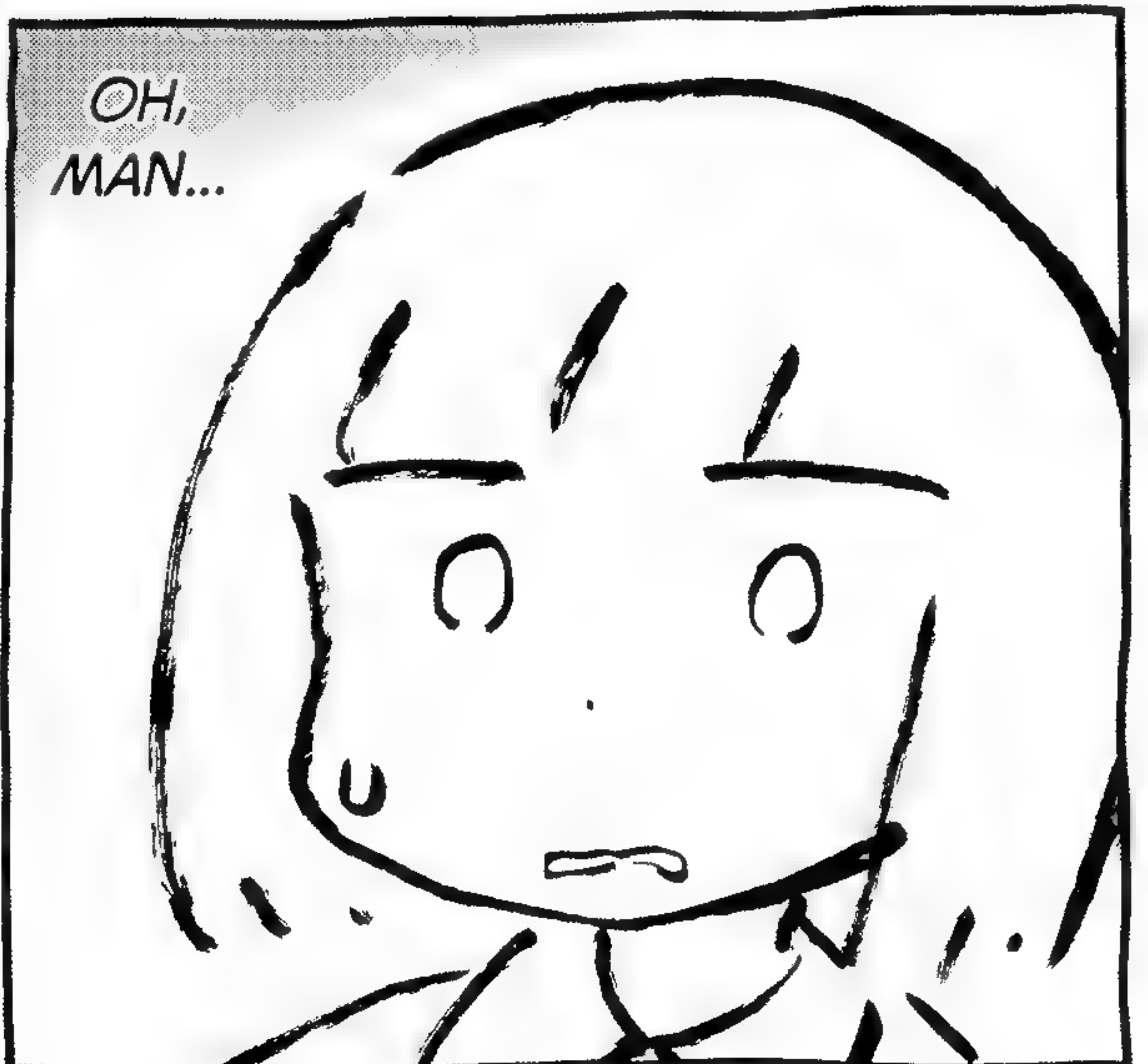
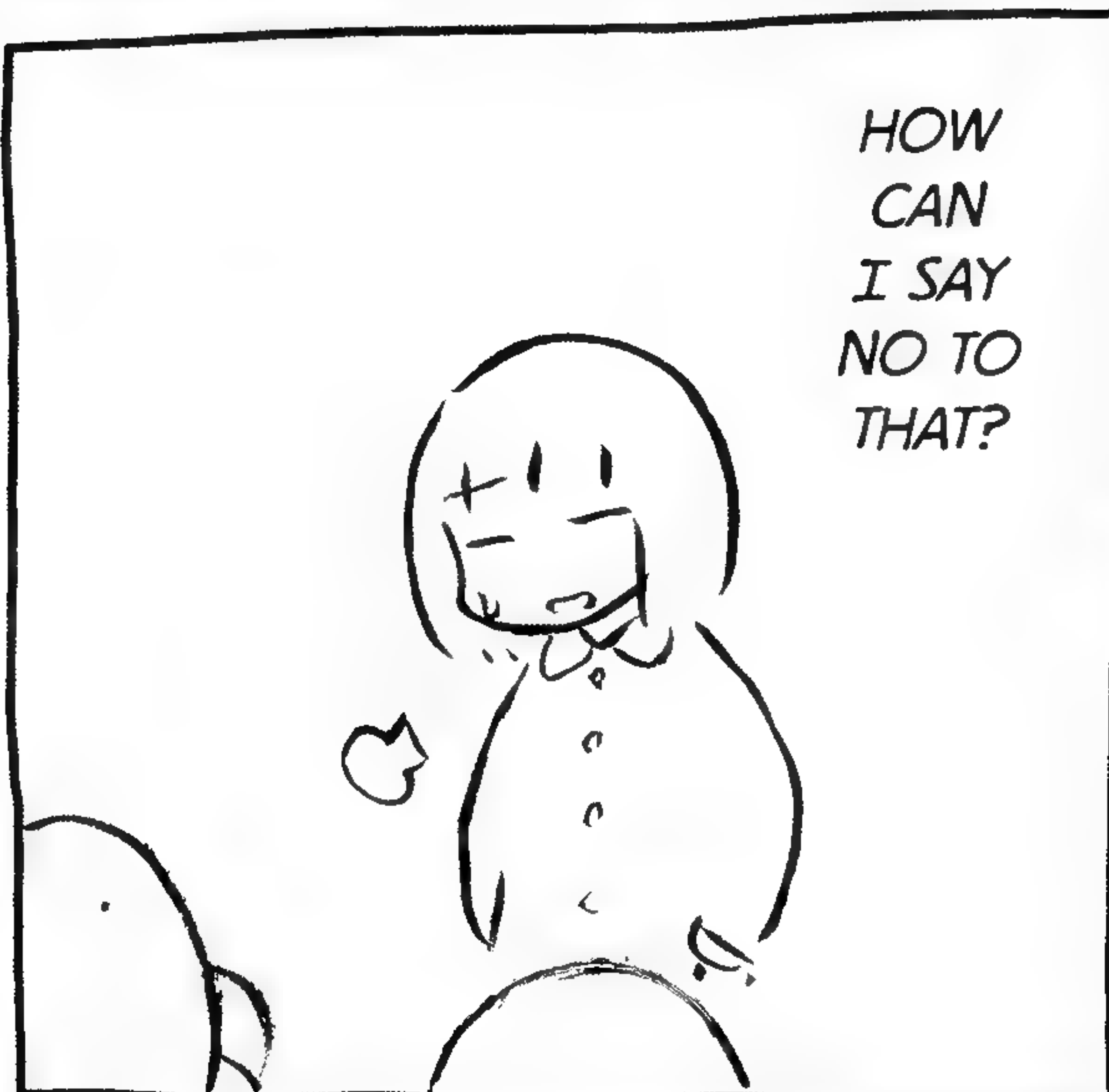
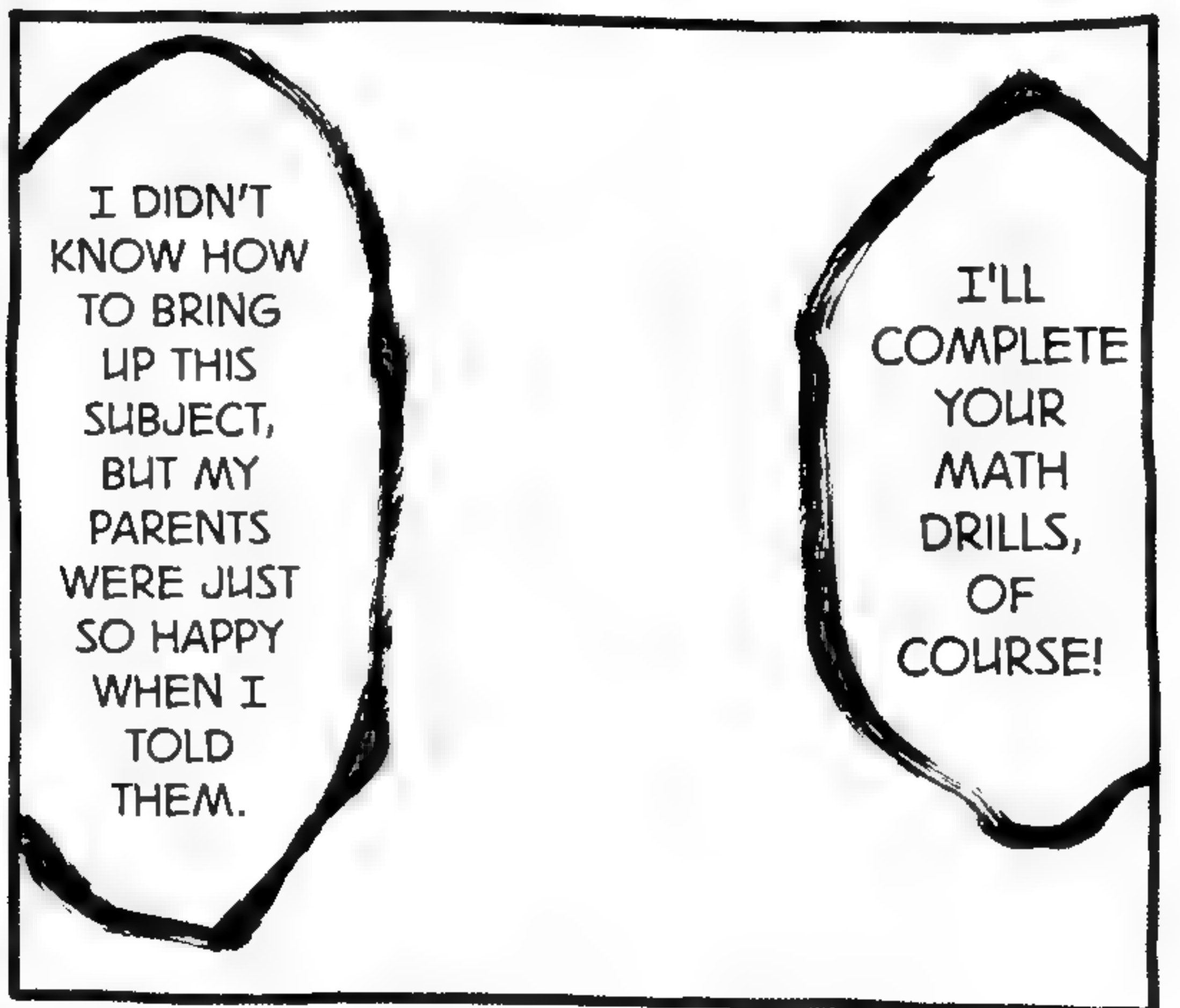
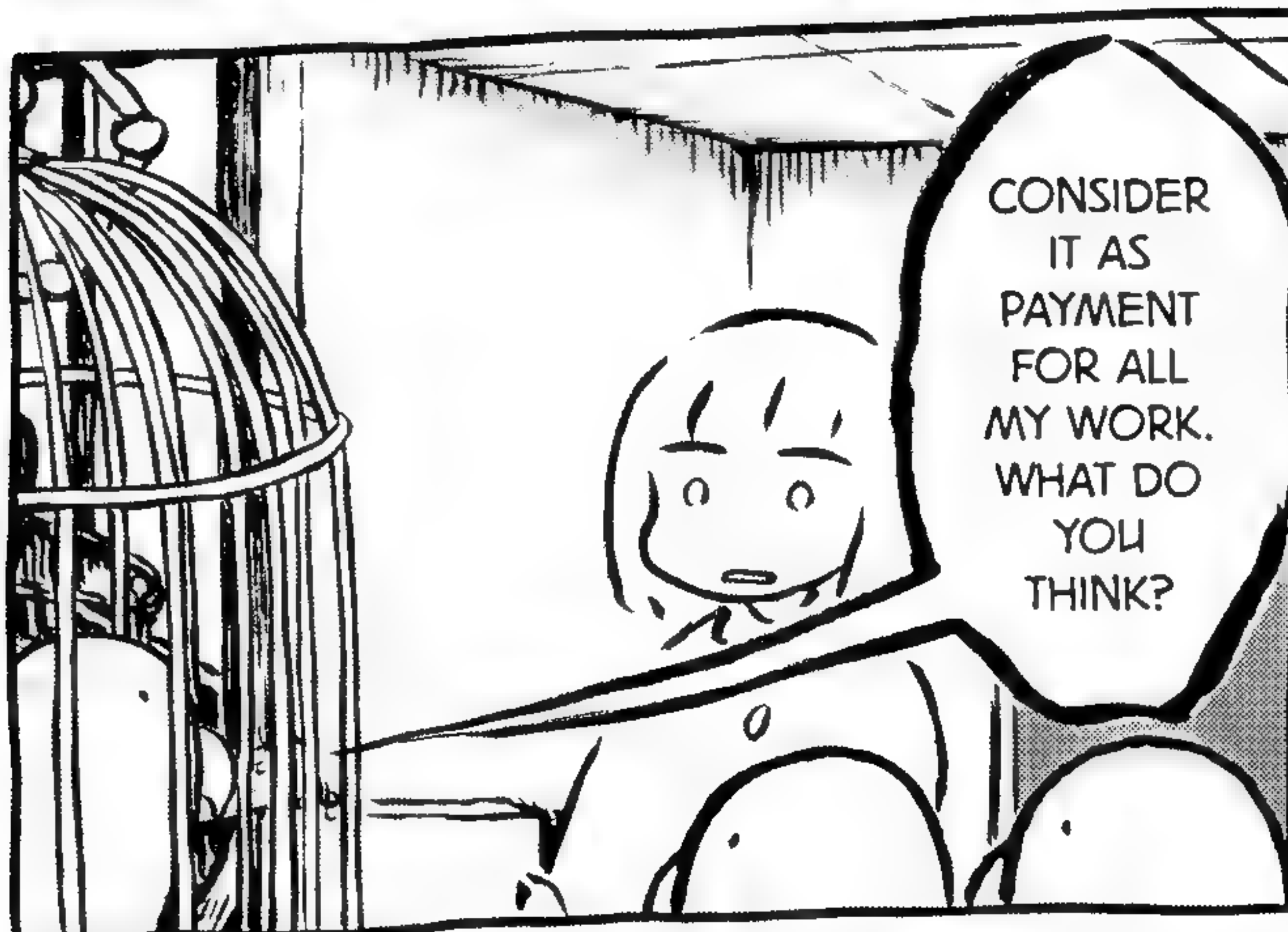
DEFEATING
MY MATH
DRILLS
SEEMS
ONLY LIKE
A MATTER
OF TIME.

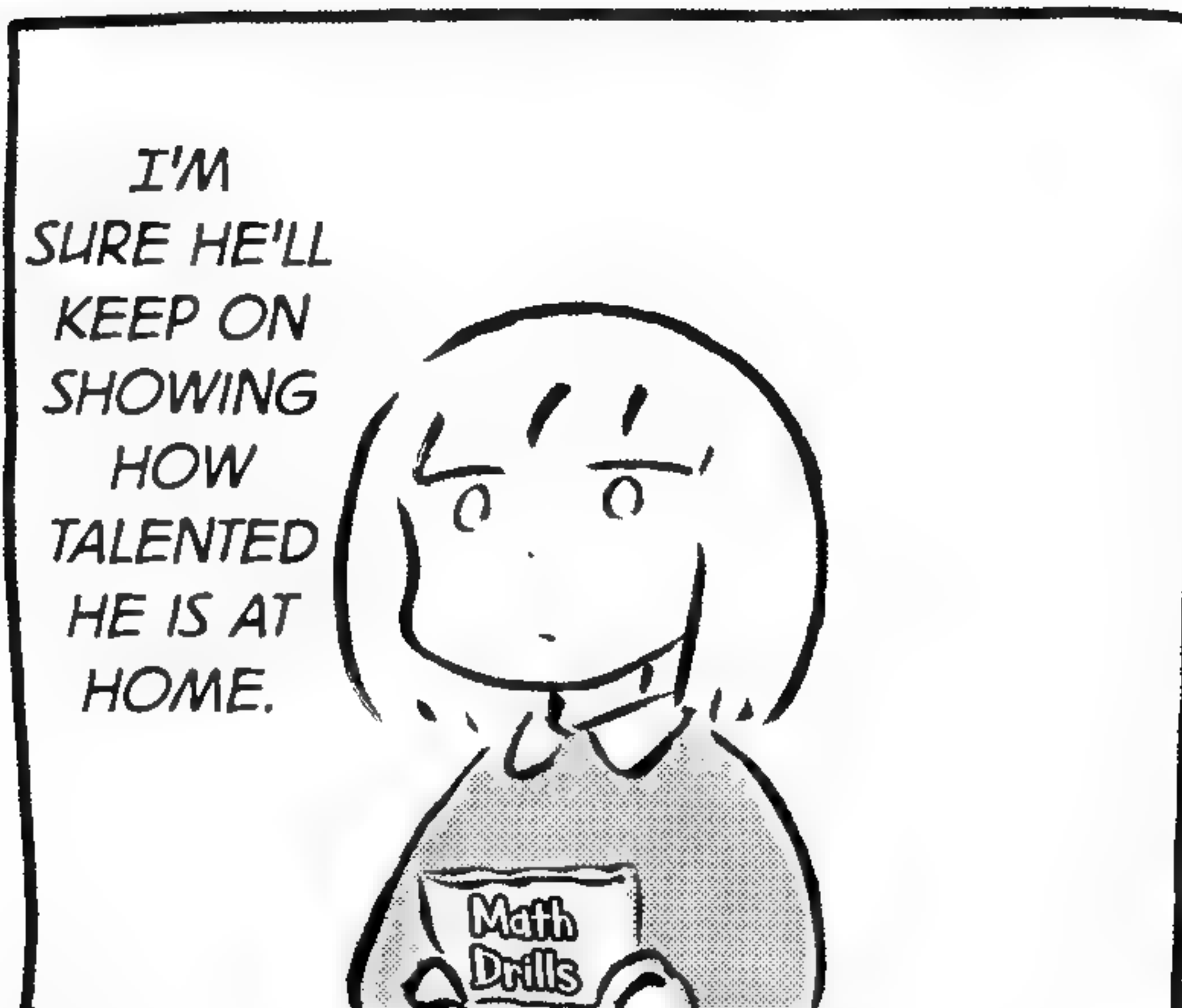
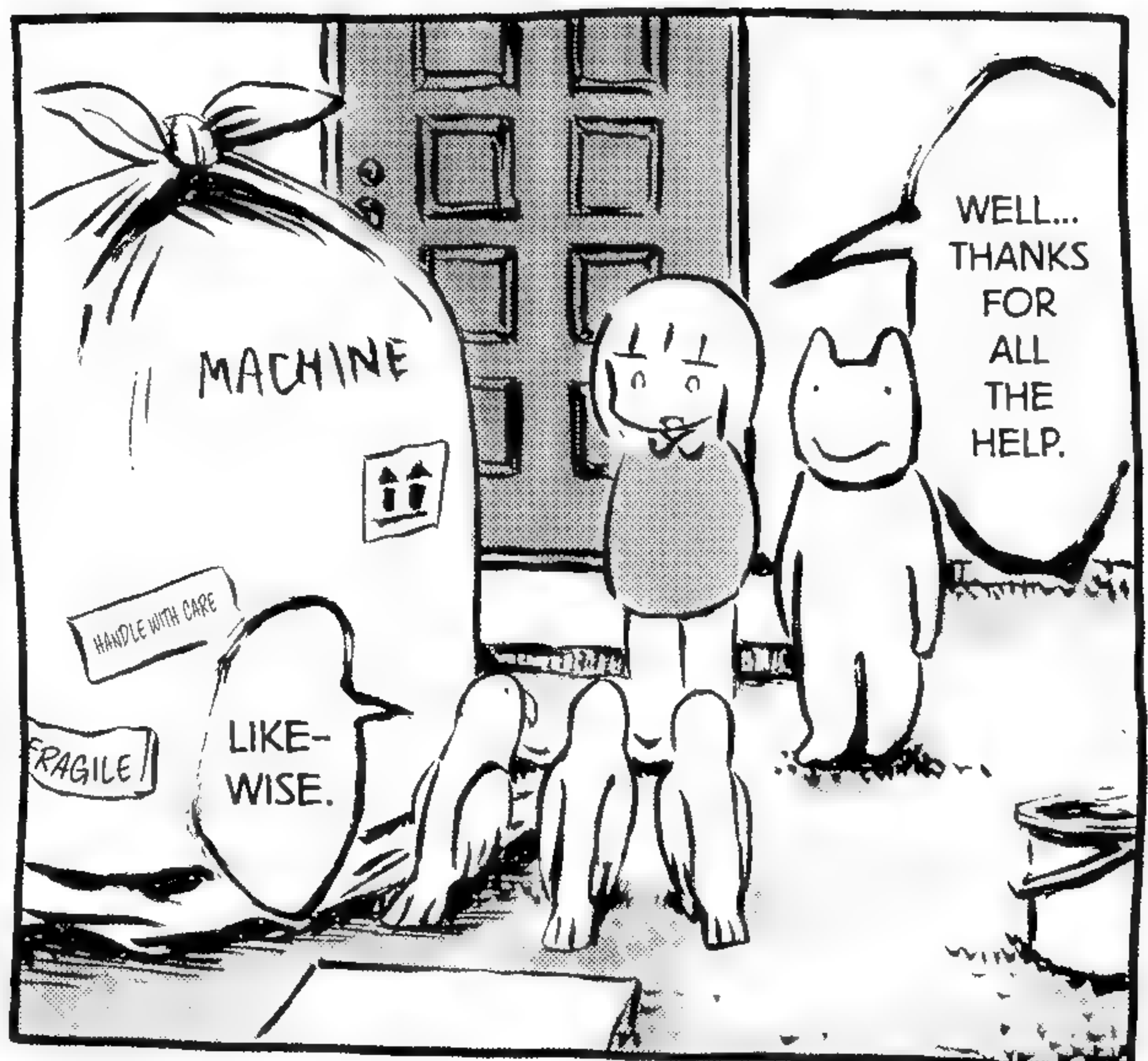
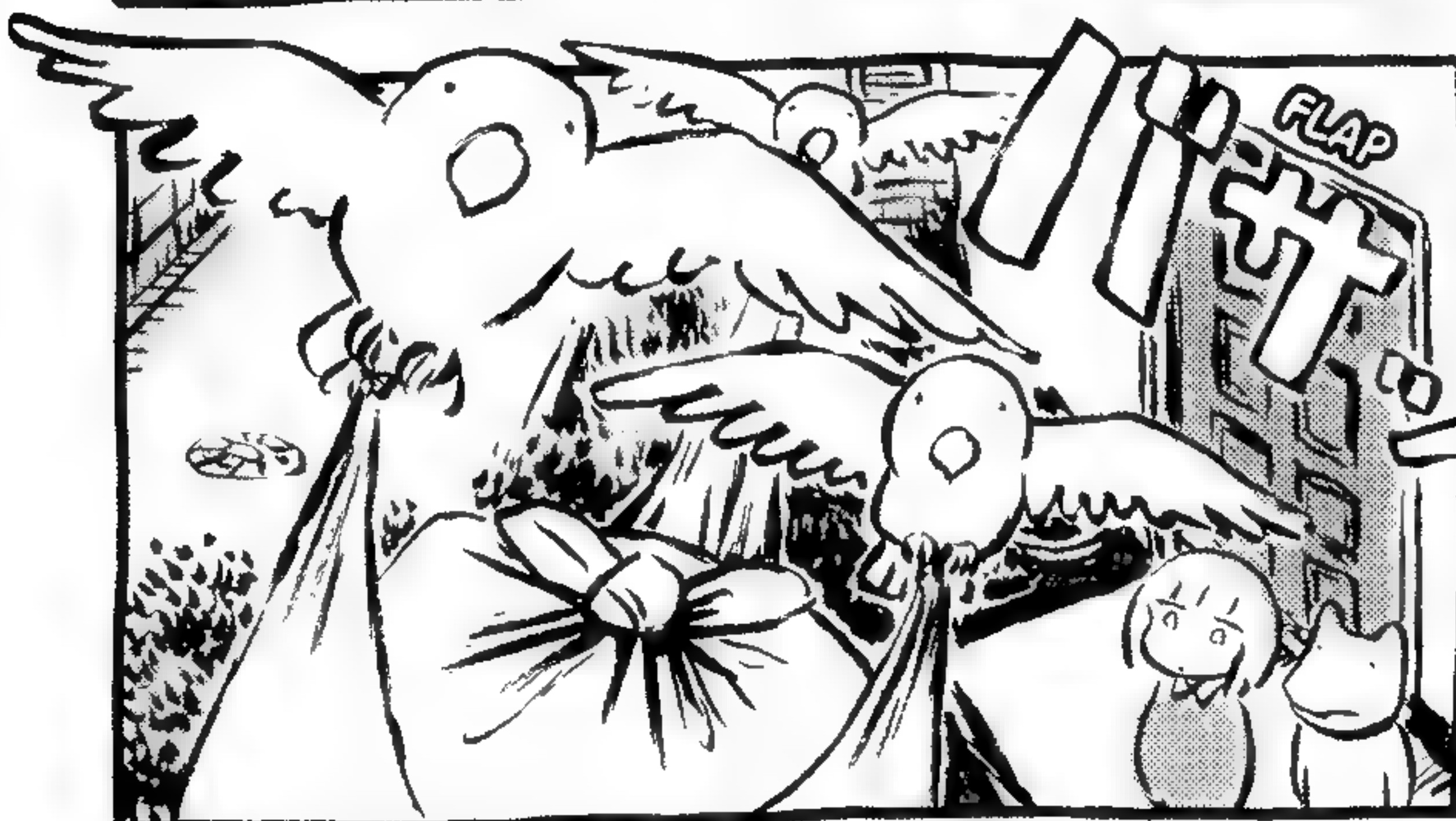
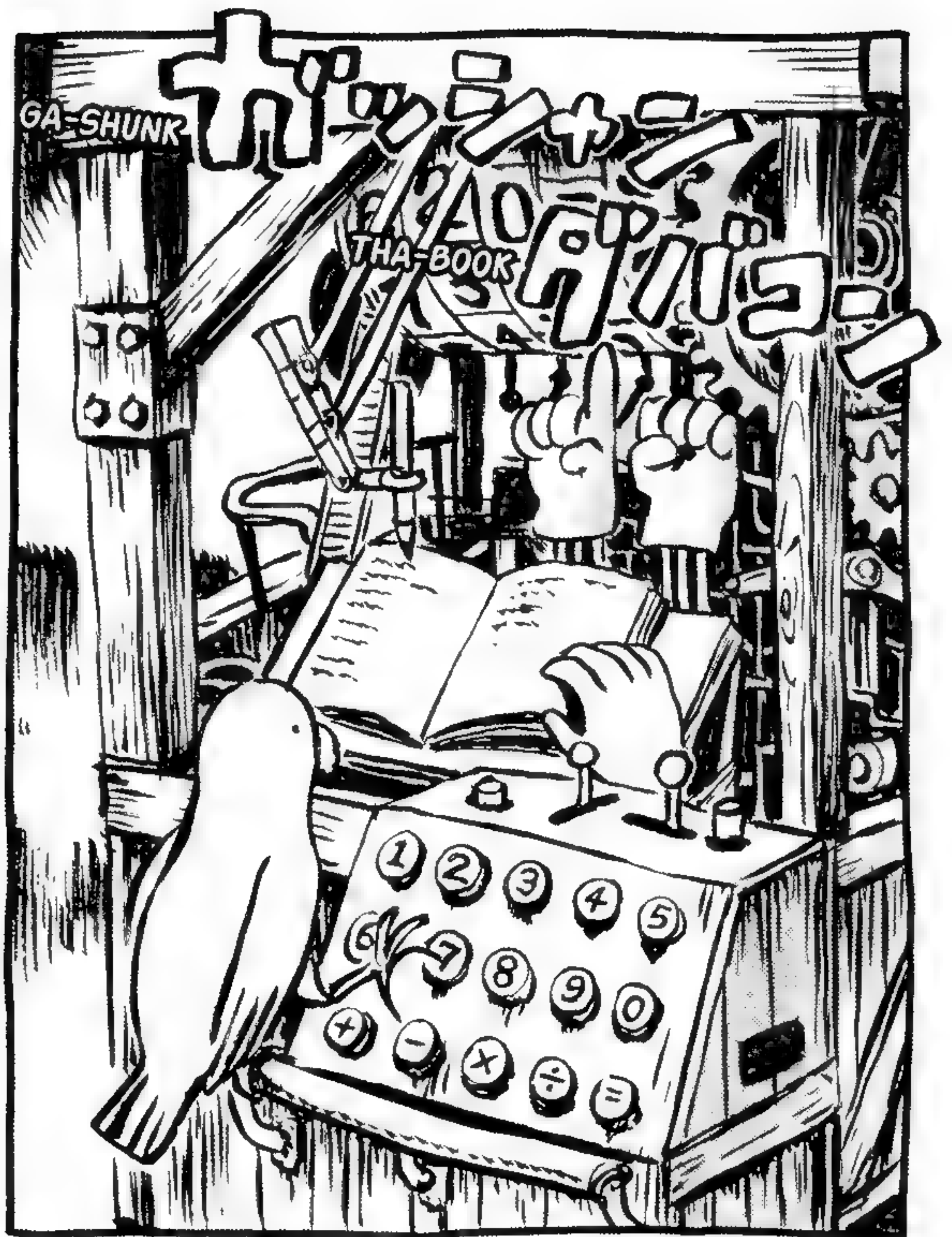


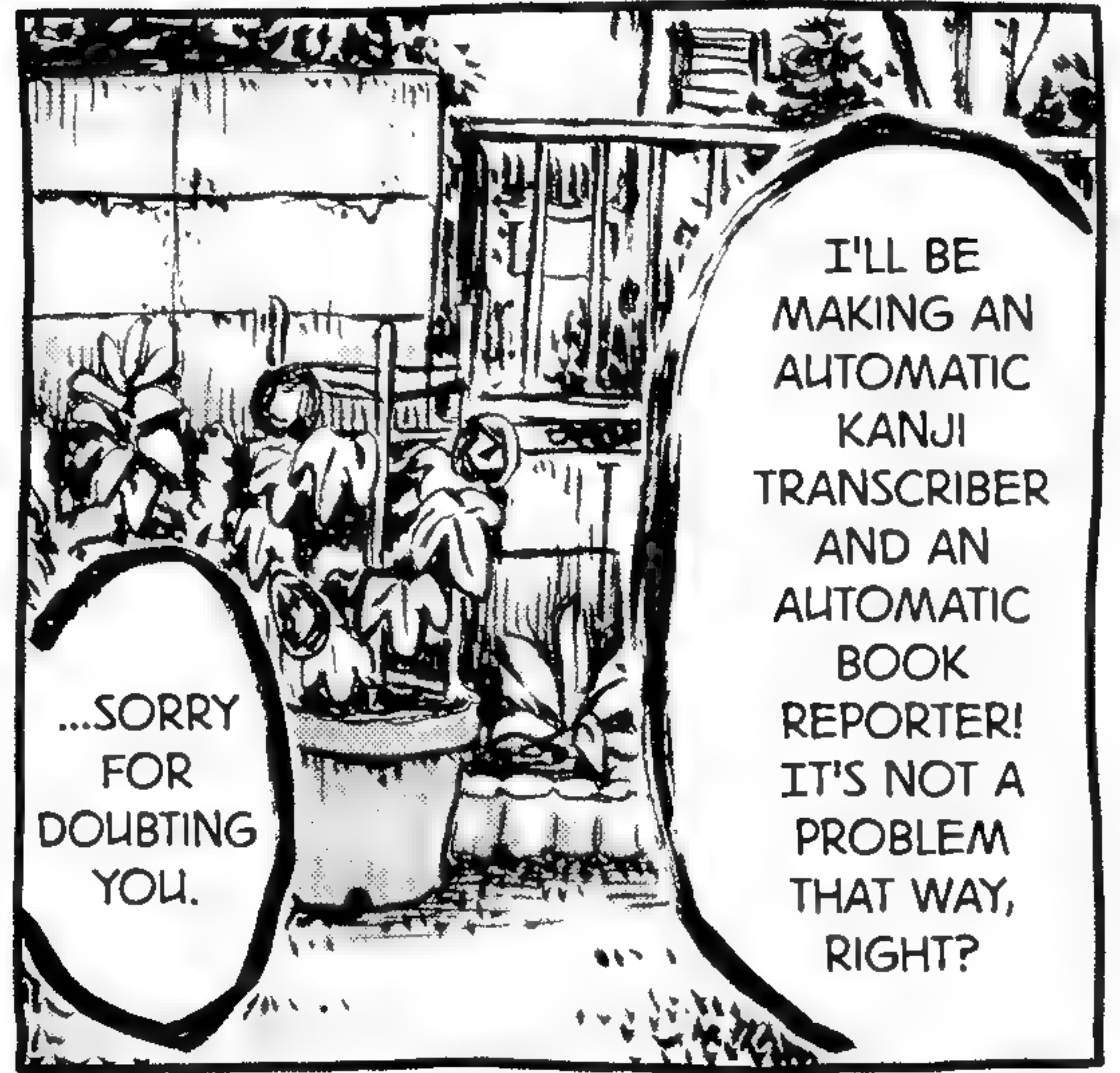
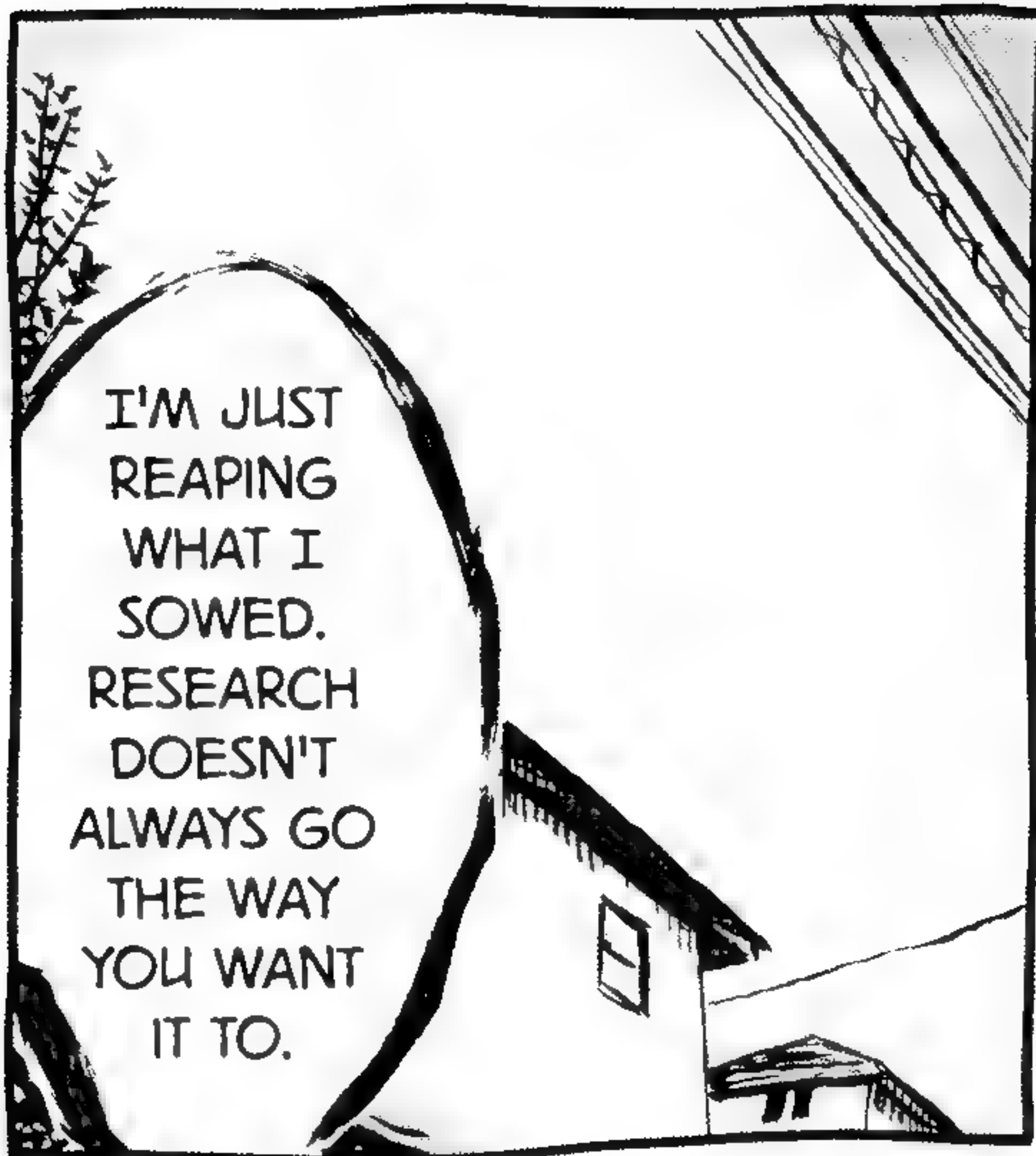




WE'D BE ABLE TO GREATLY MAKE LIFE EASIER IF WE HAD THIS MACHINE.







Tanuki Tickets

I've heard that losing lottery tickets in Japan are also known as "tanuki tickets" (tanuki-kuji). I only learned that today, though.

I thought that the term might have started with the idea in folk tales of bundles of bills that are actually leaves transformed by a tanuki, or the saying, "counting on the uncaught tanuki's pelt," like counting your chickens before they hatch. When I looked it up, though, I learned it was actually something else.

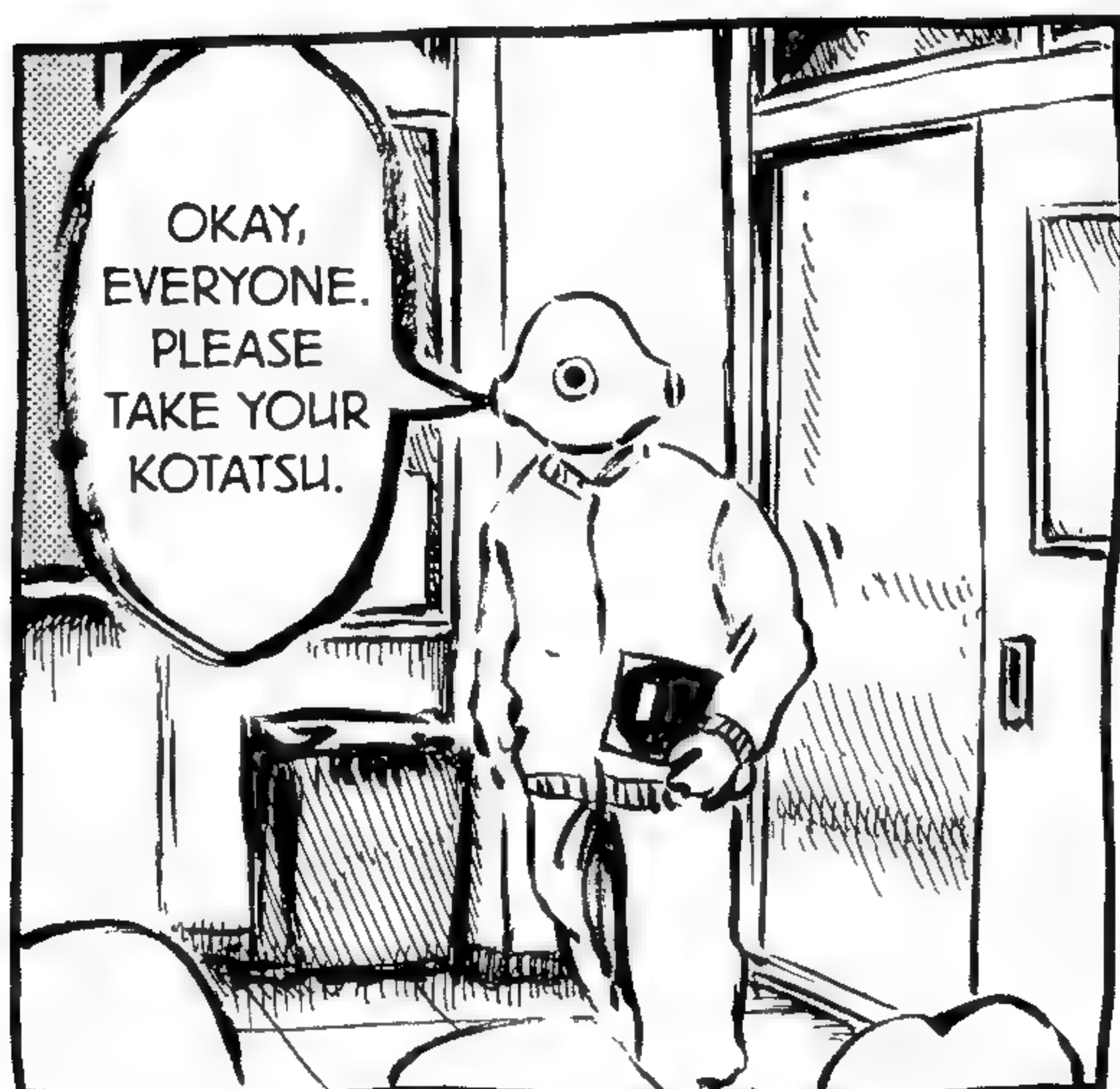
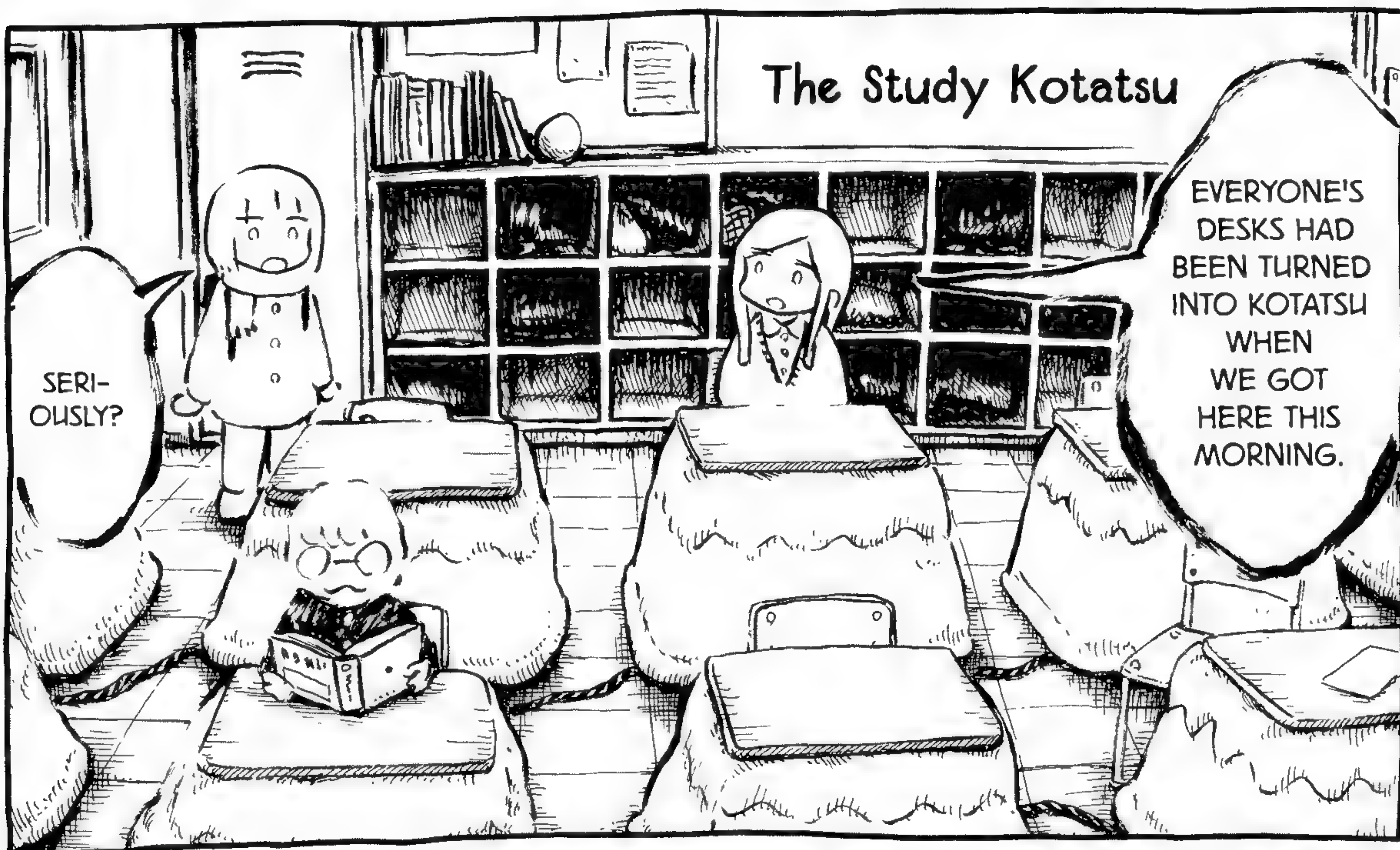
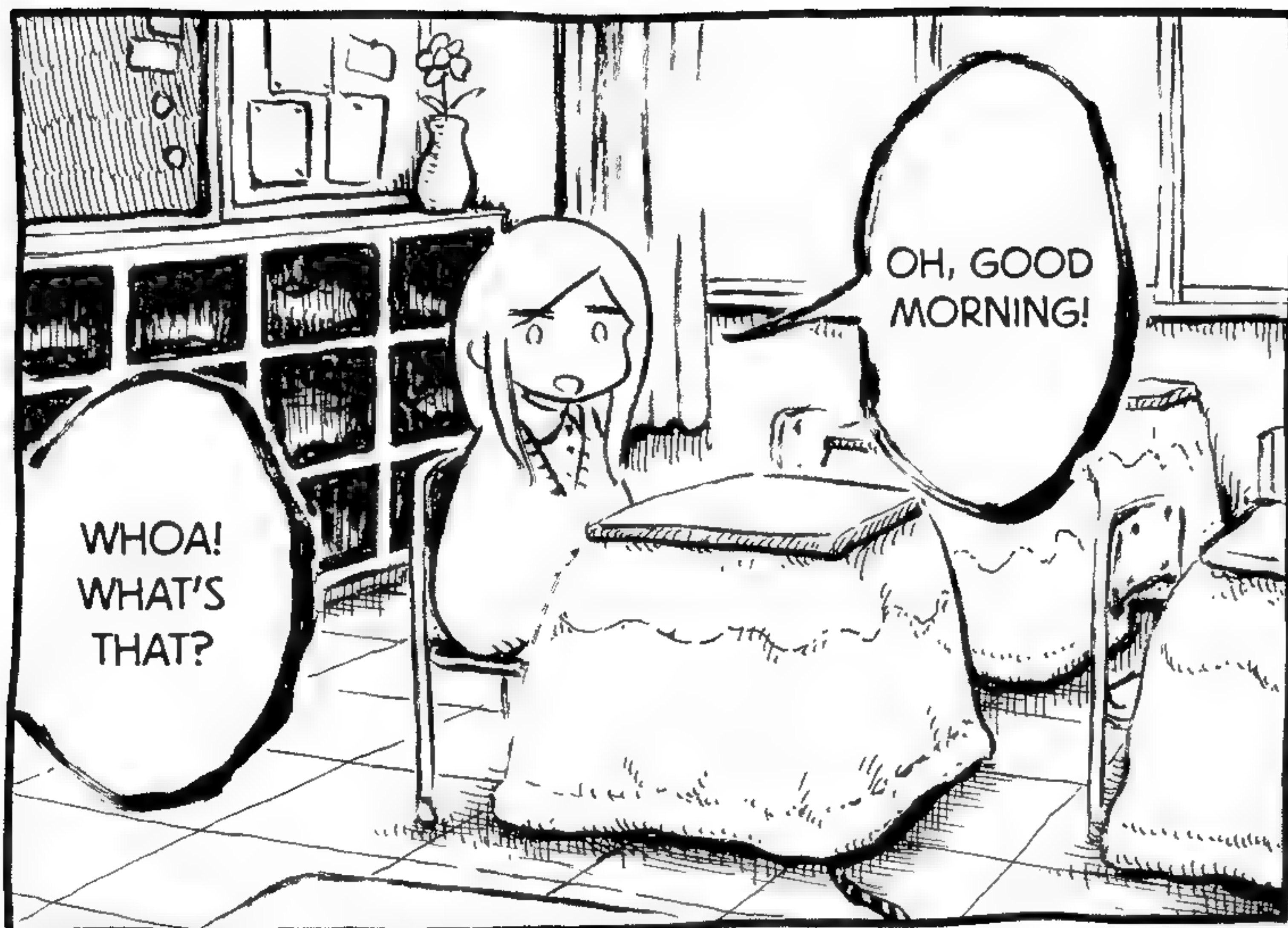
People will also call lottery tickets (takara-kuji) that aren't winners "empty tickets" (kara-kuji). *Ta-nuki* is literally "to remove the 'ta'" in Japanese (as *nuki* means "to remove") which is apparently where you get ta-nuki-kuji from. It feels like a choice that came from the same place as calling police dogs "K-9s."

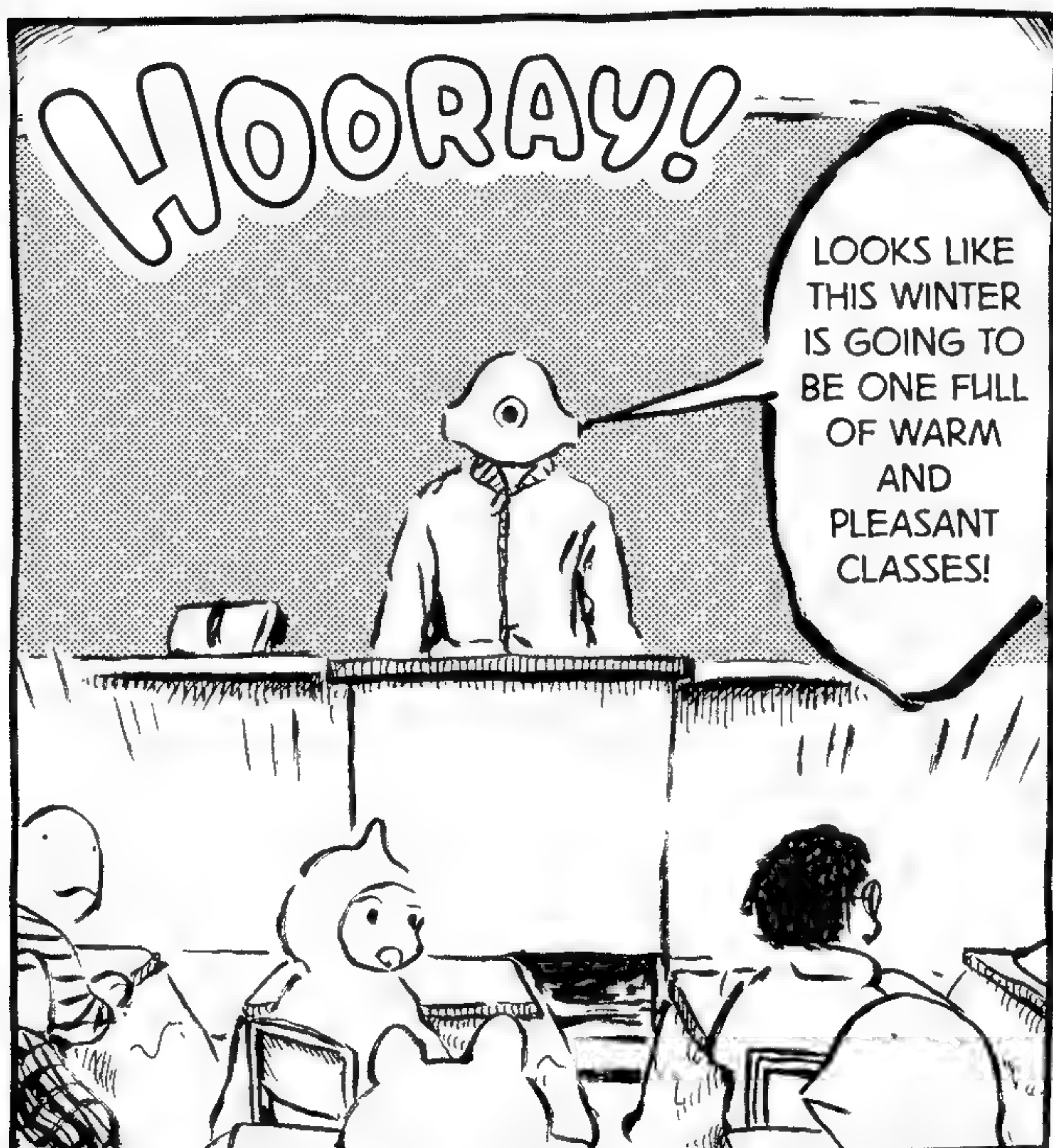
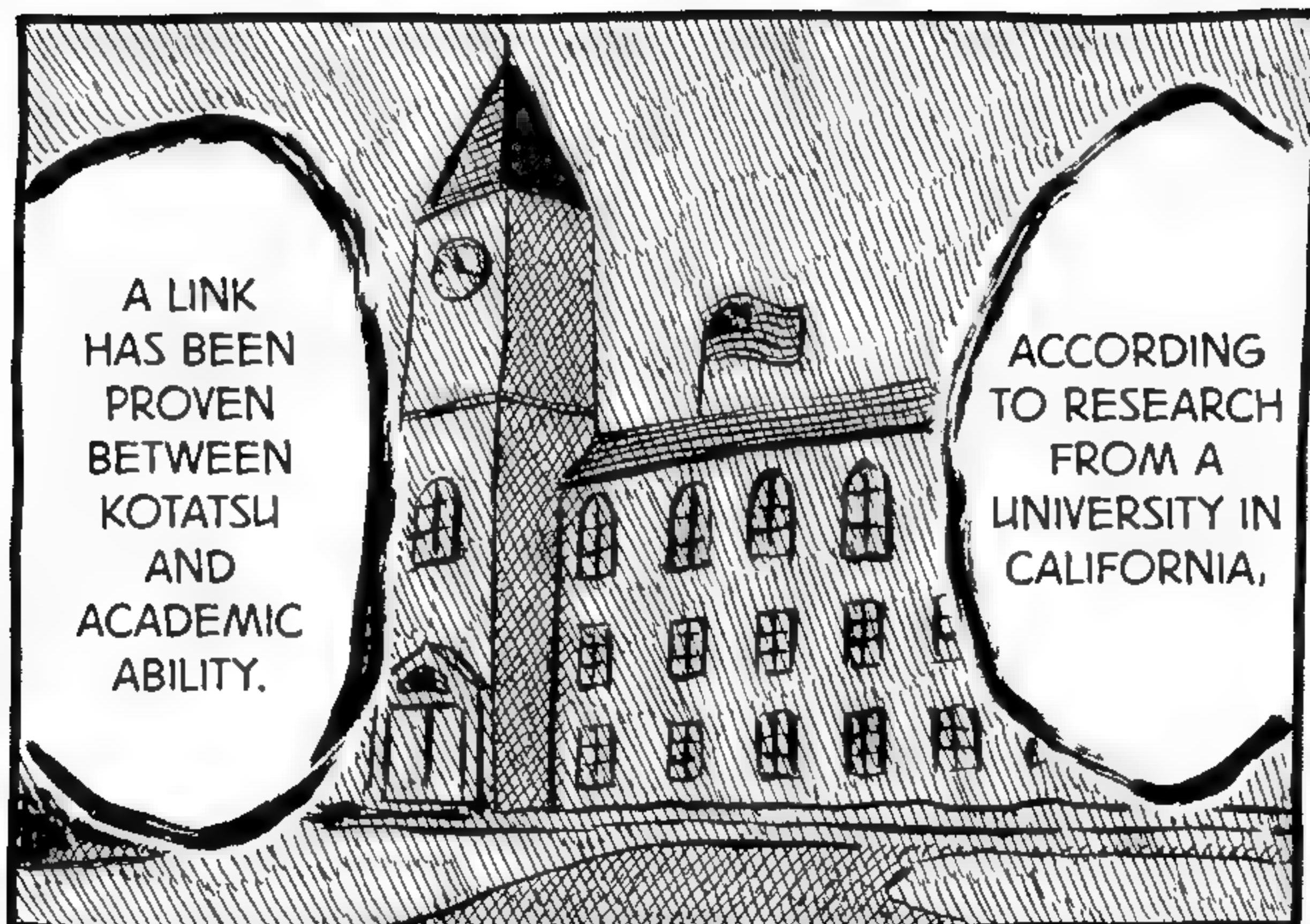
Still, because of people's associations with tanuki, the phrase still does carry an image of money you were expecting to get then vanishing in thin air. The term "tanuki tickets" has a solid base in more ways than one. I learned a good term today.

I understand that there are some people who collect tanuki tickets. I think I understand what makes them want to do that.

November 13, 2016

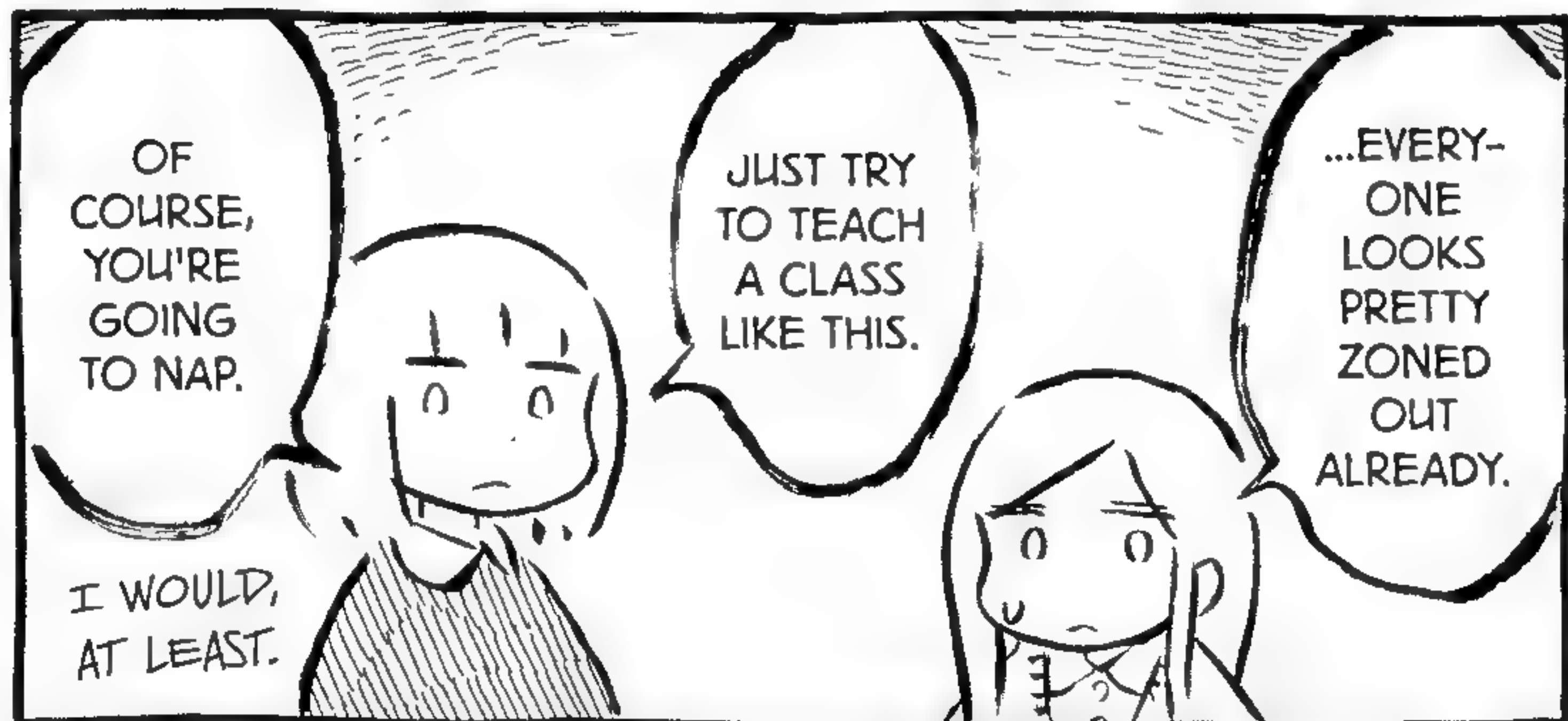
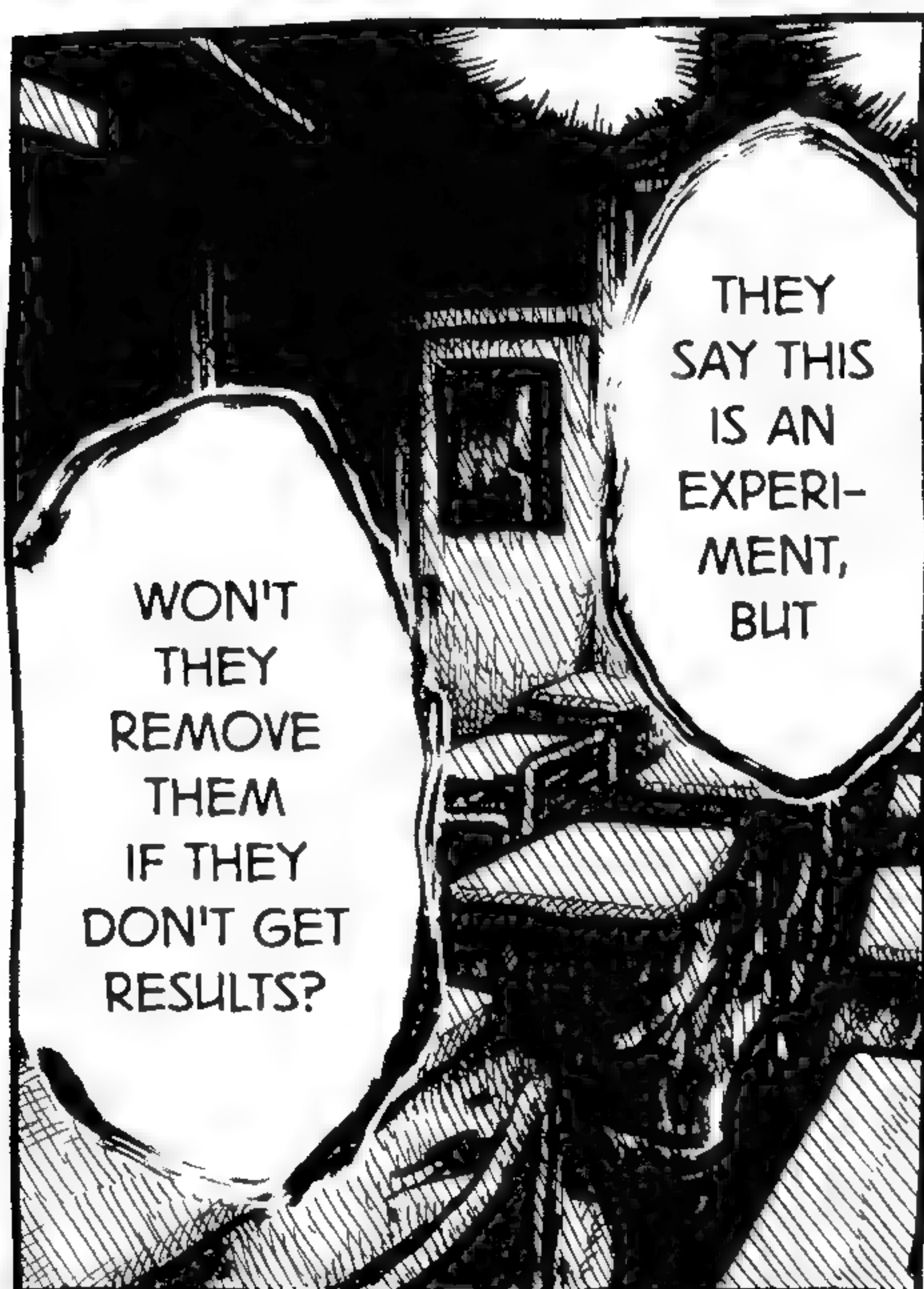


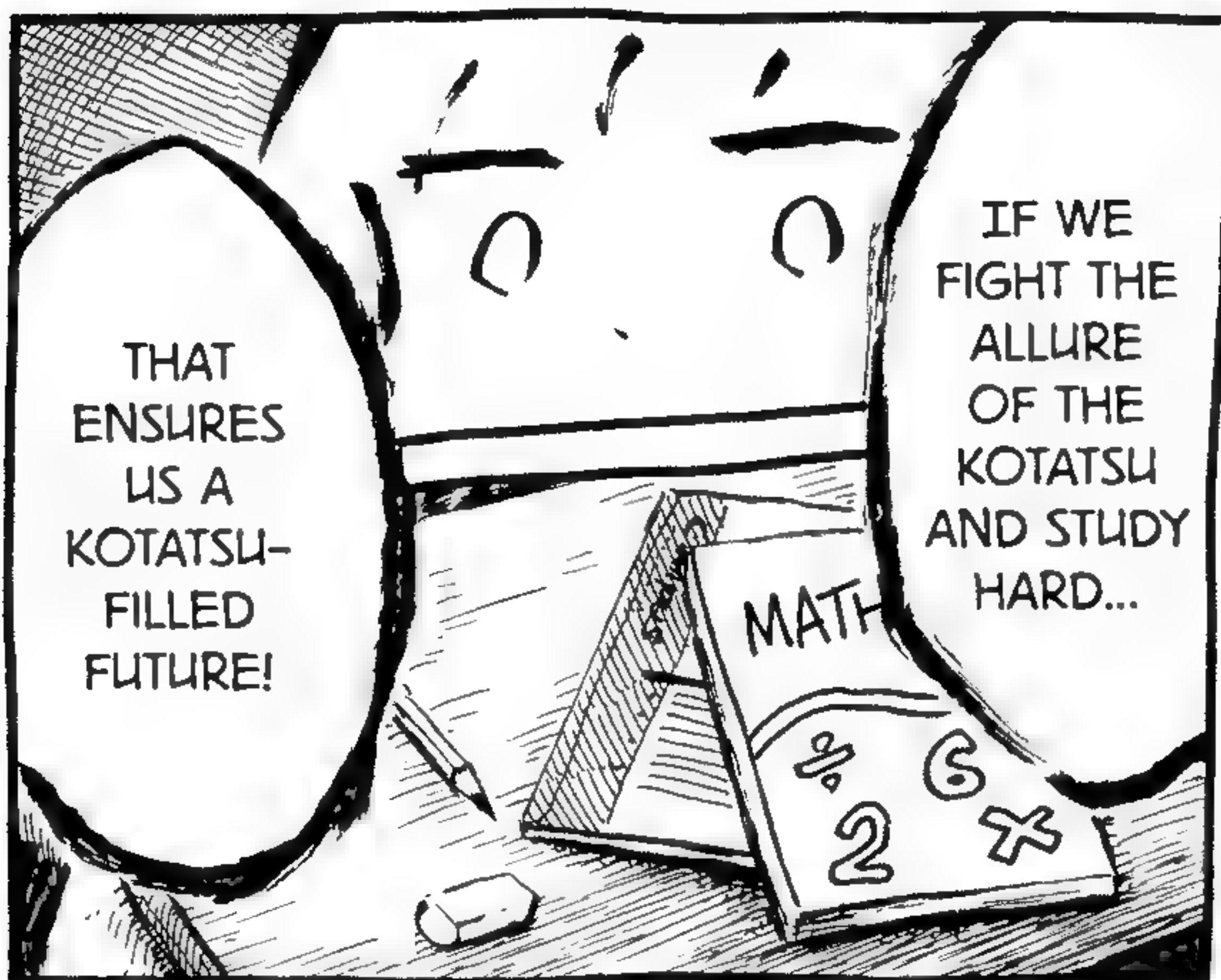
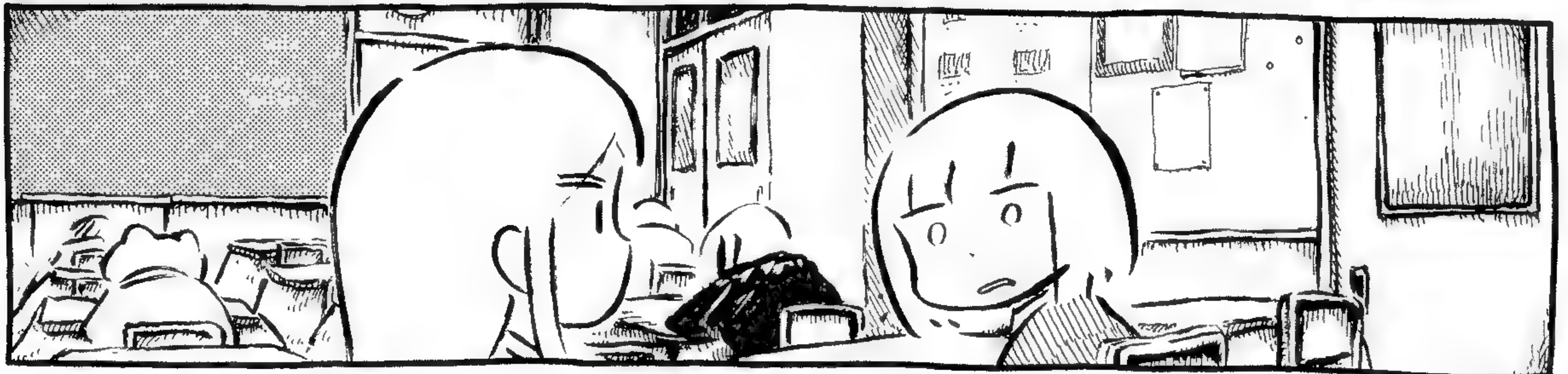
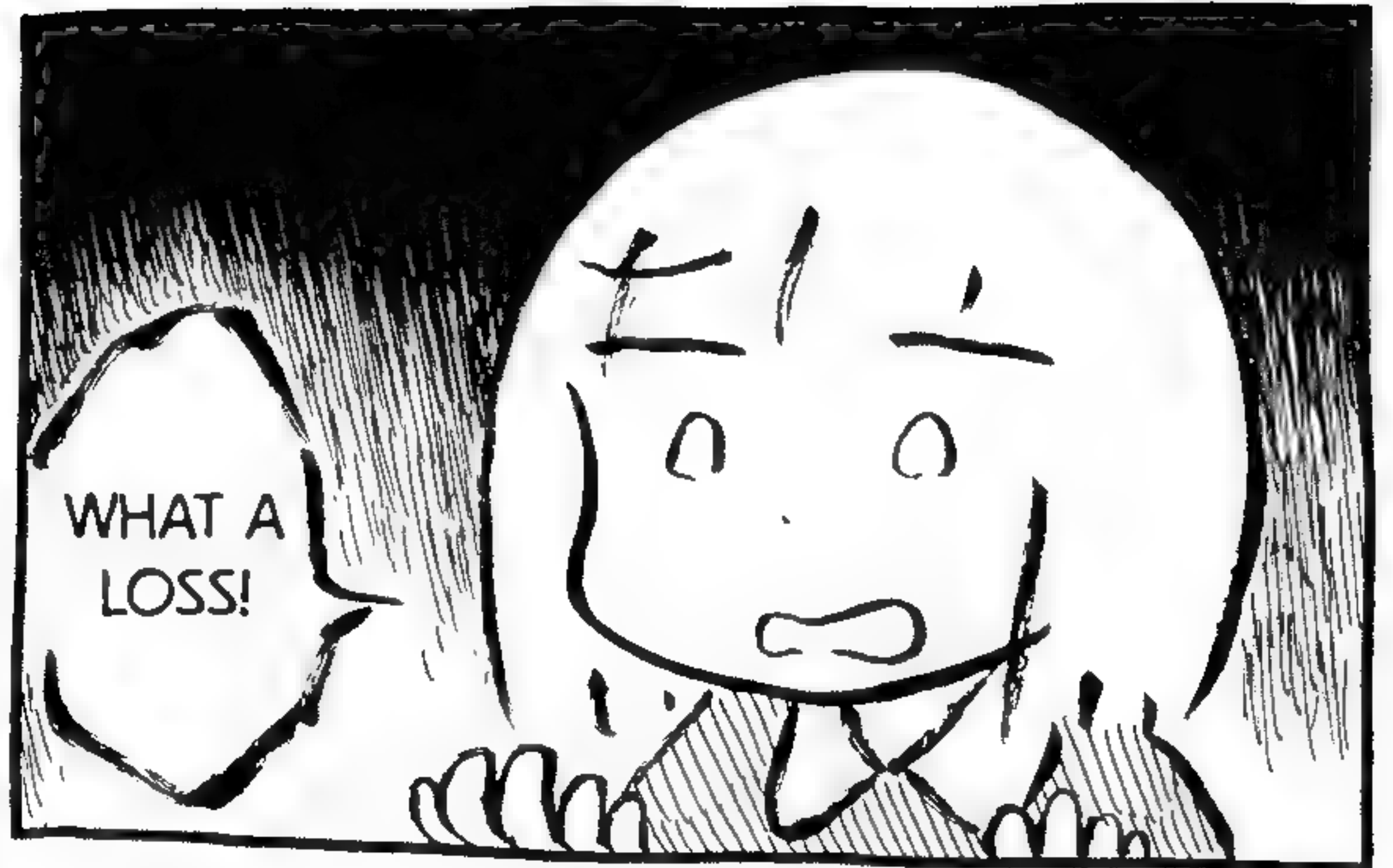
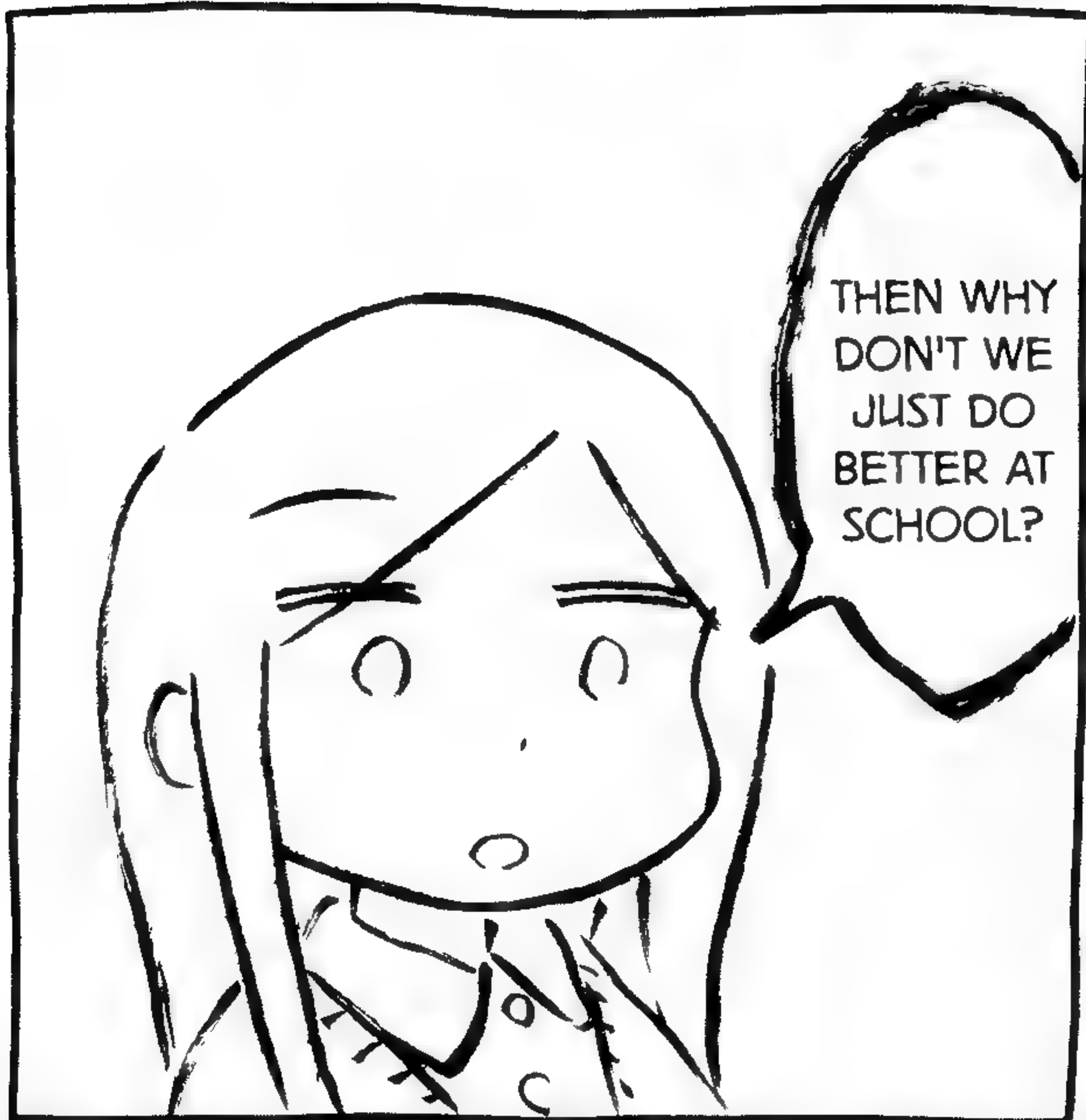


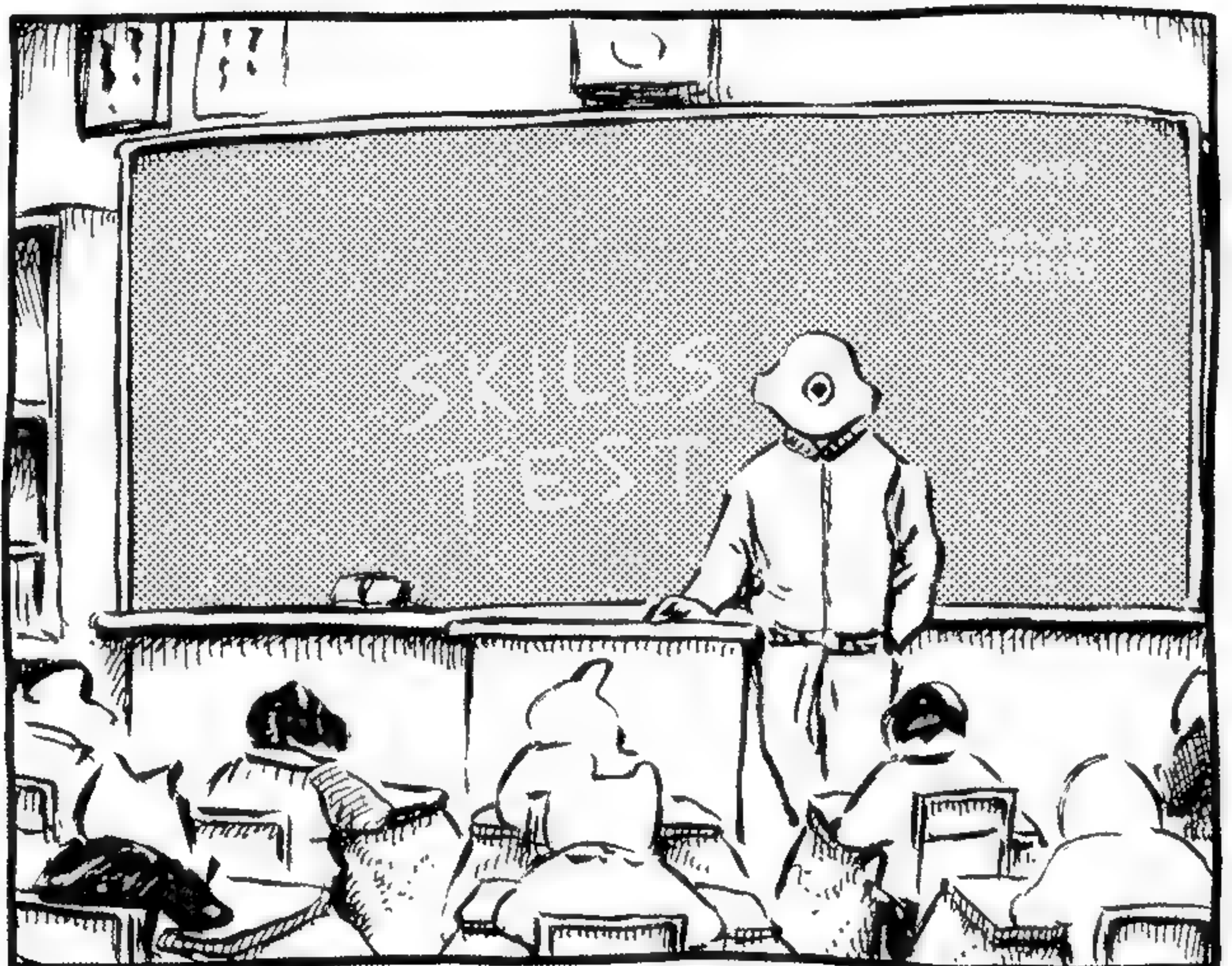
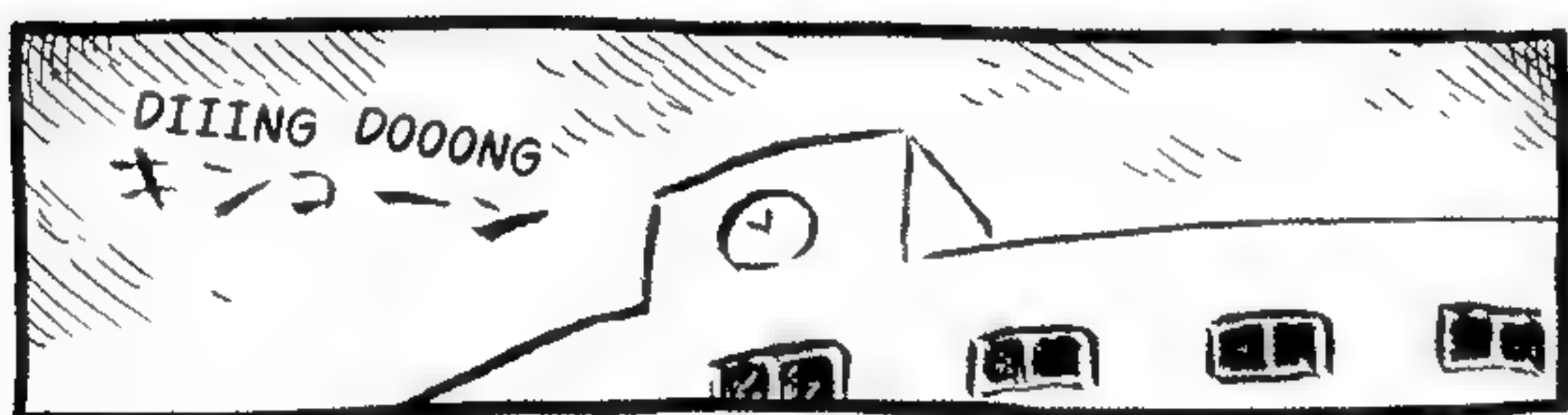
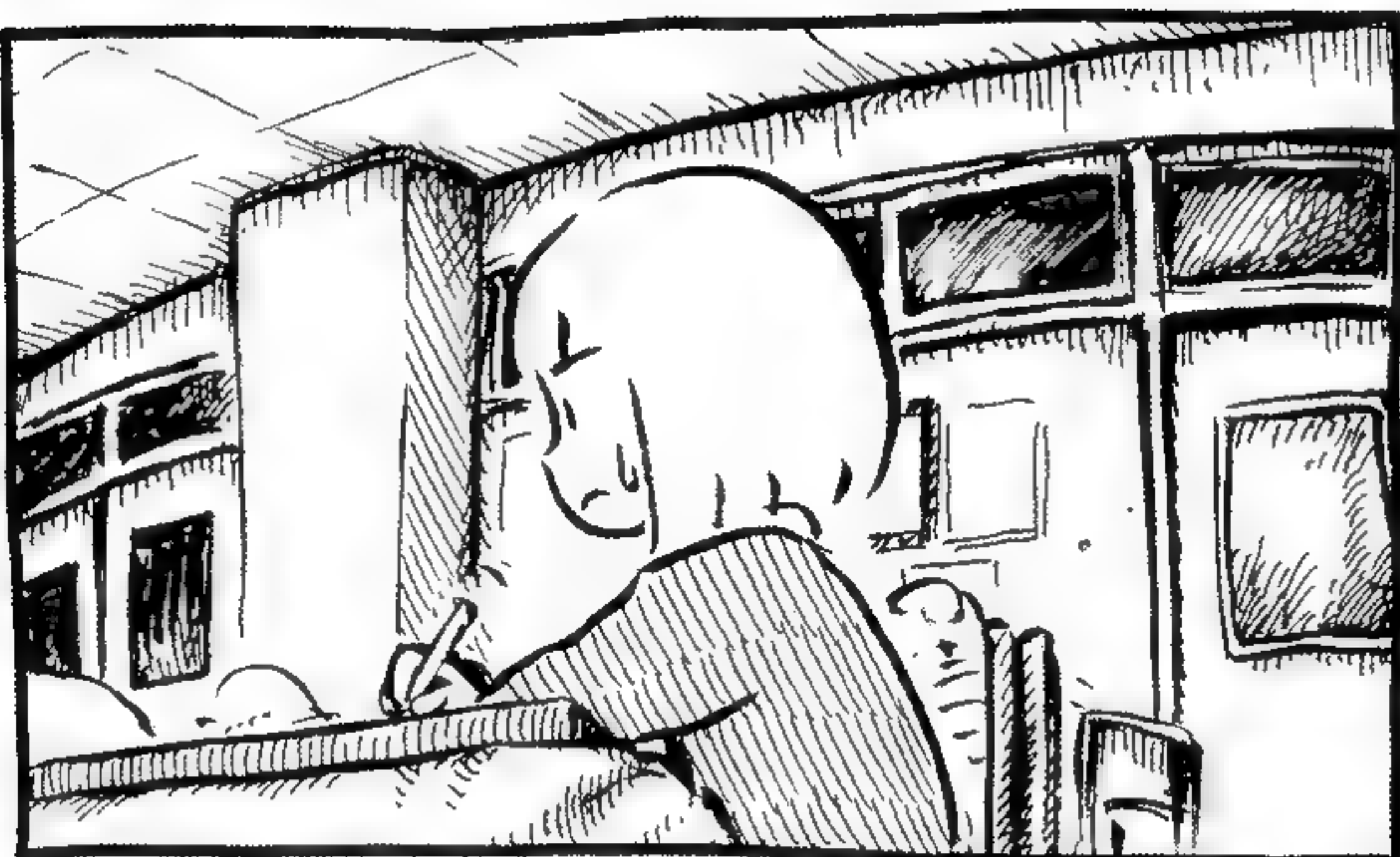
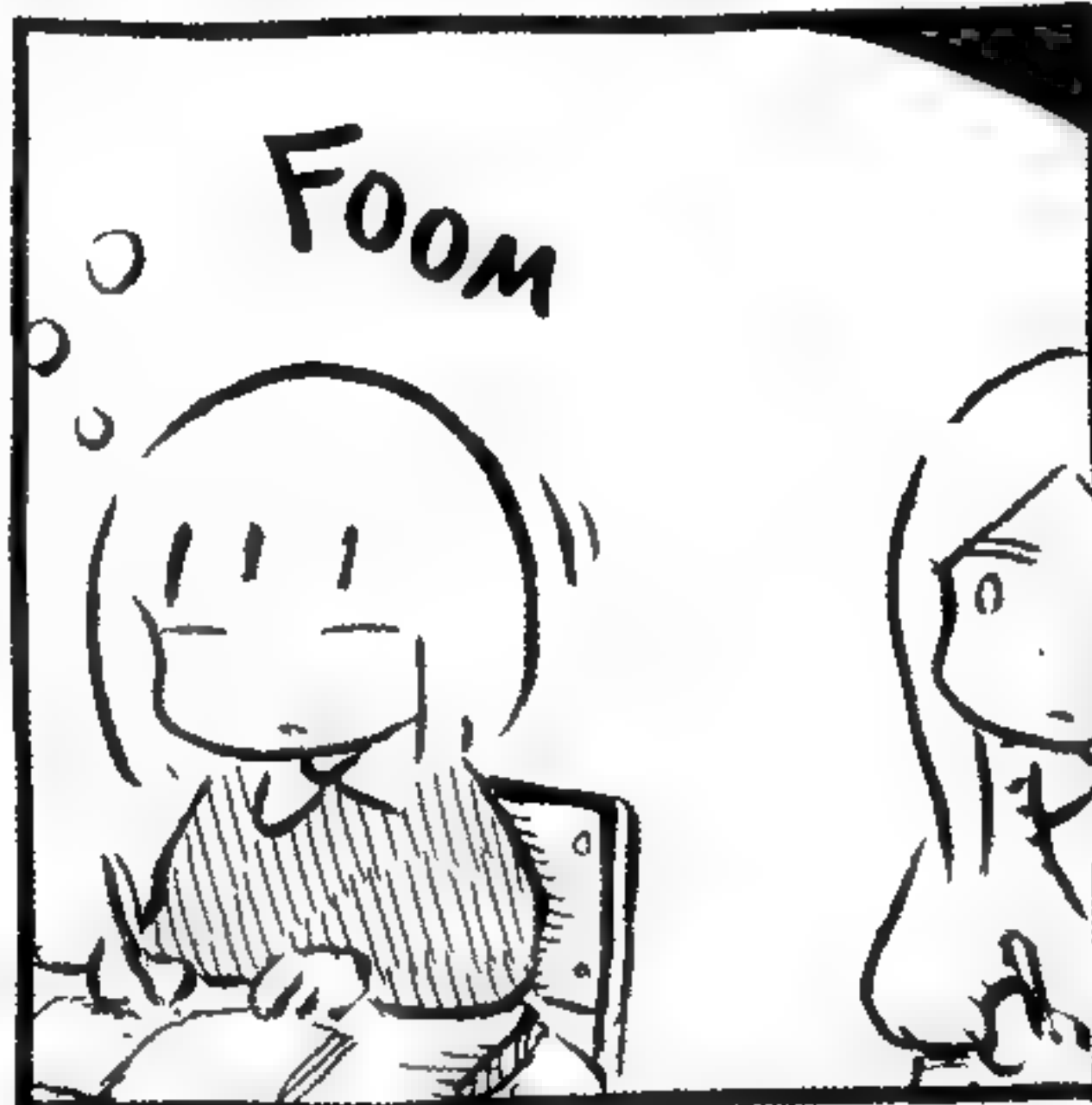
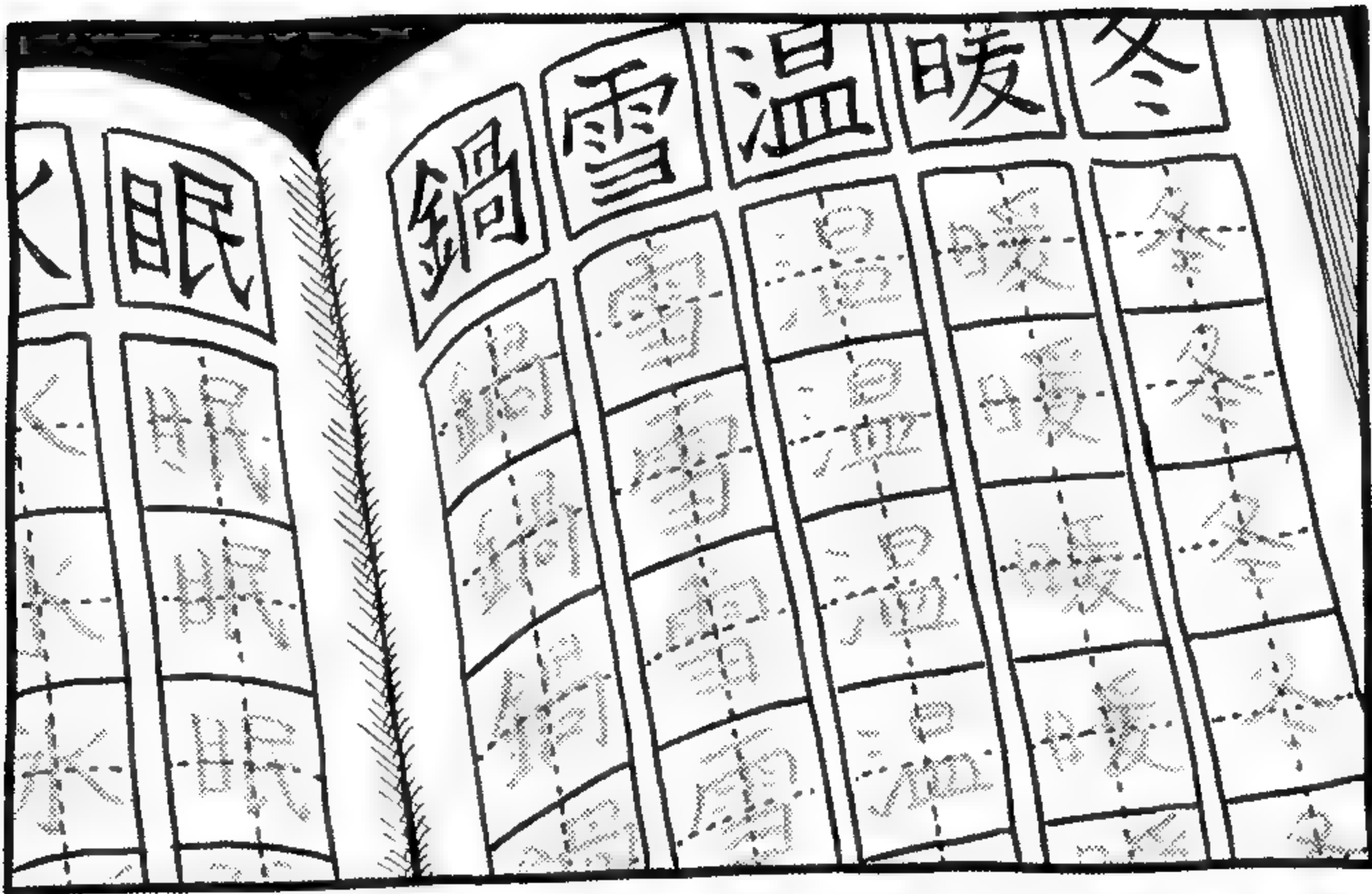
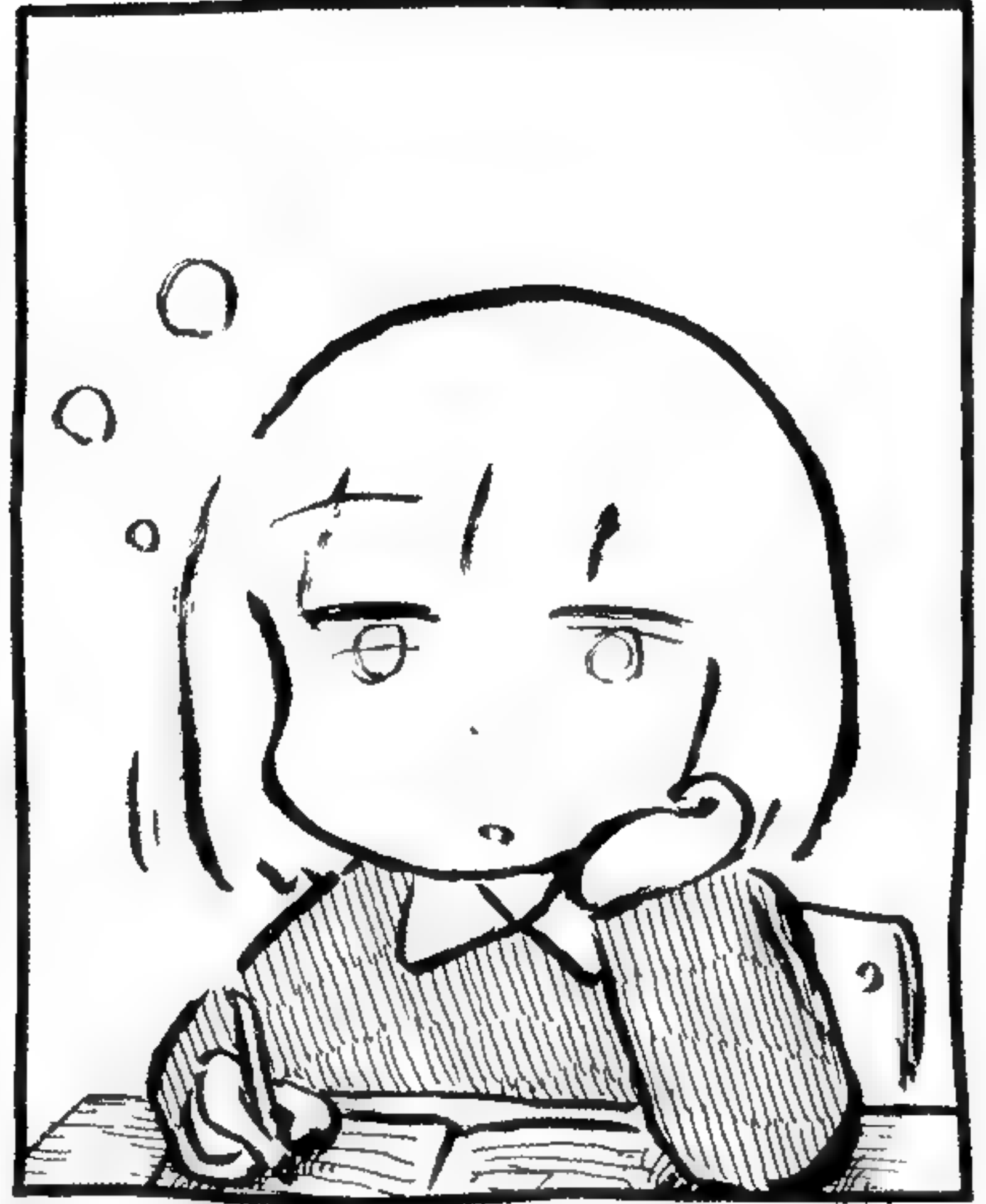
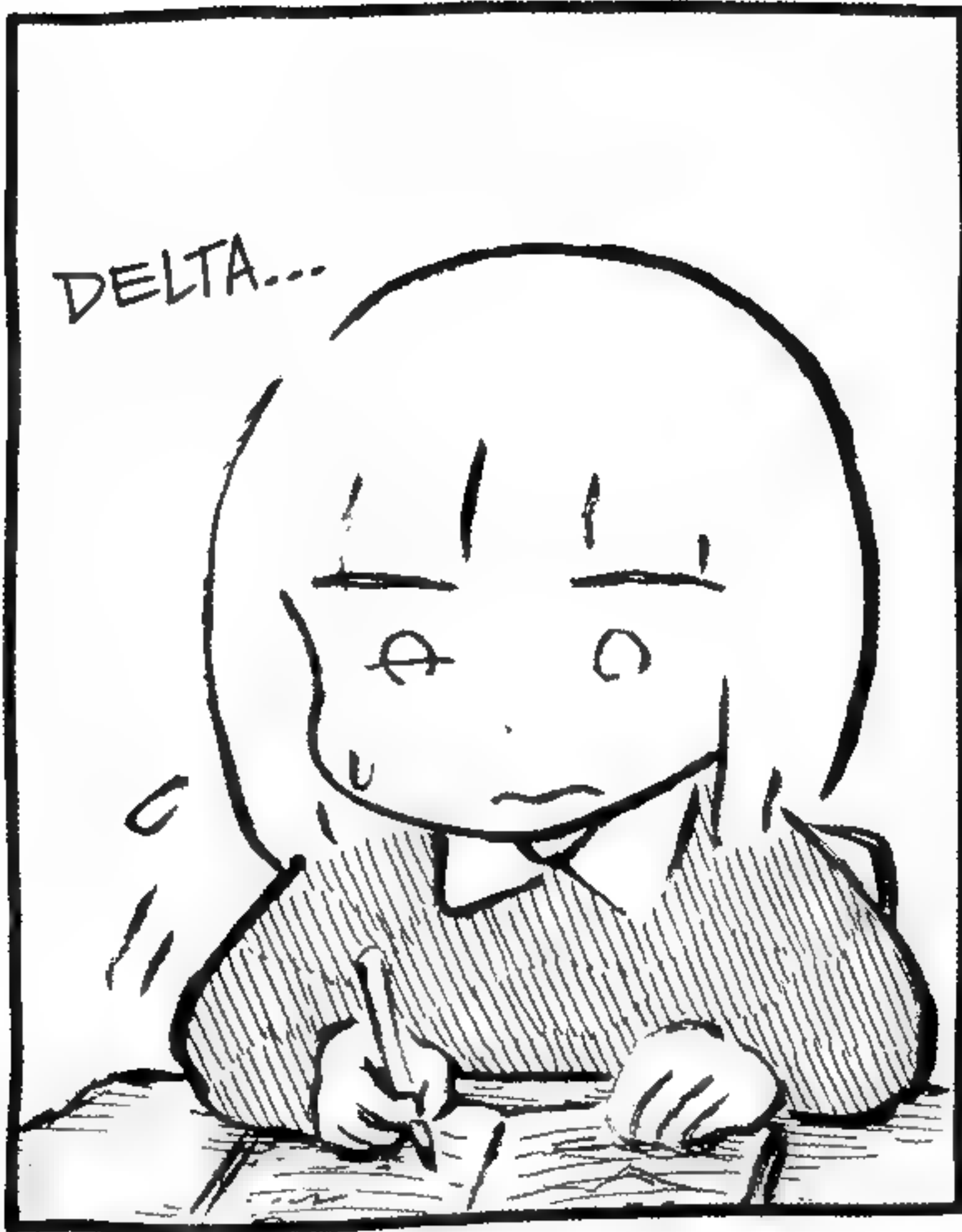


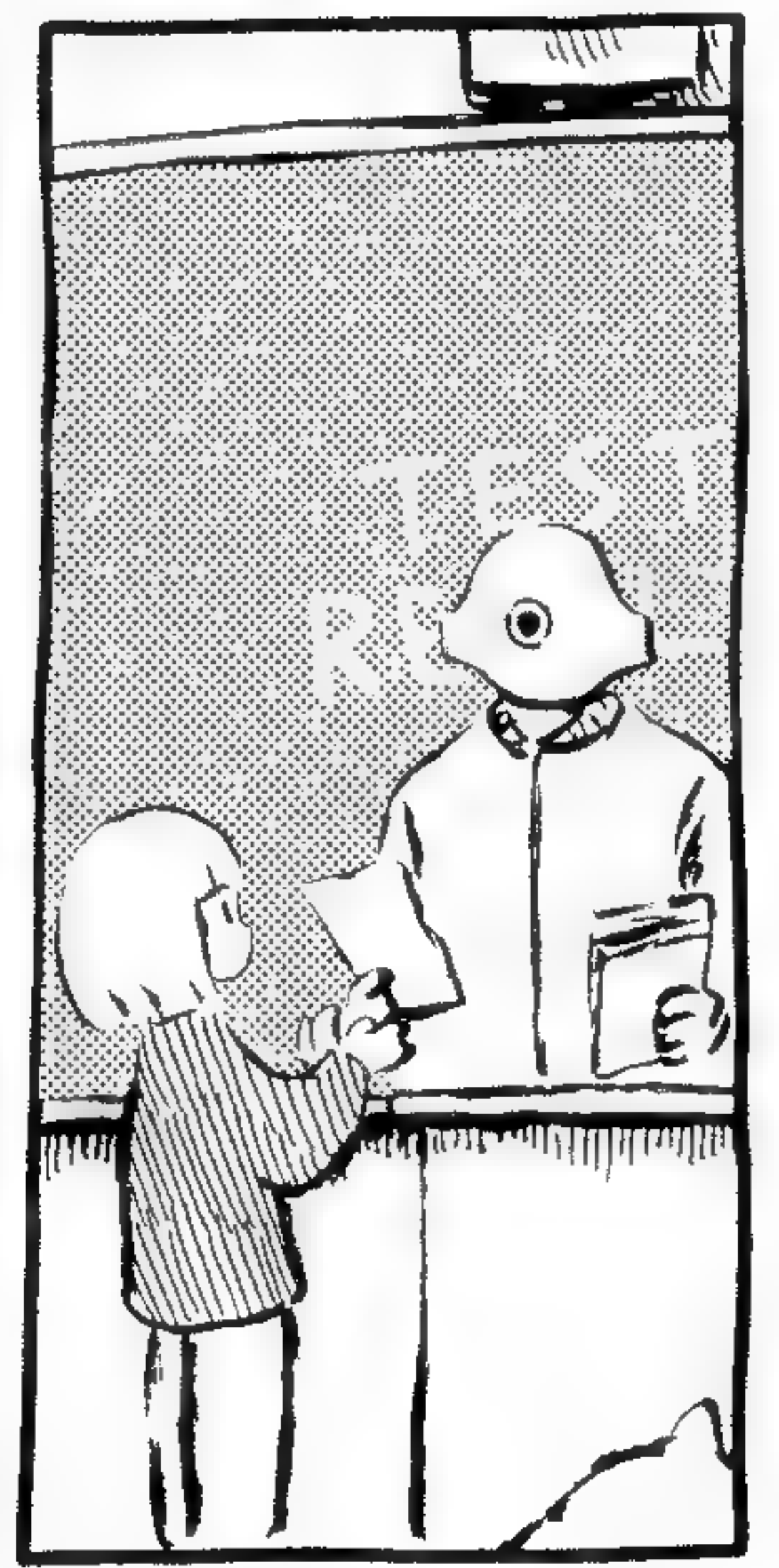
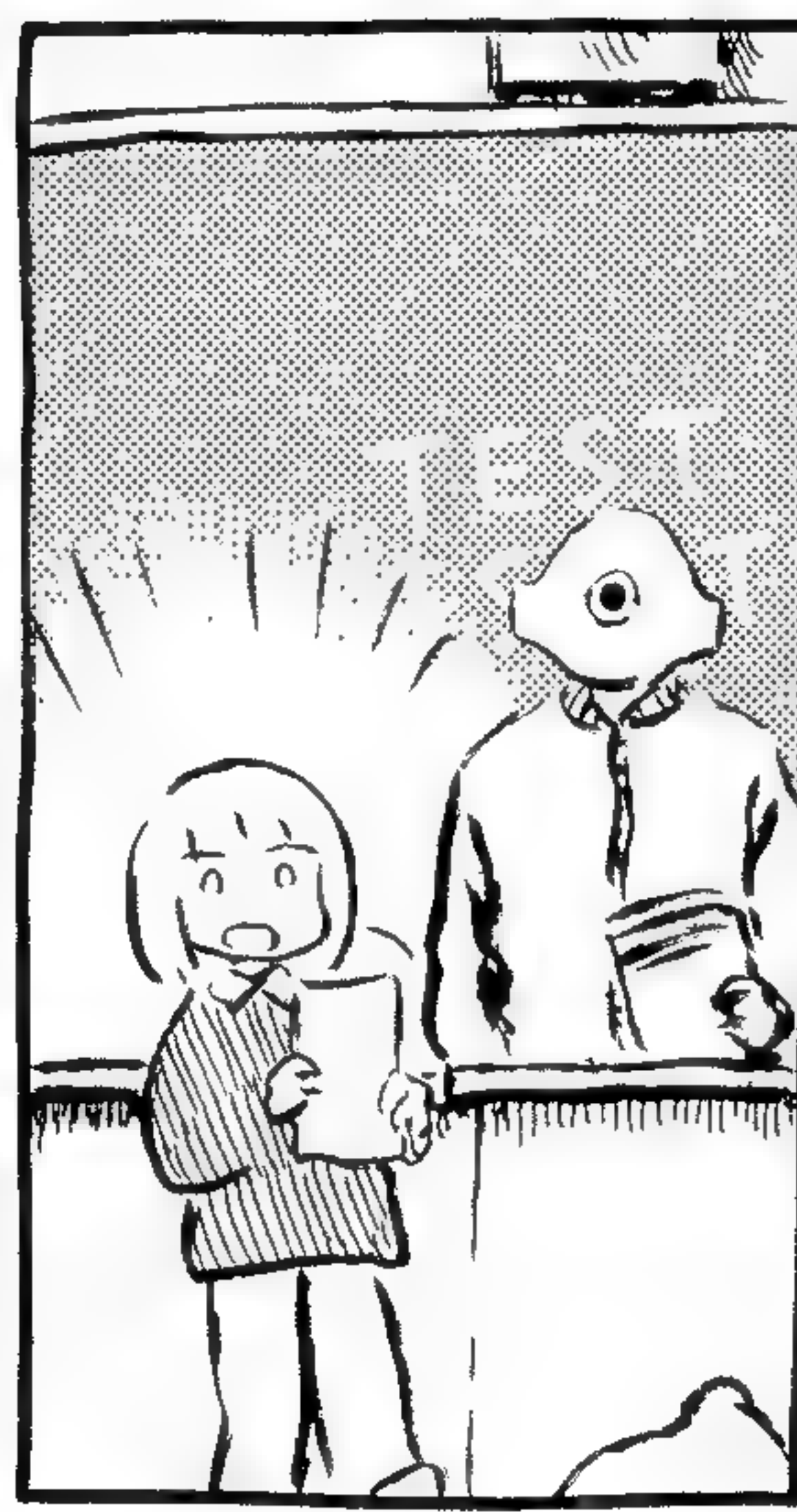
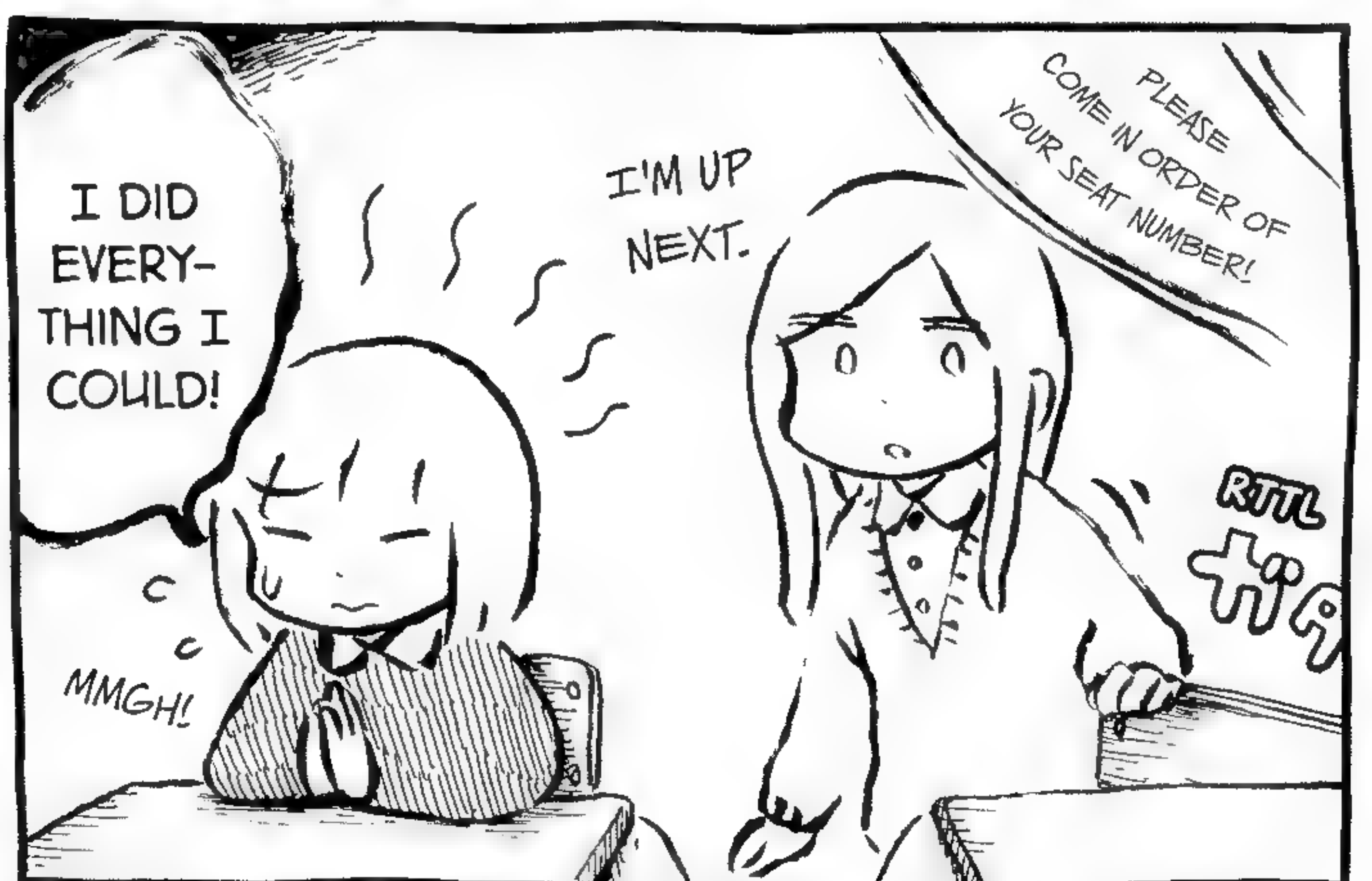
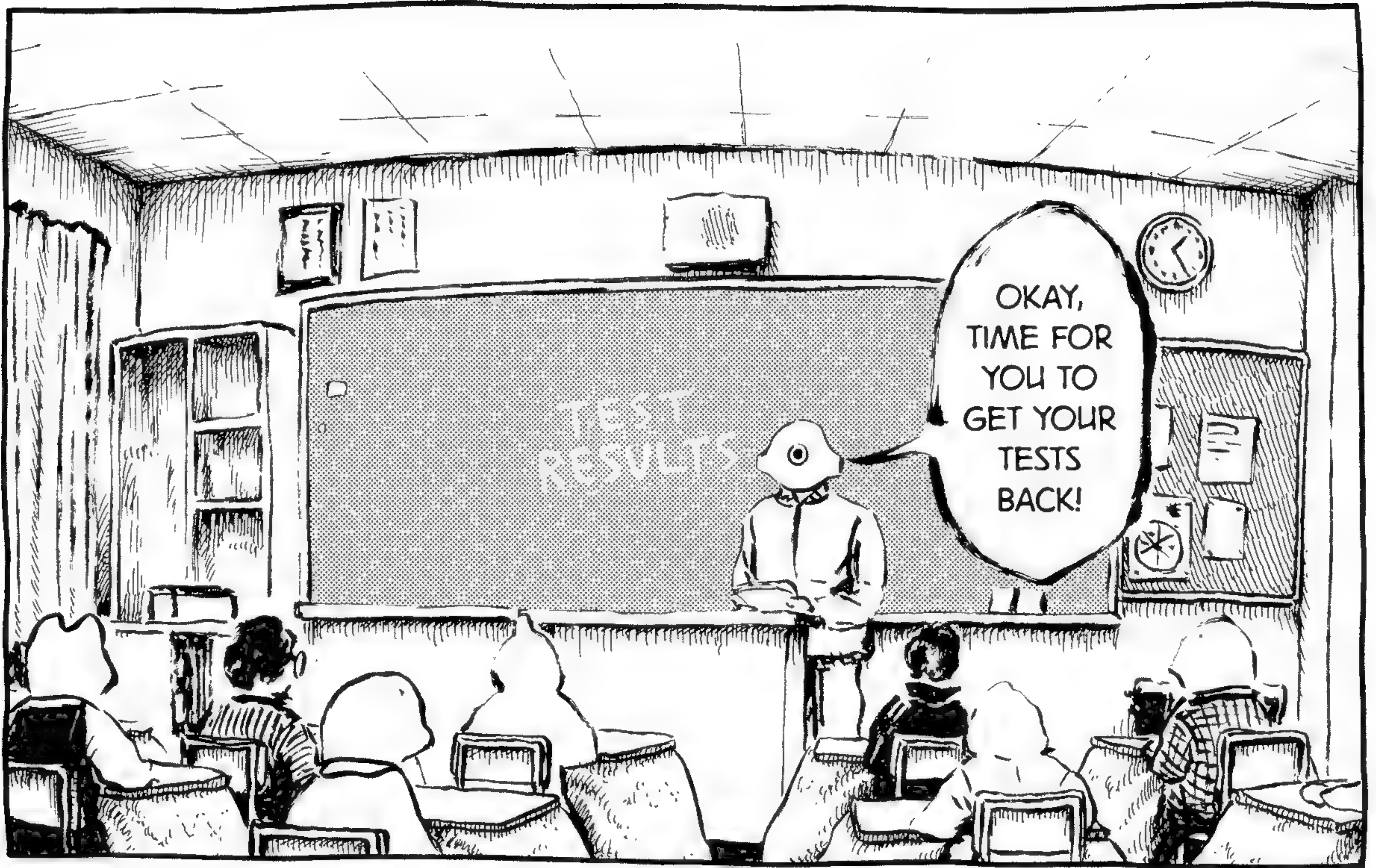
The infrared light emitted by a kotatsu's internal heating unit combined with the thermal retention of the it's blanket promotes blood flow in the legs; something generally stagnant when studying while sitting. This allows energy and oxygen to more efficiently reach the brain. As a result, the research has shown that this can improve learning by as much as about eighteen percent compared to traditional desks. This is in tune with Eastern medicine that already uses such logic during the winter.

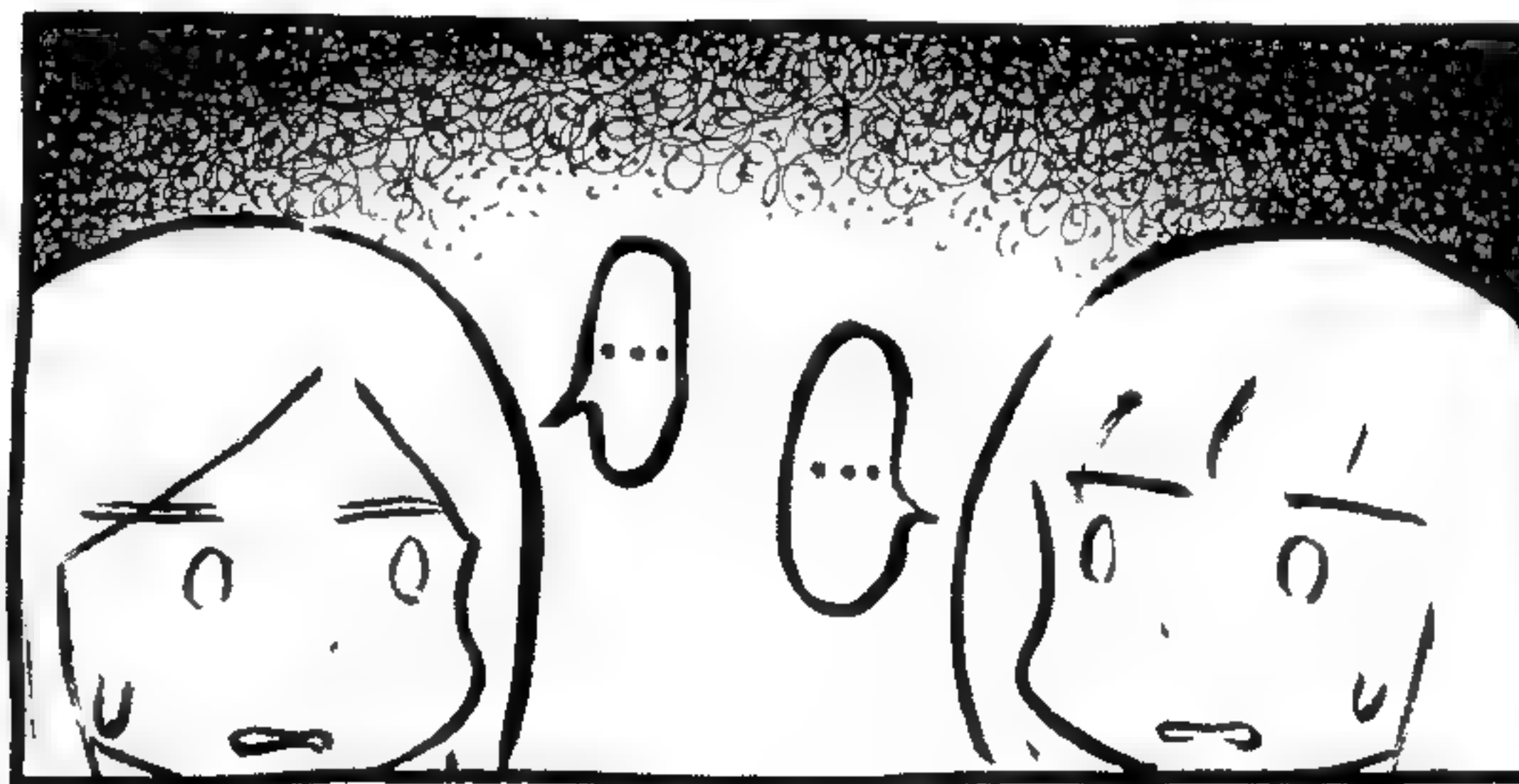
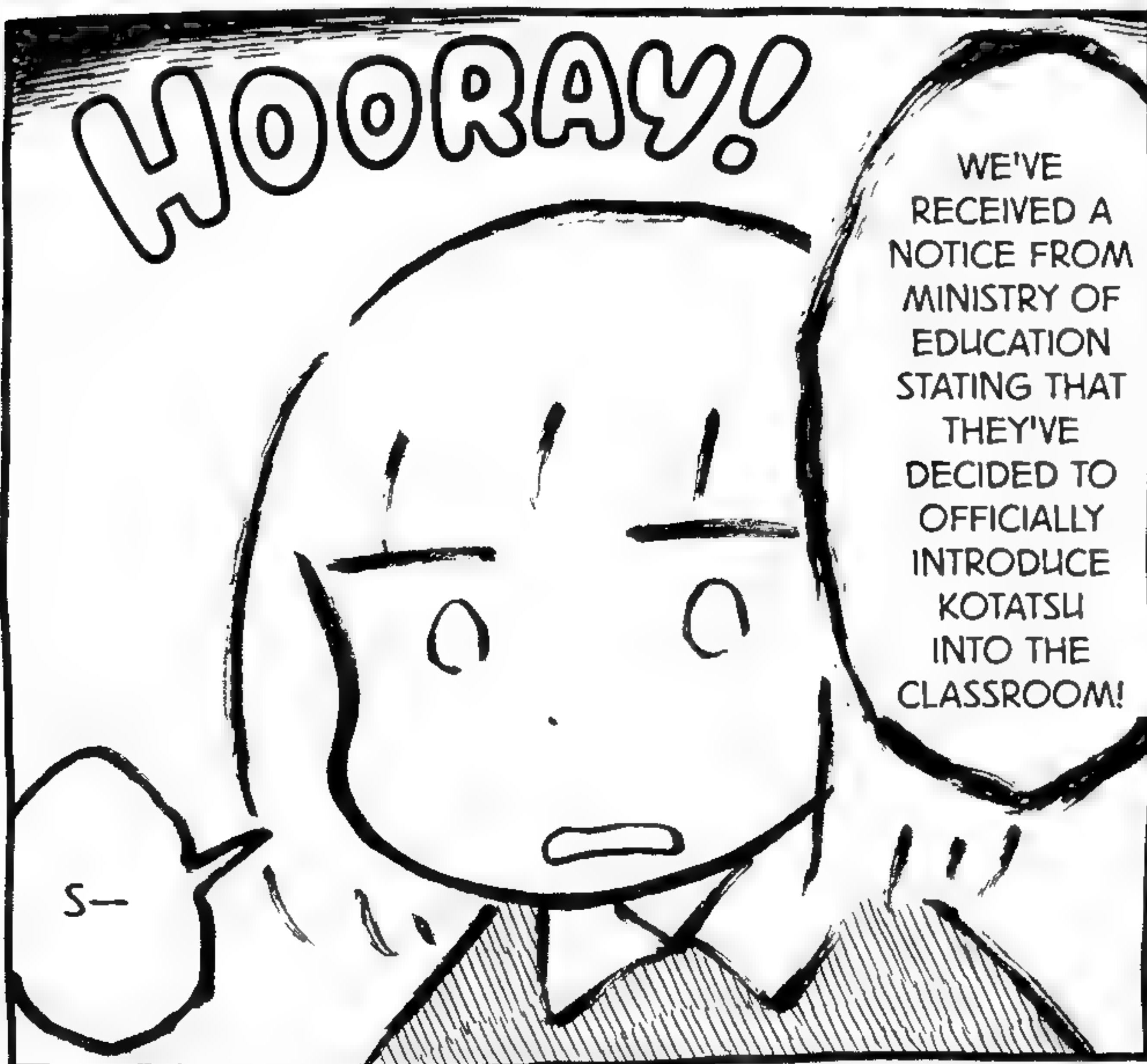
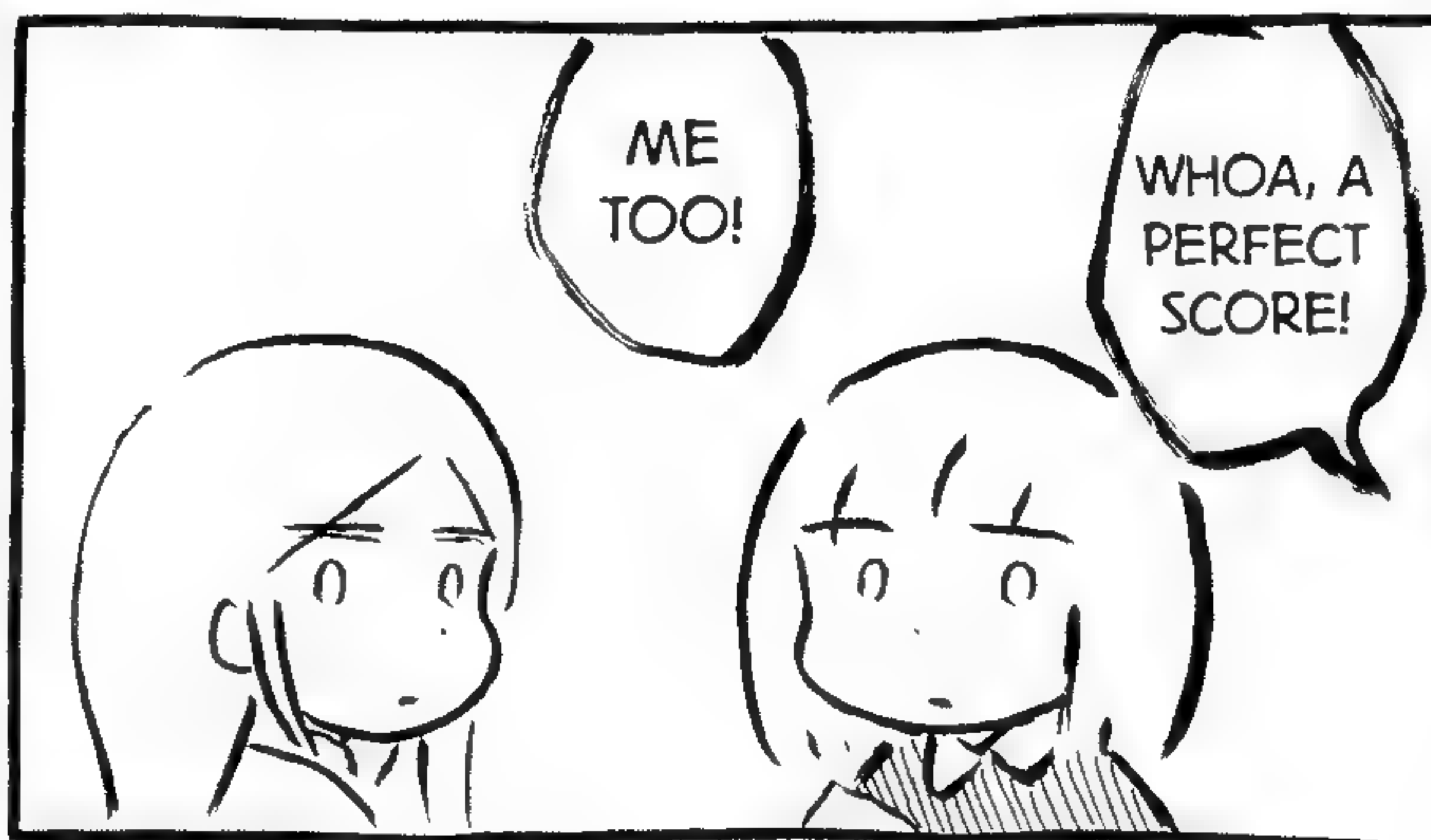
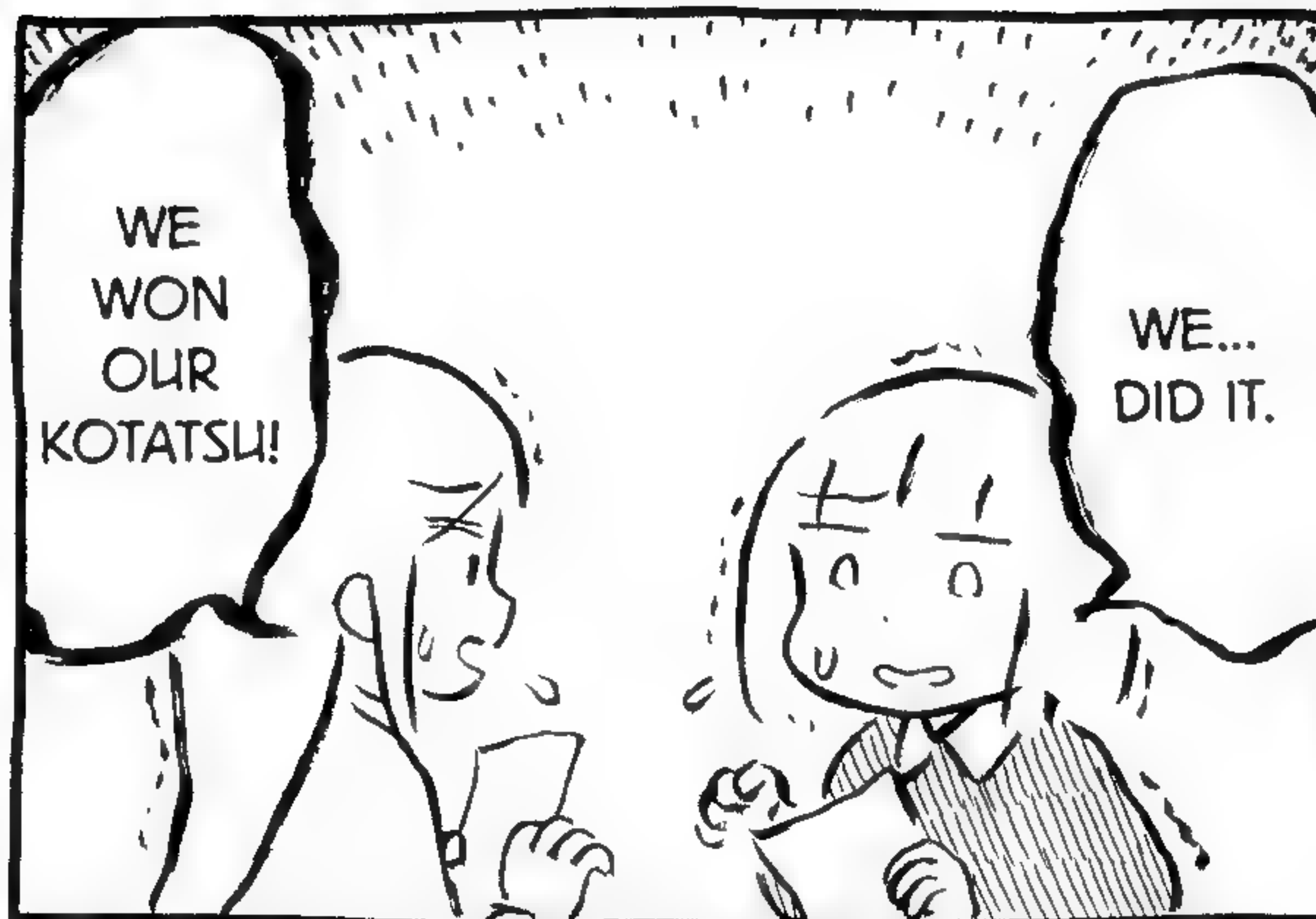
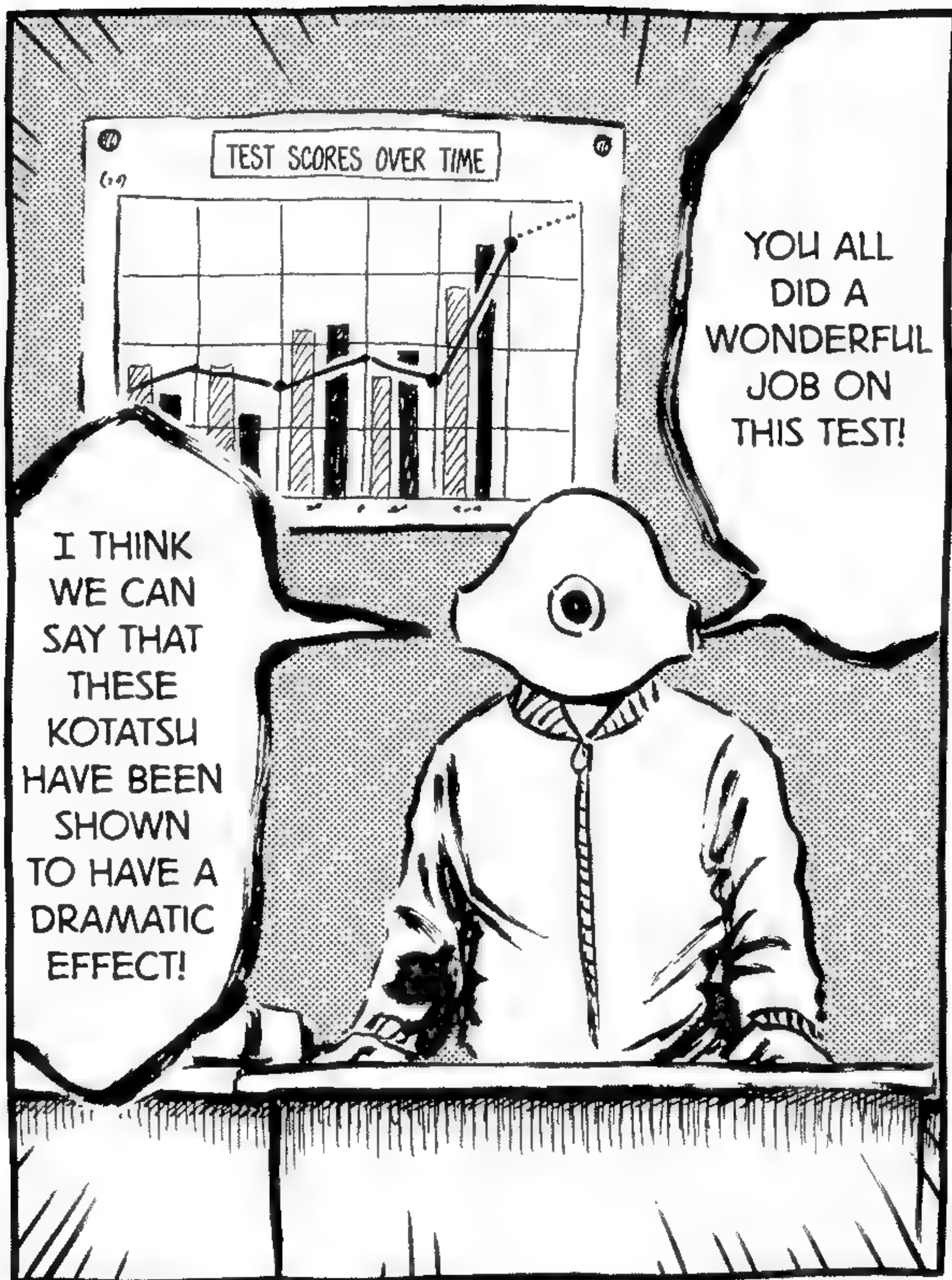


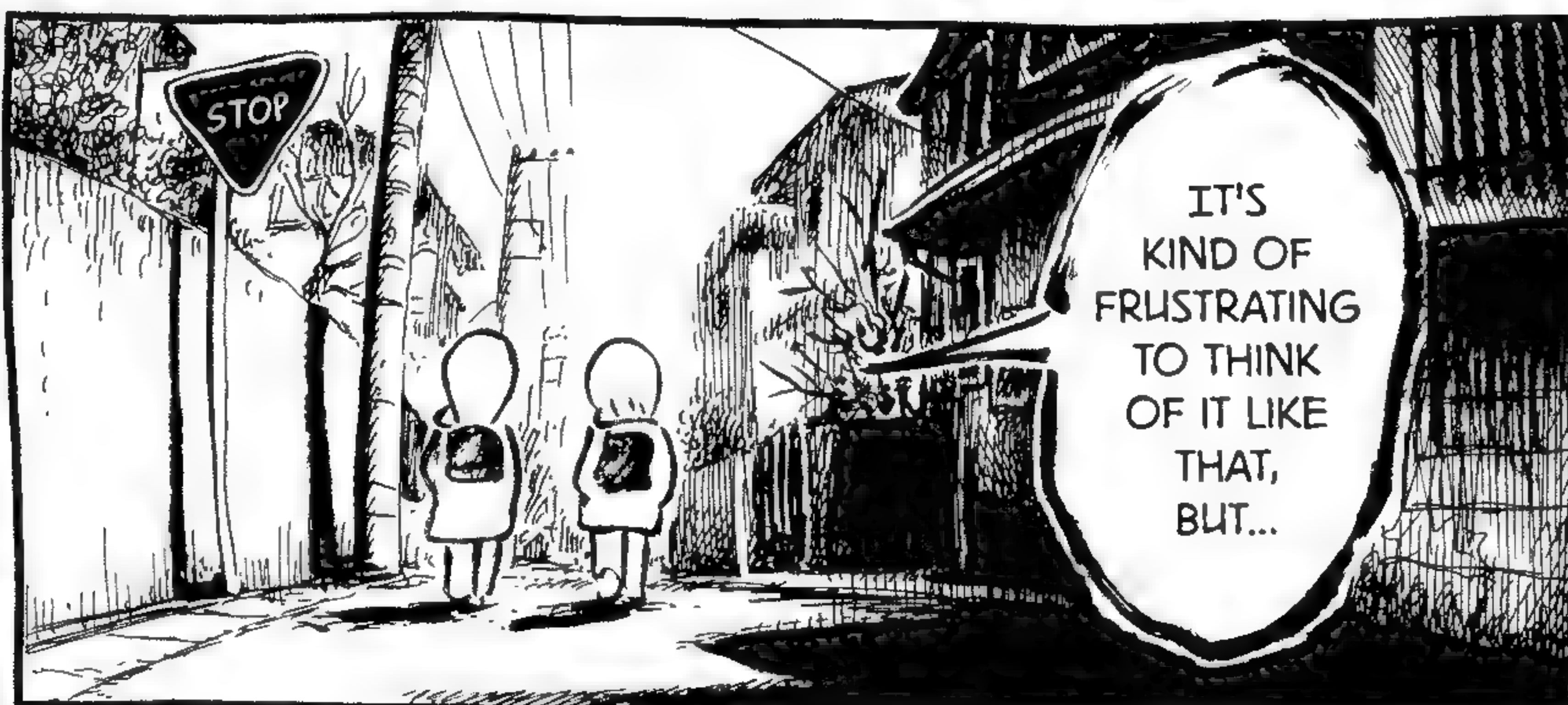
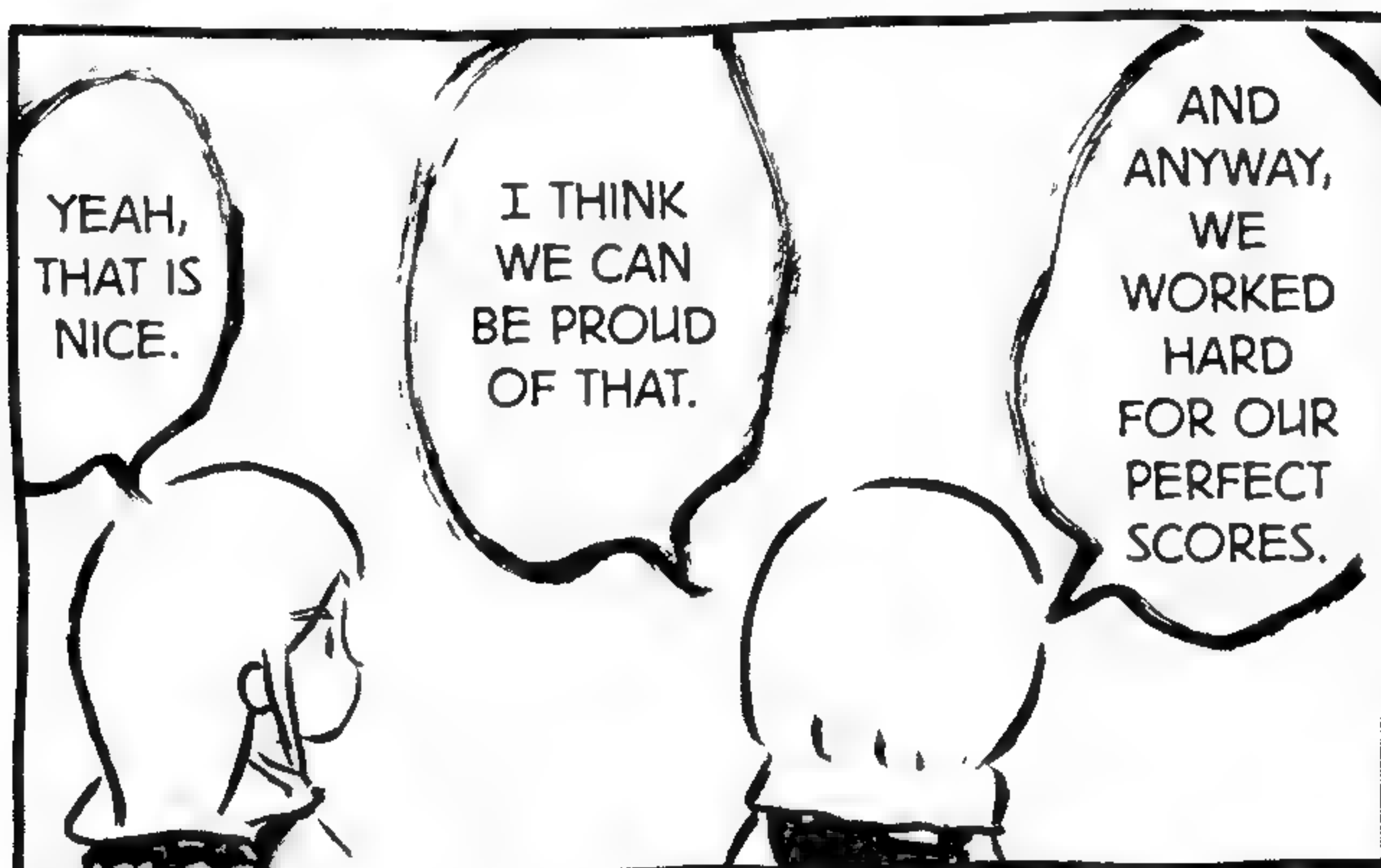
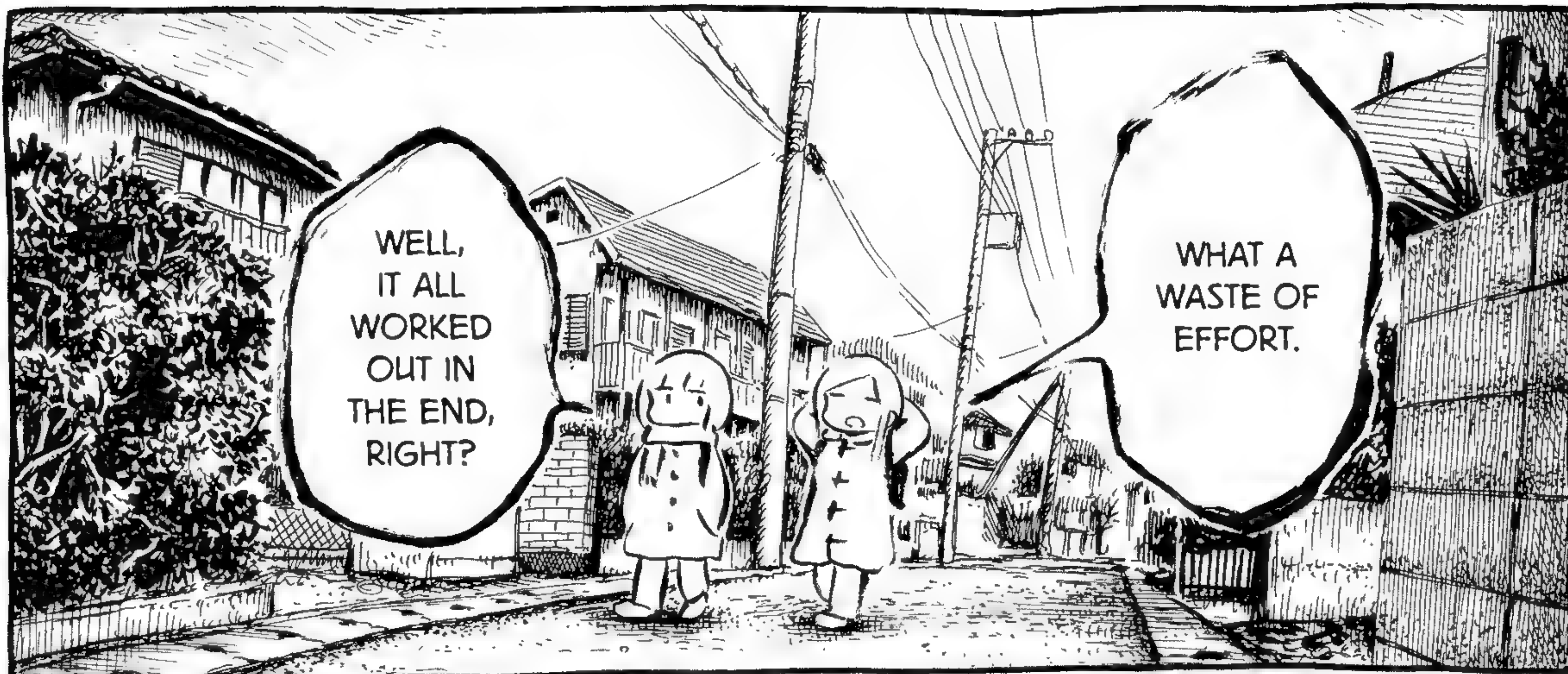


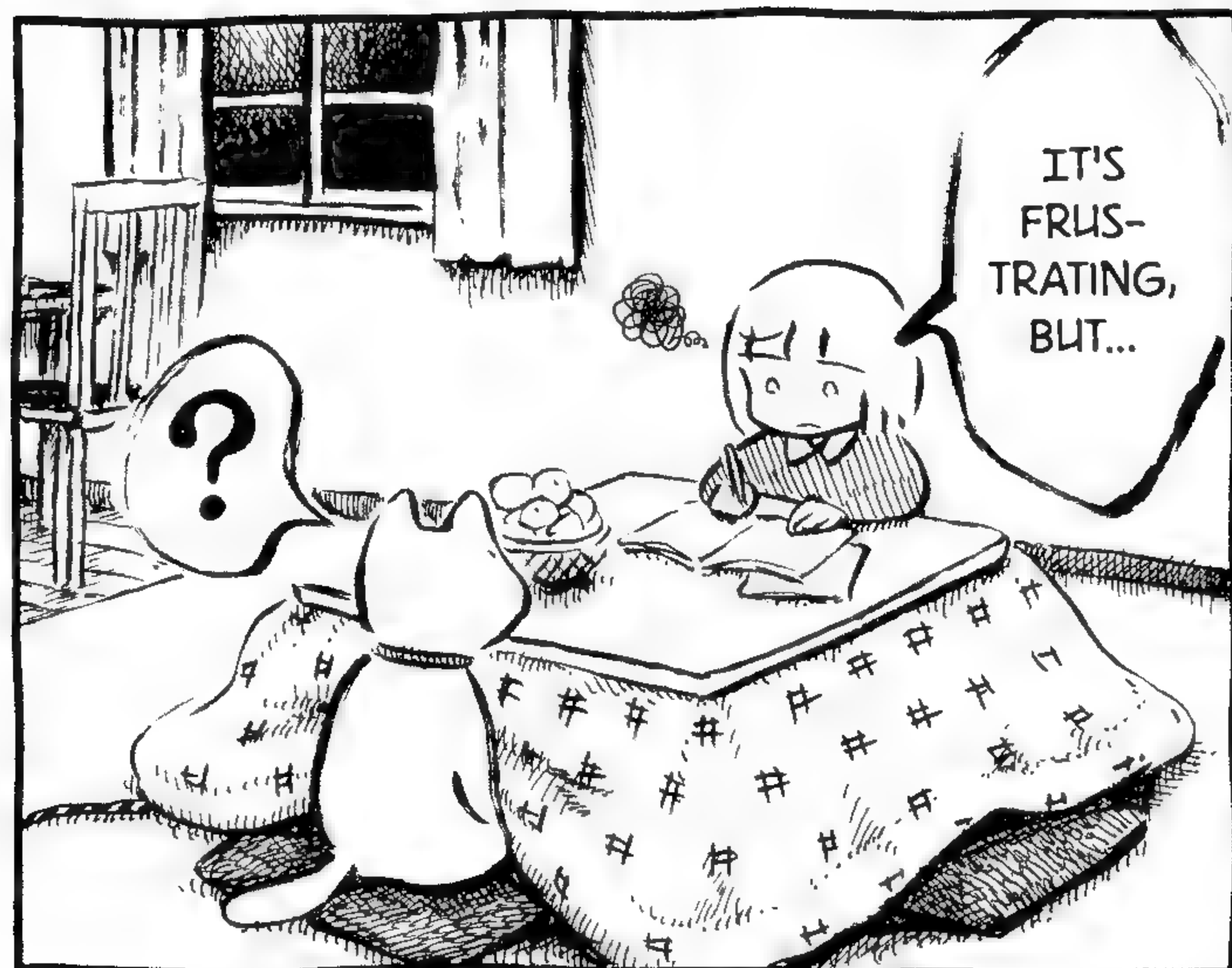
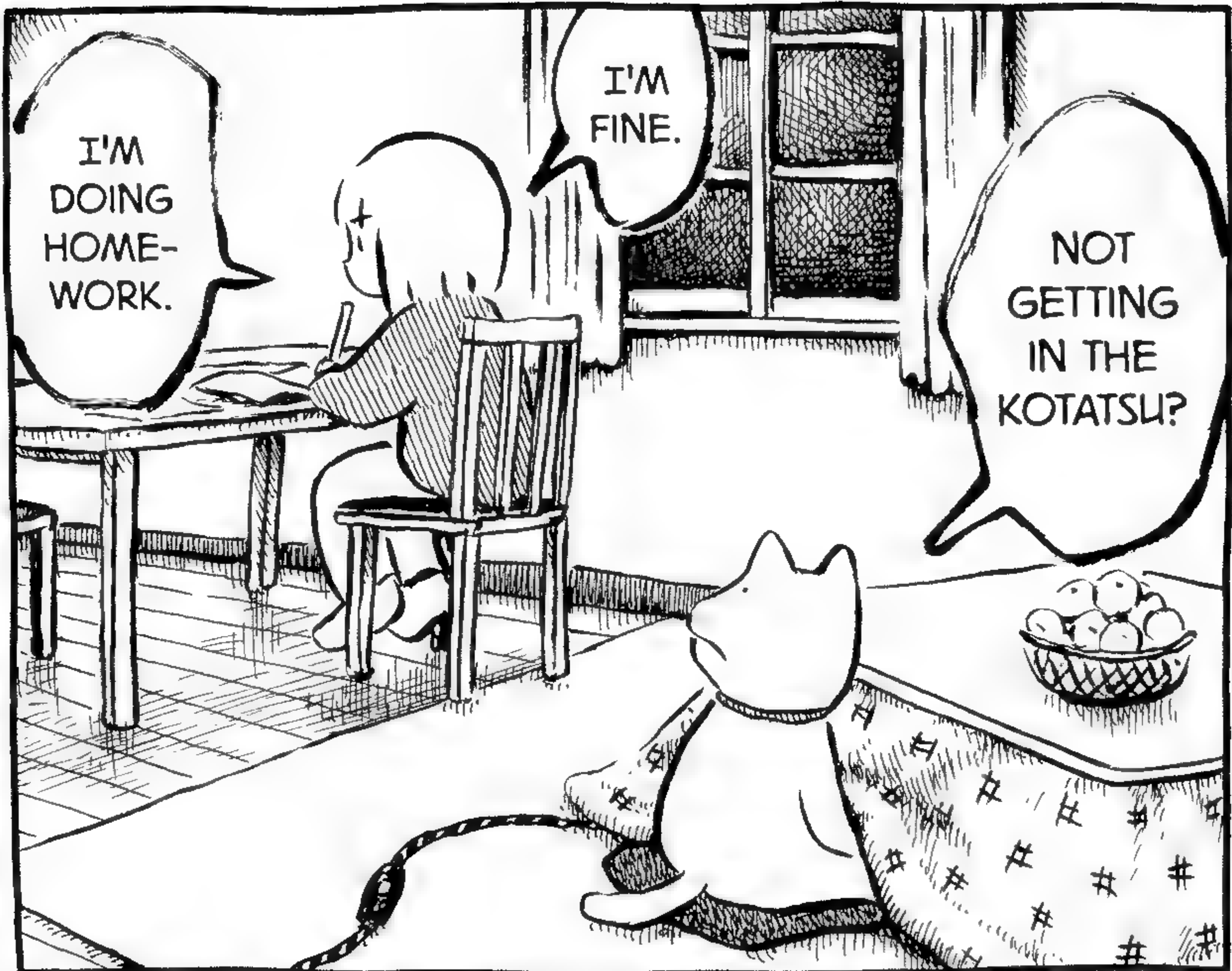


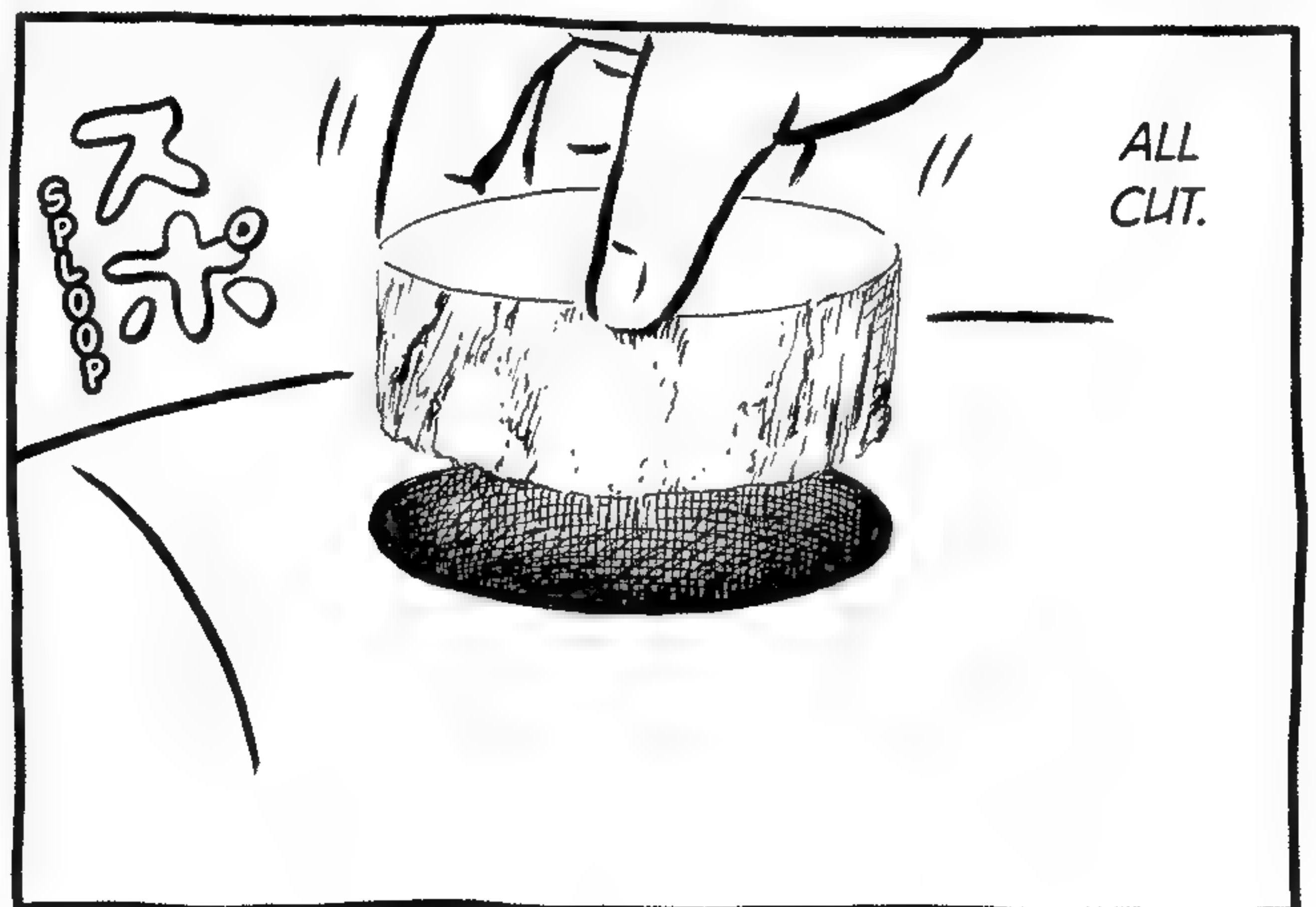
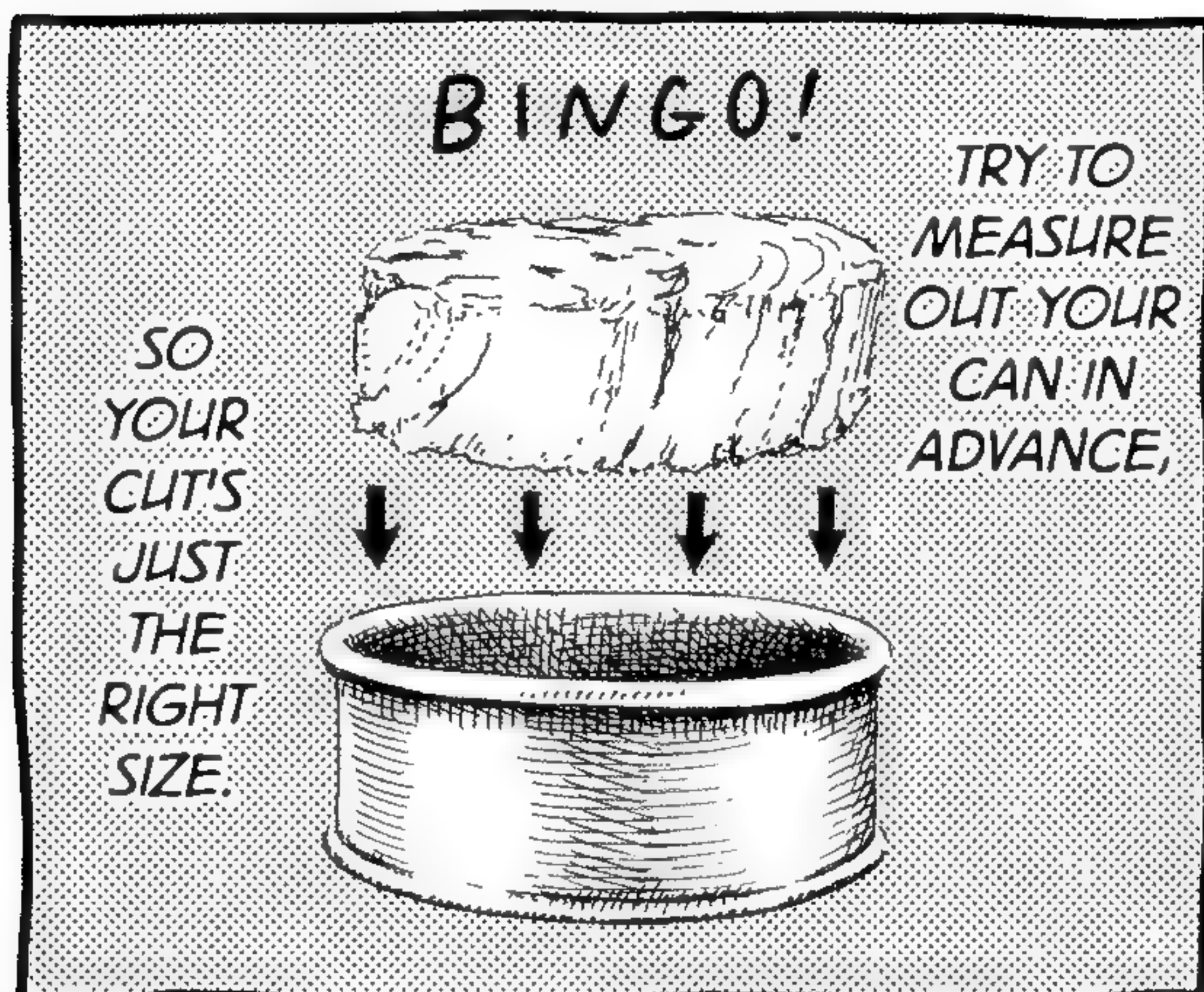
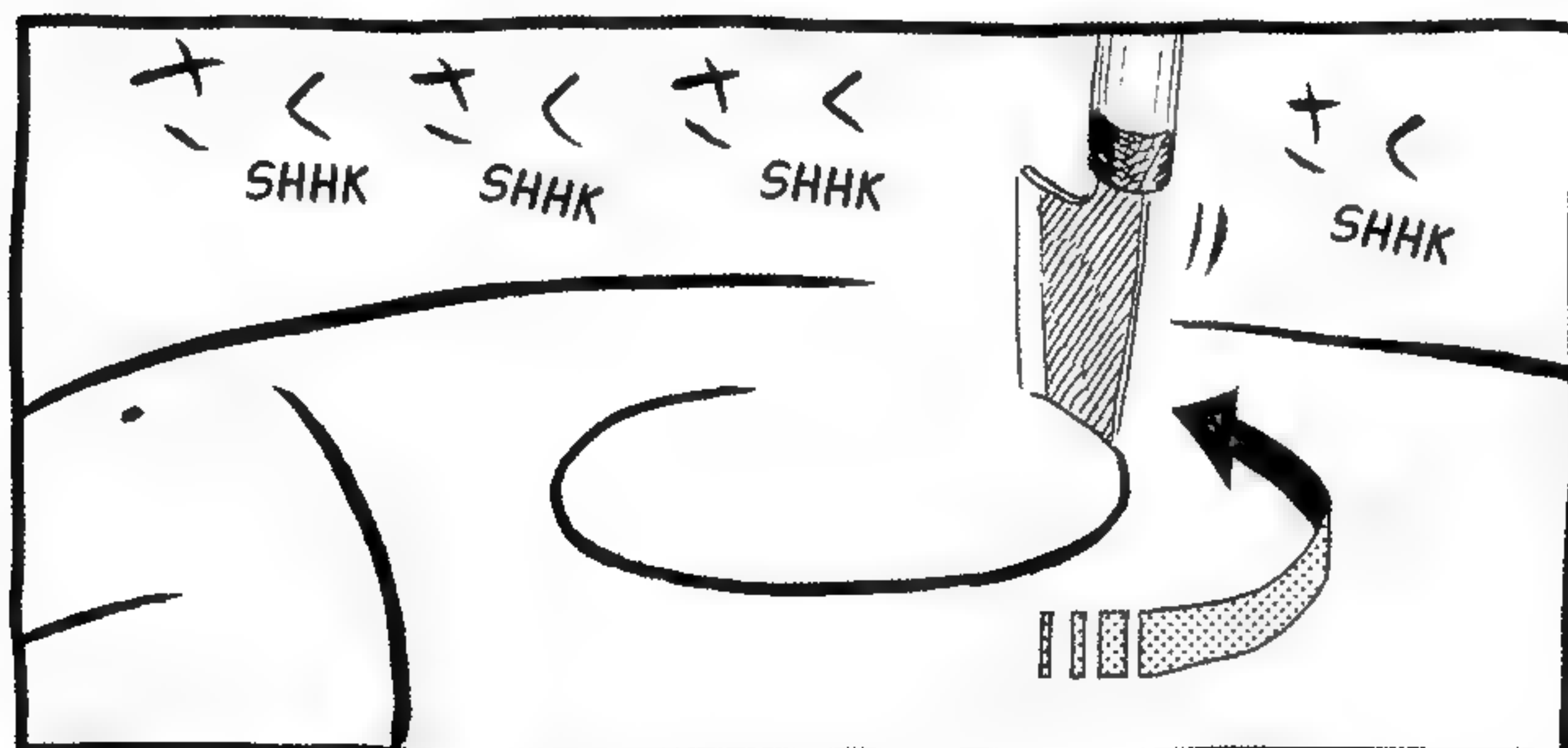
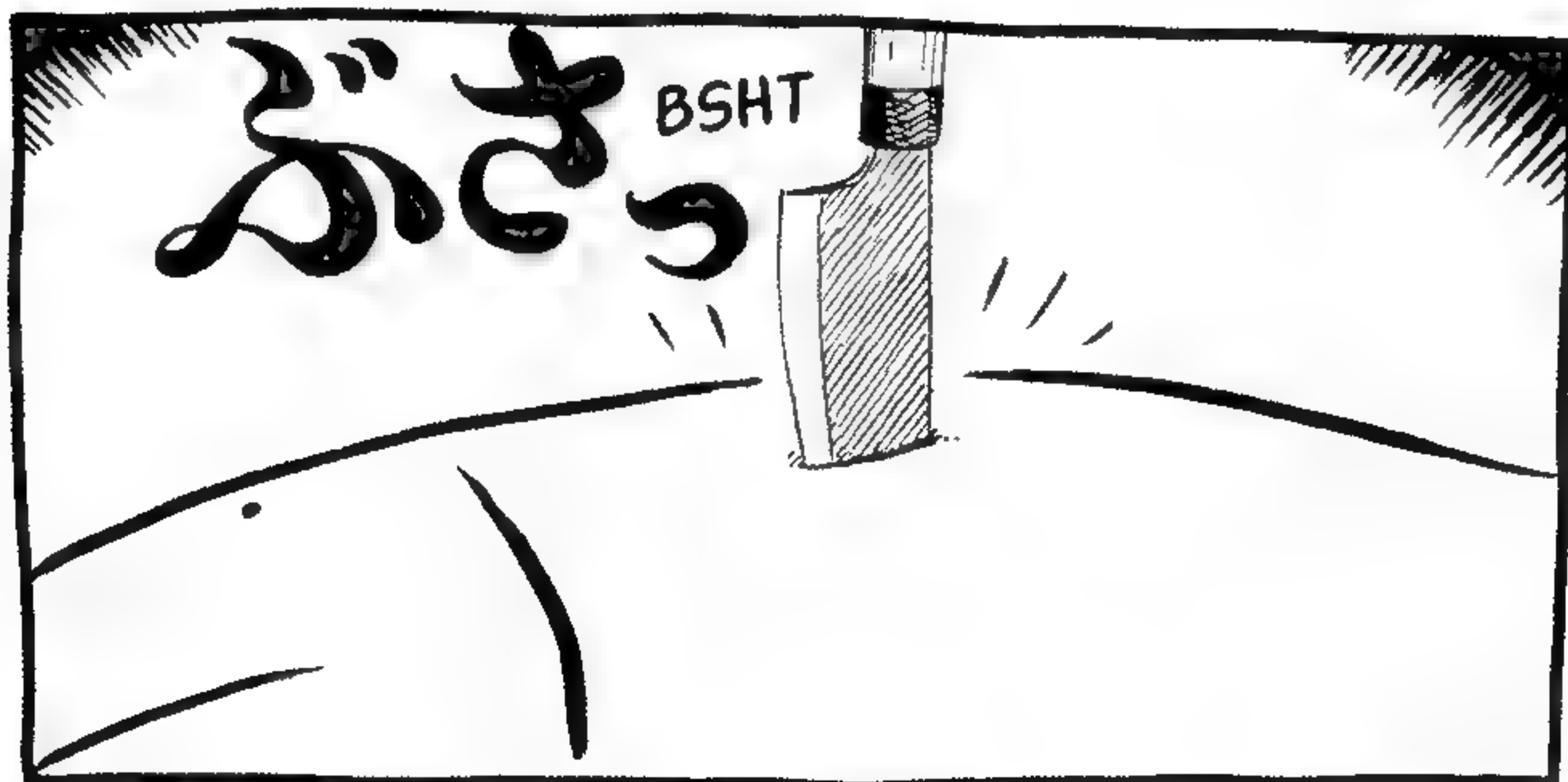


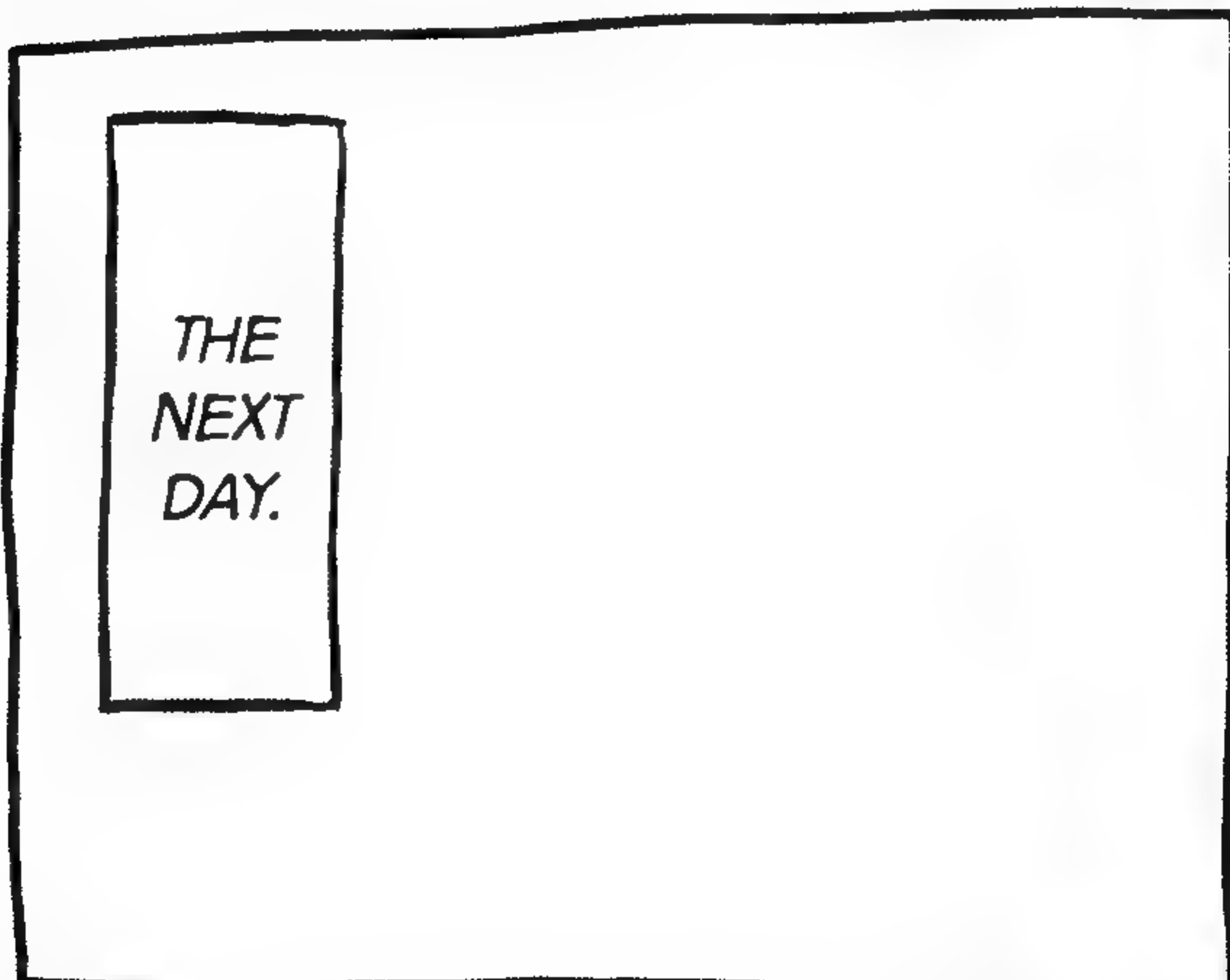
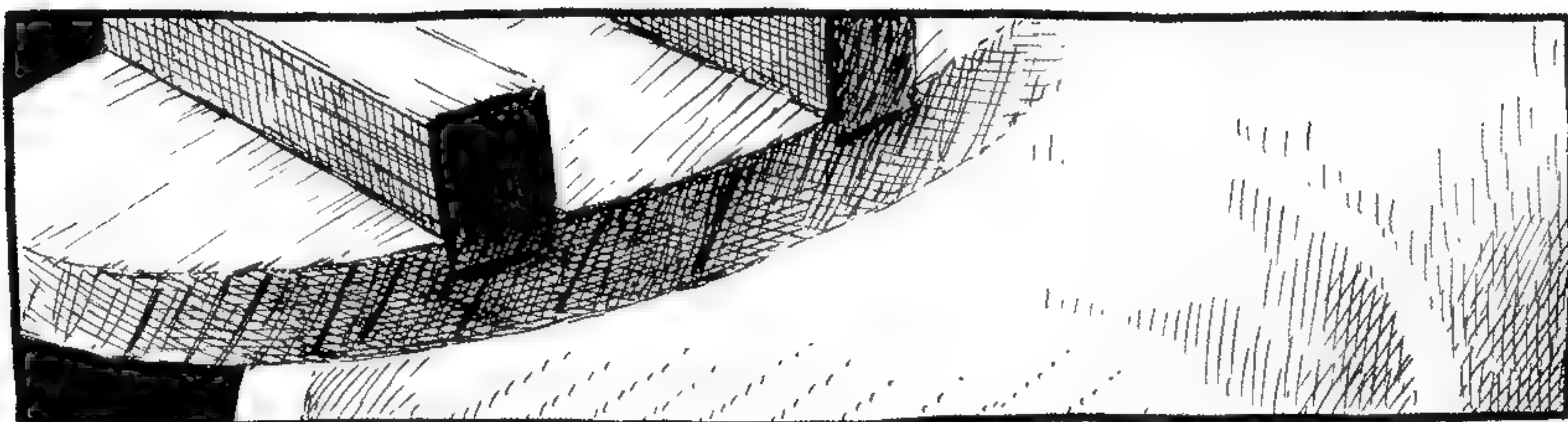
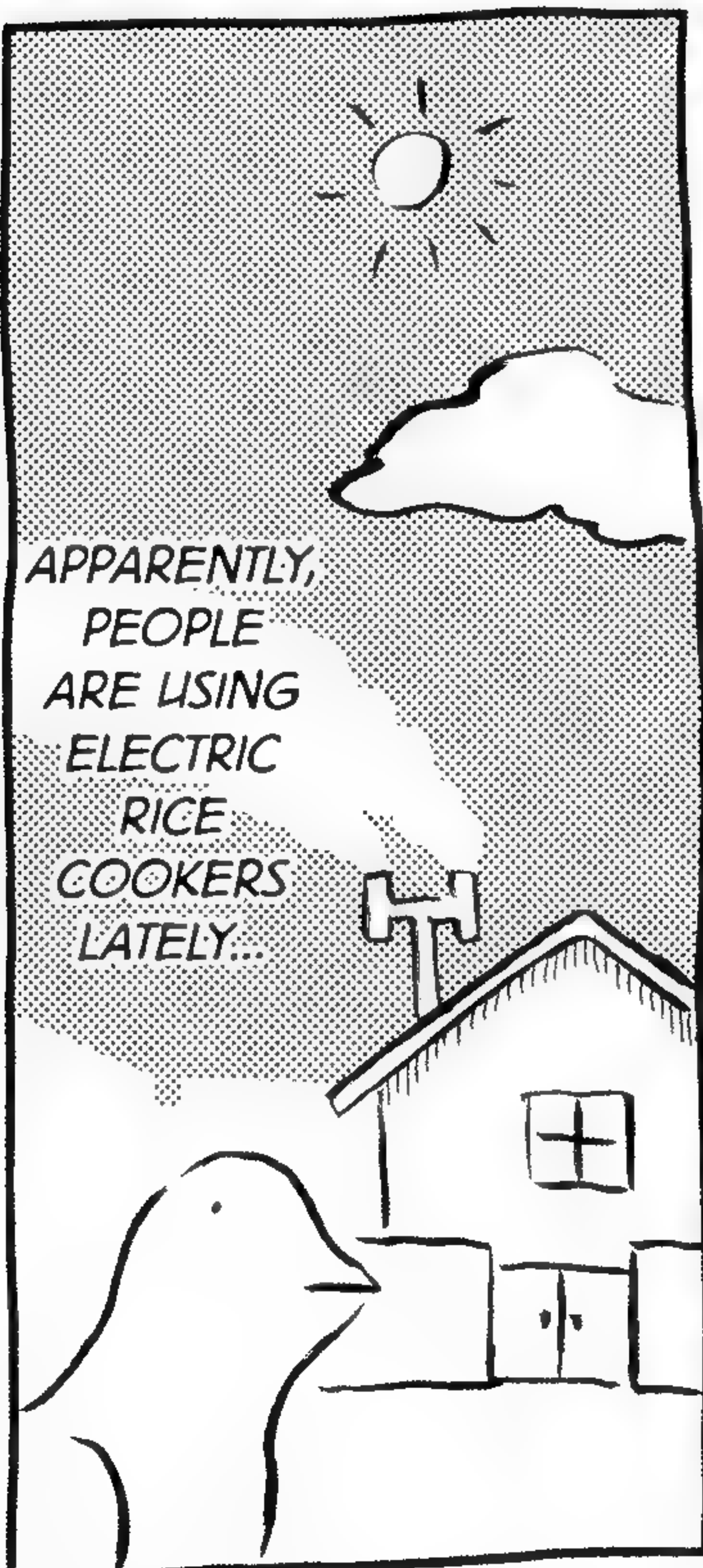
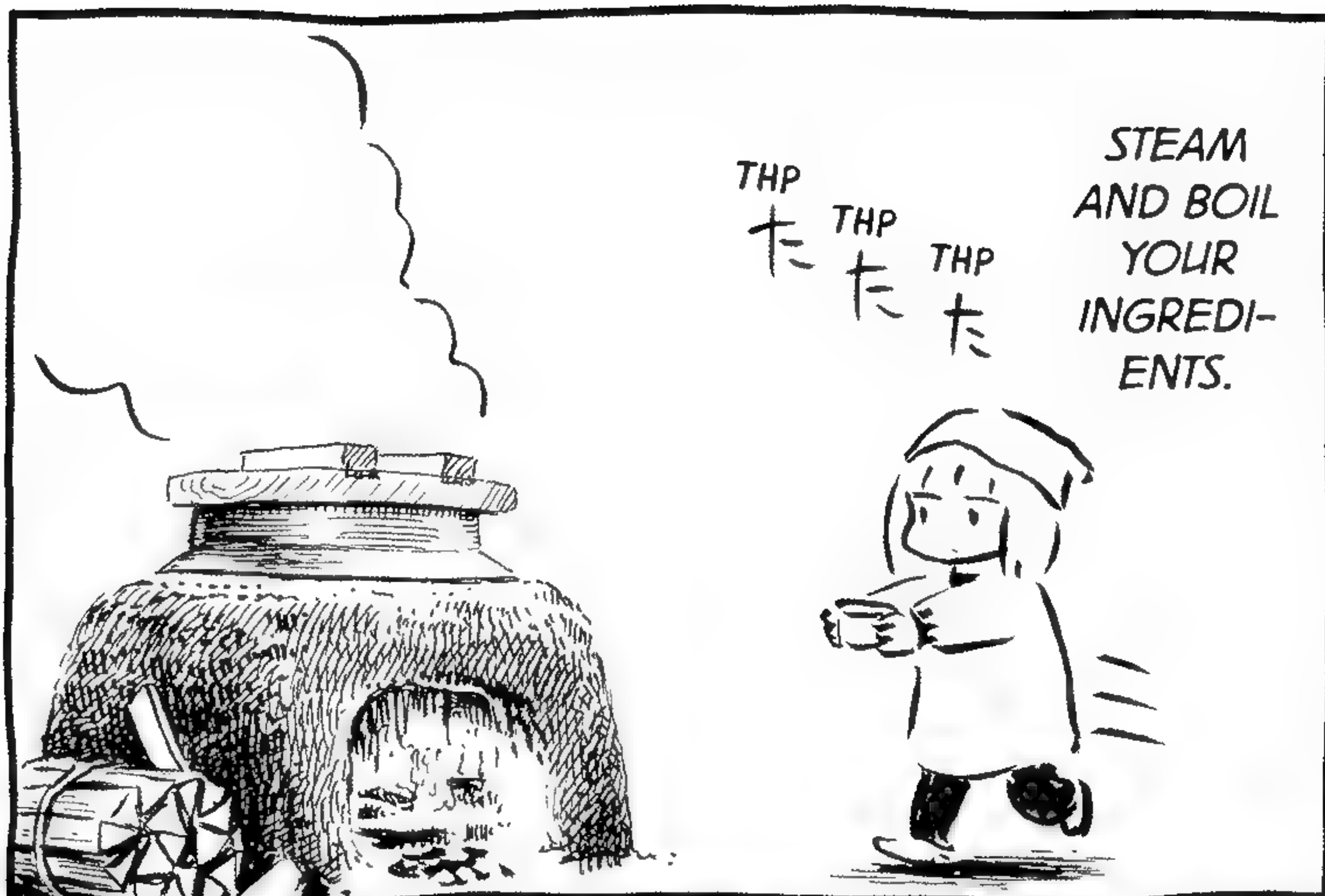






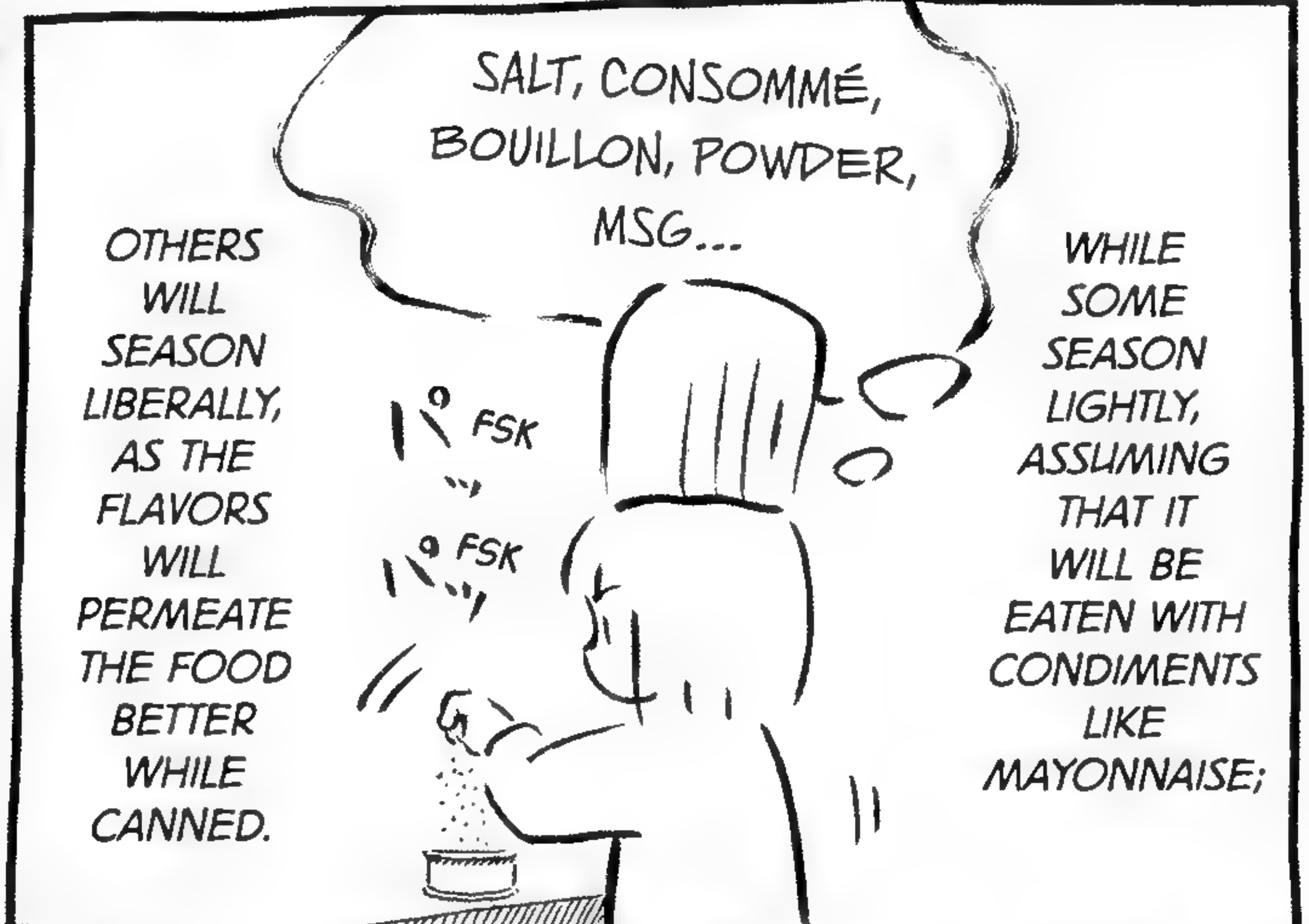






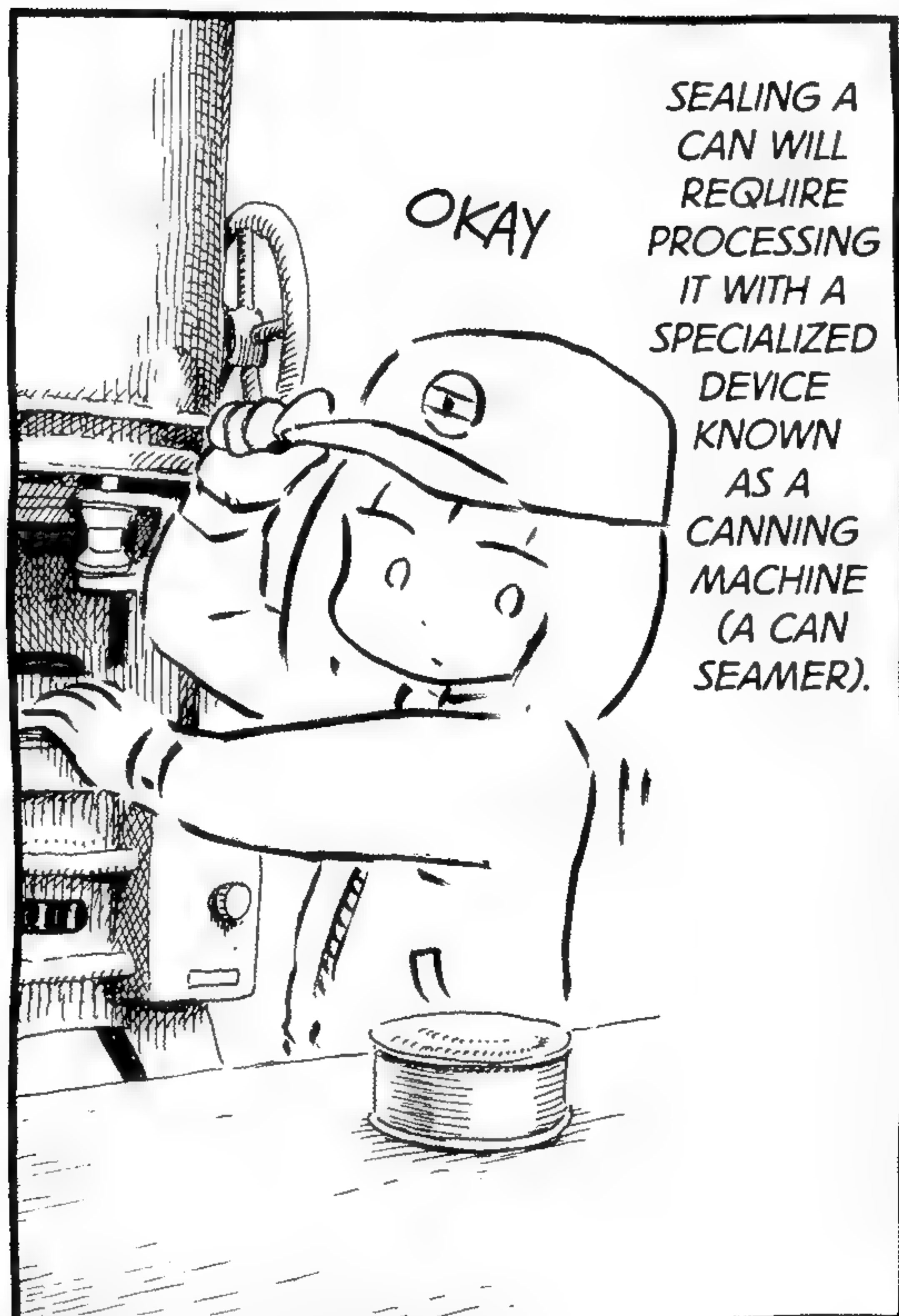


ADD SEASONING.

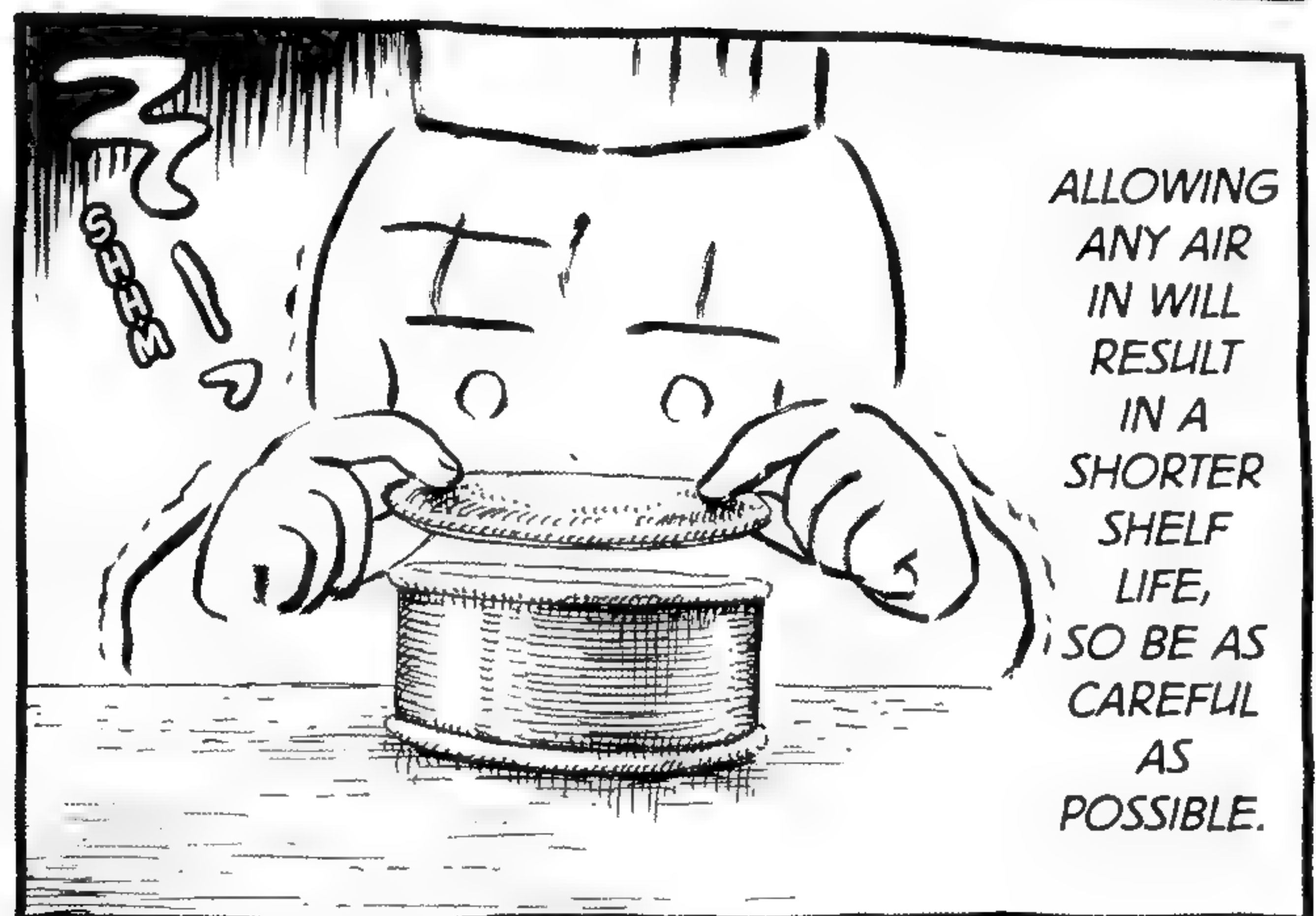
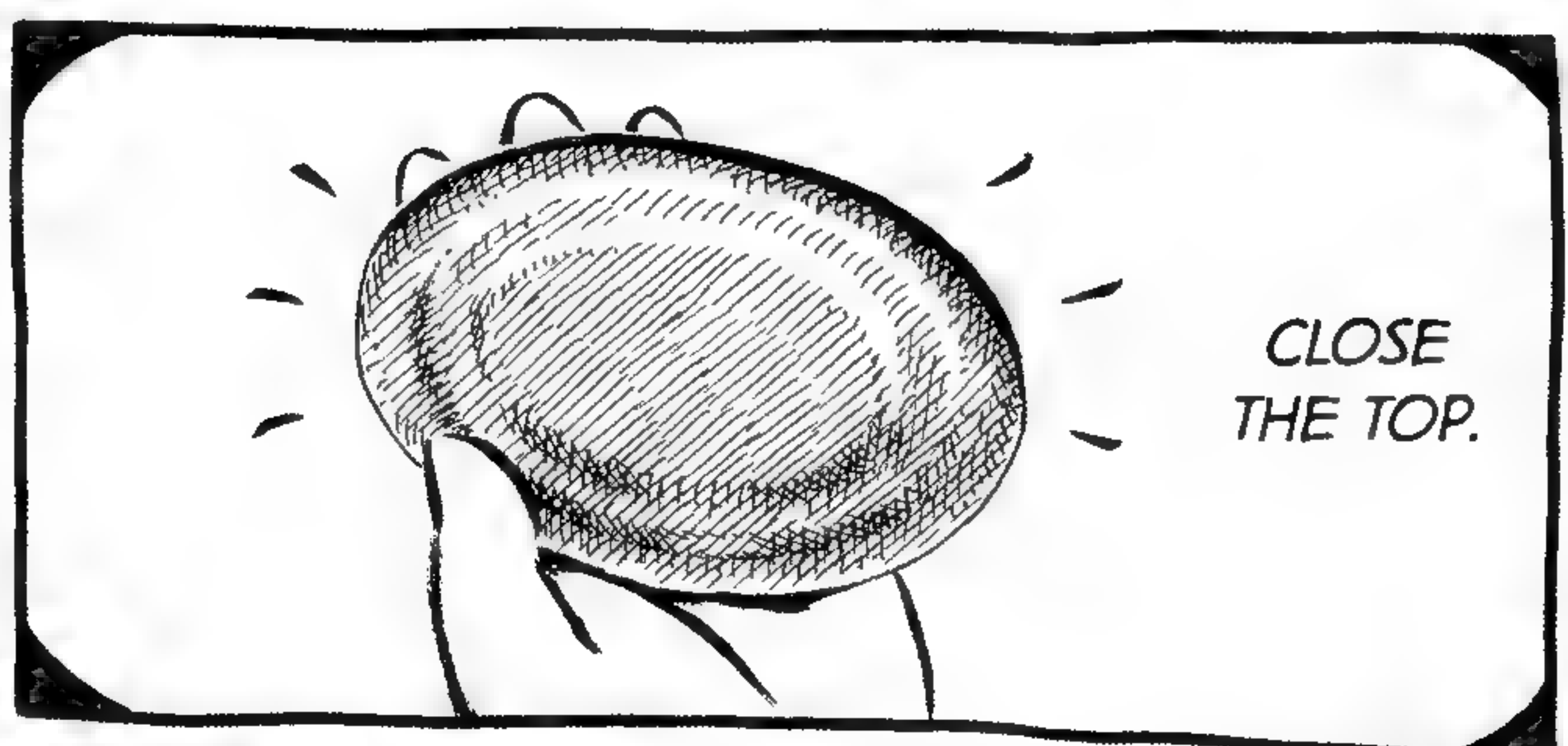


OTHERS WILL SEASON LIBERALLY, AS THE FLAVORS WILL PERMEATE THE FOOD BETTER WHILE CANNED.

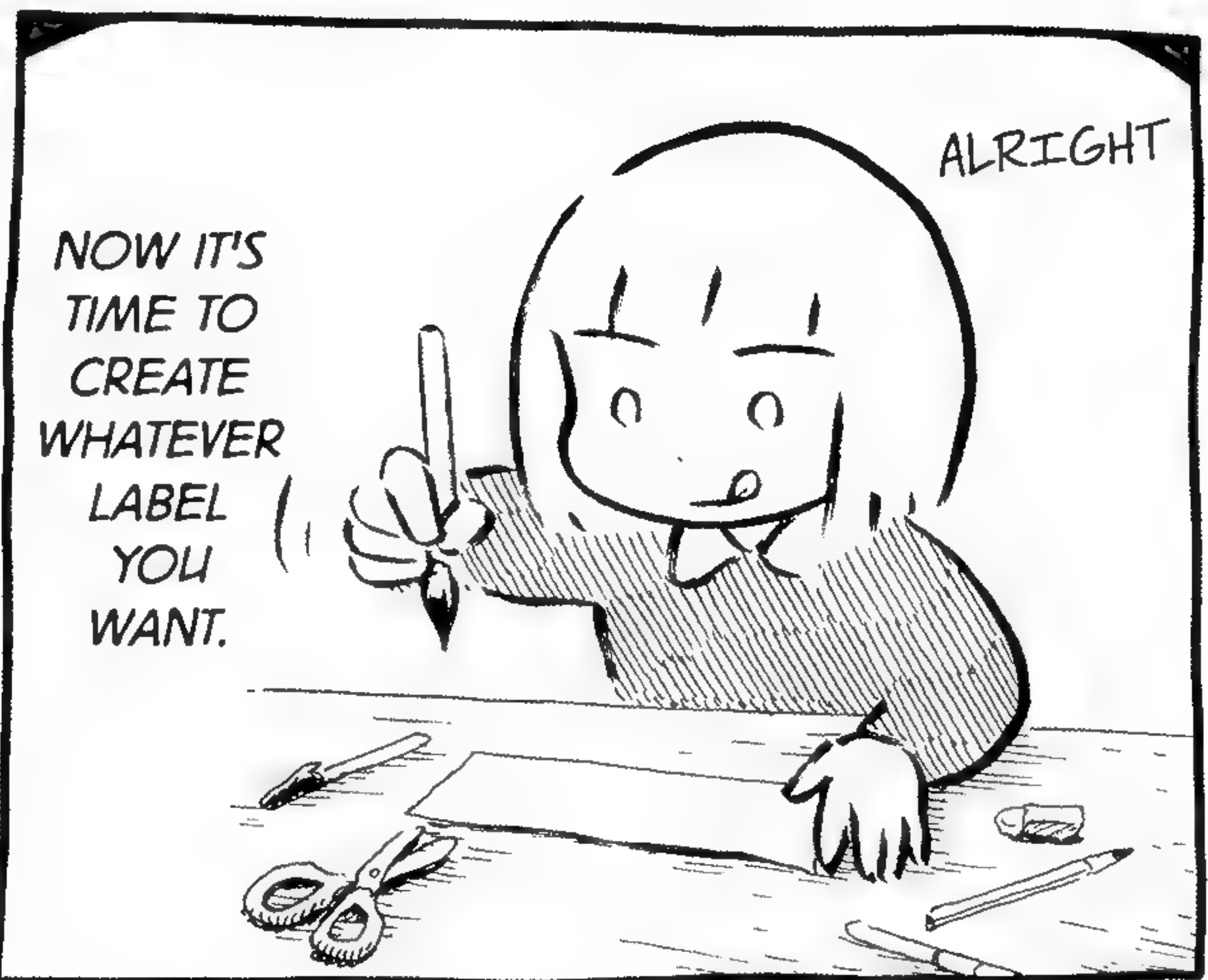
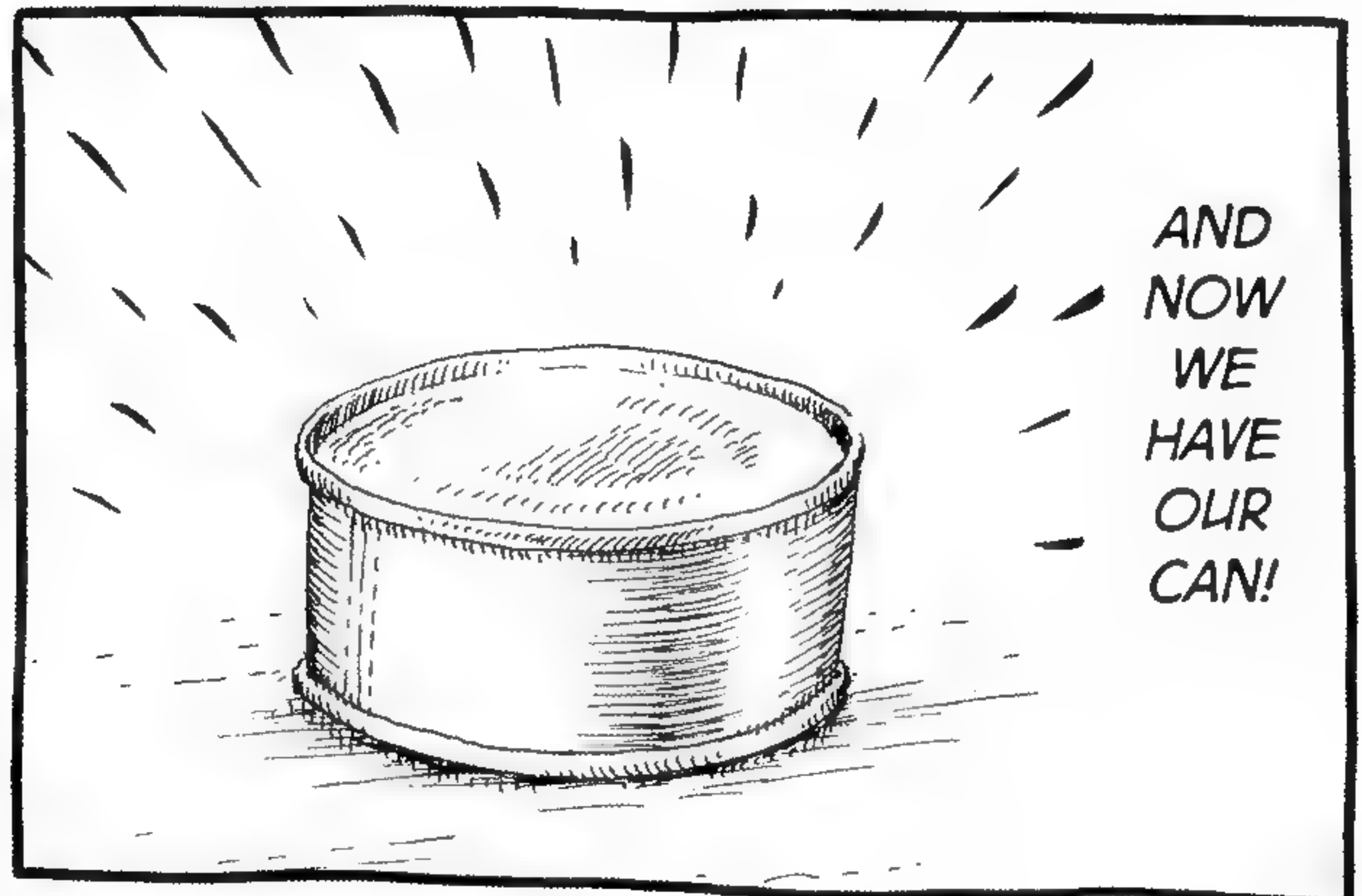
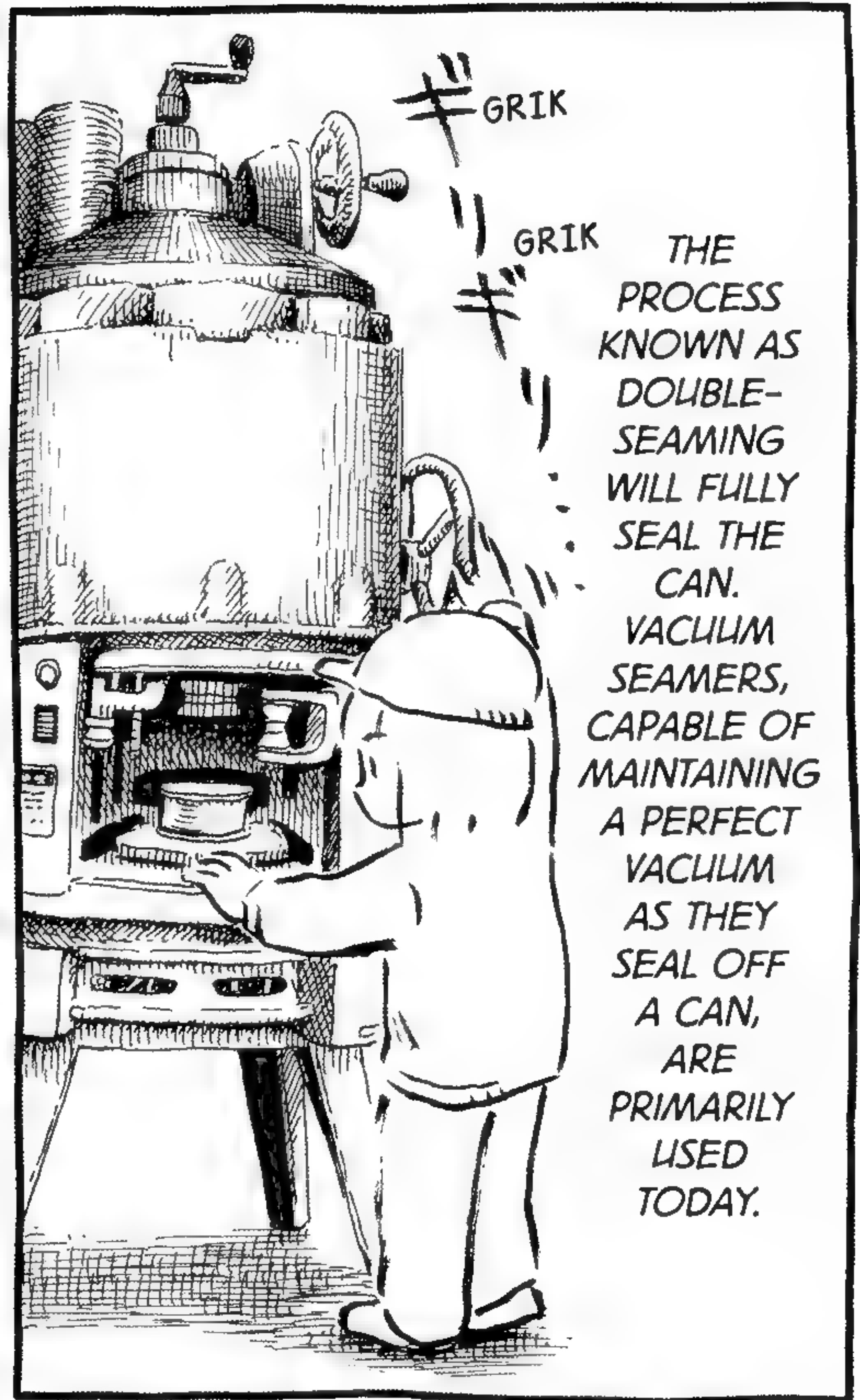
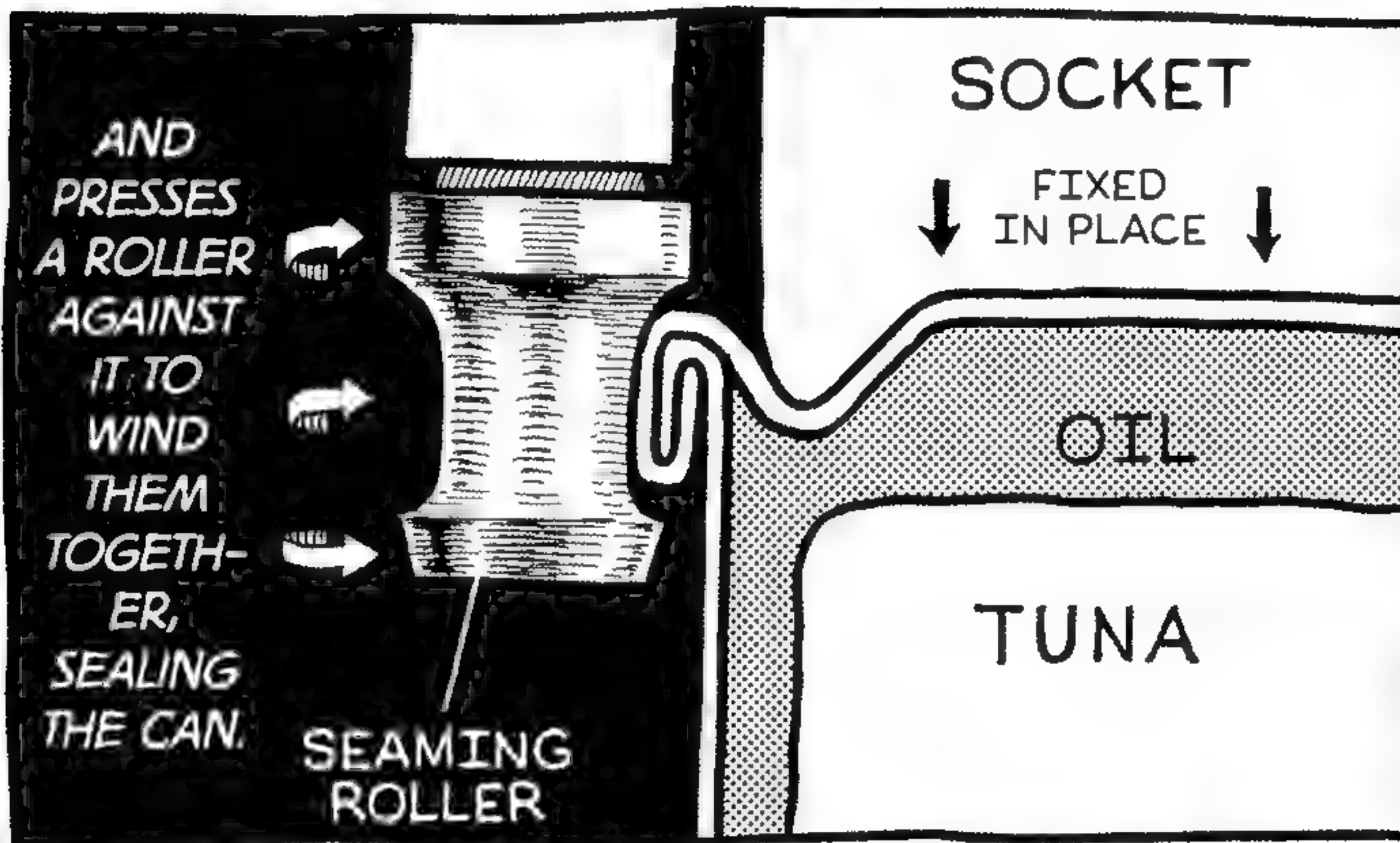
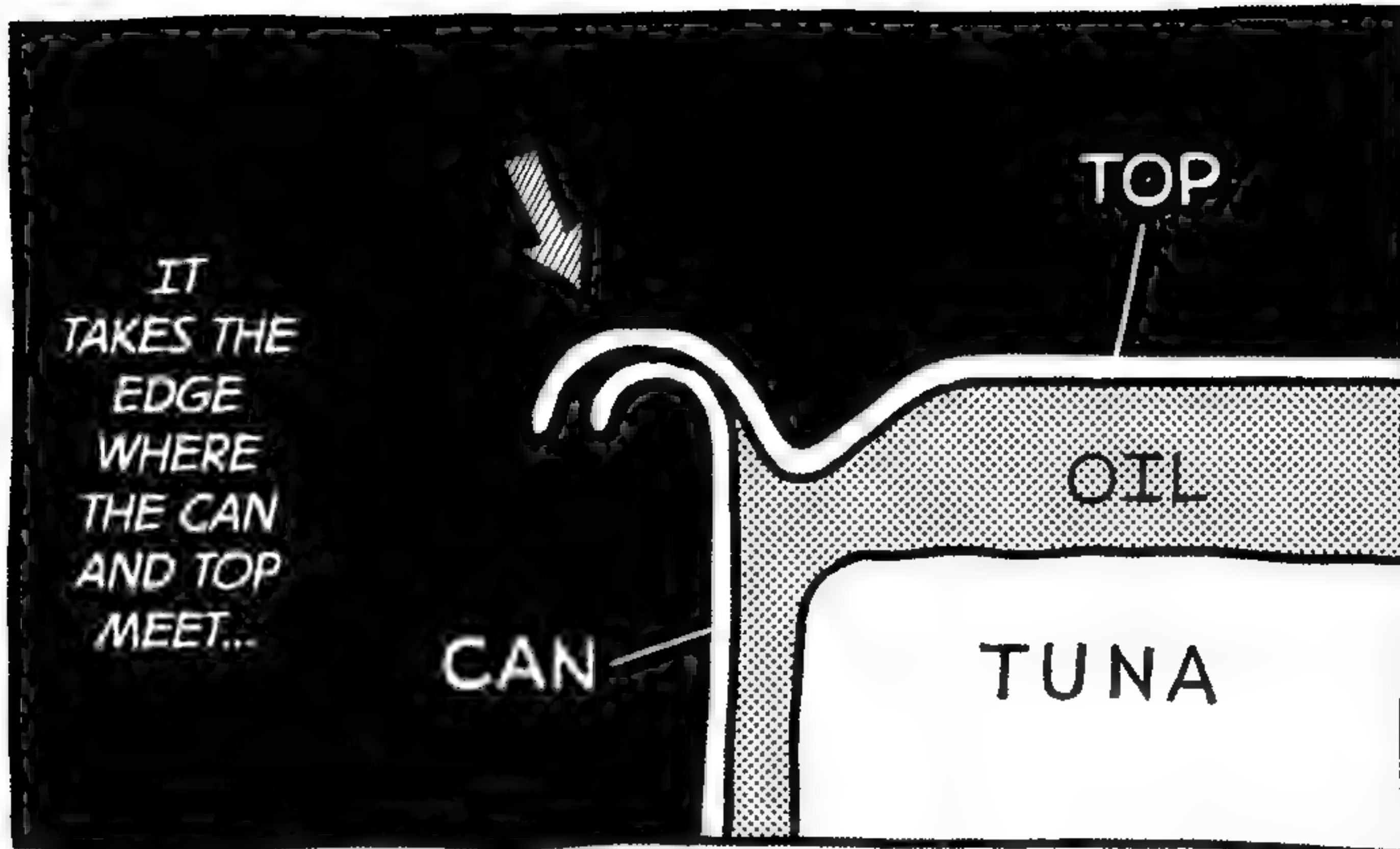
WHILE SOME SEASON LIGHTLY, ASSUMING THAT IT WILL BE EATEN WITH CONDIMENTS LIKE MAYONNAISE;

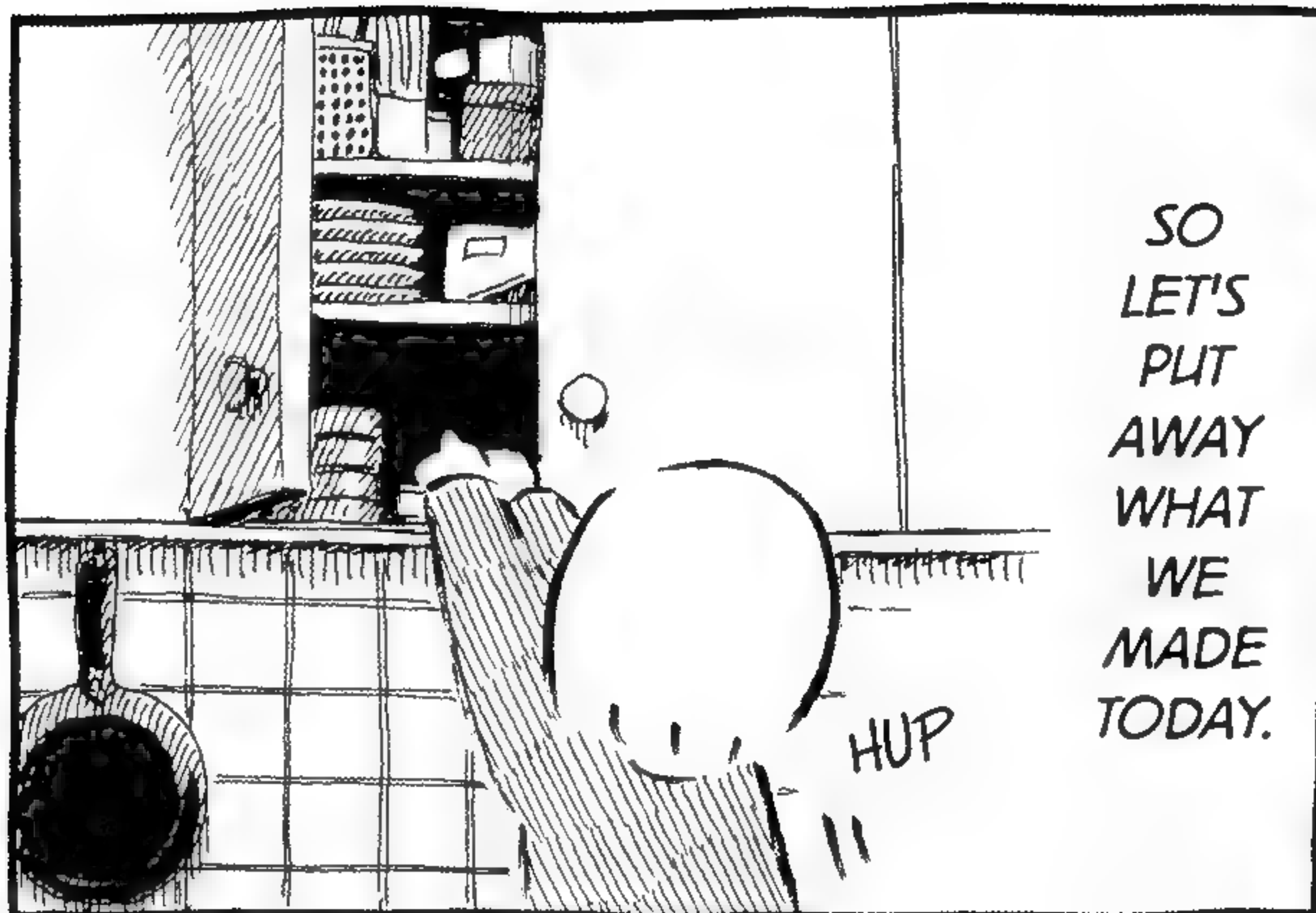


SEALING A CAN WILL REQUIRE PROCESSING IT WITH A SPECIALIZED DEVICE KNOWN AS A CANNING MACHINE (A CAN SEAMER).

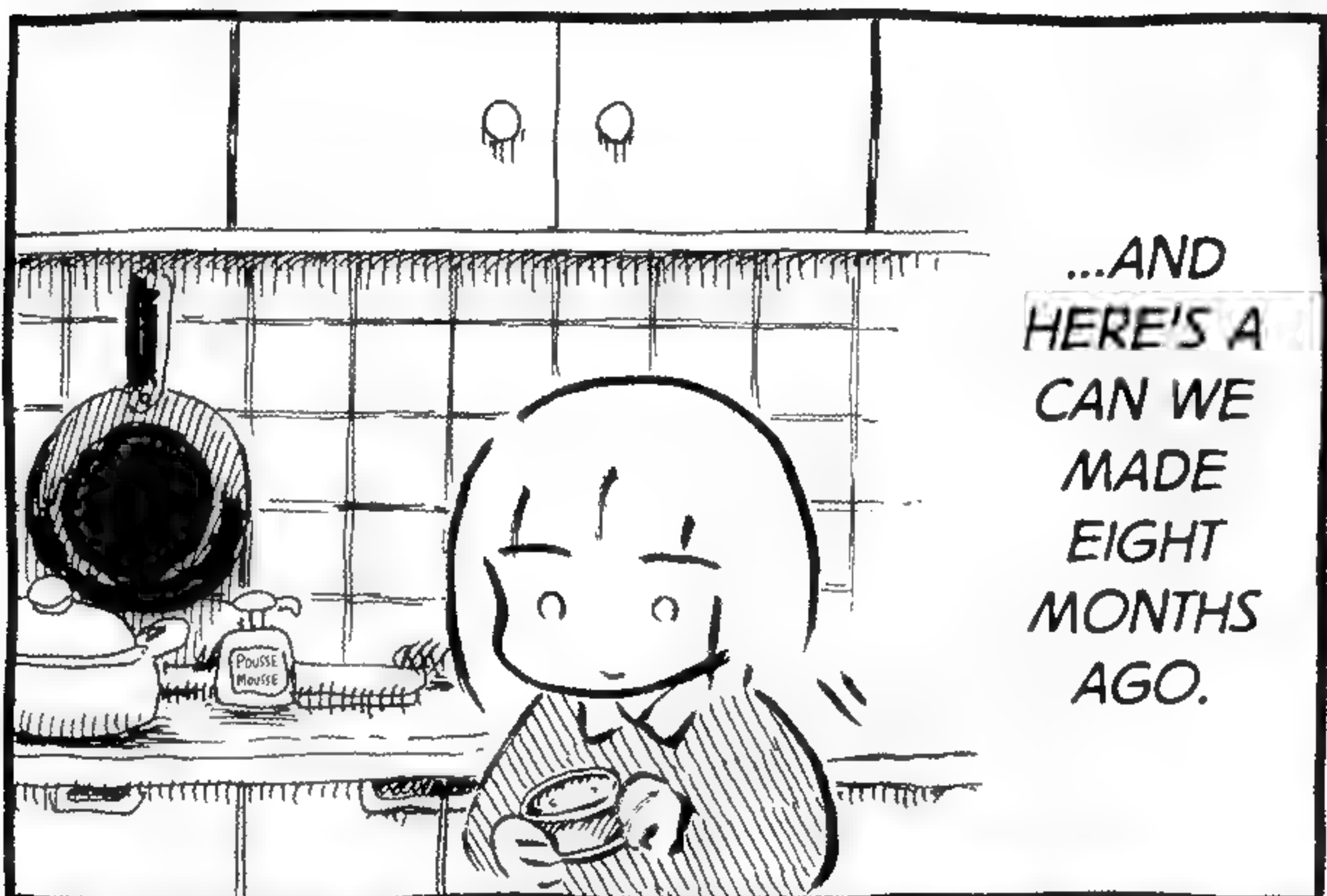


ALLOWING ANY AIR IN WILL RESULT IN A SHORTER SHELF LIFE, SO BE AS CAREFUL AS POSSIBLE.





SO
LET'S
PUT
AWAY
WHAT
WE
MADE
TODAY.

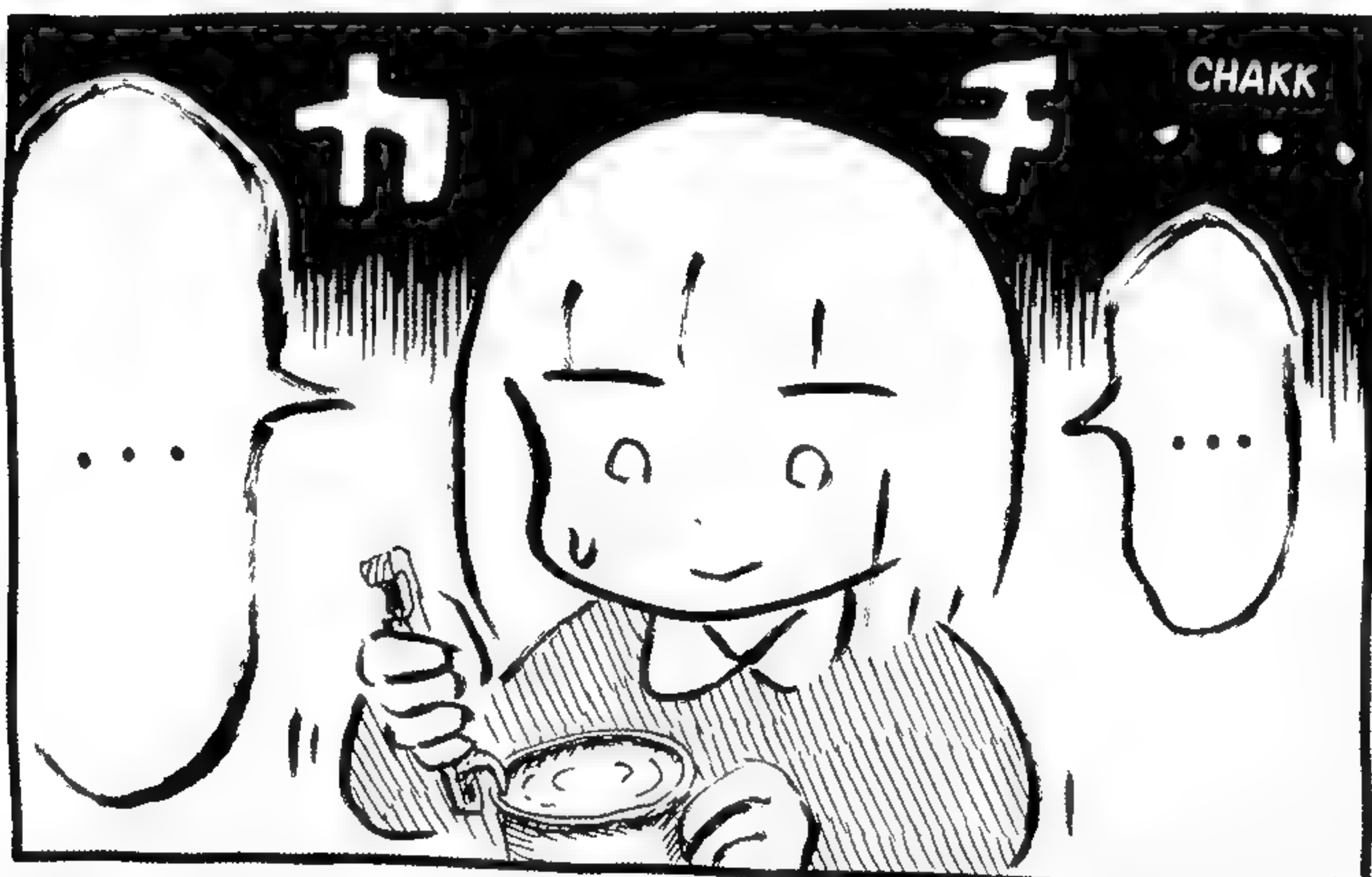


...AND
HERE'S A
CAN WE
MADE
EIGHT
MONTHS
AGO.



IT'S SAID
IT TAKES
ABOUT
4-8 MONTHS
FOR THE OIL
IN THE TUNA
AND OIL
TO COME
TOGETHER
AS ONE.
IT'LL TASTE
BETTER IF
YOU LET IT
SIT FOR
A NICE,
LONG TIME.

THIS IS DUE TO THIS CAN BEING FANCY (SOLID) TUNA. CHUNK TUNA SHOULD BE READY TO EAT AFTER 3-6 MONTHS. THESE STANDARDS ALSO APPLY TO STORE-BOUGHT CANS, SO YOU CAN TELL WHEN IT'S READY TO EAT BASED ON THE PRODUCTION DATE.



CHAKK



AL-
RIGHT!

THE VIGOR
ONE NEEDS
TO OVERCOME
THIS HESITATION
IS TRULY THE
GREATEST SPICE
OF ALL WHEN
IT COMES TO
HOME-MADE
TUNA CANS.

WHAT A
WASTE!



GAAH

BUT SHOULD
YOU REALLY
BE EATING
IT TODAY?
THERE'S A
CERTAIN KIND OF
INDESCRIBABLE
FEELING OF
REGRET YOU GET
WHEN PRYING
OPEN A CAN
YOU SLAVED OVER
YOURSELF.

On canned food... I always find myself checking the canned food aisle whenever I pass it in the supermarket, and one day I discovered a can labeled *Akebono Bamboo-Shoot Flavored Salmon*. Just as its name suggests, it contains a mix of salmon and bamboo shoots, and I bought it out of curiosity. I recall it not having any kind of particularly surprising flavor, but salmon and bamboo shoots did strike me as a mysterious combination.

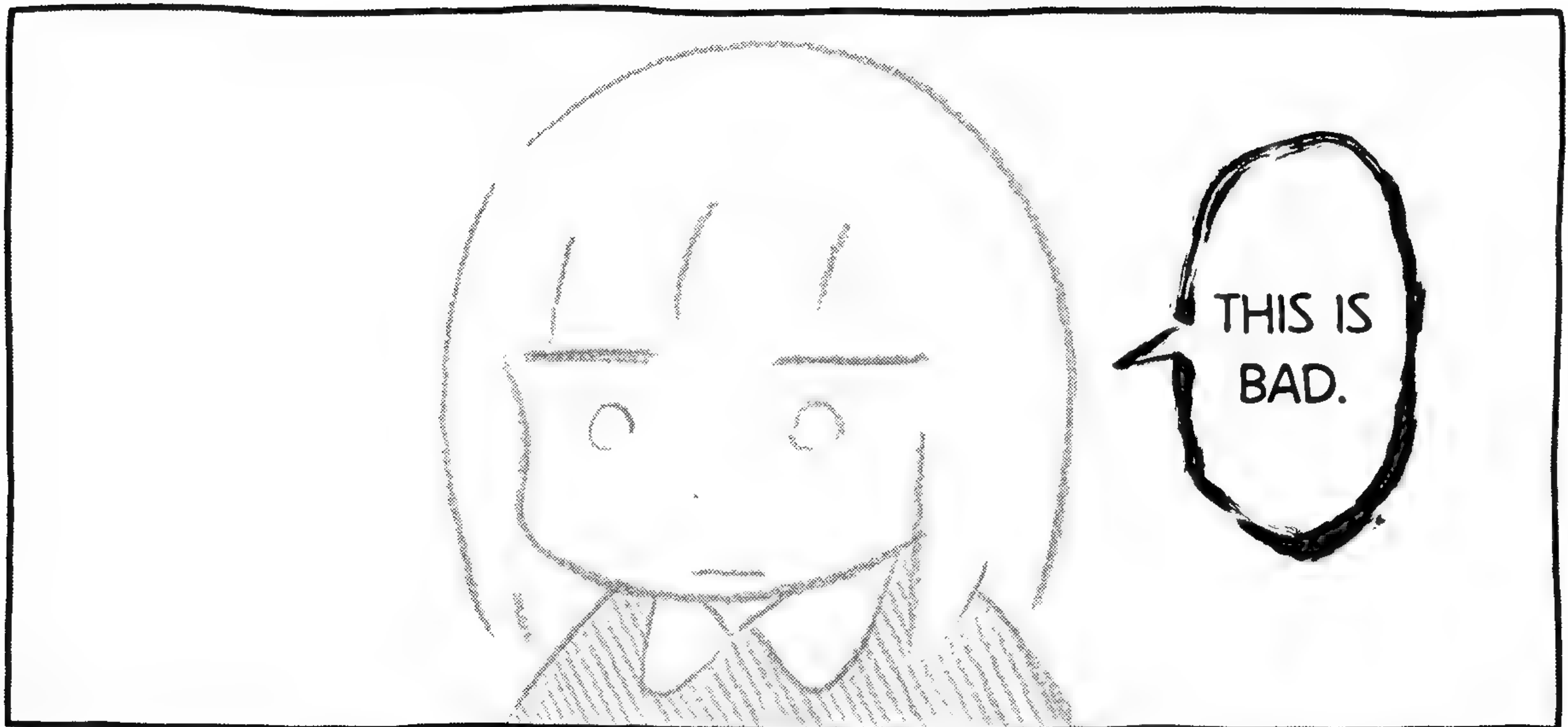
Ever since that day, though, I haven't once been able to find it. When I talked to people I know about them, their reaction was to doubt whether these cans really exist. I started to even think that maybe I'd made it all up in a dream, but I actually have the can with me. I washed it and kept it because I thought it was so unusual. I'm certain that it exists... I checked online out of curiosity, and it seems to be a local canned good from Hokkaido. I don't know why a supermarket in the Greater Tokyo Area would have stocked it, but I guess it just happened to land in my hands.

Most items like that are labeled exclusive to some location to promote their local colors, but this salmon and bamboo shoot can looks almost identical to Akebono's regular canned salmon. The only difference is a drawing of bamboo shoots placed in front of the salmon on its label. You barely notice that it's there, and it makes me think that it must be a regular part of life up North in Hokkaido. Not that I know if it really is or not.

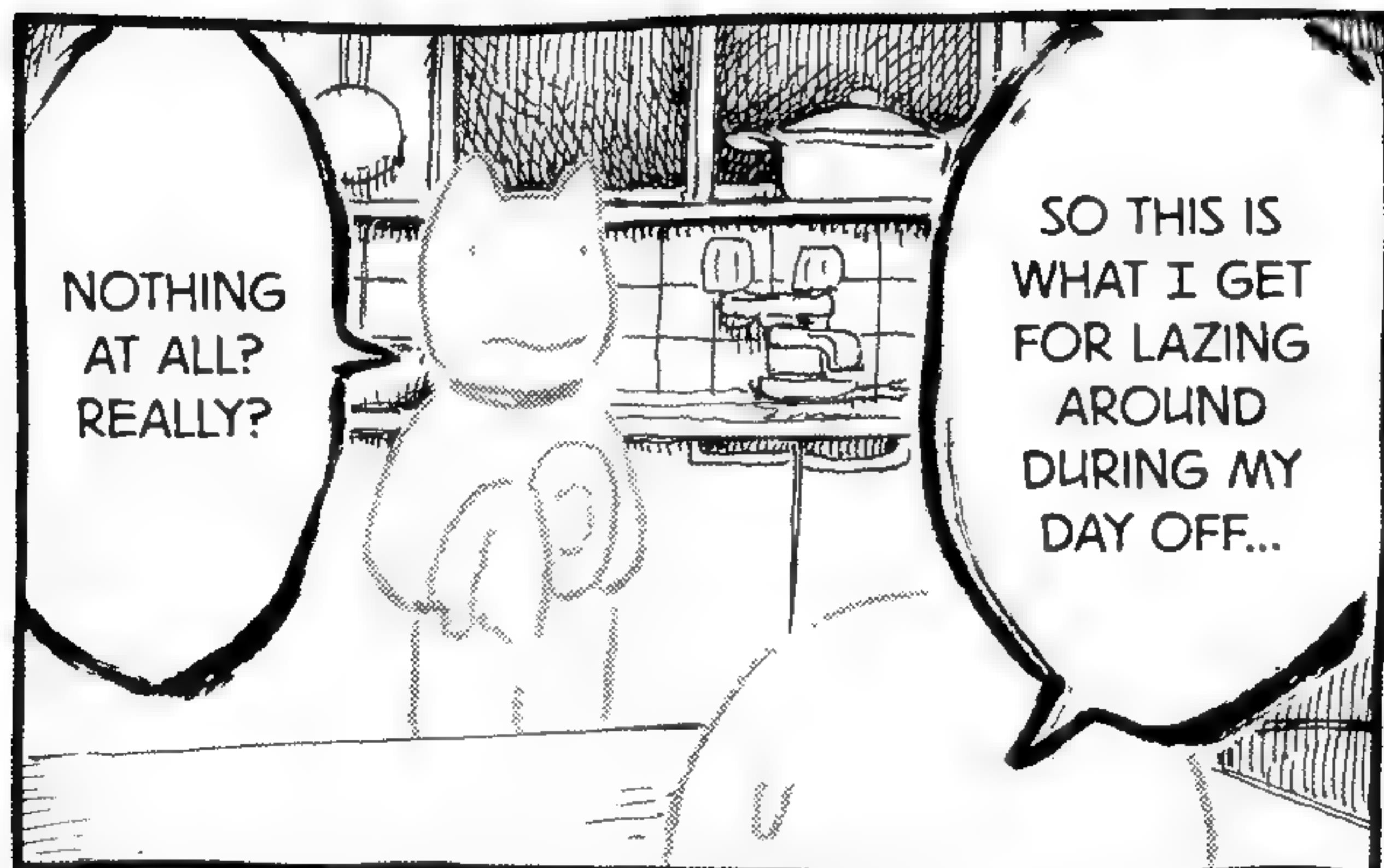
I've ended up using a lot of words to talk about salmon and bamboo shoots...

On tuna cans... You might first think of bluefin tuna when you hear about canned tuna, but the general term tuna encompasses both bluefin and skipjack tuna. If anything, they say that skipjack is the more popular of the two globally. Could it be that Japanese people have unique taste preferences? The two have differences in the way they taste, so maybe it depends on the dish whether one is better than the other.

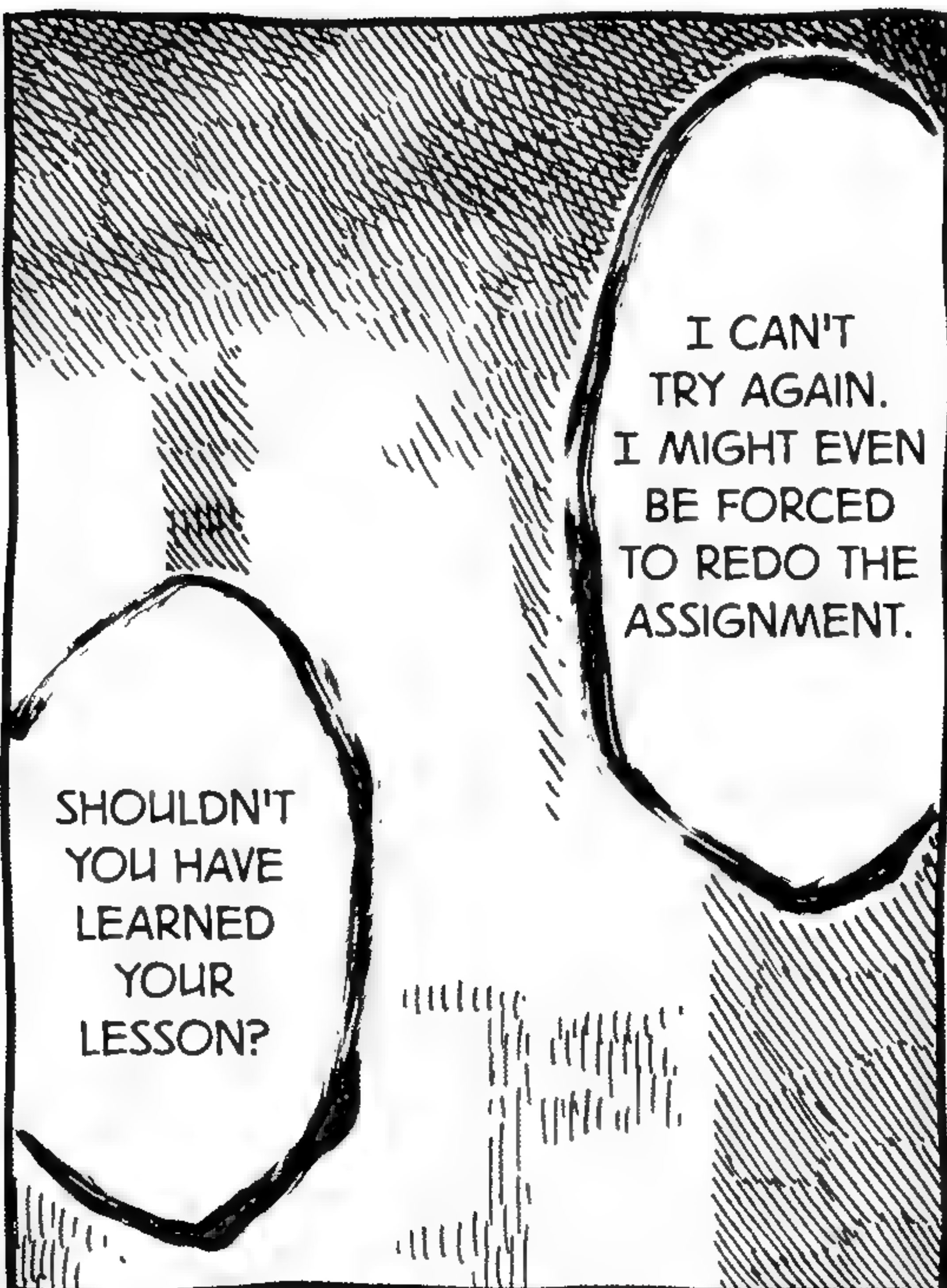
(From the afterword of "How to Can Goods")



How to Forge a Journal



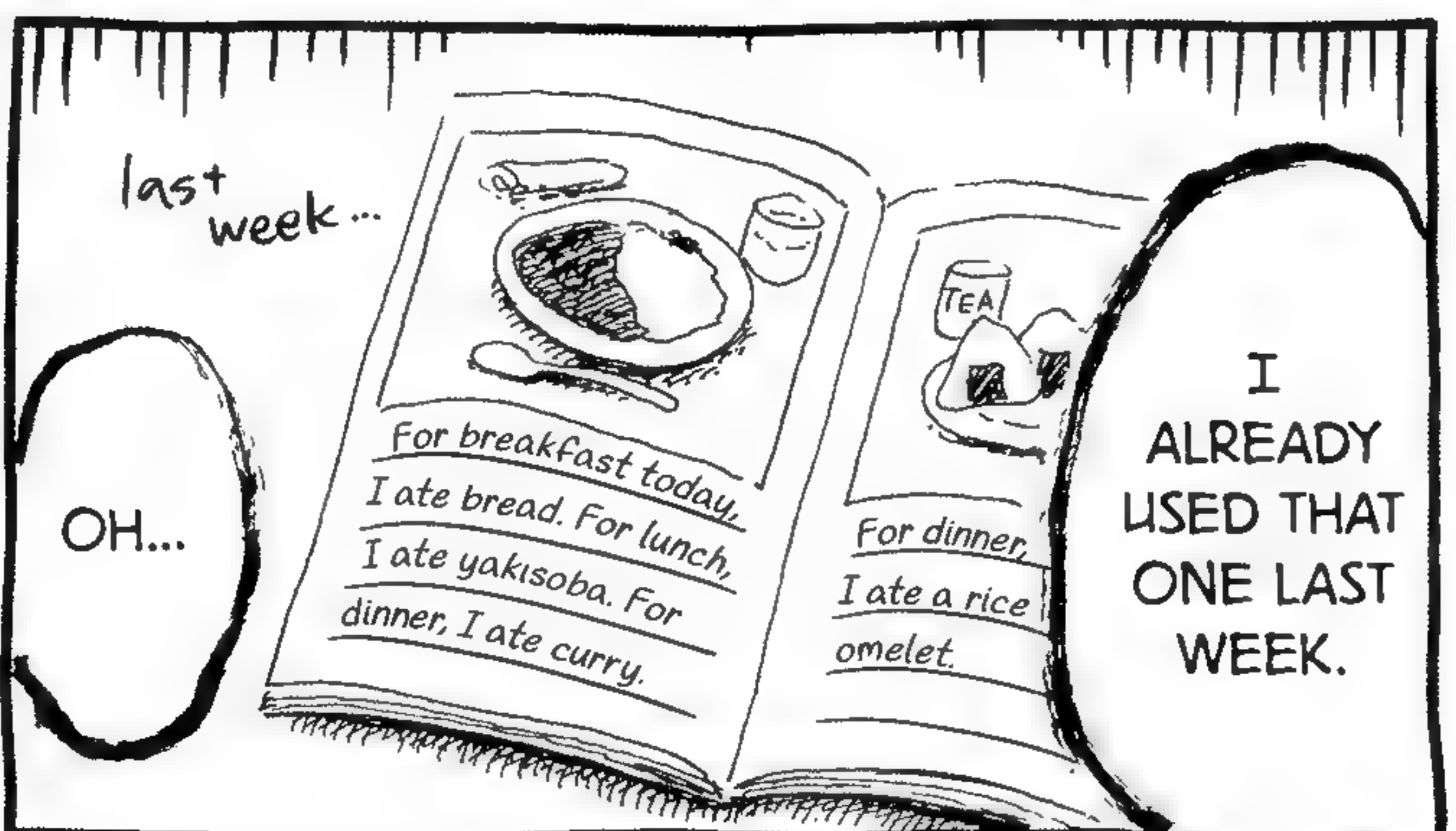
SO THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR LAZING AROUND DURING MY DAY OFF...



SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE LEARNED YOUR LESSON?



HMM... WELL, I ATE BREAKFAST, AND I ATE LUNCH, AND I ATE DINNER. THAT'S ABOUT IT...

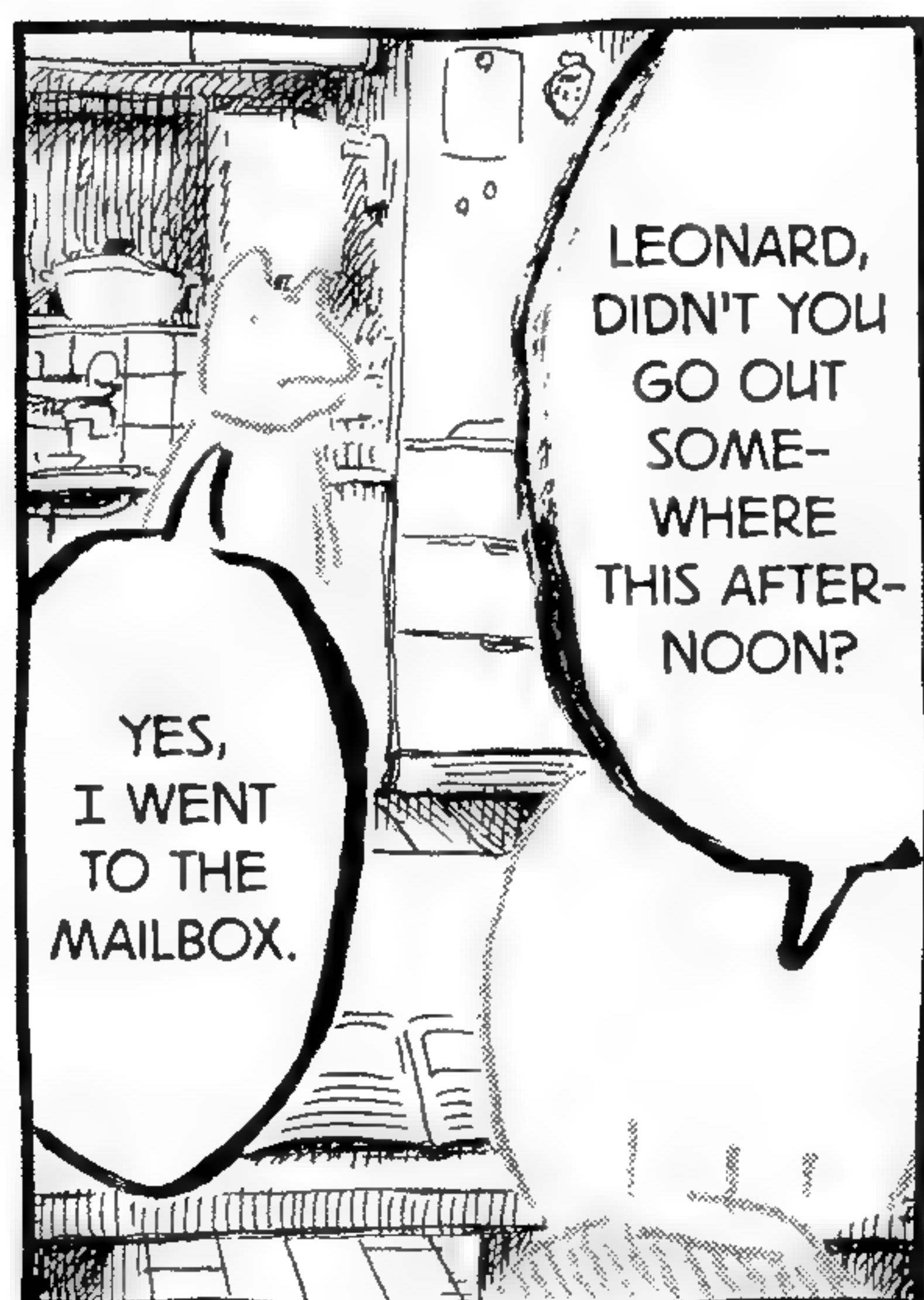
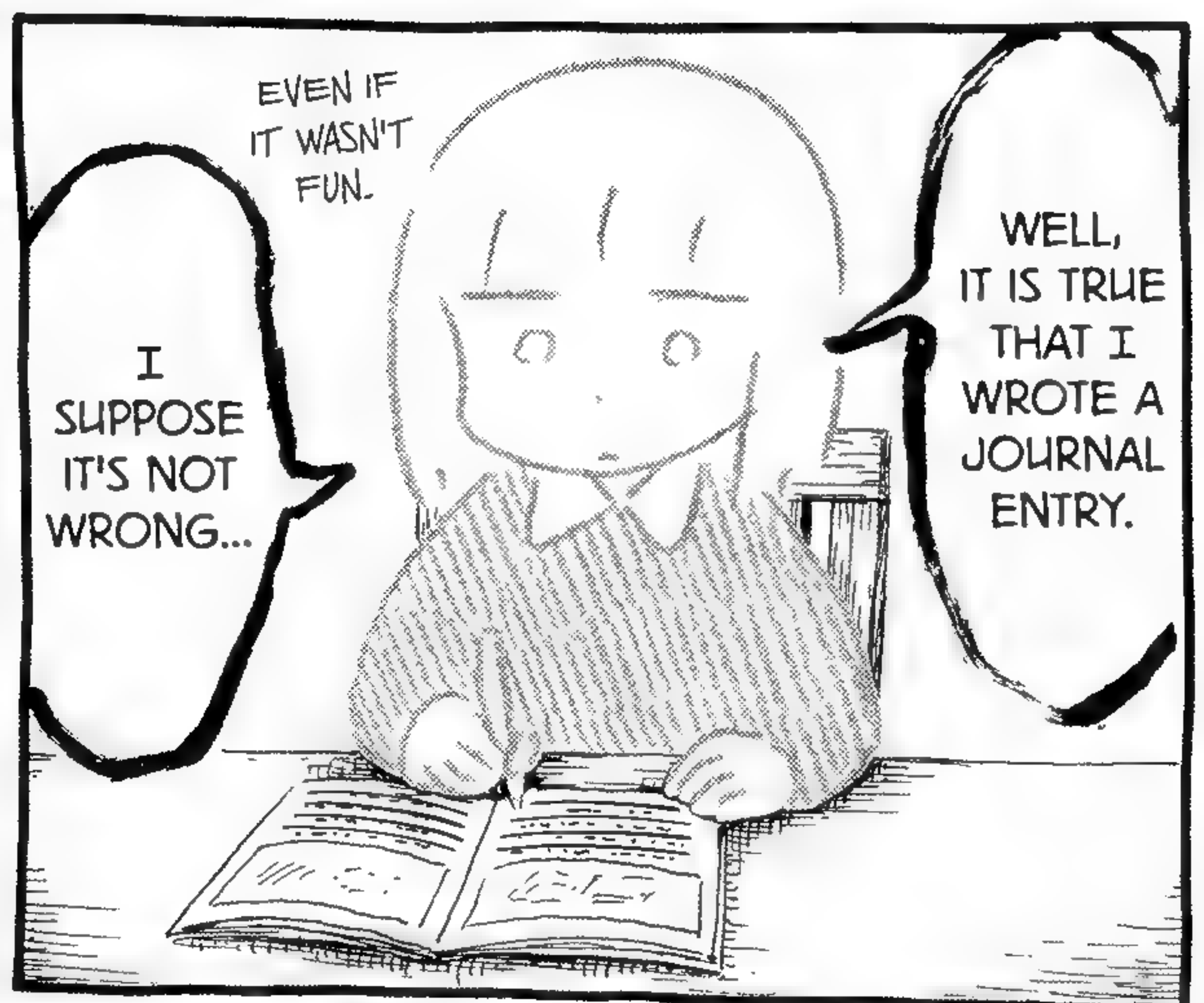
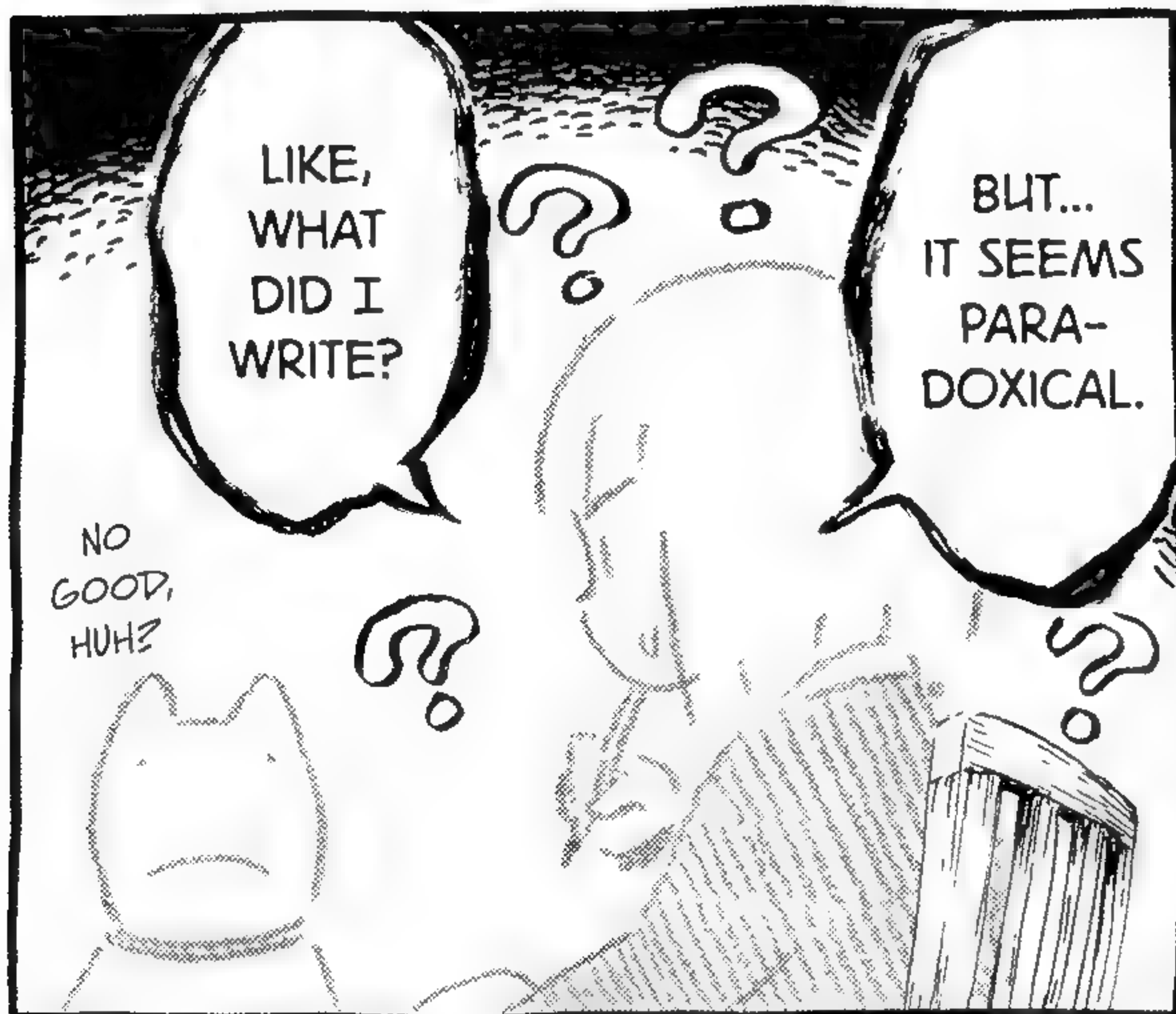
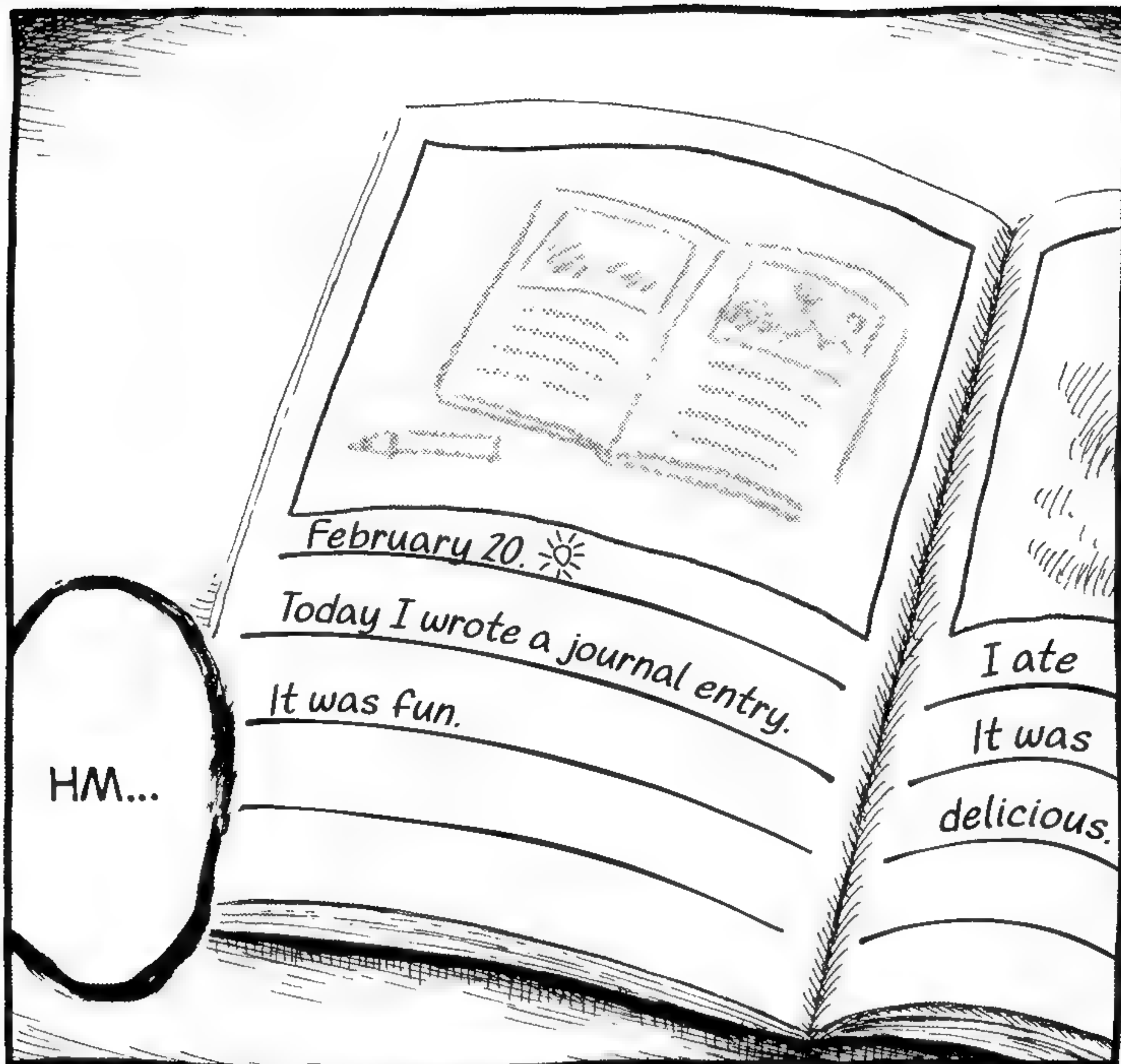


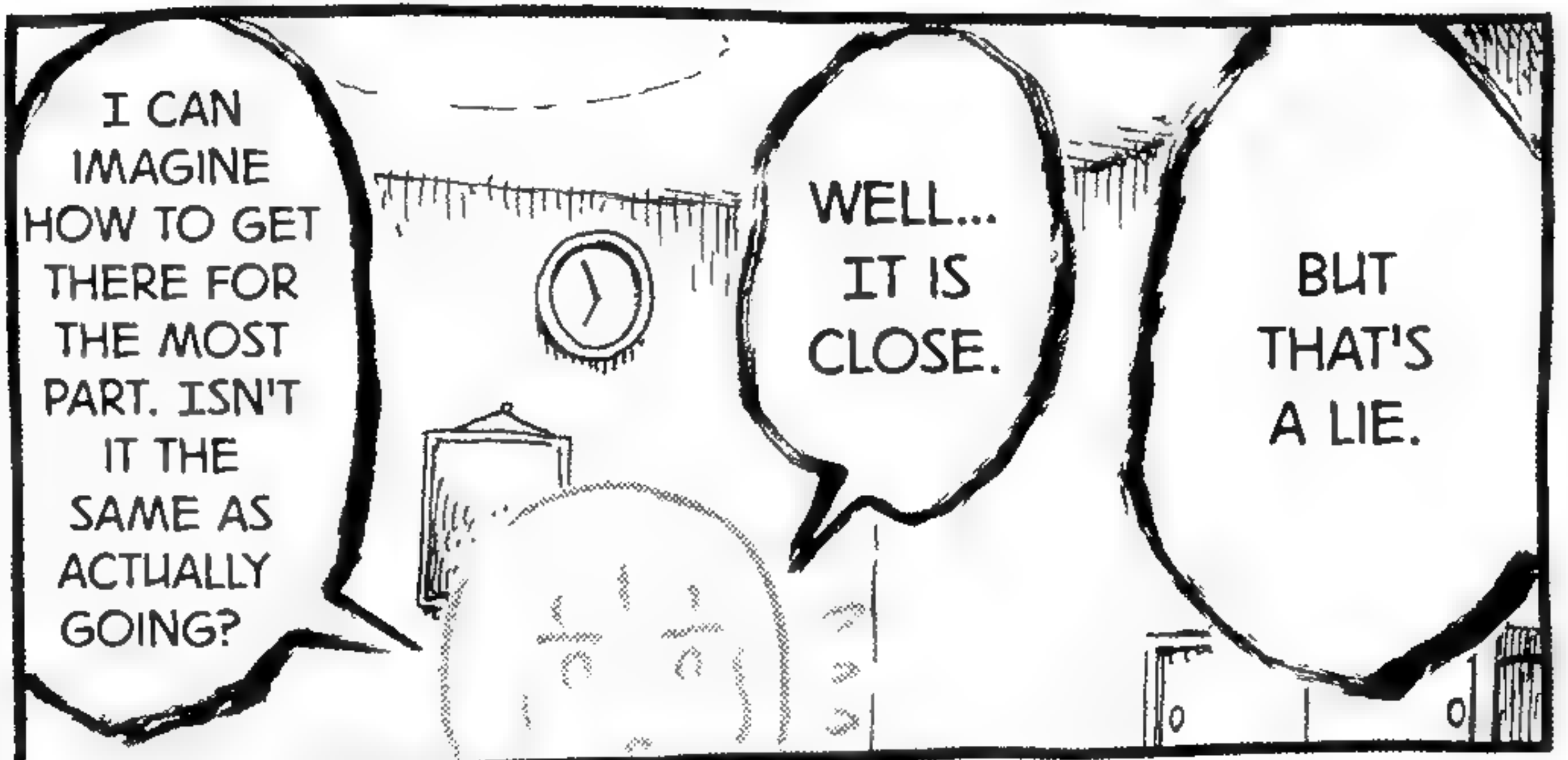
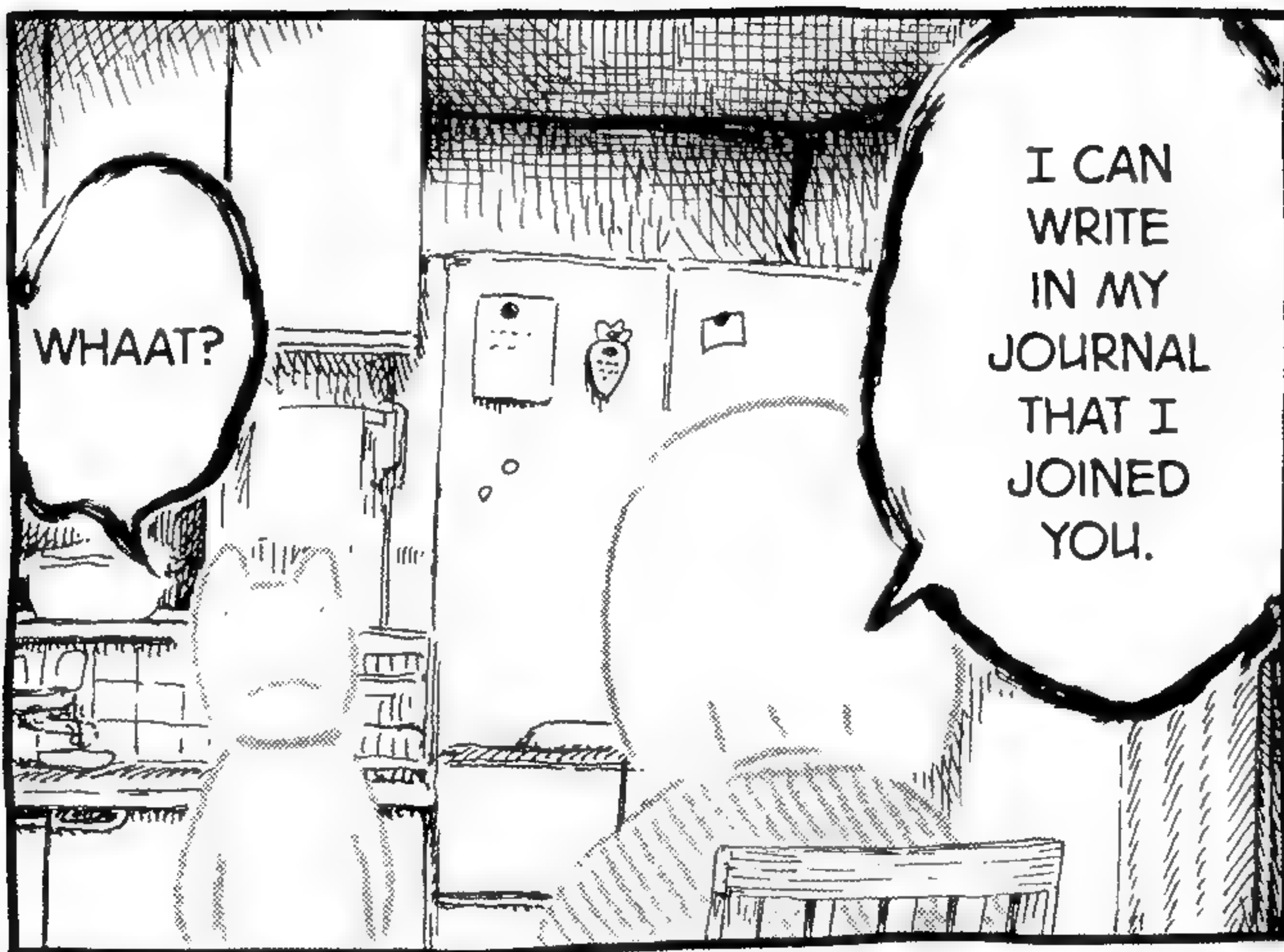
last week...

OH...

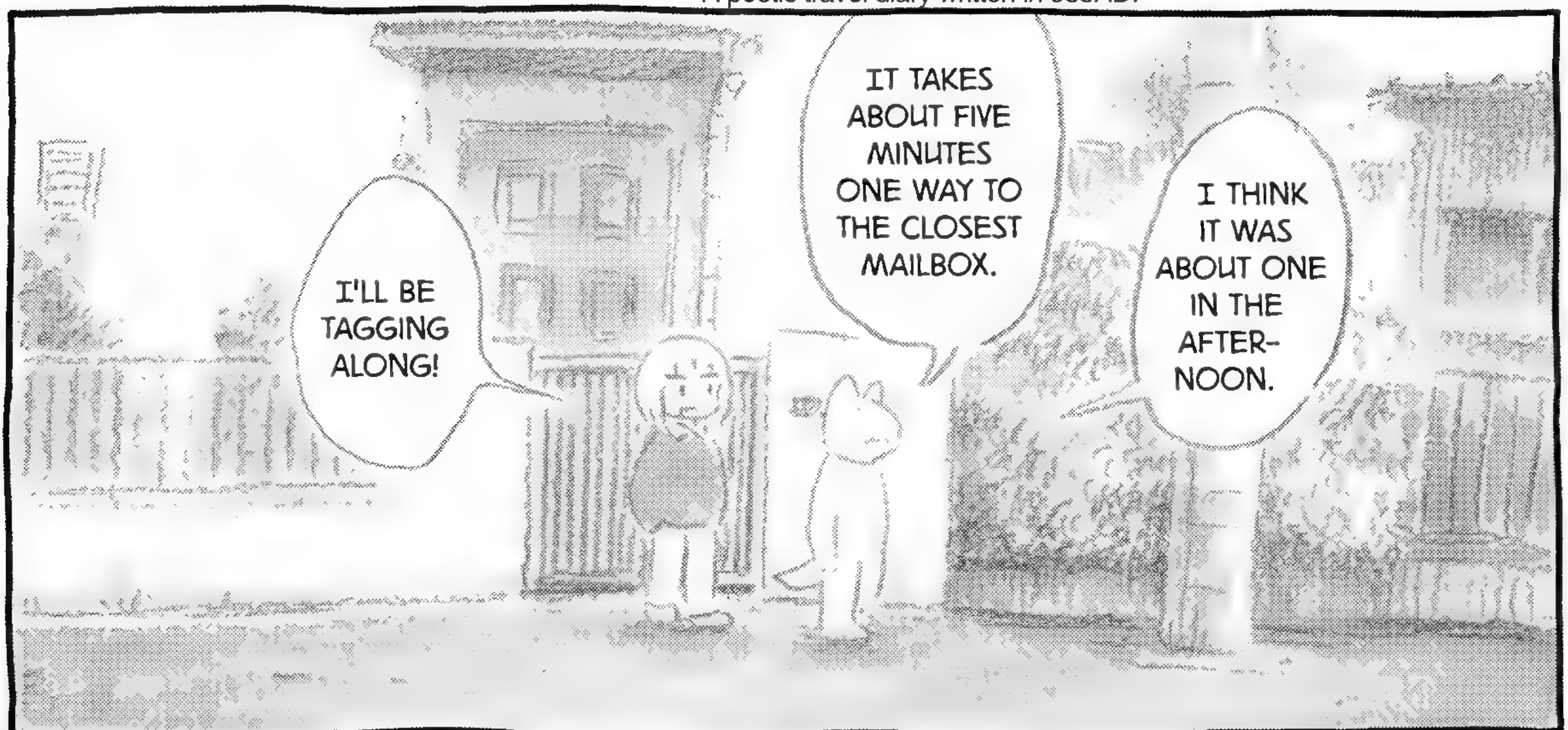
For breakfast today,
I ate bread. For lunch,
I ate yakisoba. For
dinner, I ate curry.

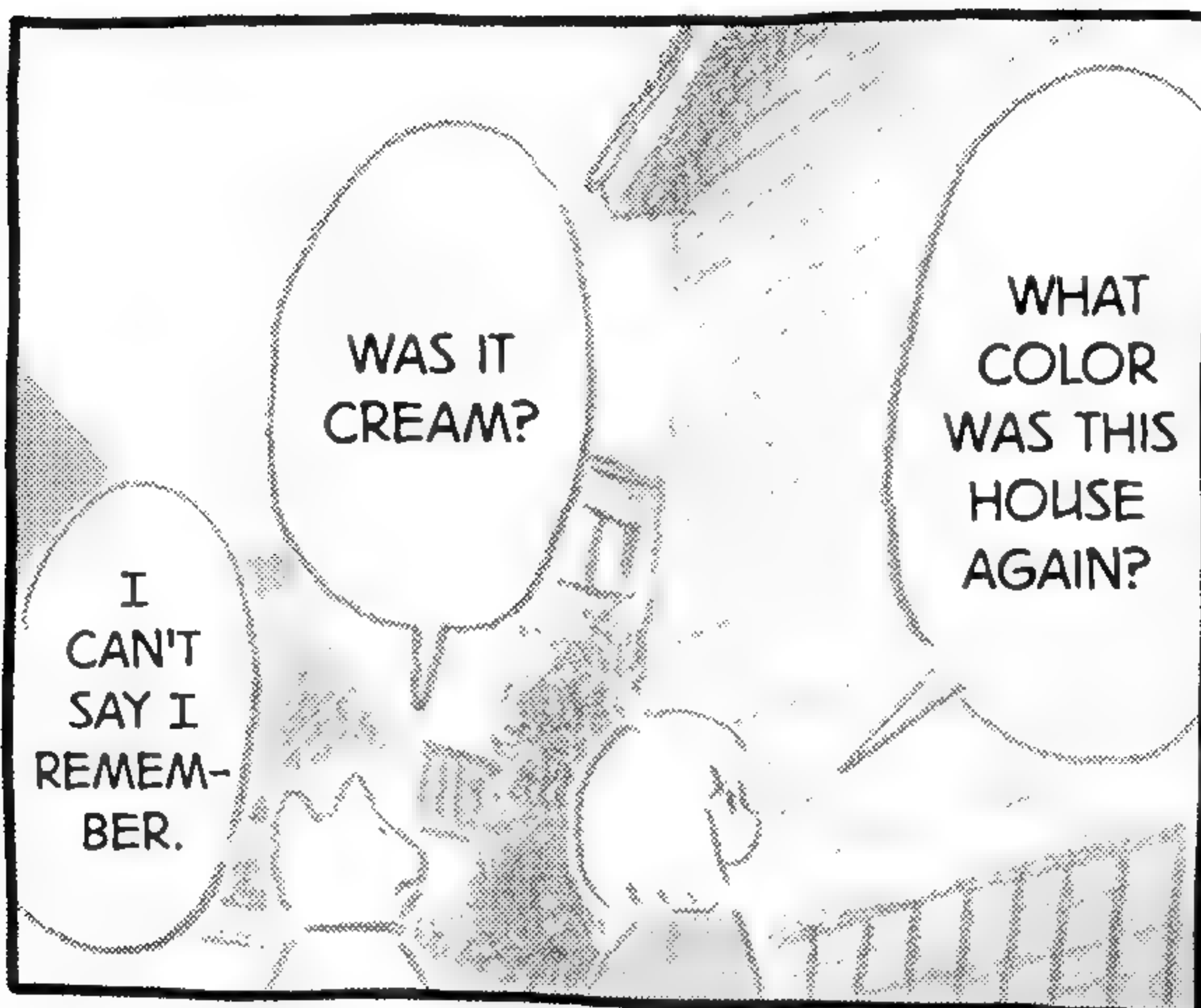
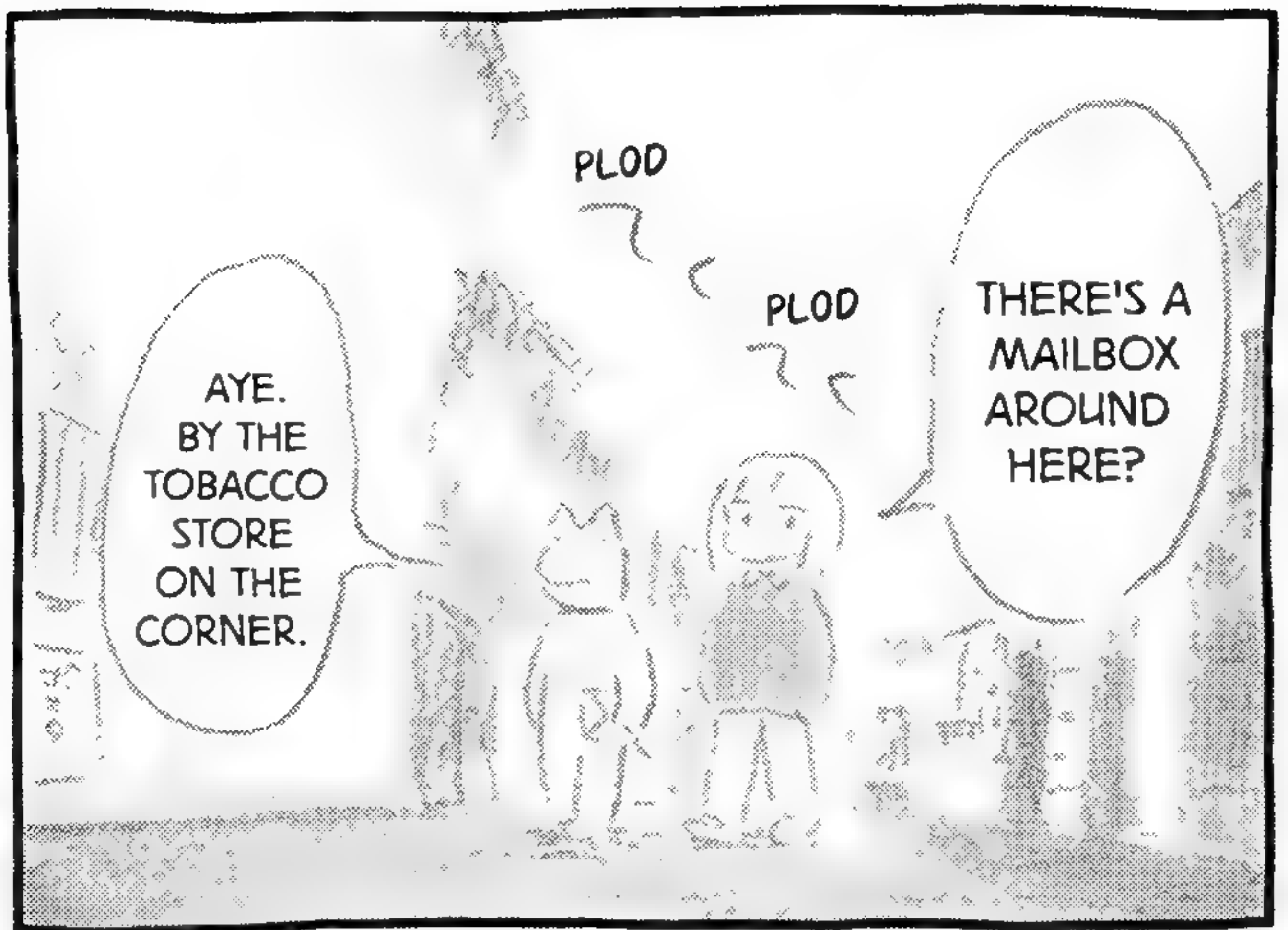
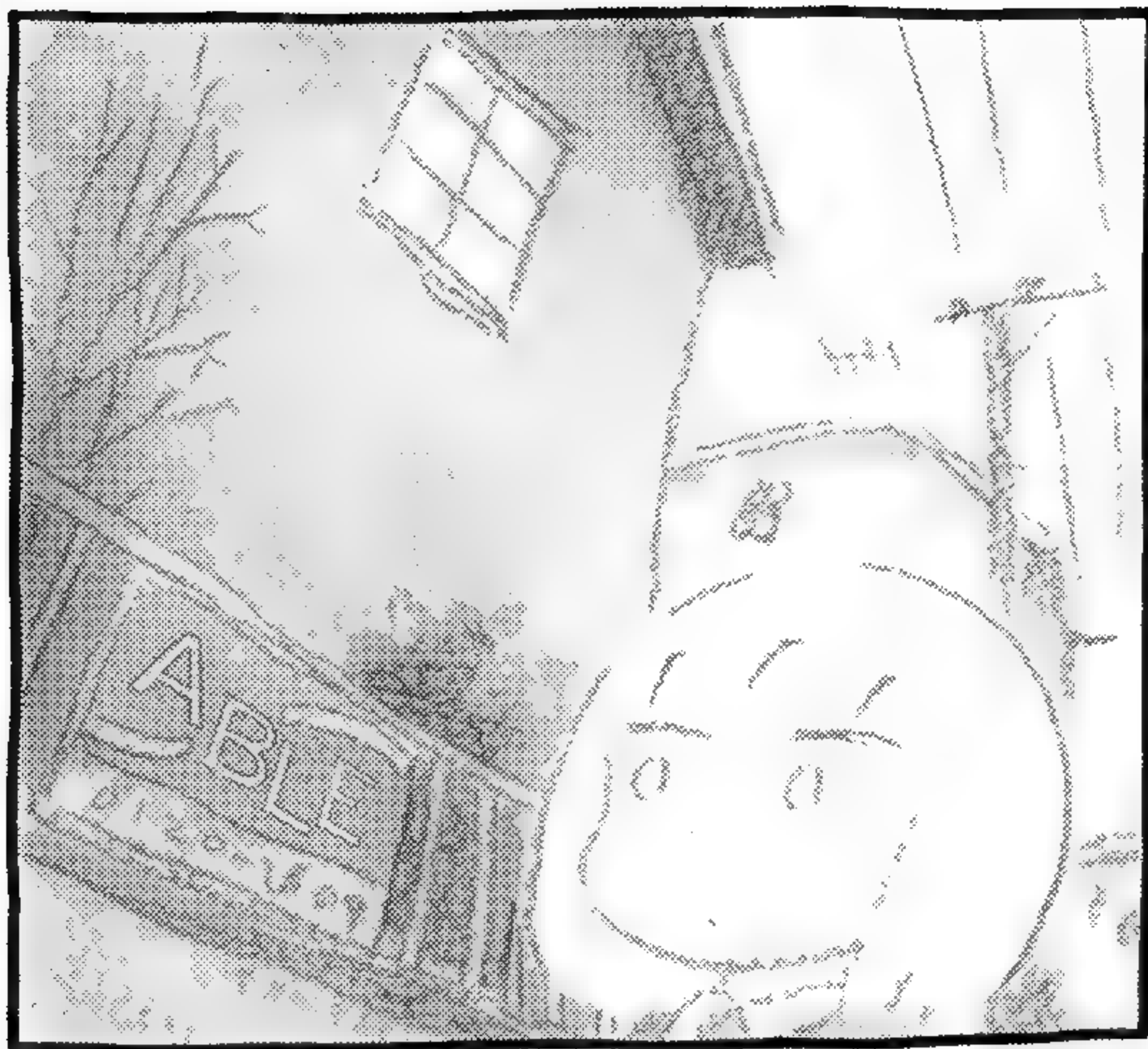
For dinner,
I ate a rice
omelet.

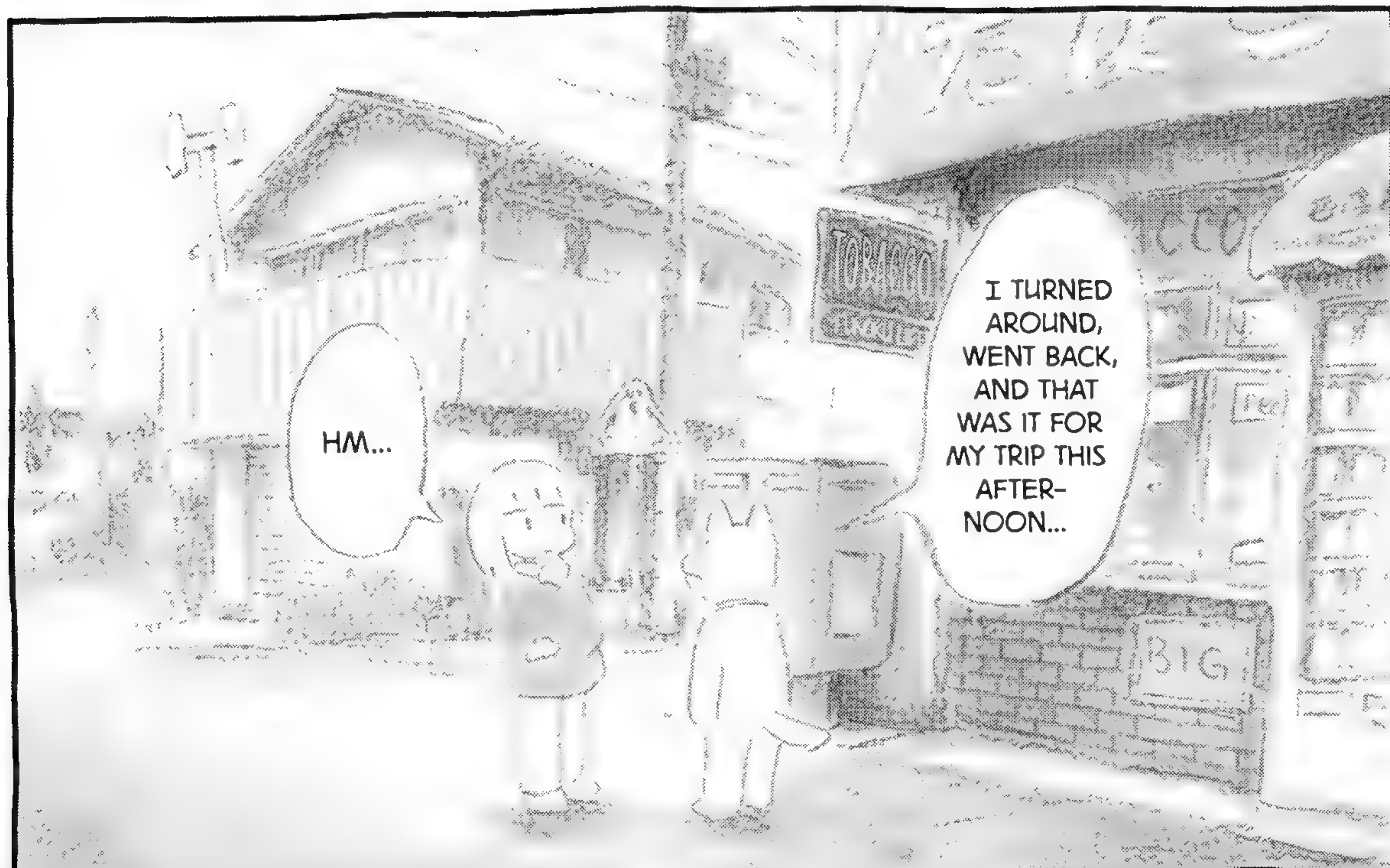
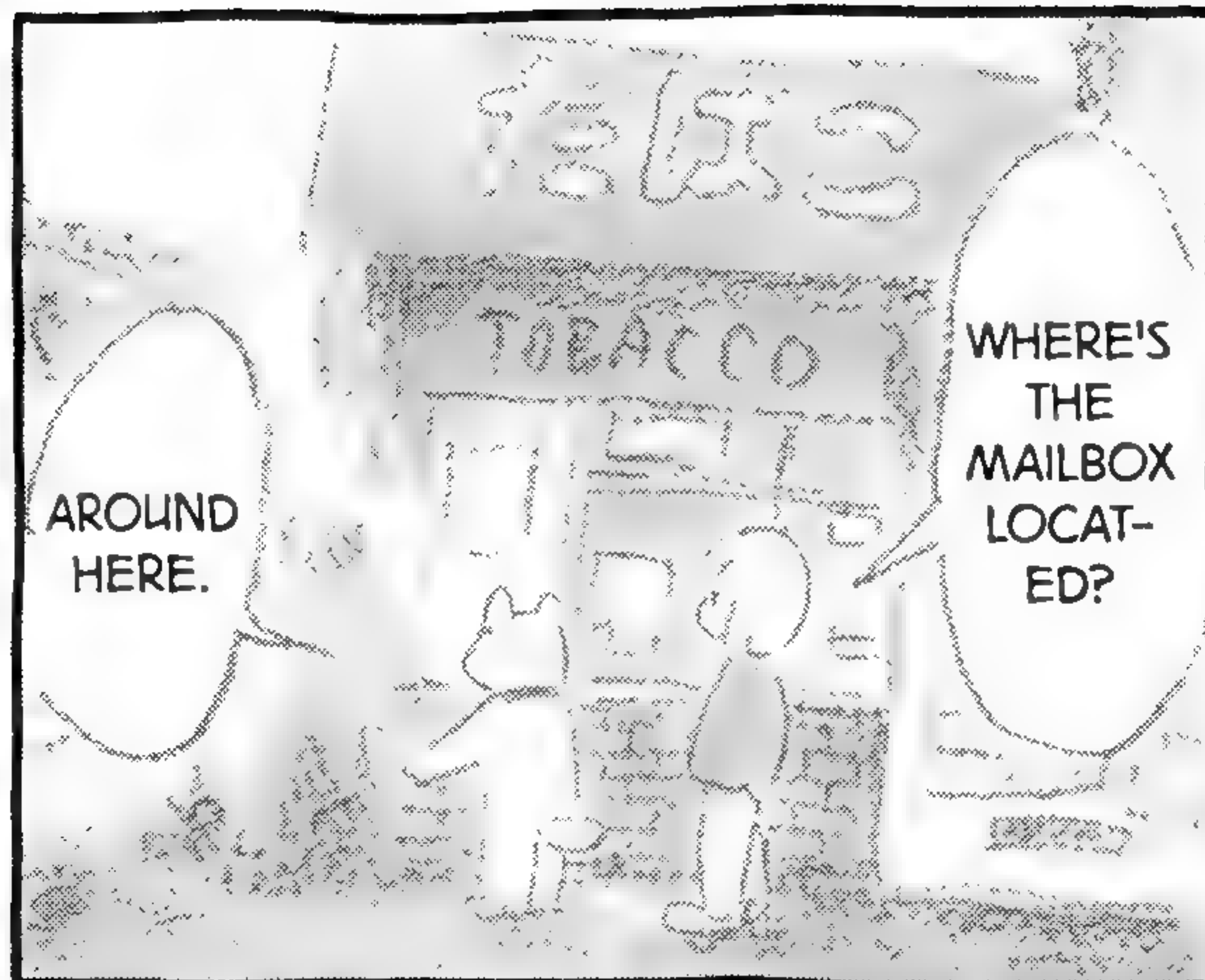
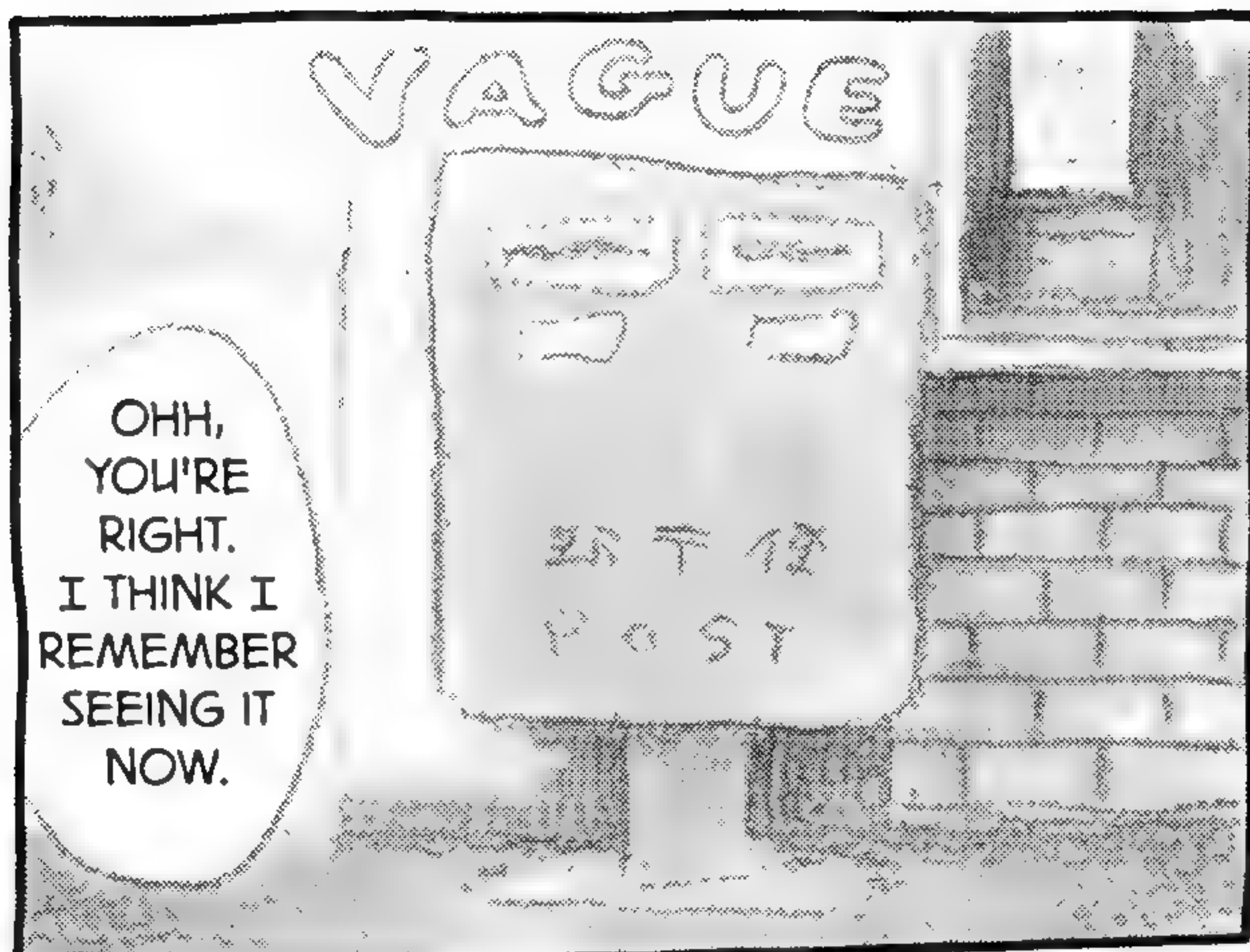




*A poetic travel diary written in 935AD.









HERE
IT IS...

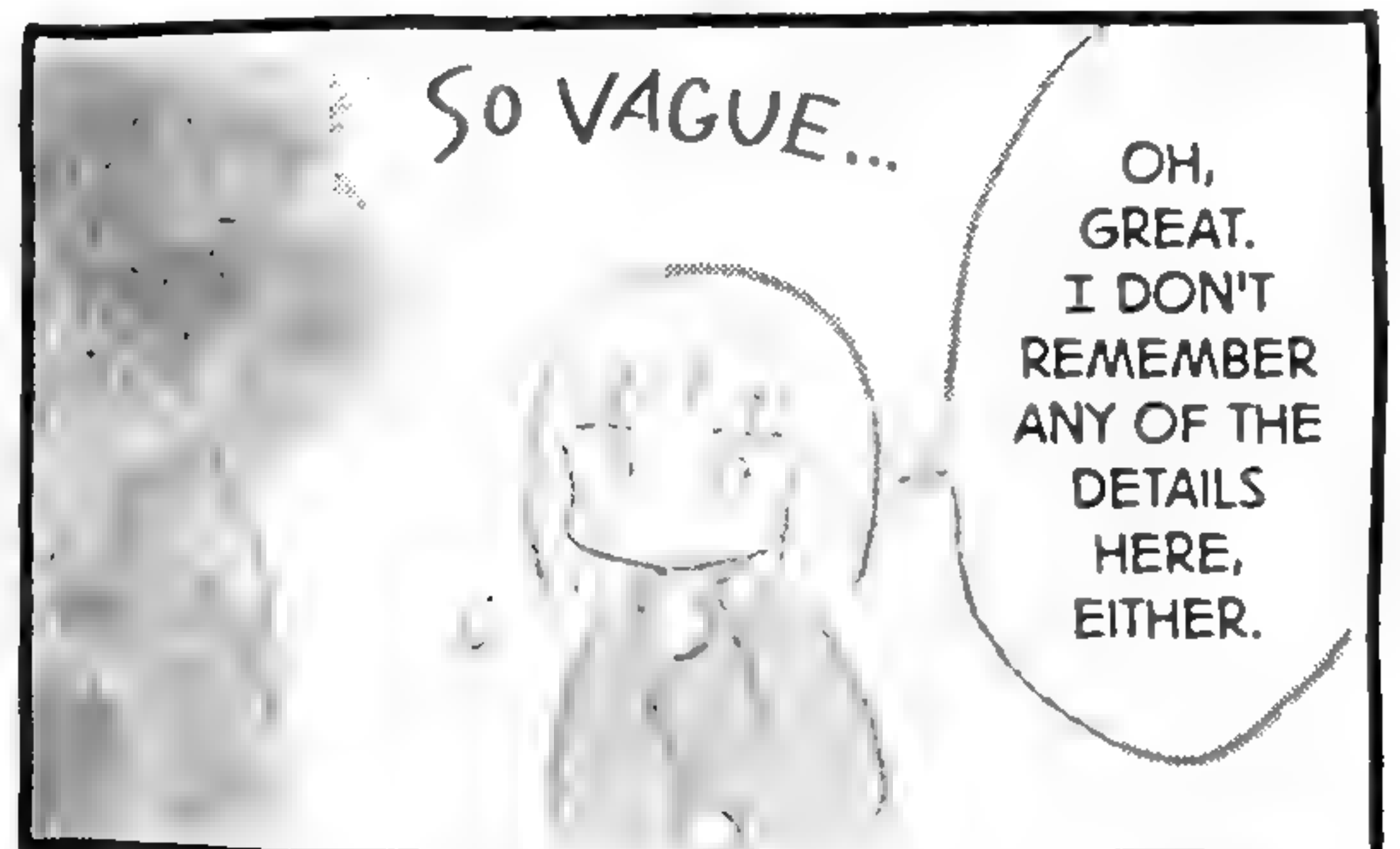


LET'S
PAY THEM
A VISIT.

WEREN'T
THERE
BUDDHIST
JIZO
STATUES
AROUND
HERE?



THE
SHRINE
PROBABLY
LOOKS
LIKE THIS,
AND...



SO VAGUE...

OH,
GREAT.
I DON'T
REMEMBER
ANY OF THE
DETAILS
HERE,
EITHER.

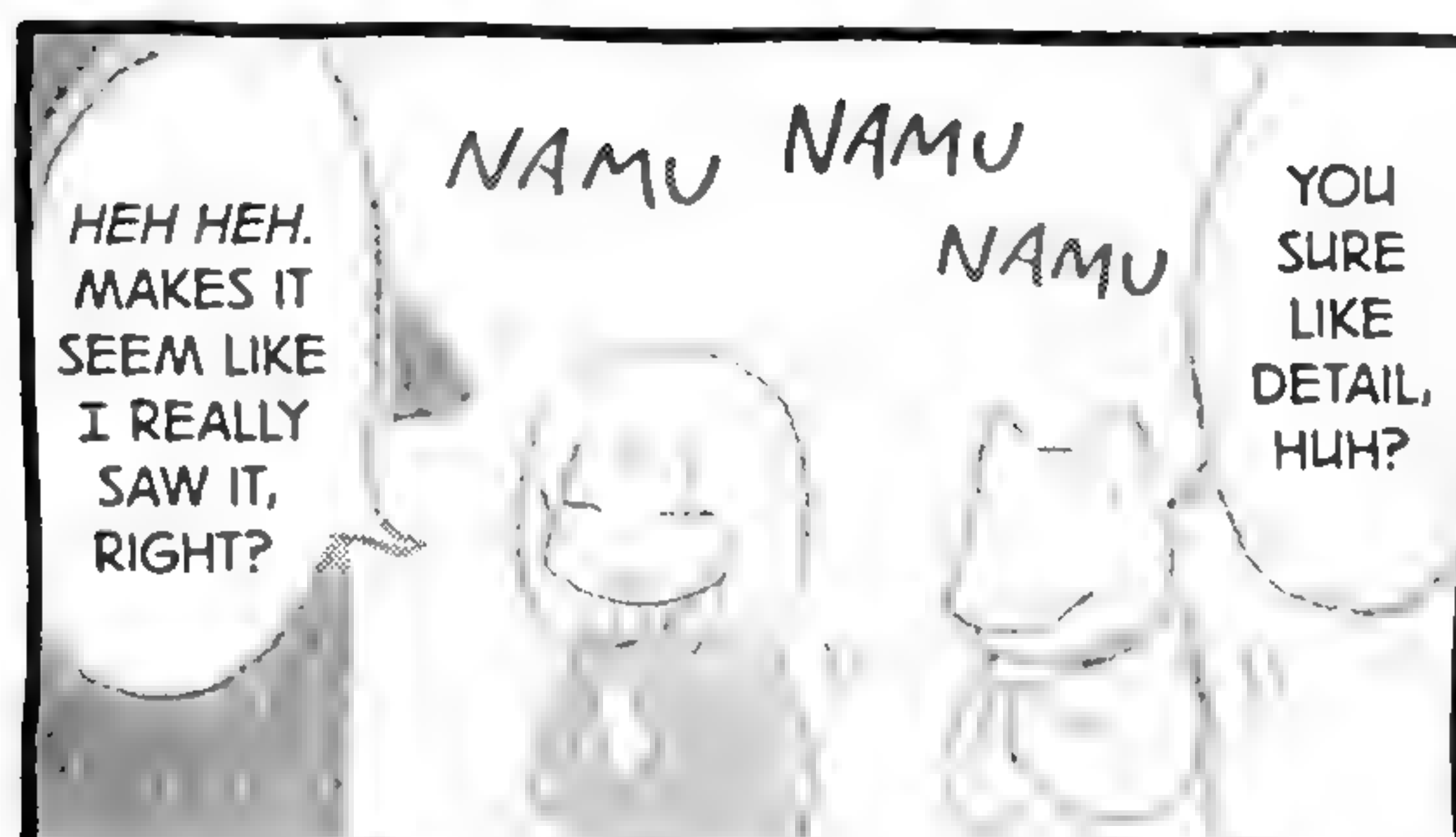


IT'S
NOT HARD,
THOUGH.
I'M PRETTY
SURE IT WAS
NOTHING
OUT OF THE
ORDINARY.

WELL,
IT'S NOT
NORMALLY
SOMETHING
YOU STARE
AT AND
FOCUS
ON.



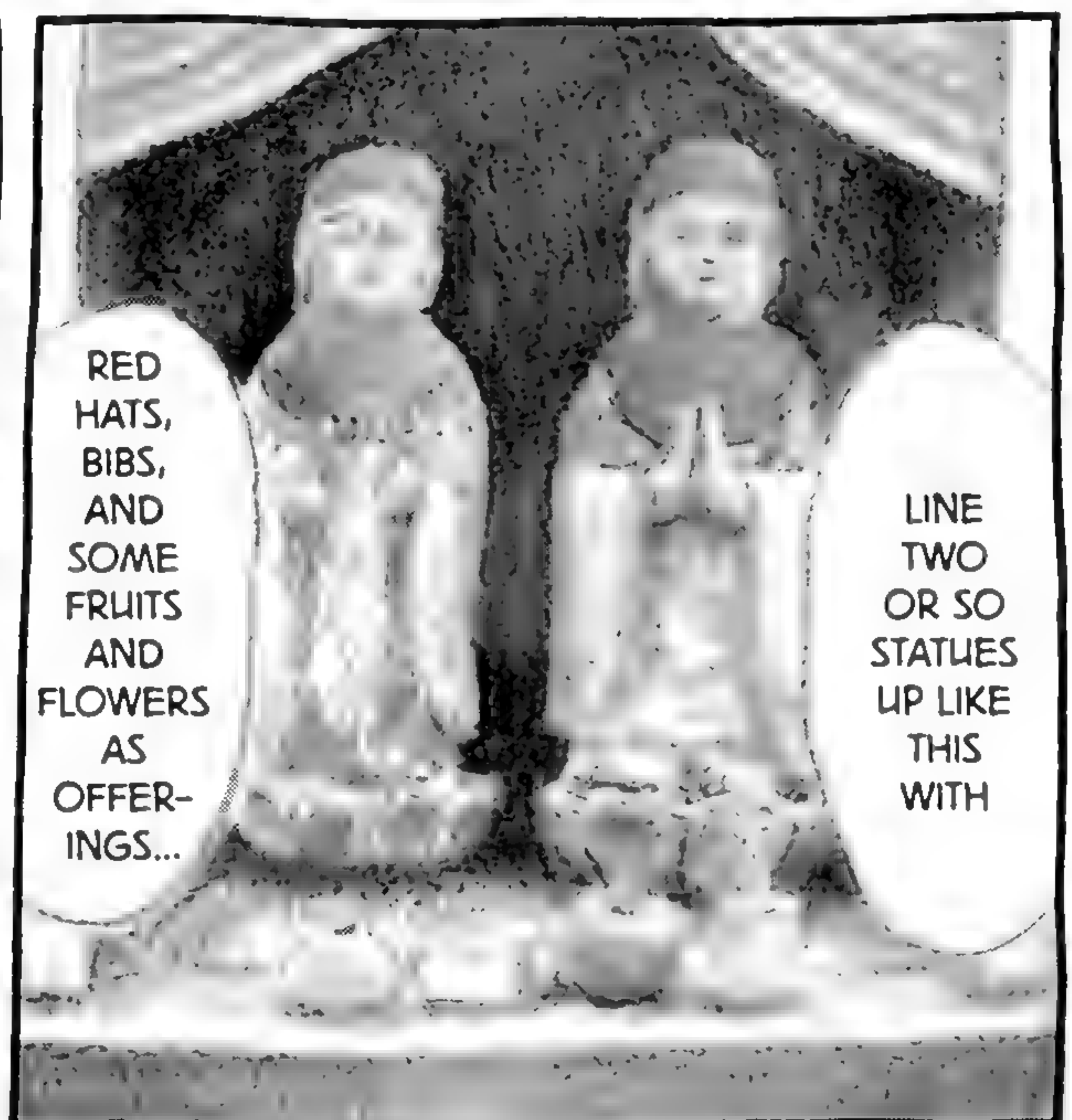
SOME-
THING
LIKE THIS,
RIGHT?



HEH HEH.
MAKES IT
SEEM LIKE
I REALLY
SAW IT,
RIGHT?

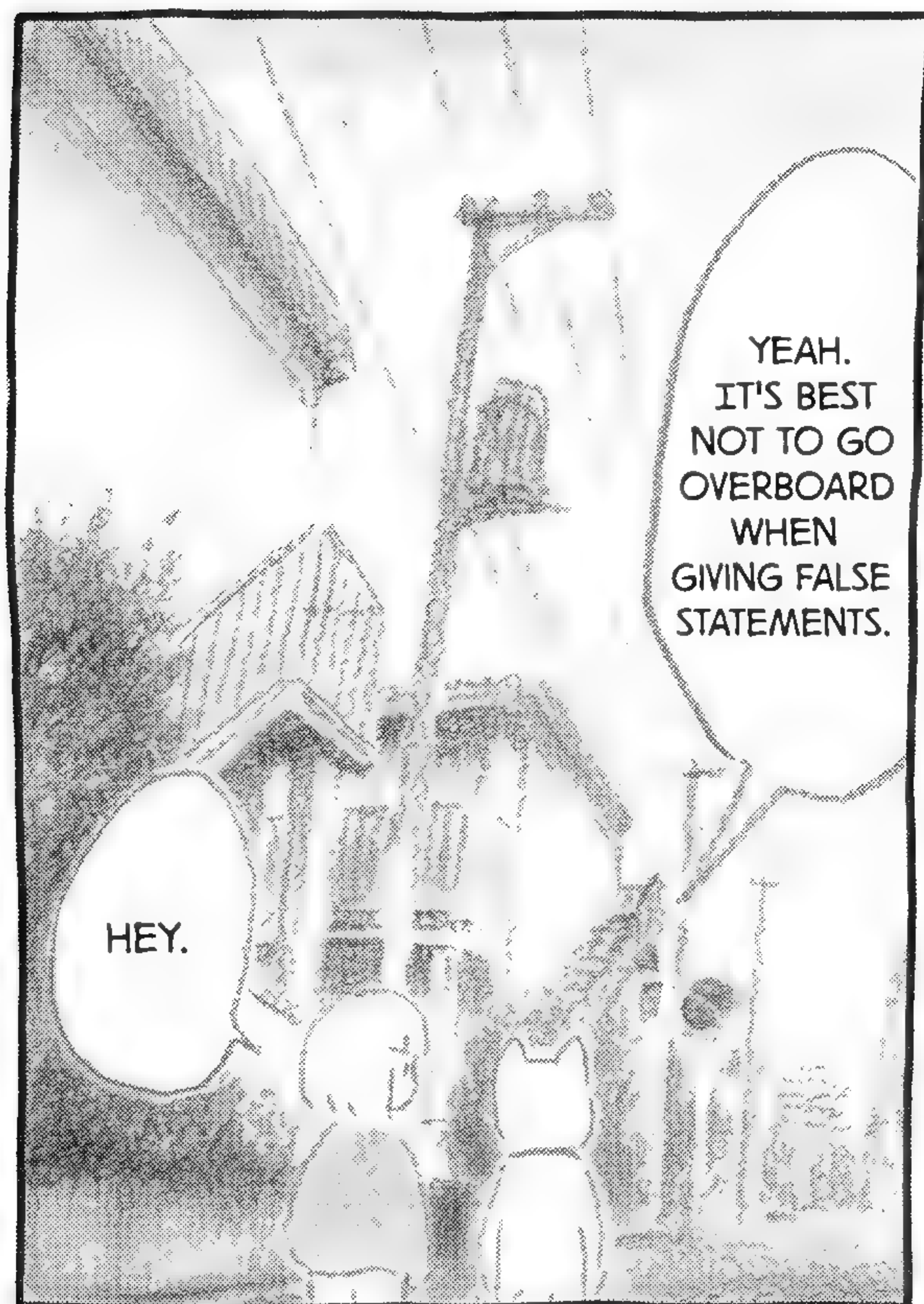
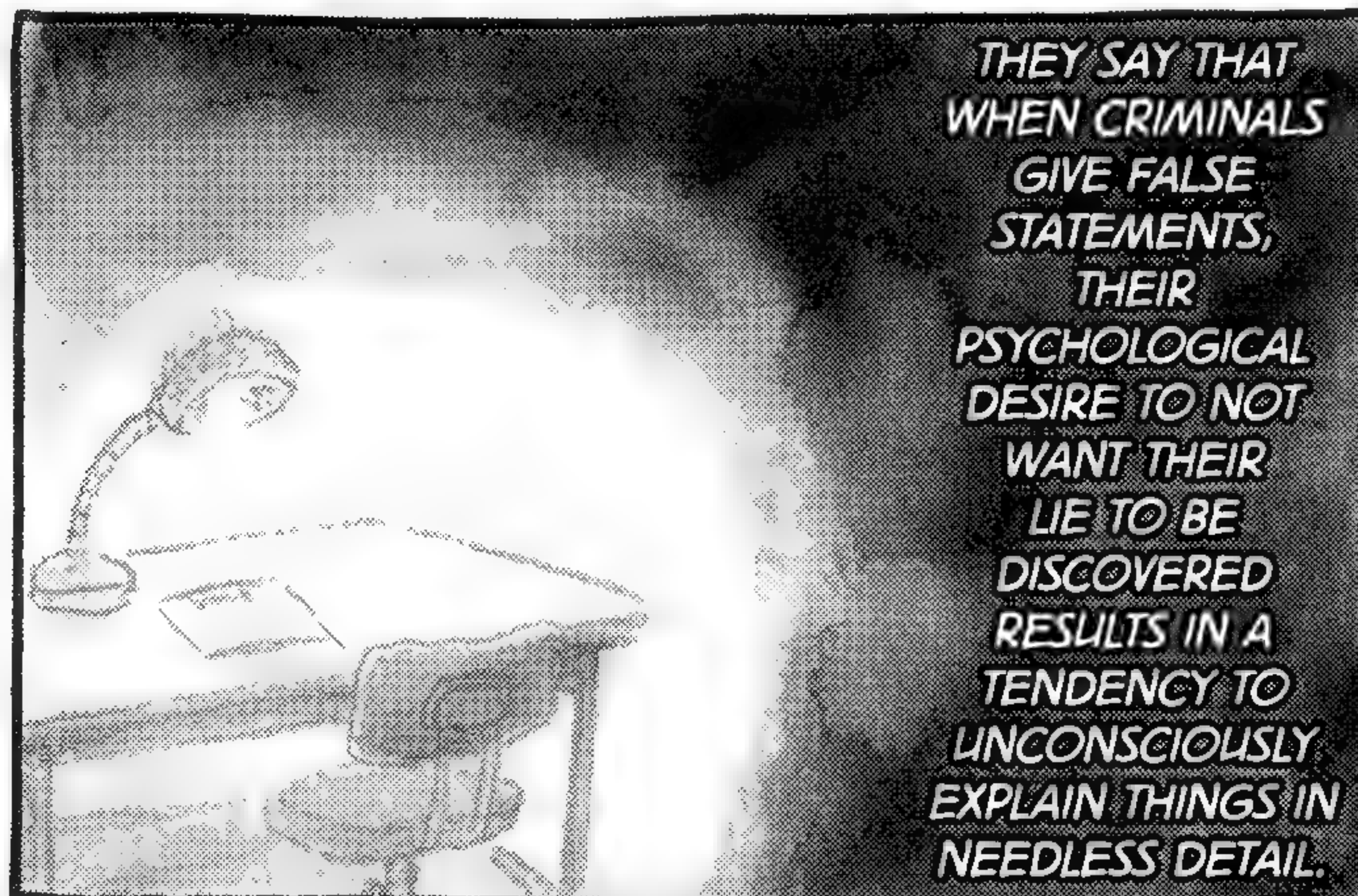
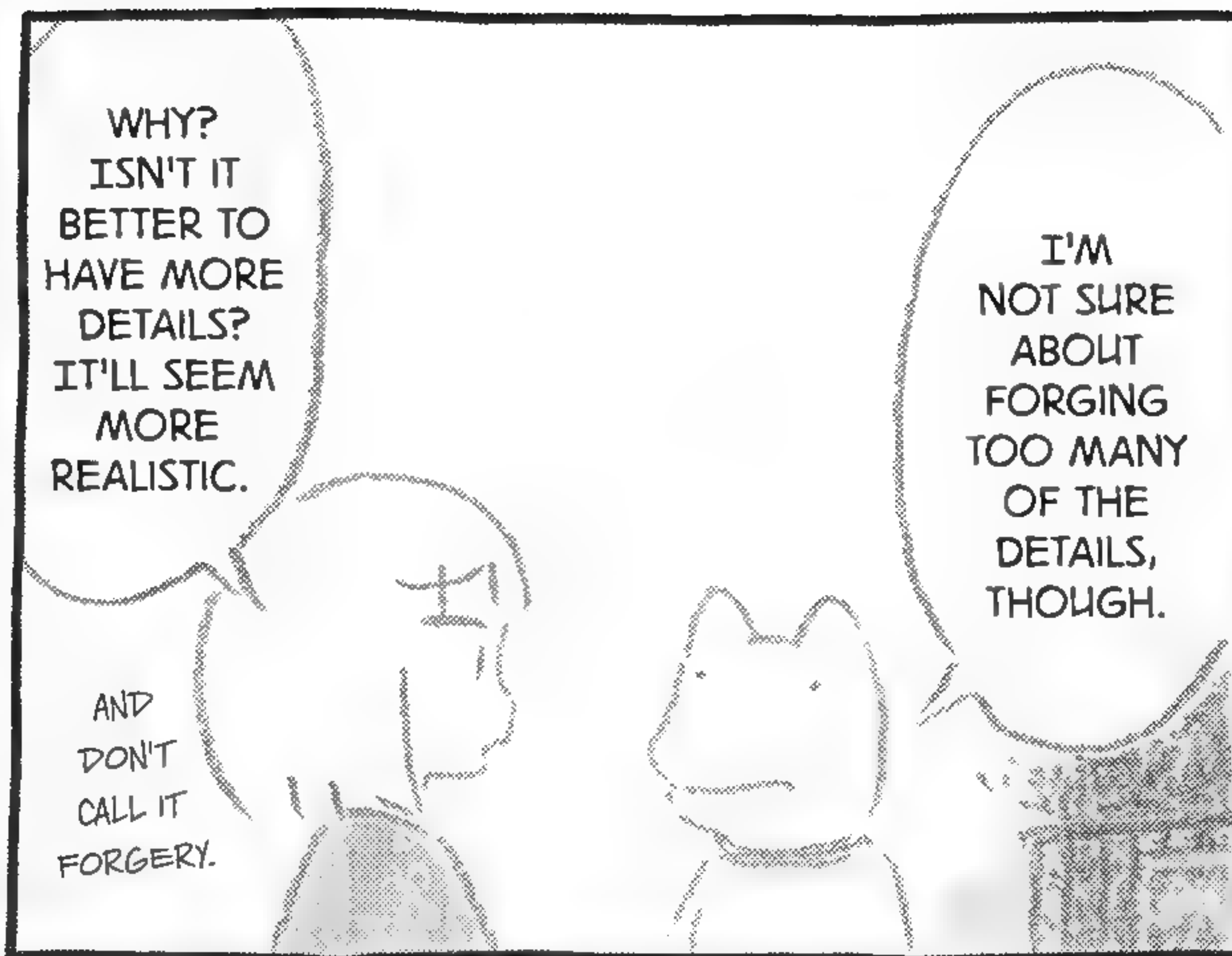
NAMU NAMU
NAMU

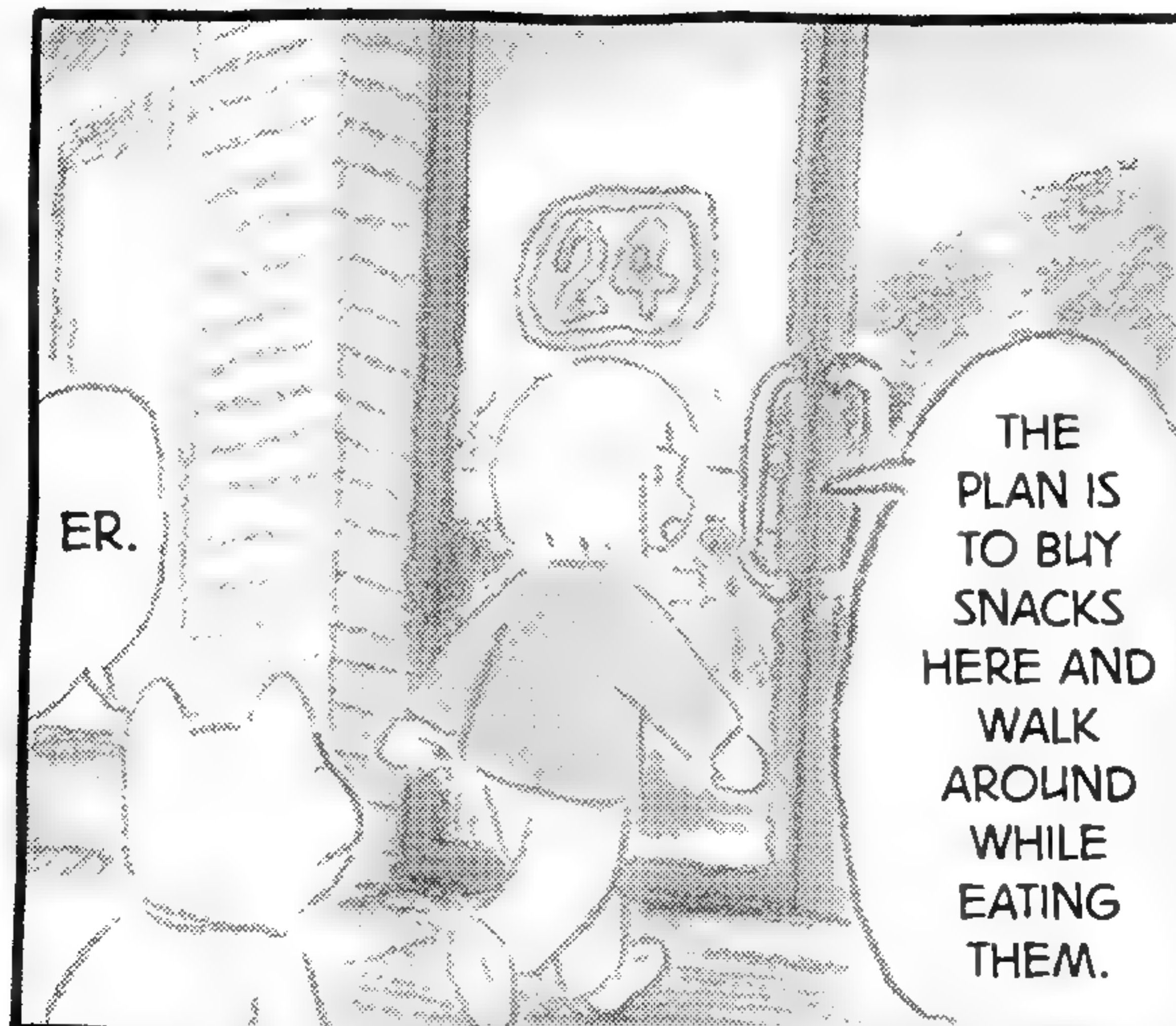
YOU
SURE
LIKE
DETAIL,
HUH?

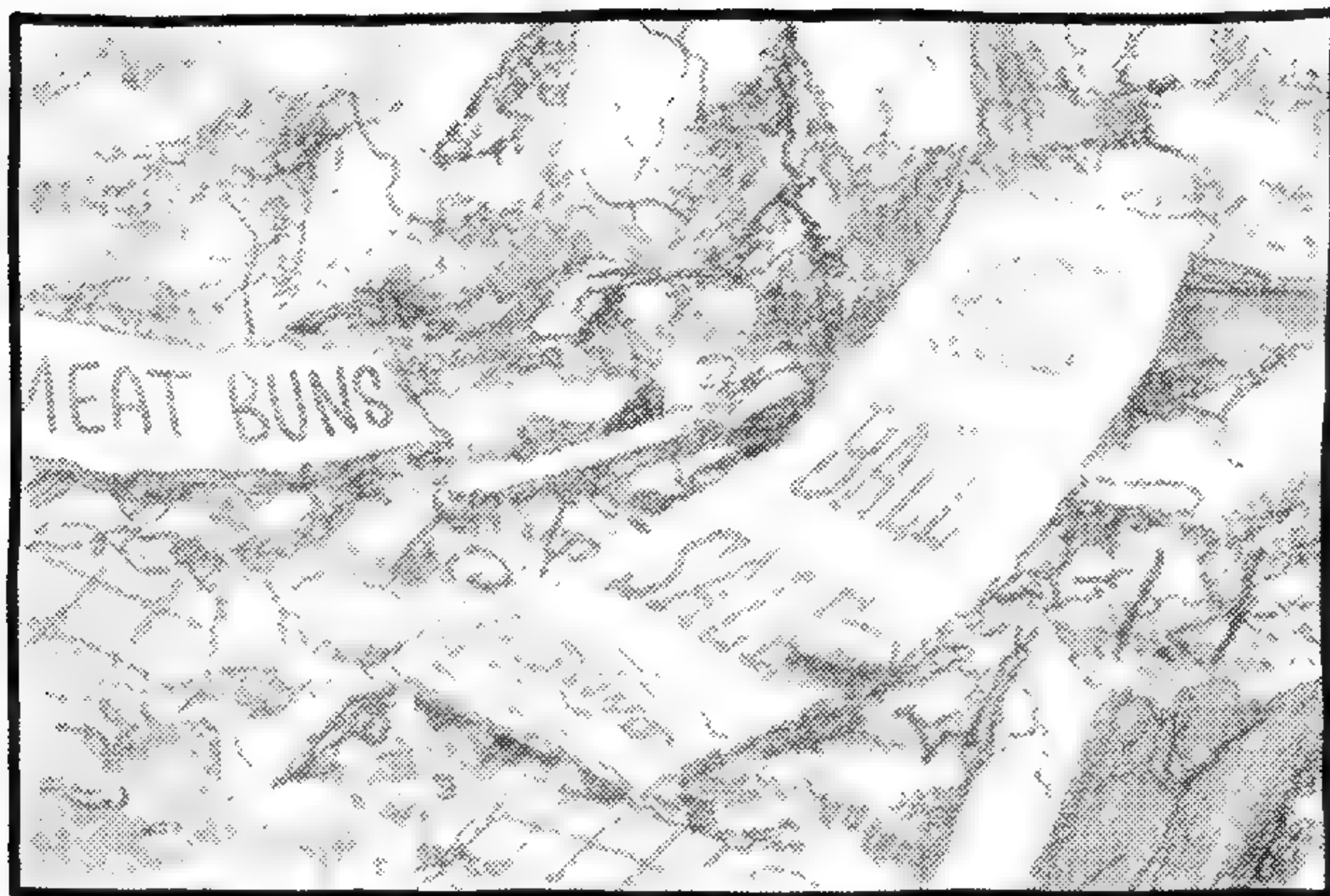
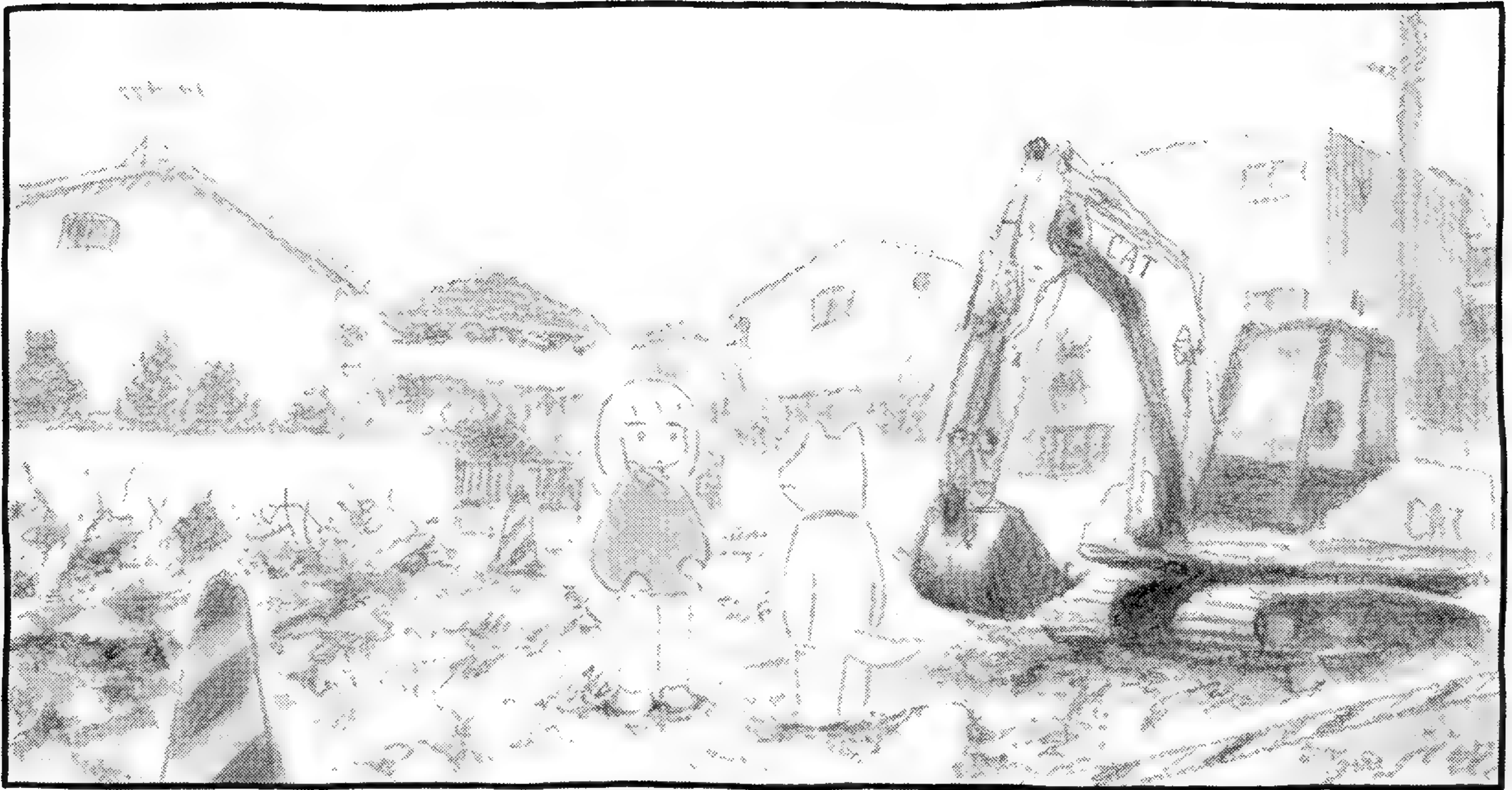


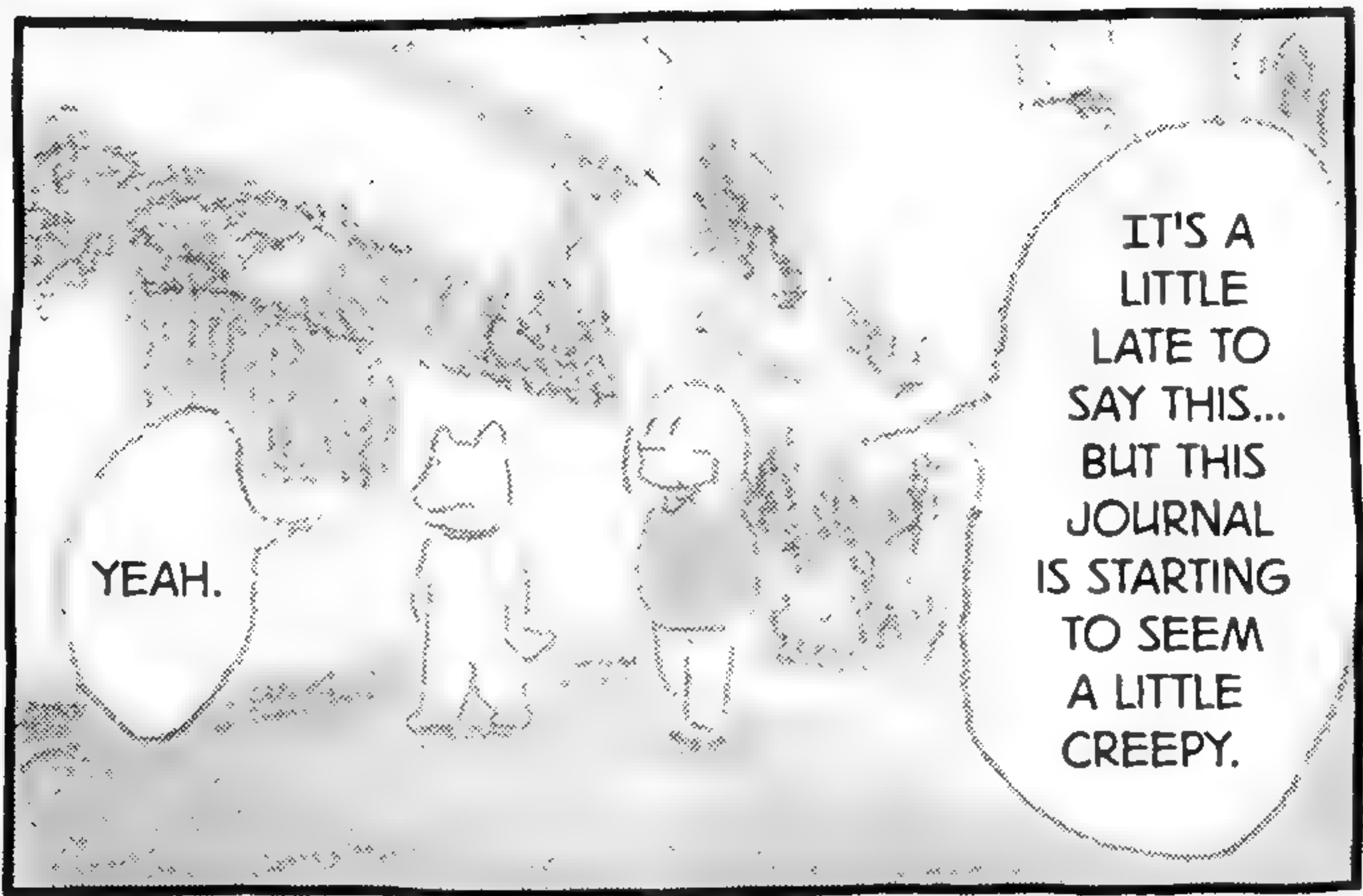
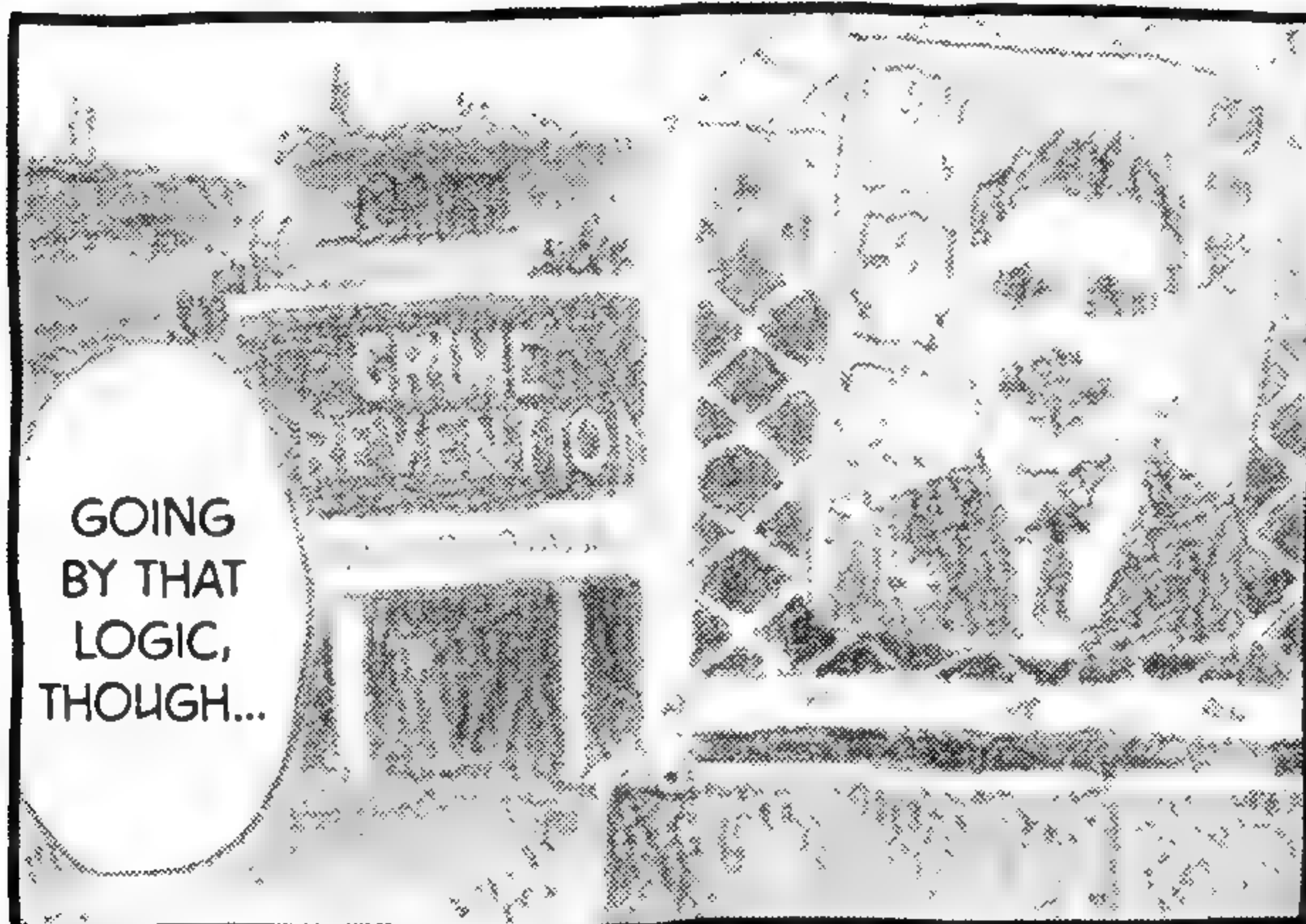
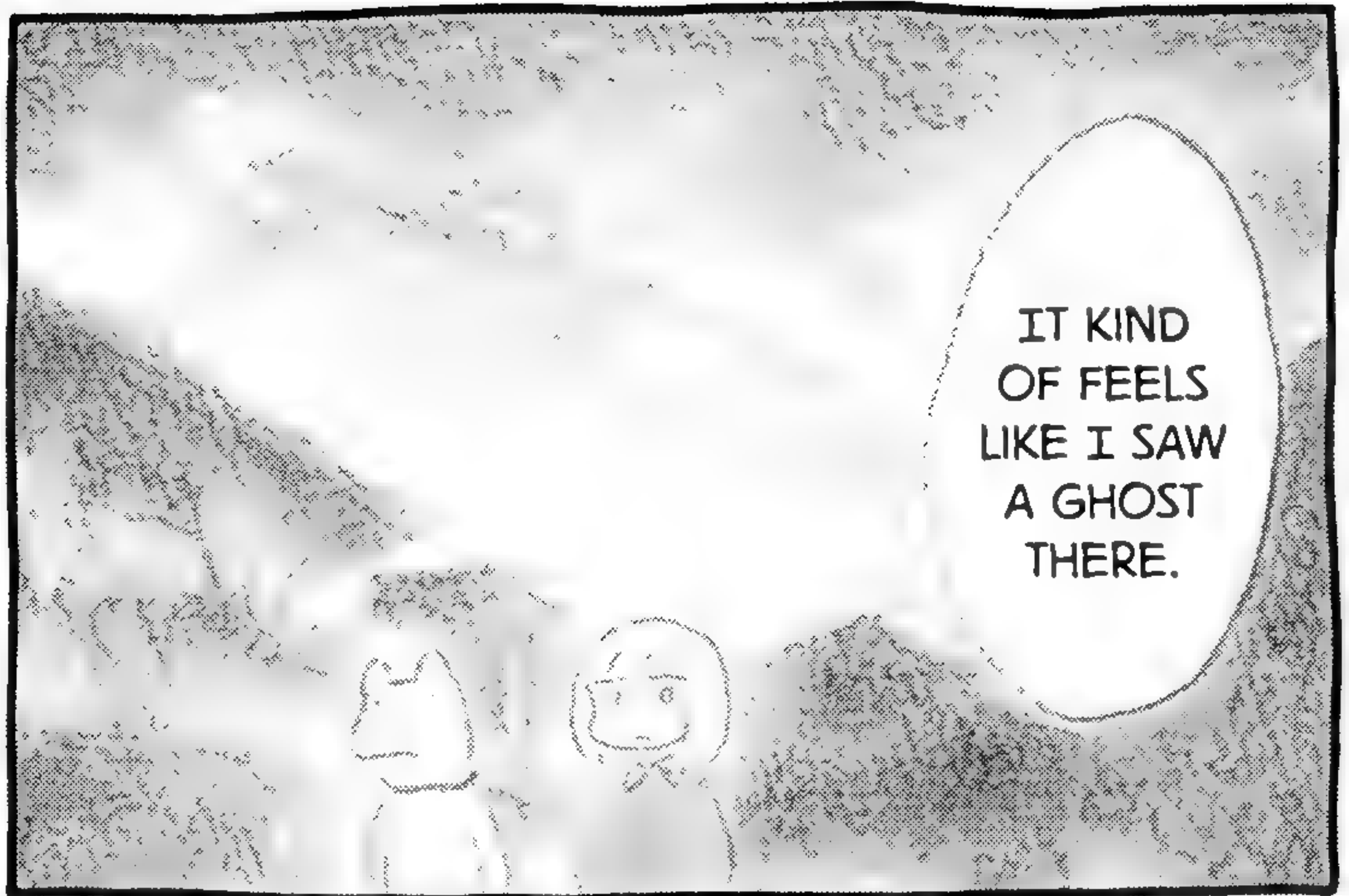
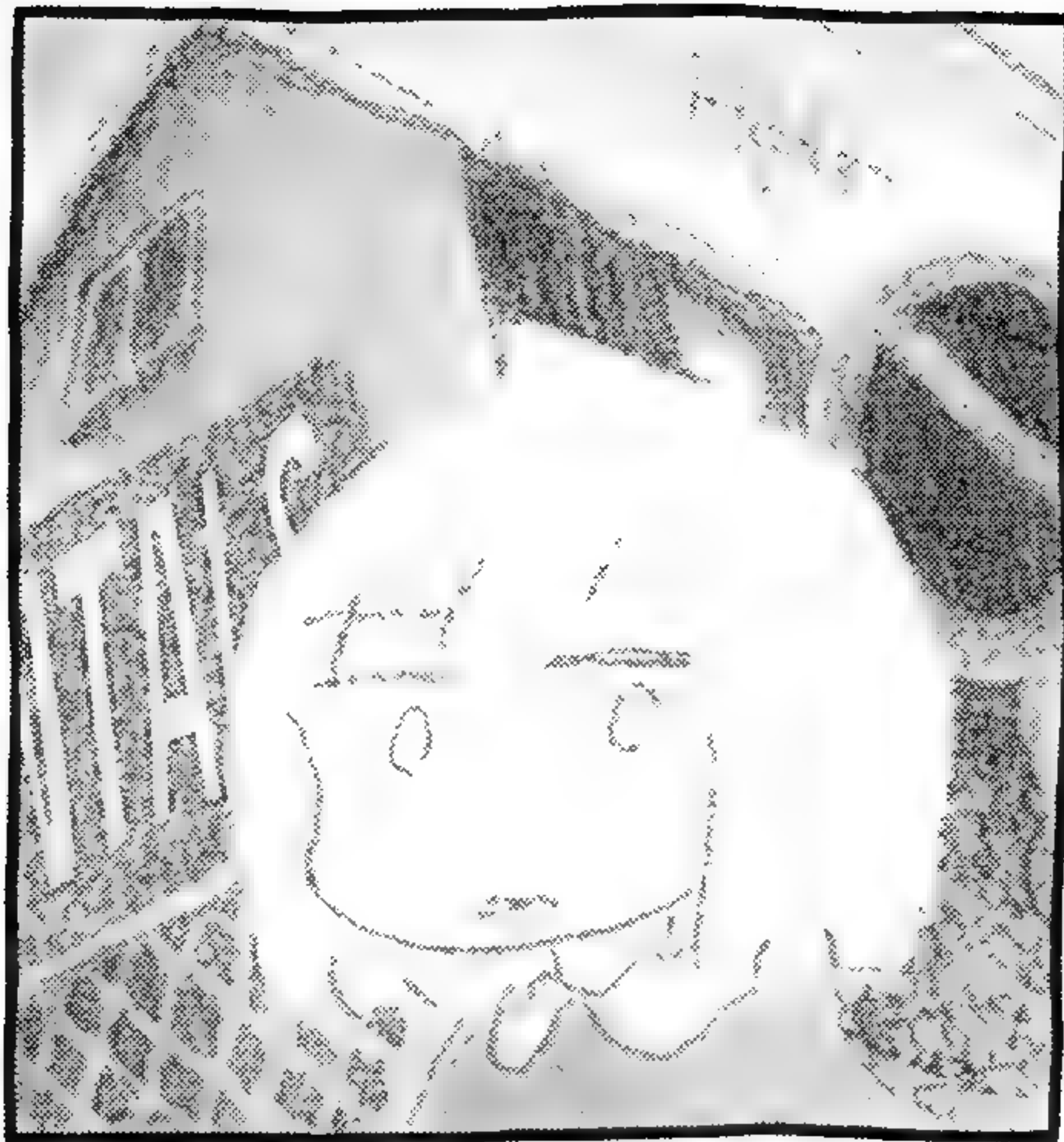
RED
HATS,
BIBS,
AND
SOME
FRUITS
AND
FLOWERS
AS
OFFER-
INGS...

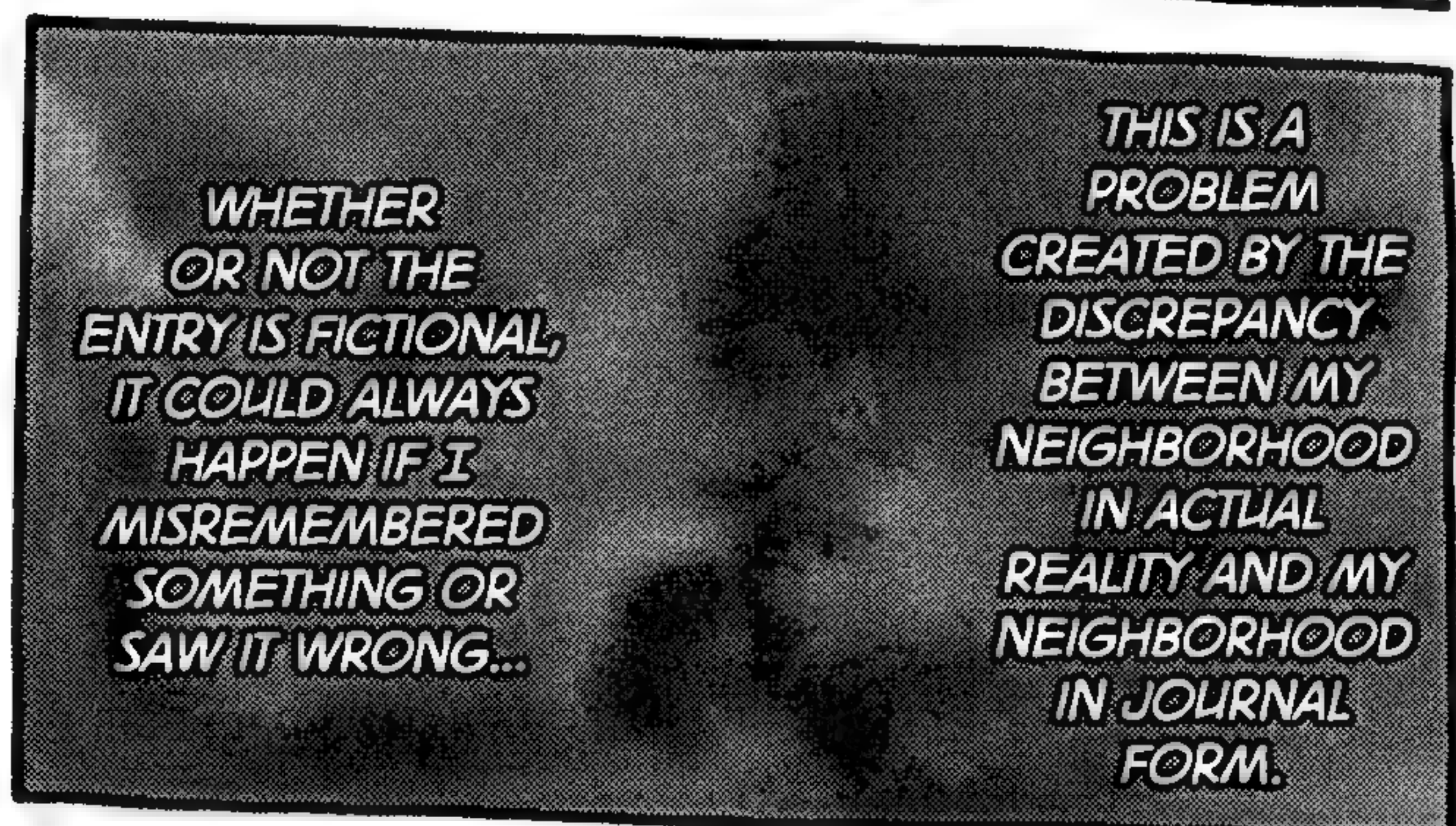
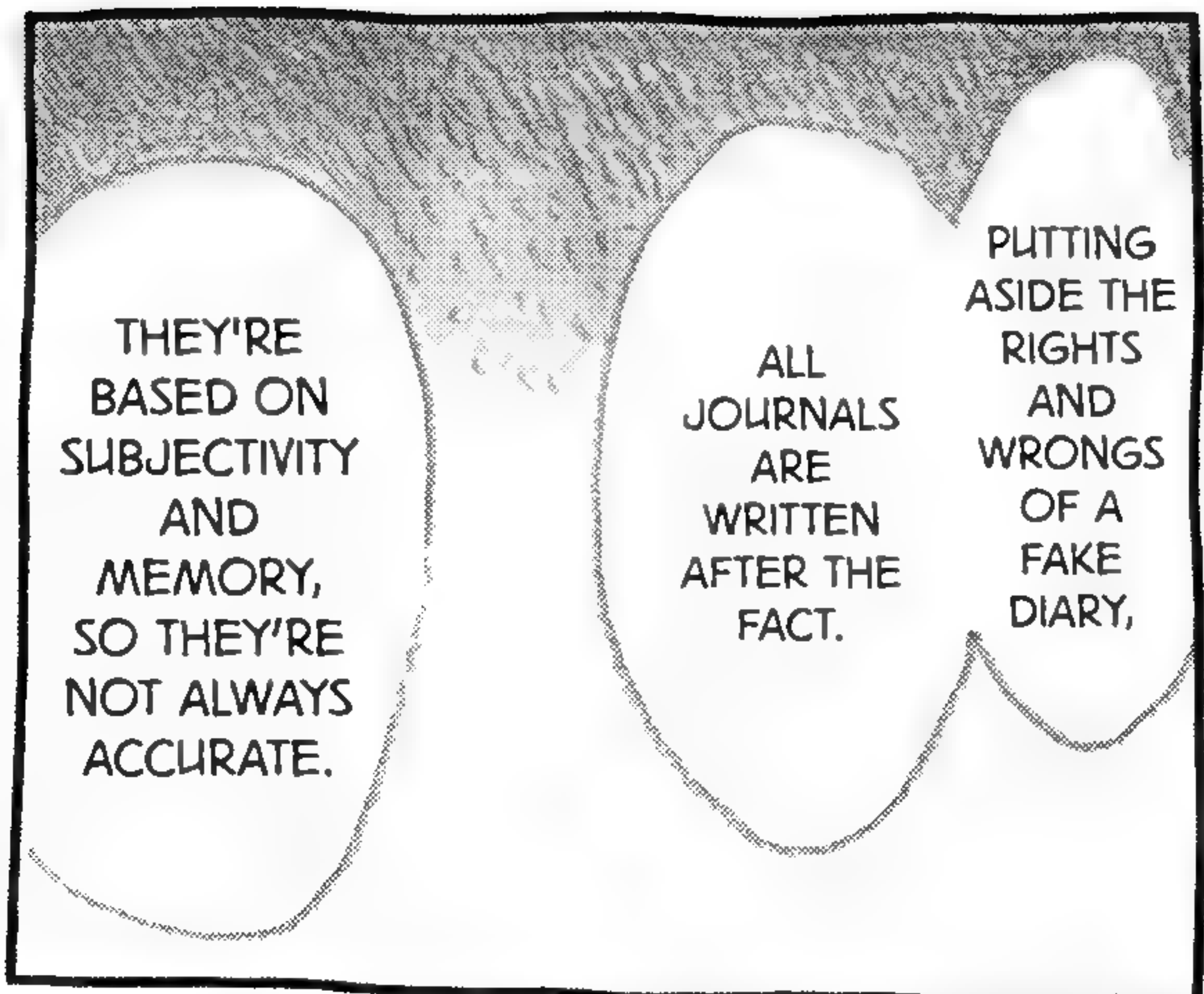
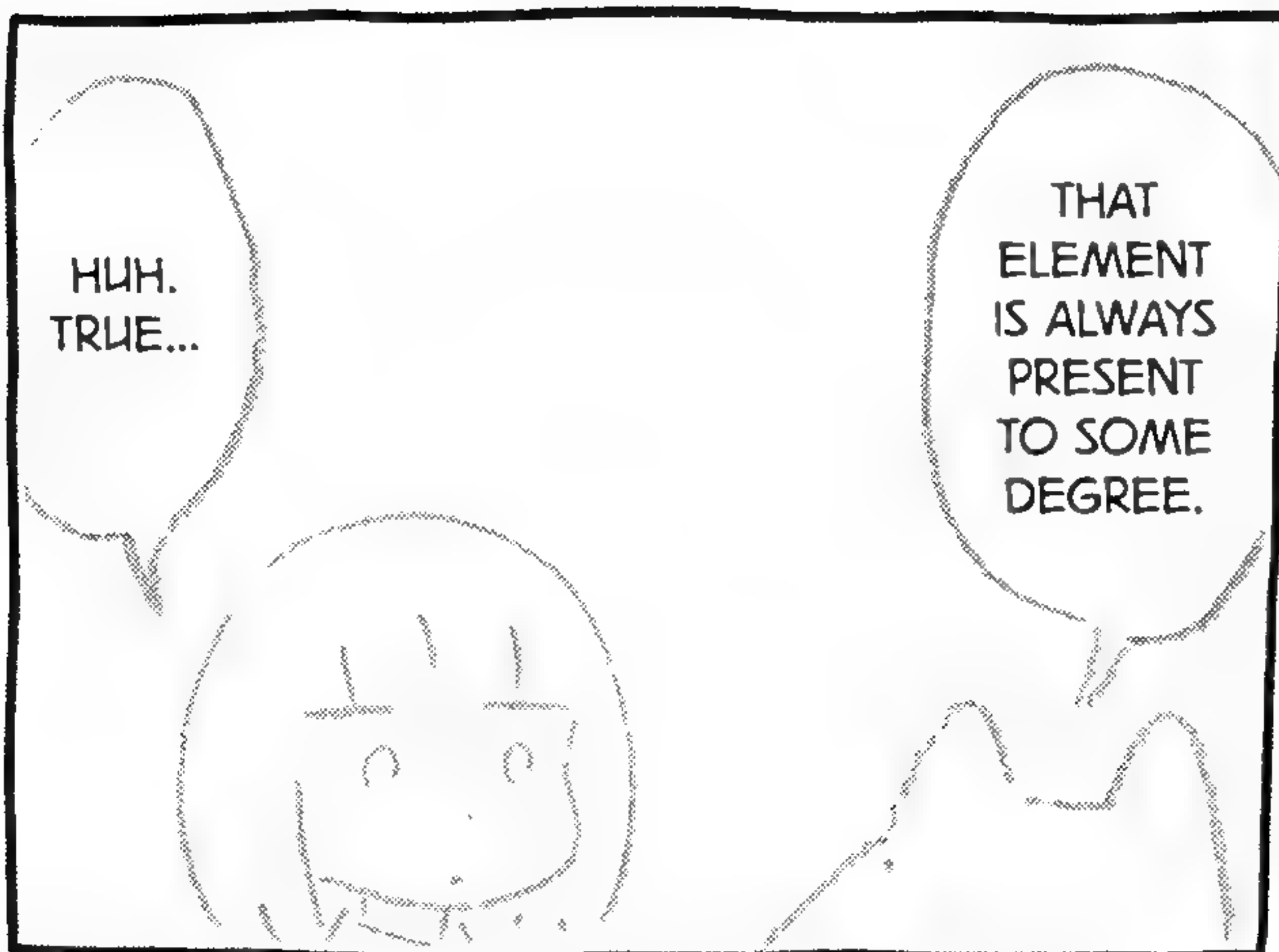
LINE
TWO
OR SO
STATUES
UP LIKE
THIS
WITH

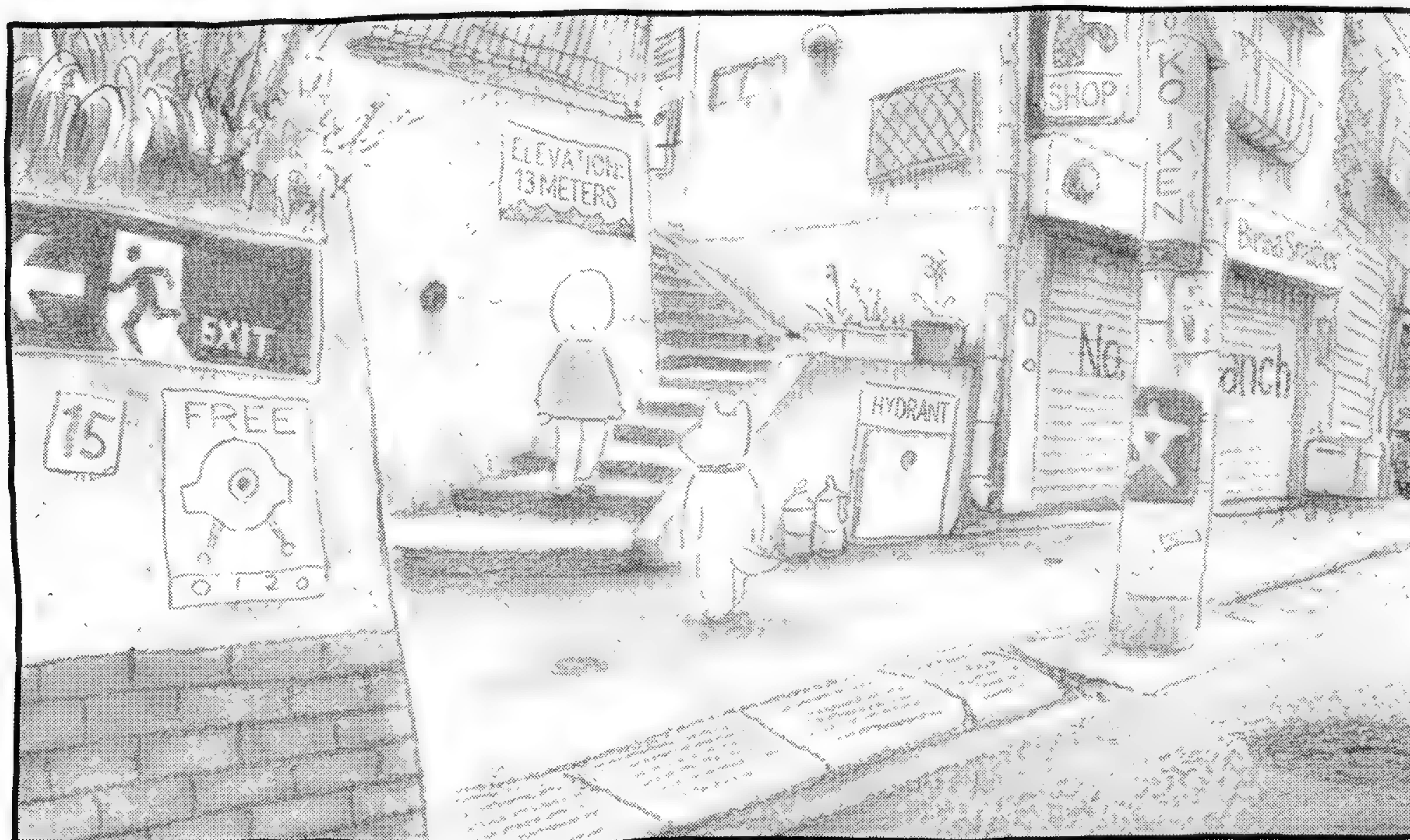
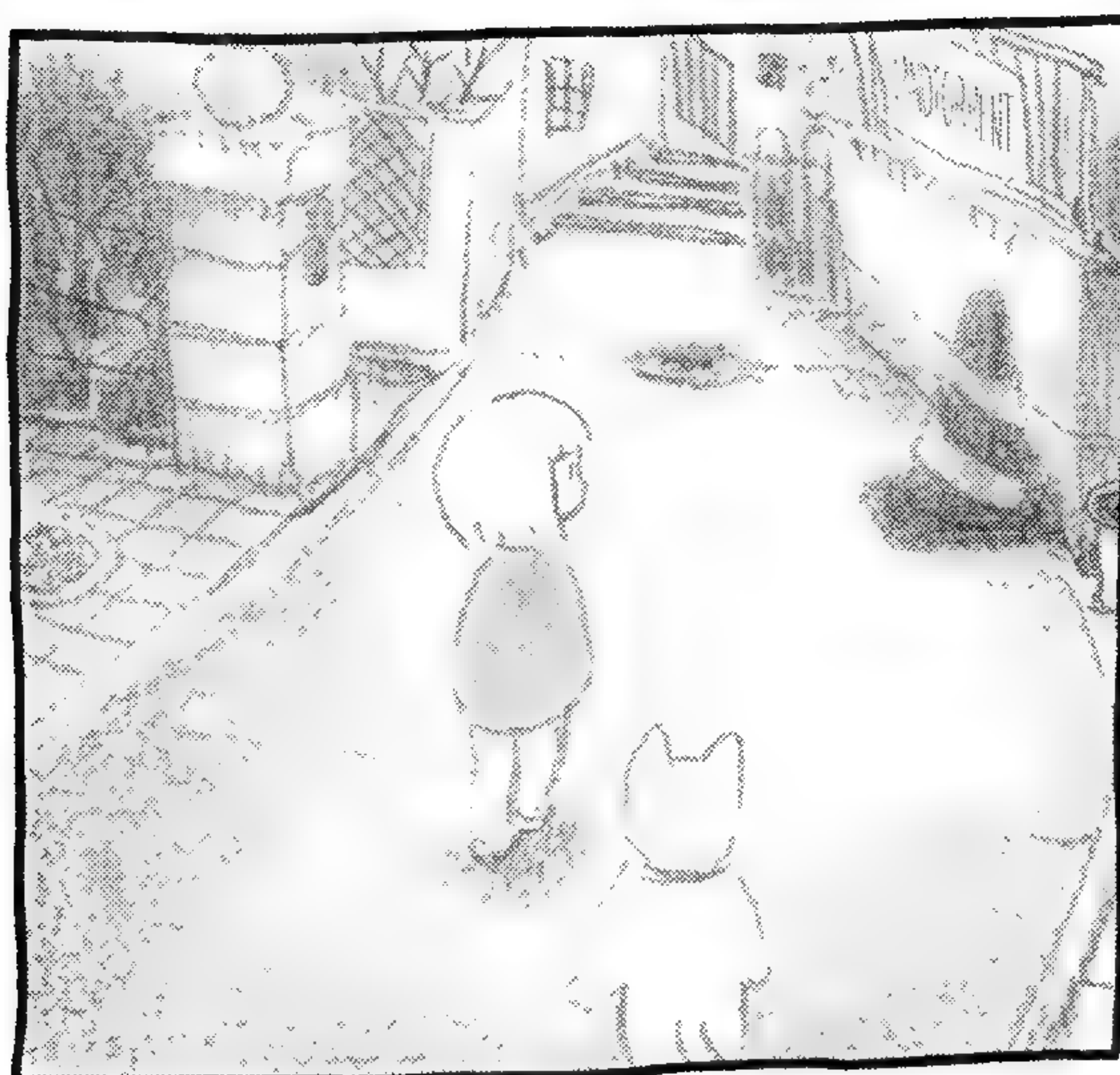
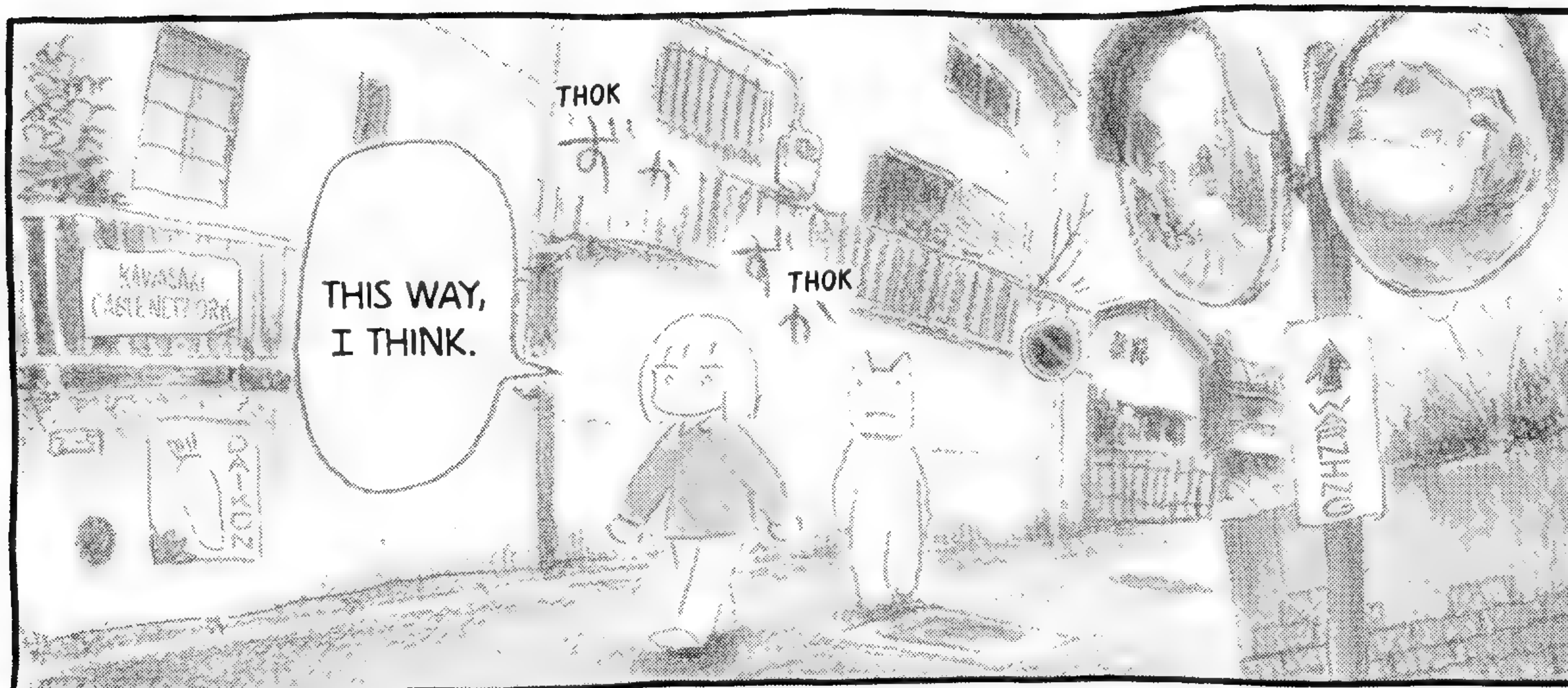




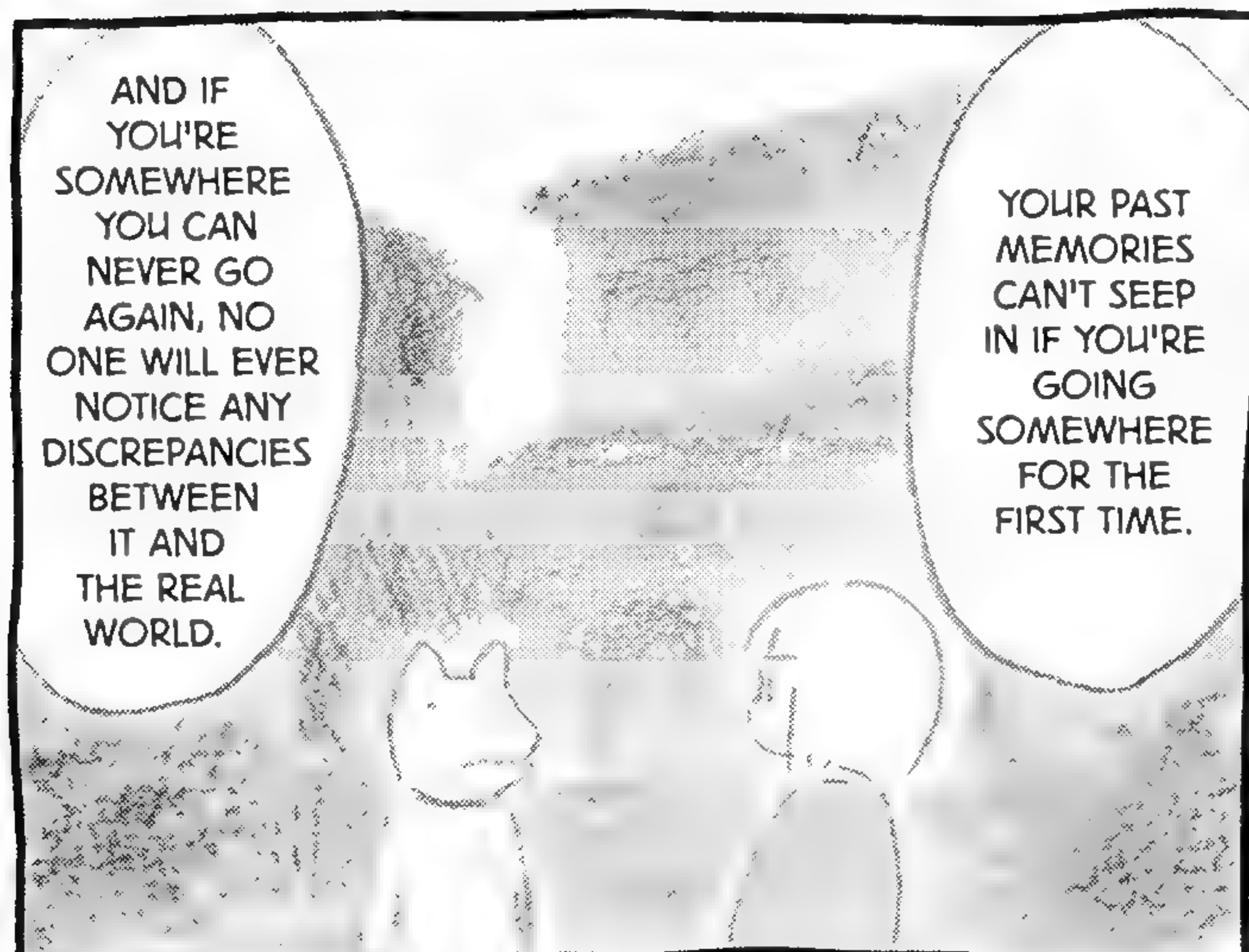
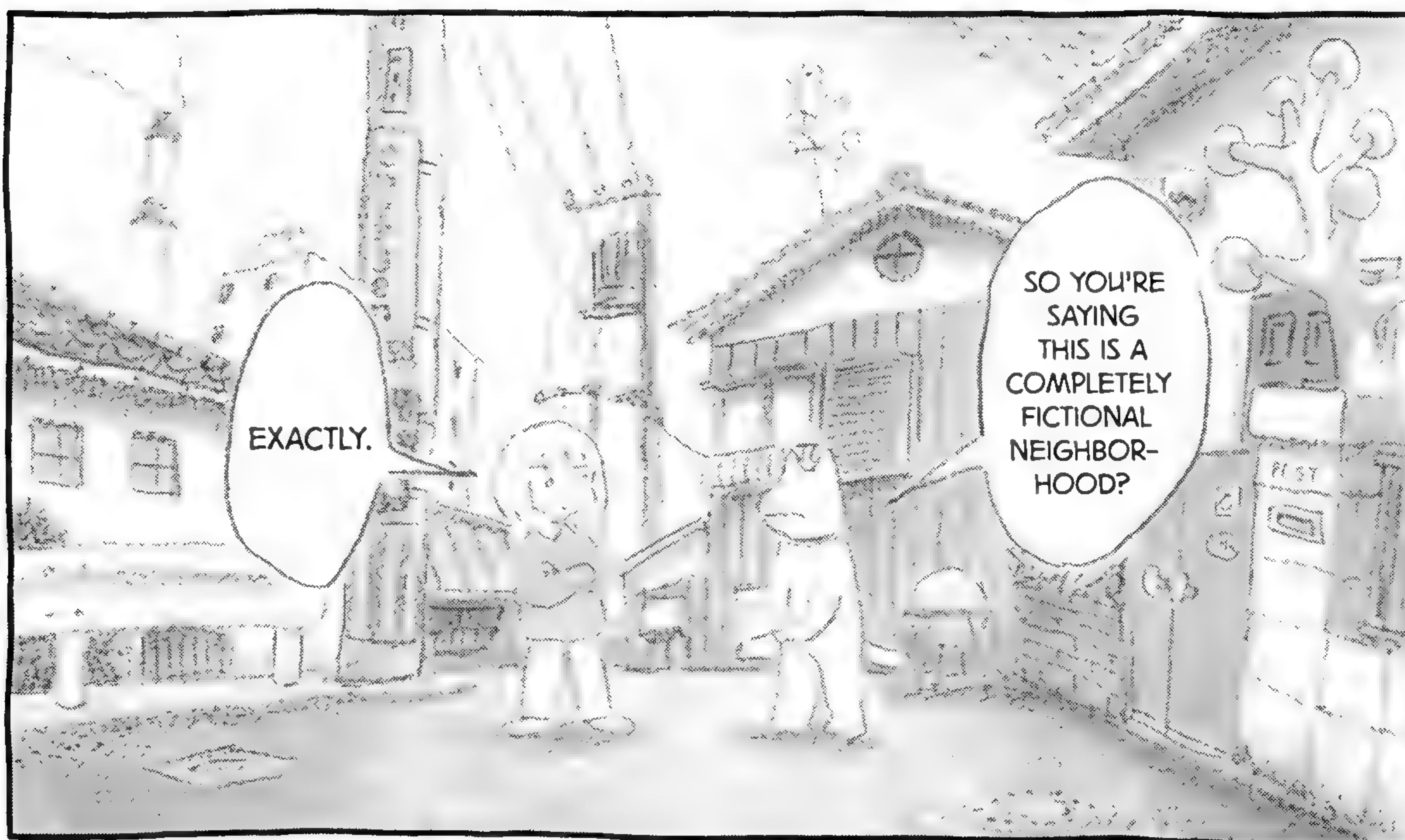


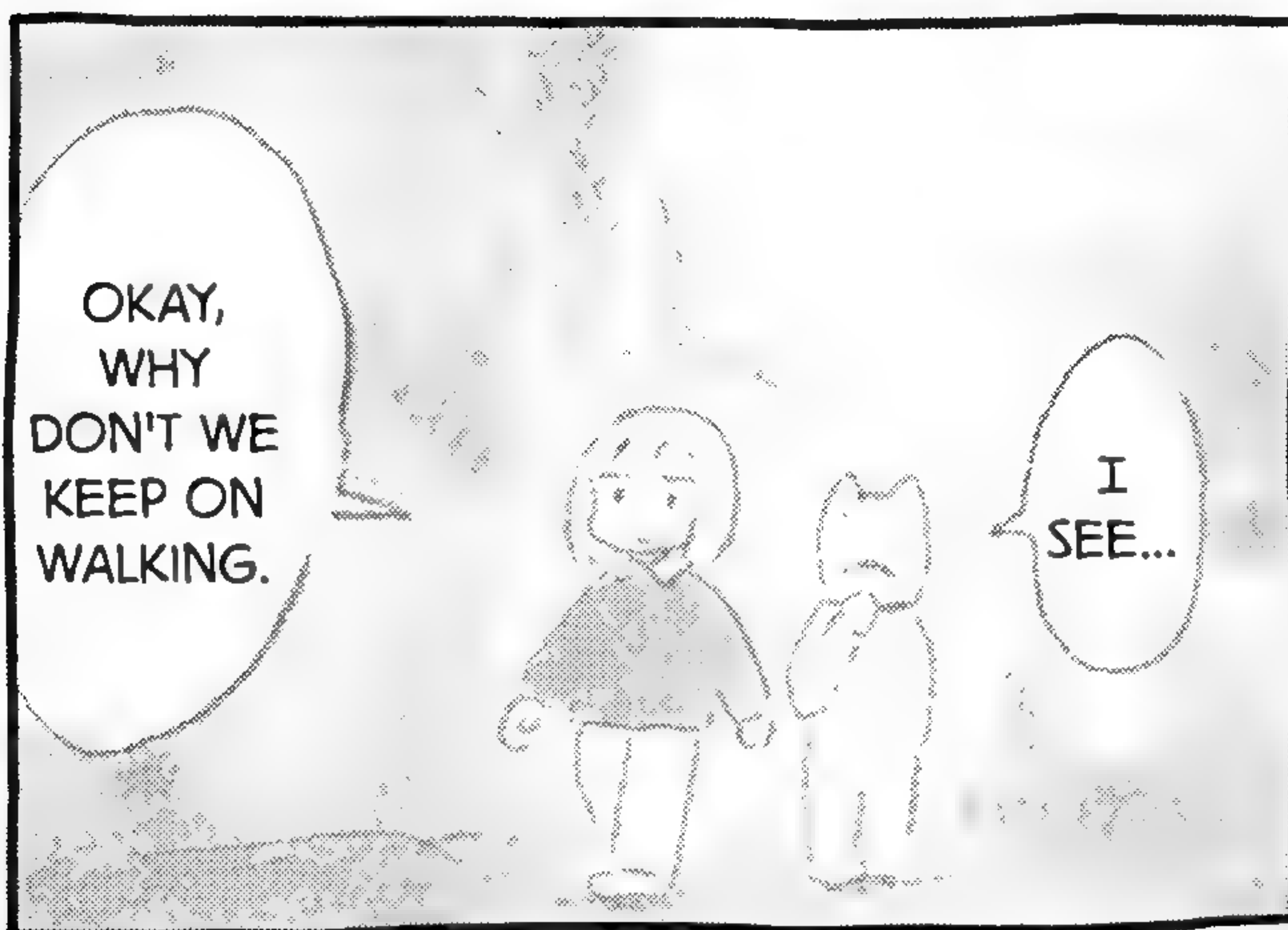
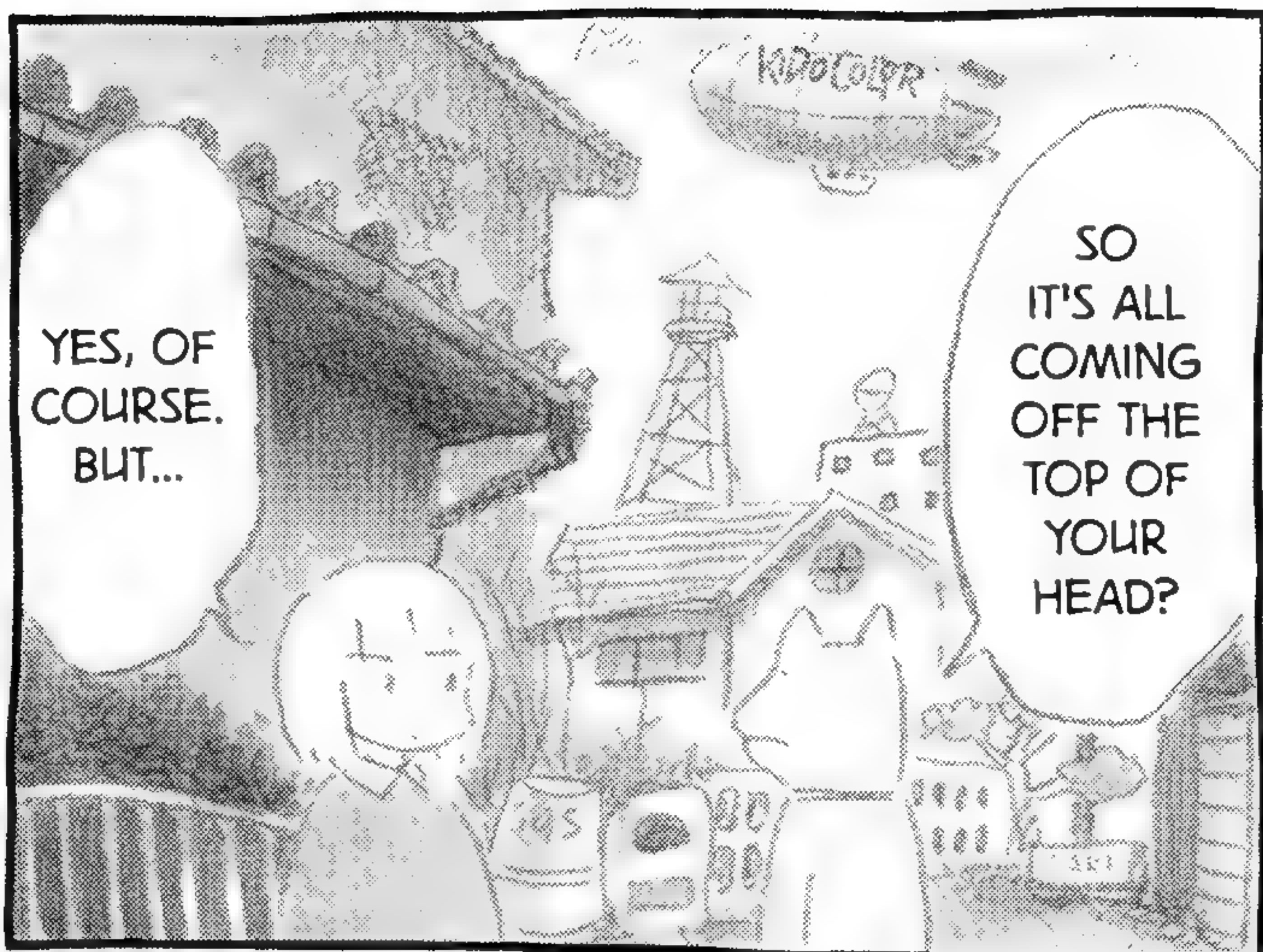














THERE'S A CONVENIENCE STORE IN THE PERFECT SPOT.

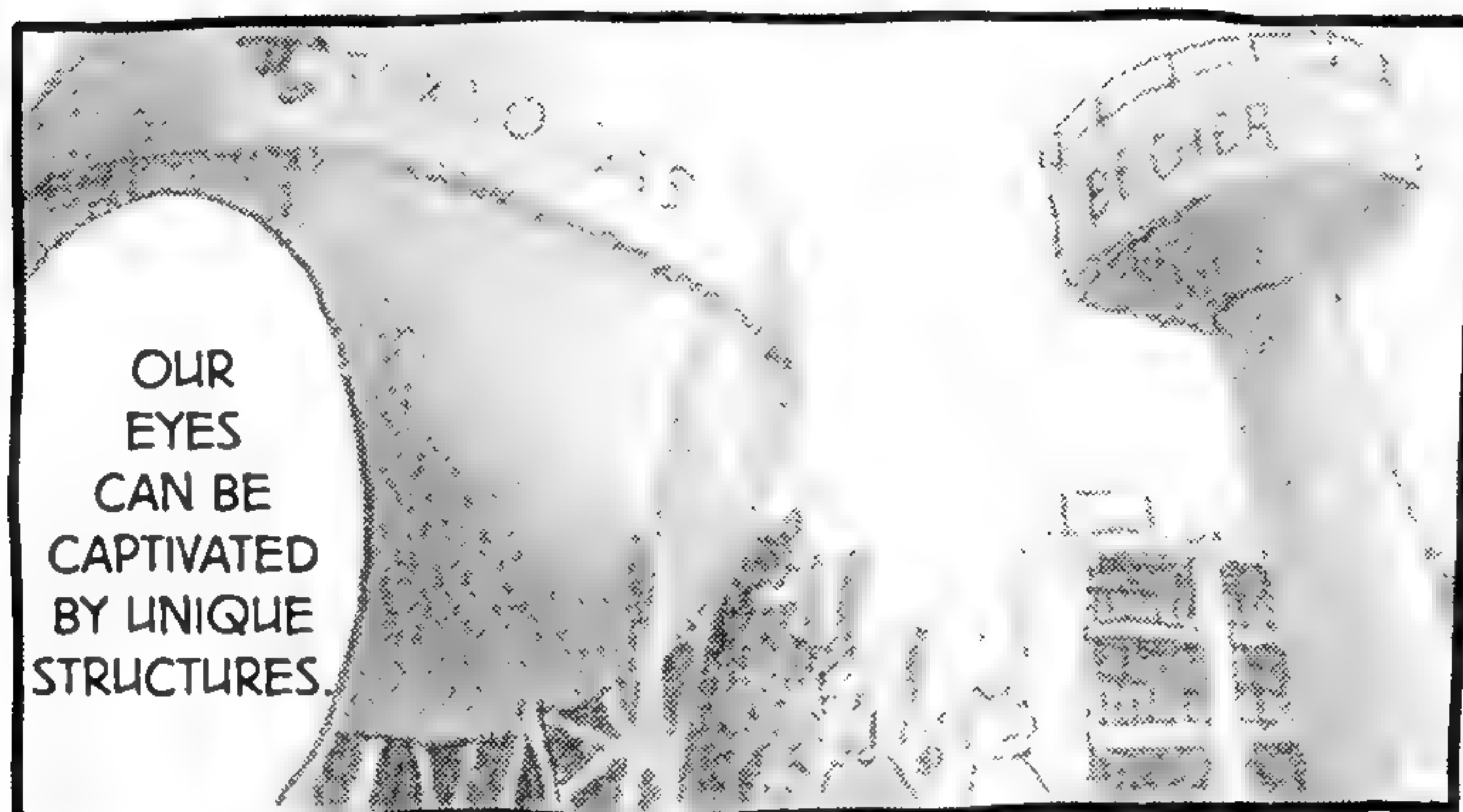


IF I WANTED TO BUY THOSE SNACKS I DIDN'T GET TO BUY EARLIER...



OF COURSE YOU DON'T. THIS IS OUR FIRST TIME HERE.

WALKING AROUND, I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THESE ALLEYS.



OUR EYES CAN BE CAPTIVATED BY UNIQUE STRUCTURES.



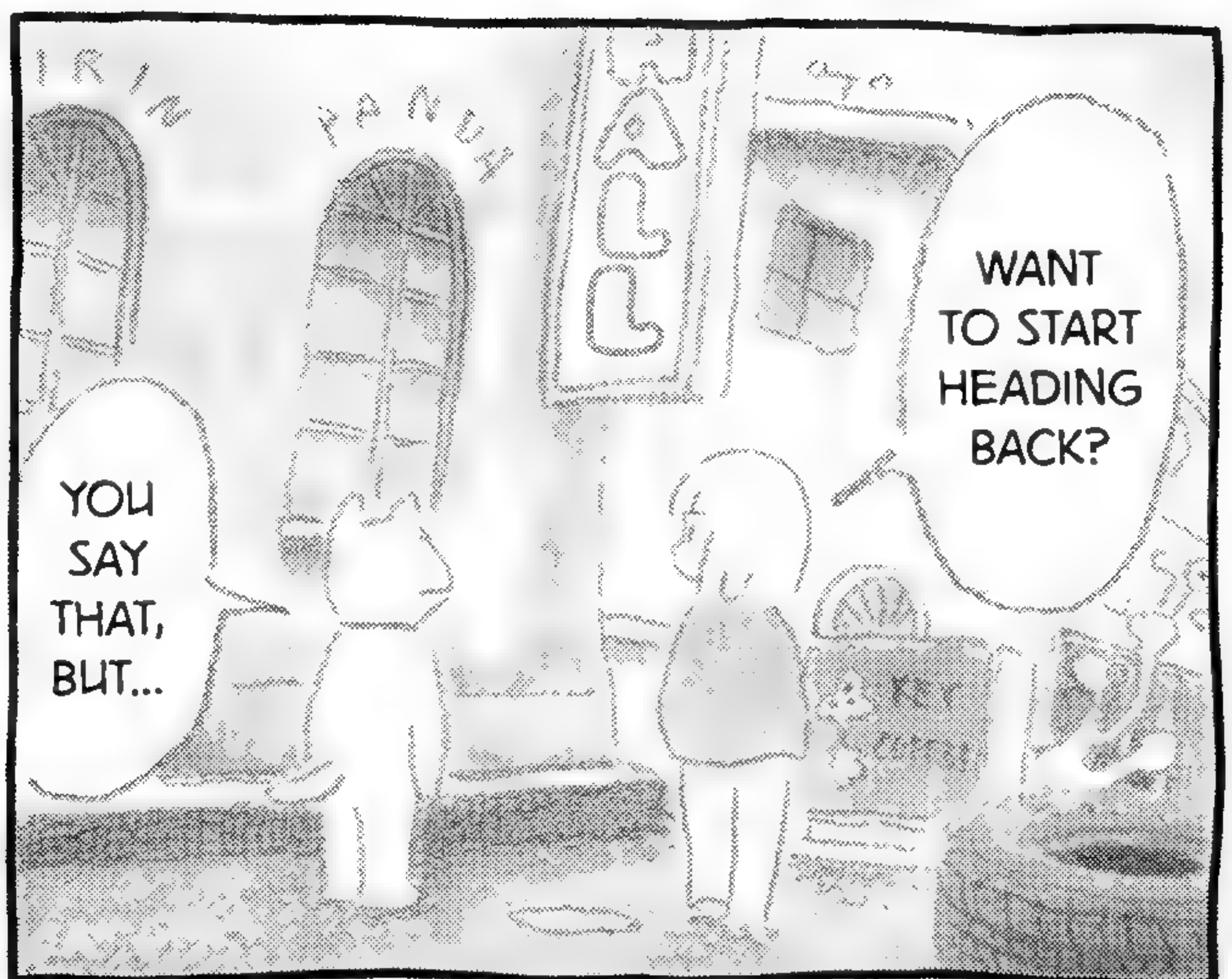
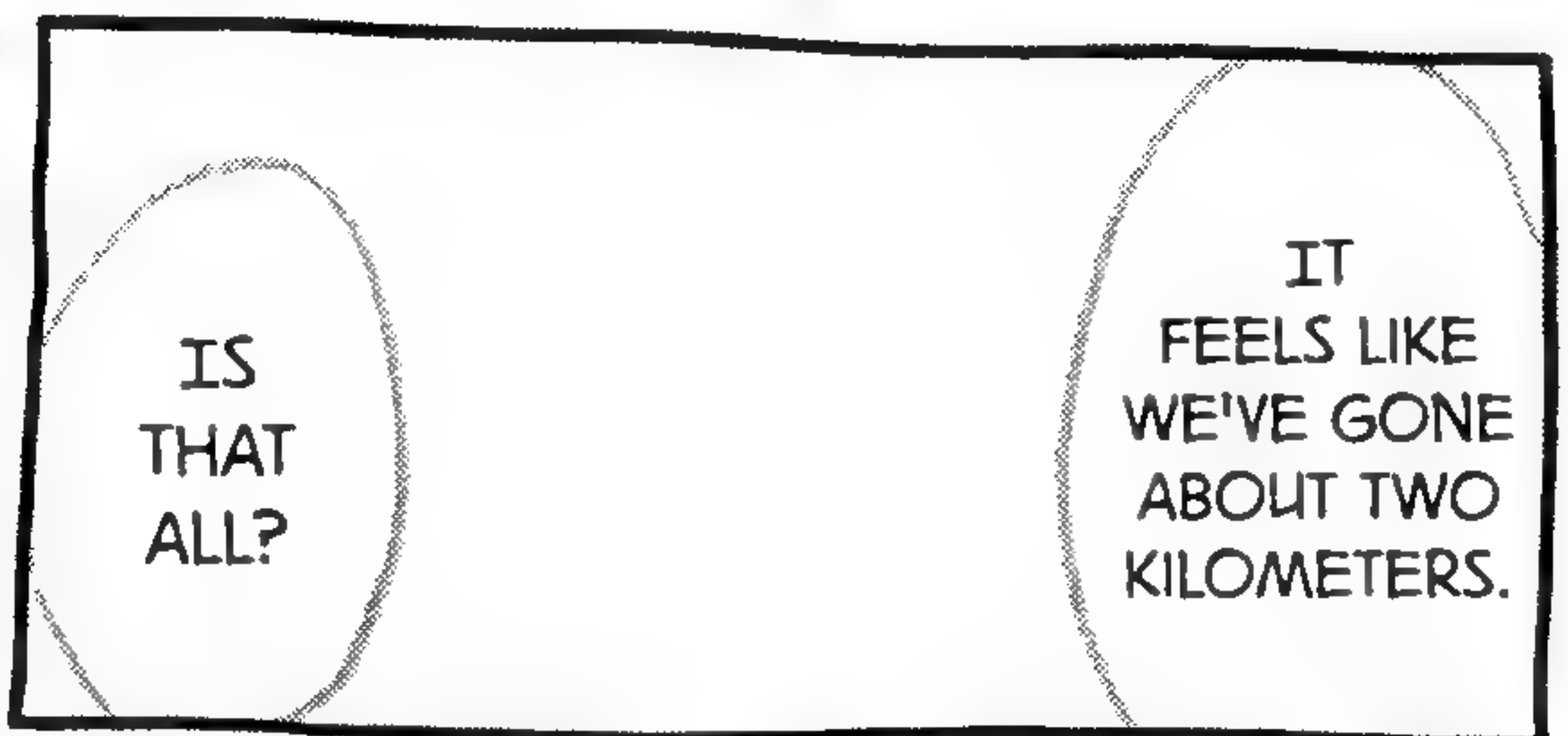
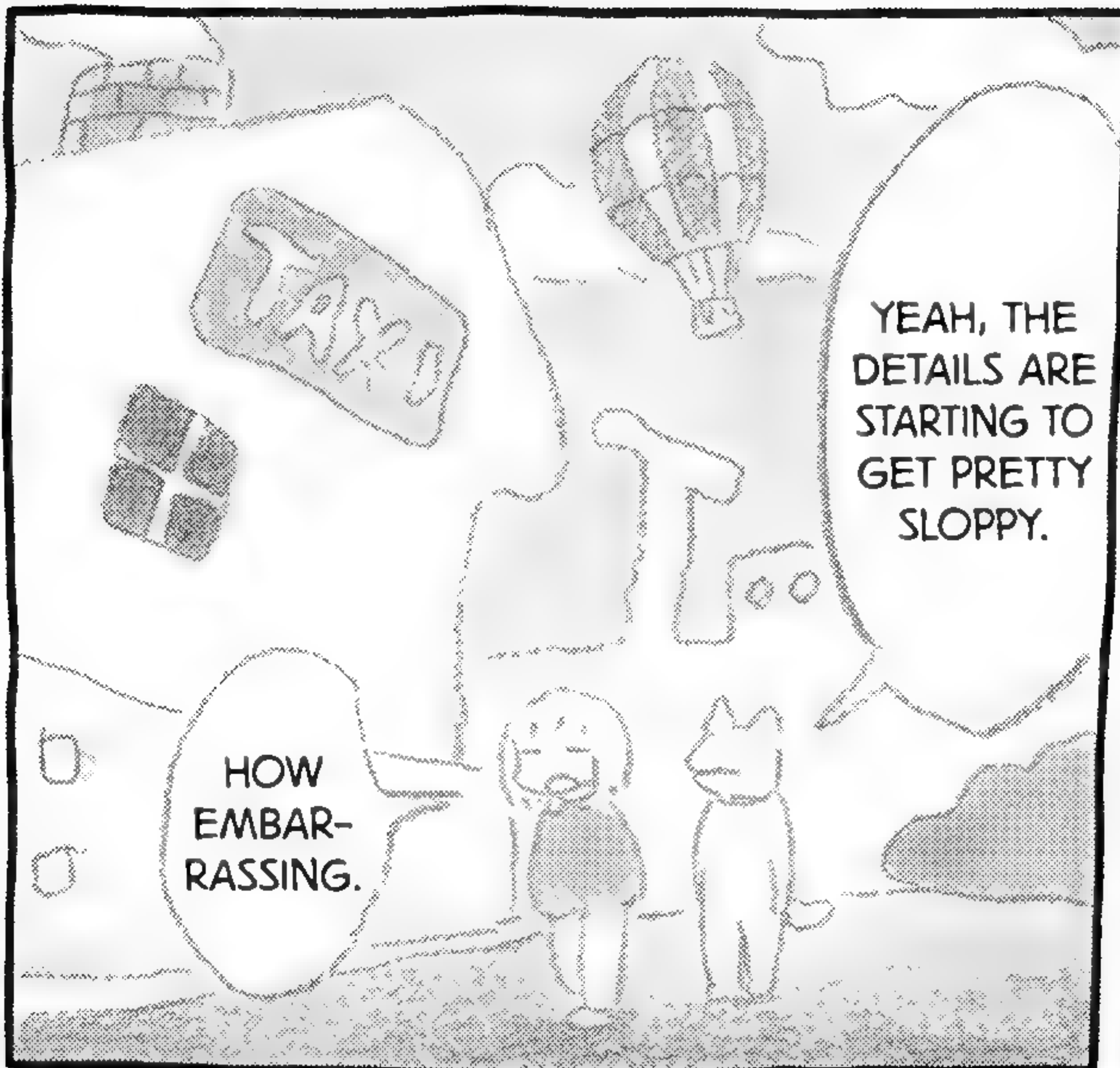
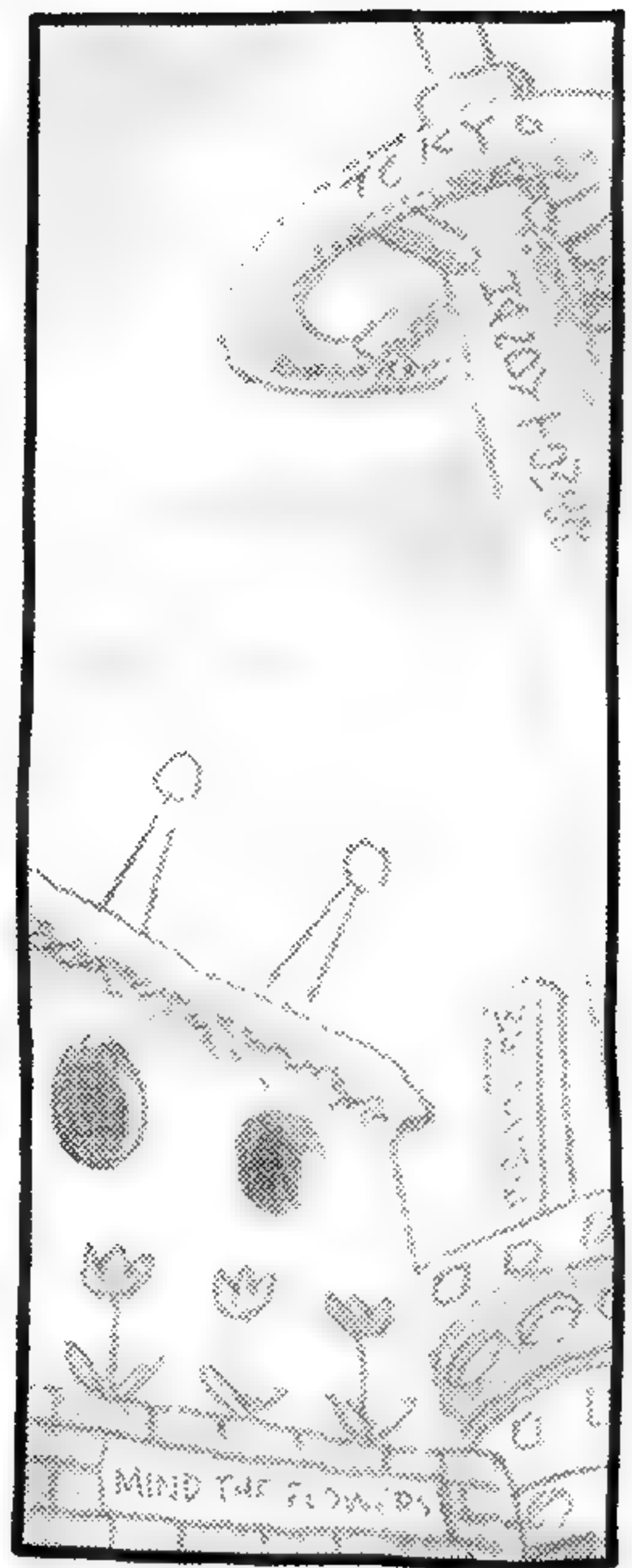
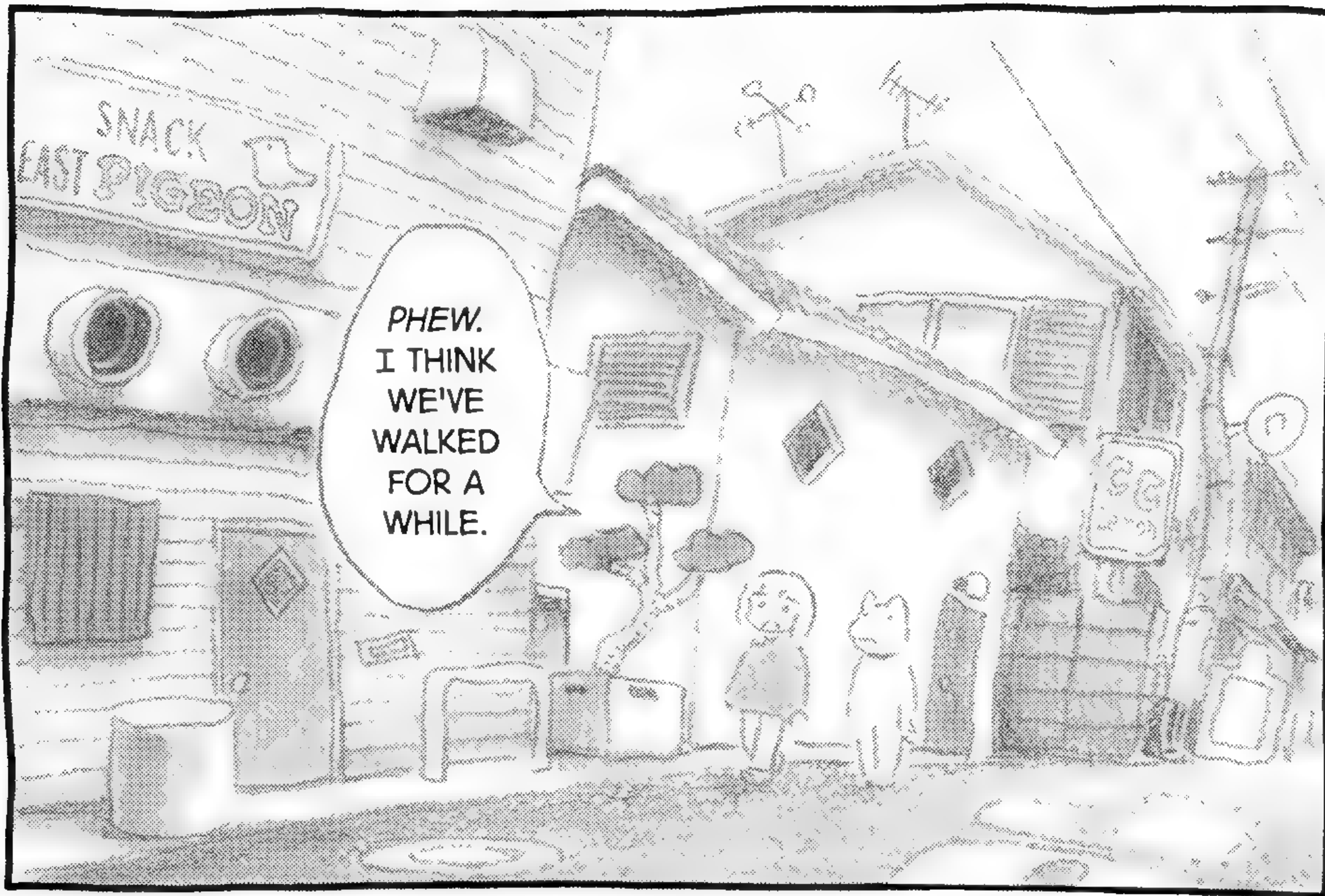
OH, THAT LINE'S GOING IN MY ENTRY.

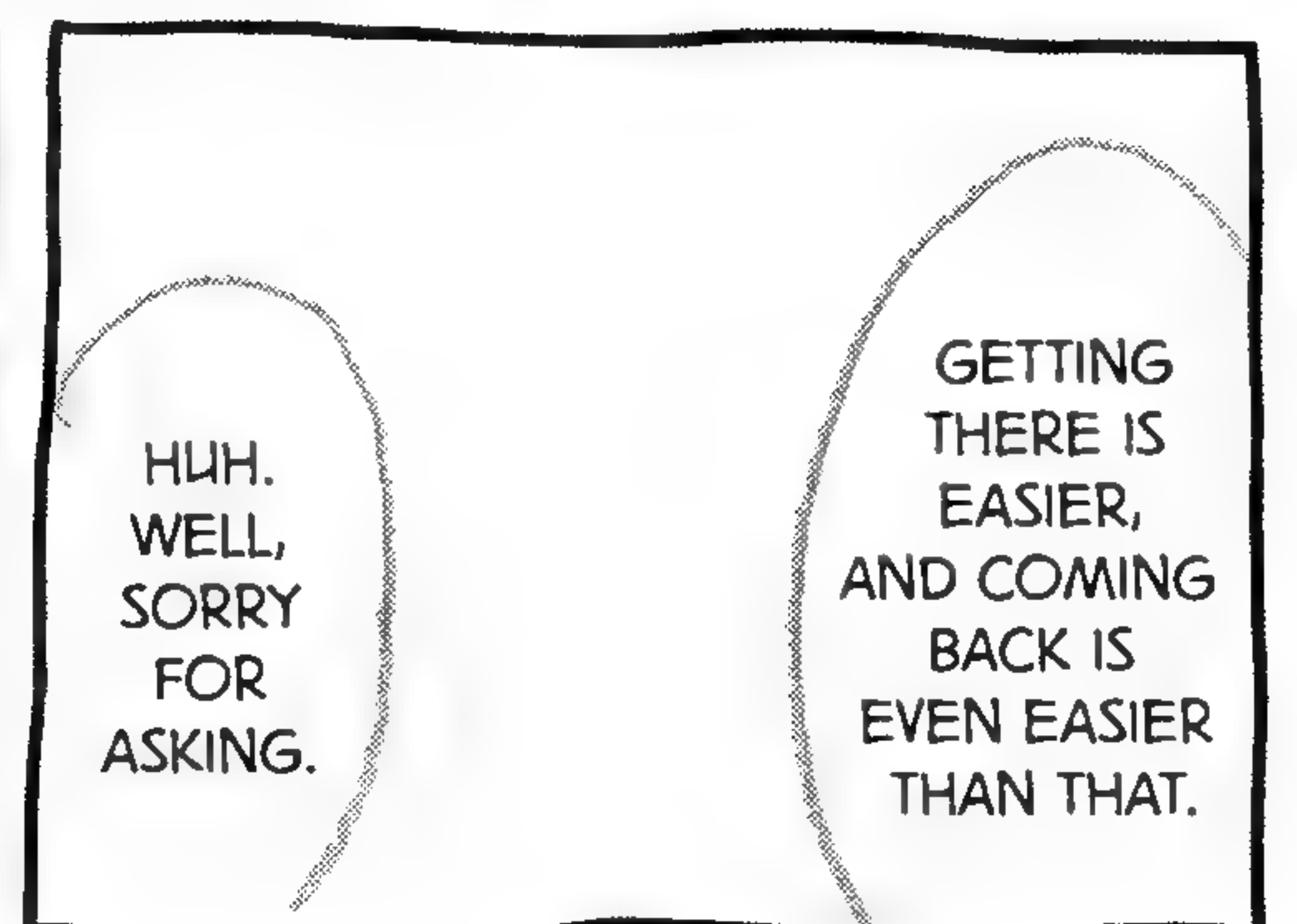
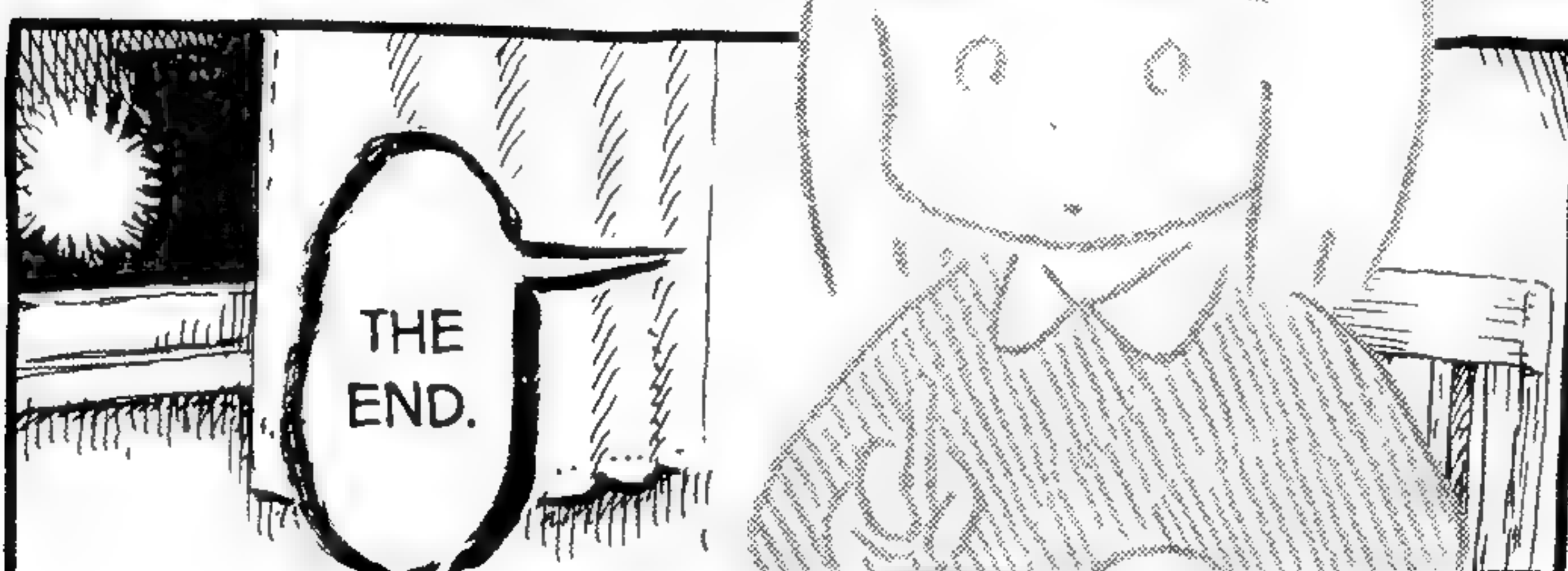
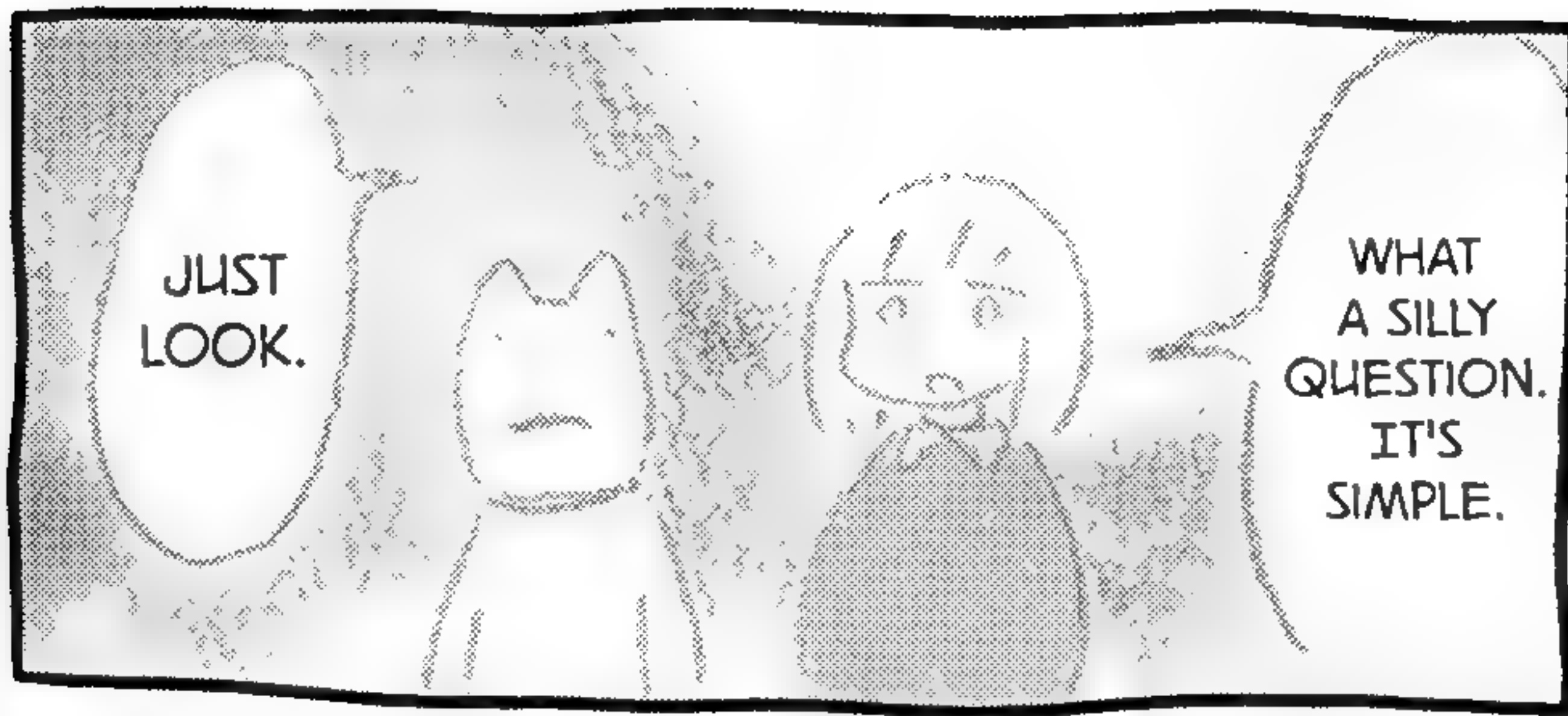
HEH...

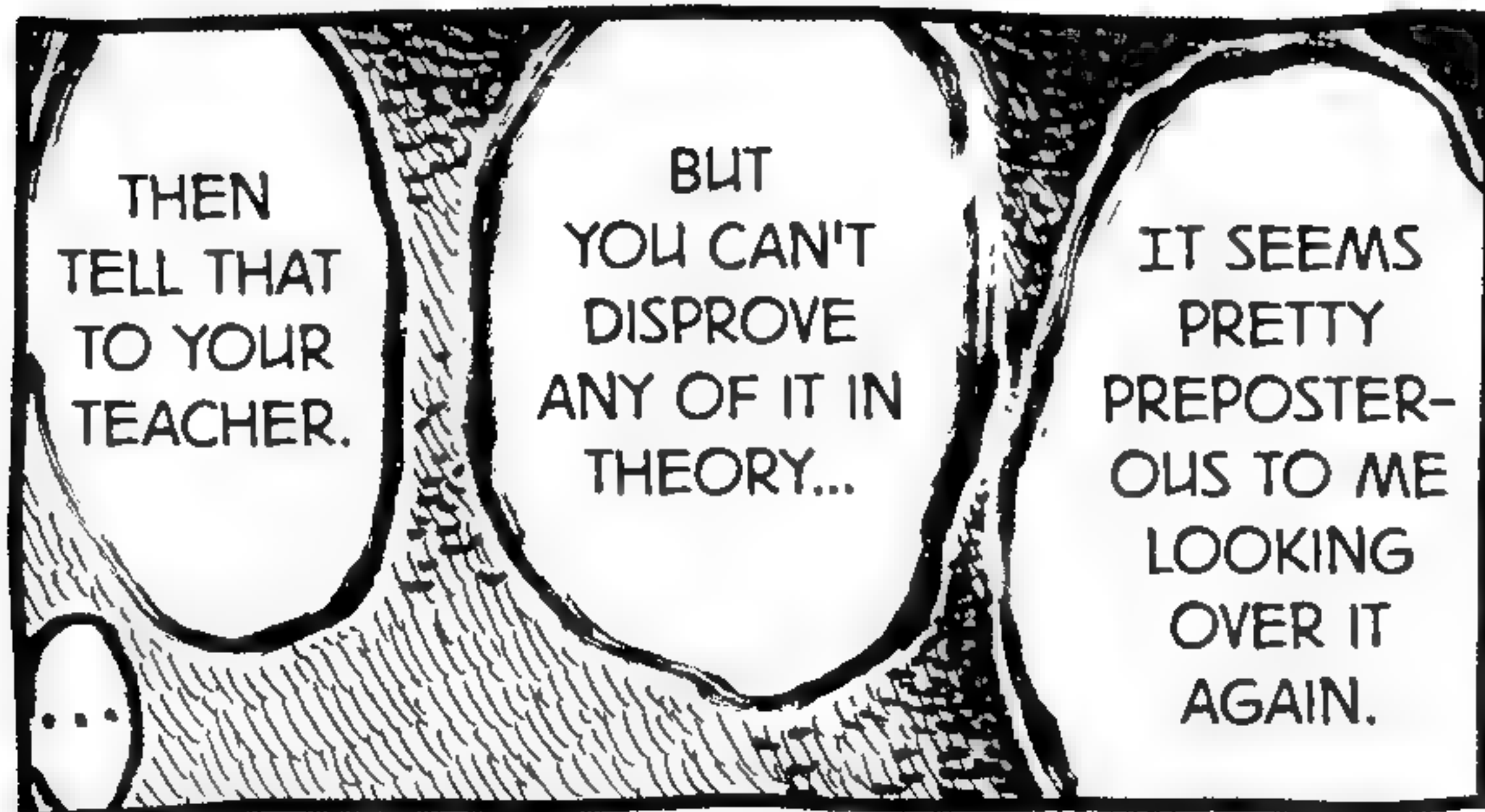
I NEVER KNEW THERE WAS A PLACE LIKE THIS WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE.

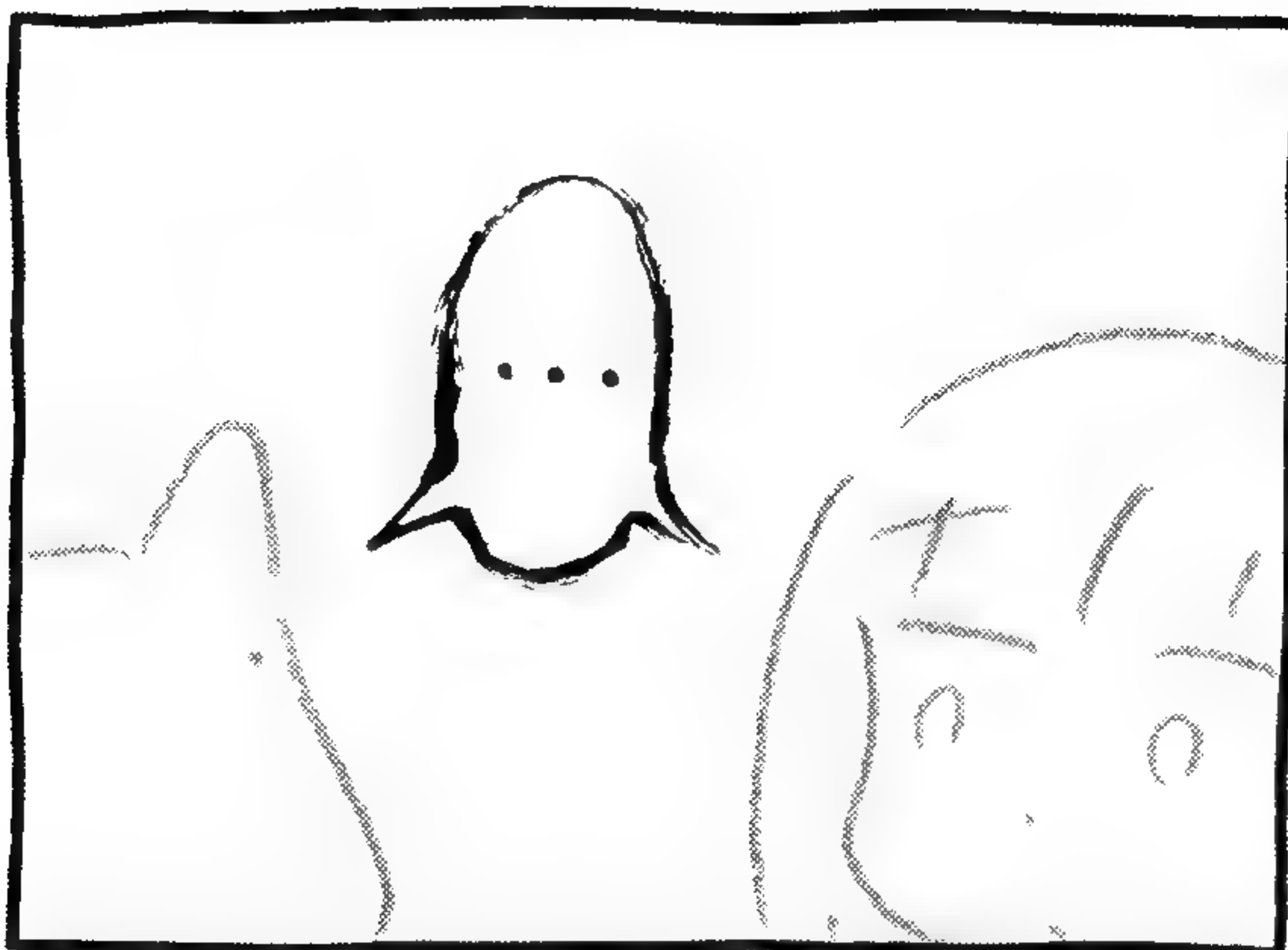


THERE COULD EVEN BE BIZARRE JIZO STATUES THAT YOU'D NEVER FORGET AFTER A SINGLE GLANCE.



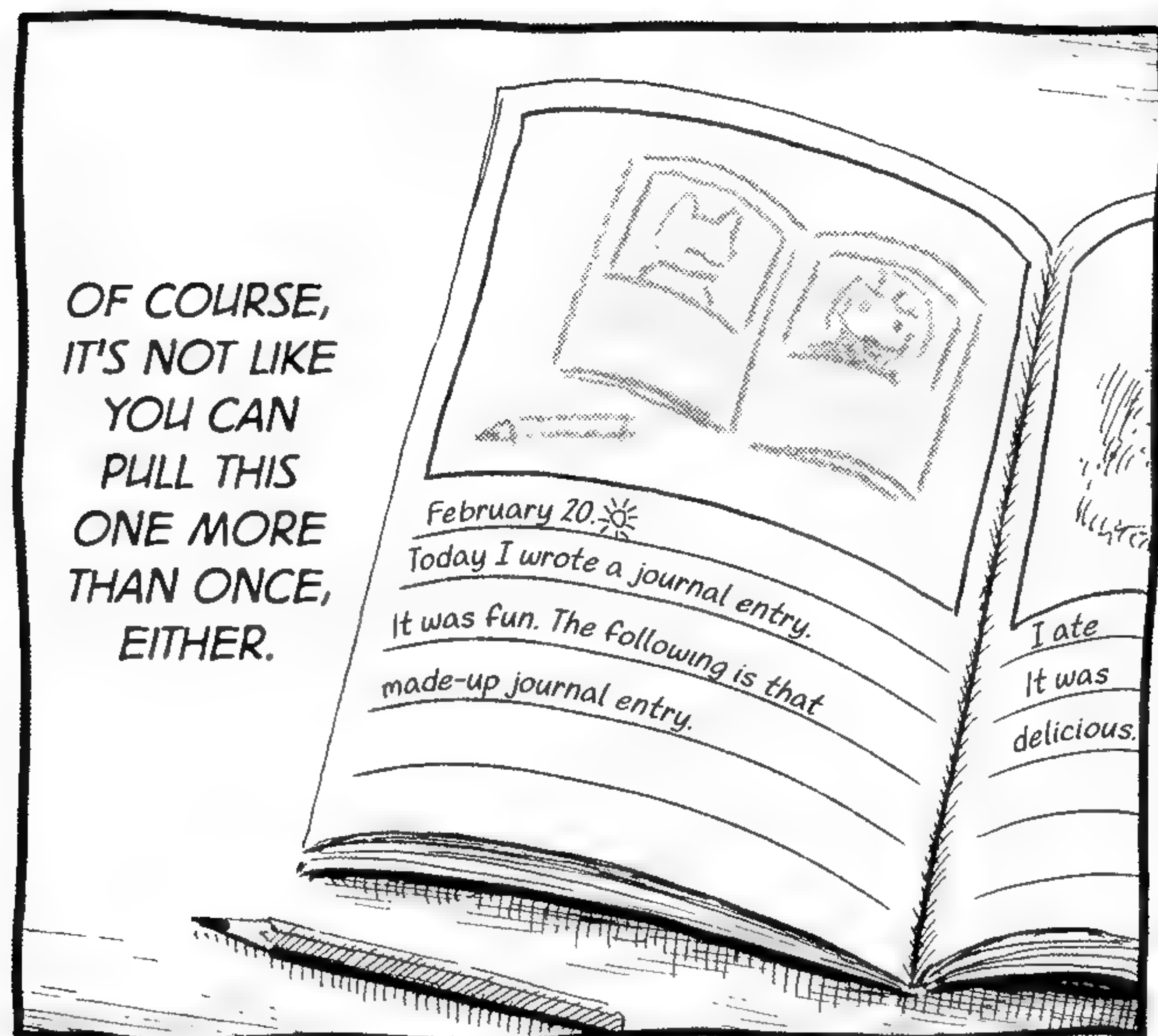
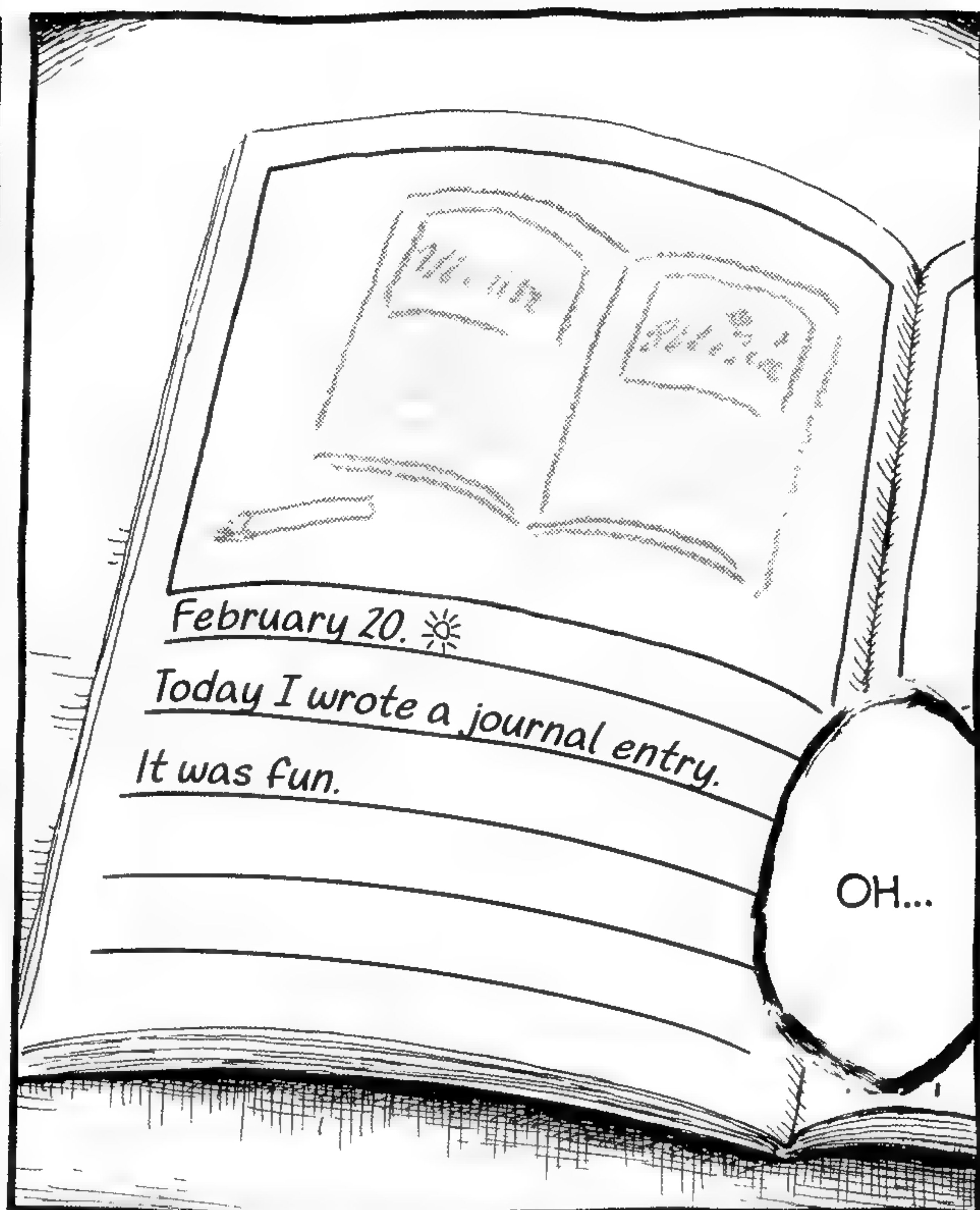






AND SO,
THE FICTIONAL
JOURNAL ENTRY
BECAME PART
OF MY REAL
JOURNAL
ENTRY.

I DON'T
THINK
THIS IS A
PARADOX
ANYMORE,
RIGHT?



OF COURSE,
IT'S NOT LIKE
YOU CAN
PULL THIS
ONE MORE
THAN ONCE,
EITHER.

WHY NOT TRY
HAVING FUN
BY WRITING A
COMPLETELY
FALSE ENTRY?

SO,
ARE YOU
HAVING
TROUBLE
THINKING OF
WHAT TO
WRITE IN YOUR
JOURNAL FOR
HOMEWORK?

On the Timeline of Dreams

Sometimes when I think back to a dream, even one I had in the morning, I get the feeling that so much time has passed since then that it couldn't possibly have taken place that morning. Dreams from a night before can feel like something in the distant past, and dreams in the distant past can still feel so fresh and vibrant that they seem to have happened yesterday. What one sees in a dream doesn't always match up with the timeline of reality.

It can sometimes be hard to tell which is older, the dream you had yesterday, or the dream you had the day before. The timeline that dreams exist on may originate in the age of your memories that they're based upon. Could dreams be a kind of remembering?

I think that the experiences we have in dreams might be just about equivalent to those we have in real life, but because time in dreams is created from memories, the sense of time we have while dreaming is unrelated to the sense of it we have in real life. Time might jump, or time might stop.

Being asleep dramatically changes one's sense of time. Our sense of time in the real world stops as a memory-time begins. The reason we may not be able to immediately recall a dream we had right before waking up is because the timeline has suddenly shifted. You may think that something happened only a moment ago, but in fact it may have happened there days ago, one month ago, or even ten years ago.

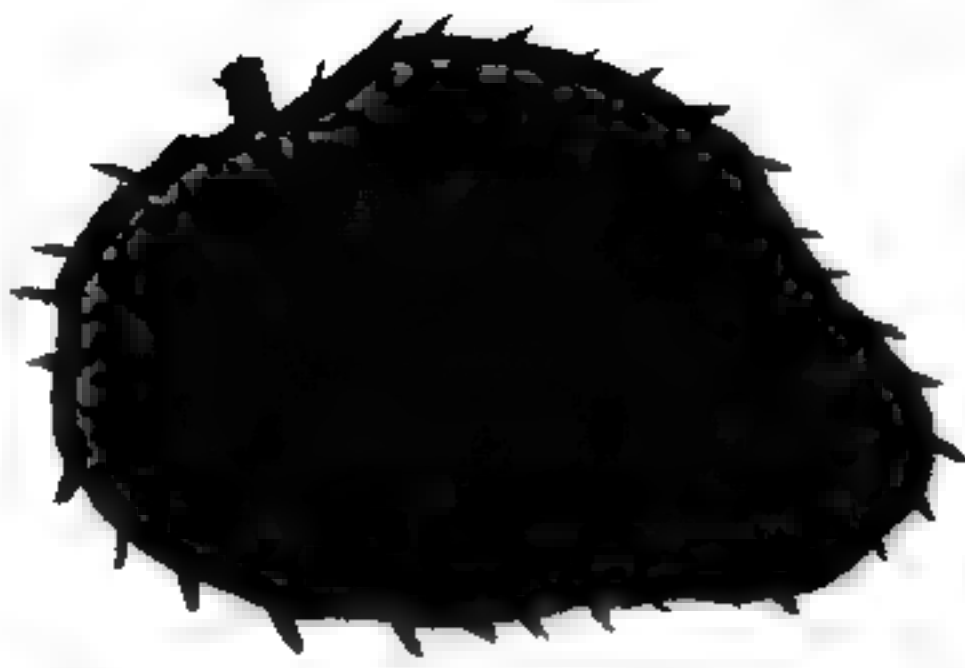
We may think that time flows evenly throughout the world, but dreams let us know that in fact, time is nothing more than one function of our minds.

May 27, 2010

GUYABANO HOLIDAY



WELL,
EVEN I
HAD NEVER
SEEN NOR
HEARD OF
THEM UNTIL
ONE DAY.



ARE YOU
FAMILIAR
WITH THE
FRUIT
KNOWN
AS THE
GUYABANO?

Guyabano Holiday: Part I



IT
HAPPENED
ABOUT
THREE
YEARS
AGO.

*Large arcade sign: Ameyoko



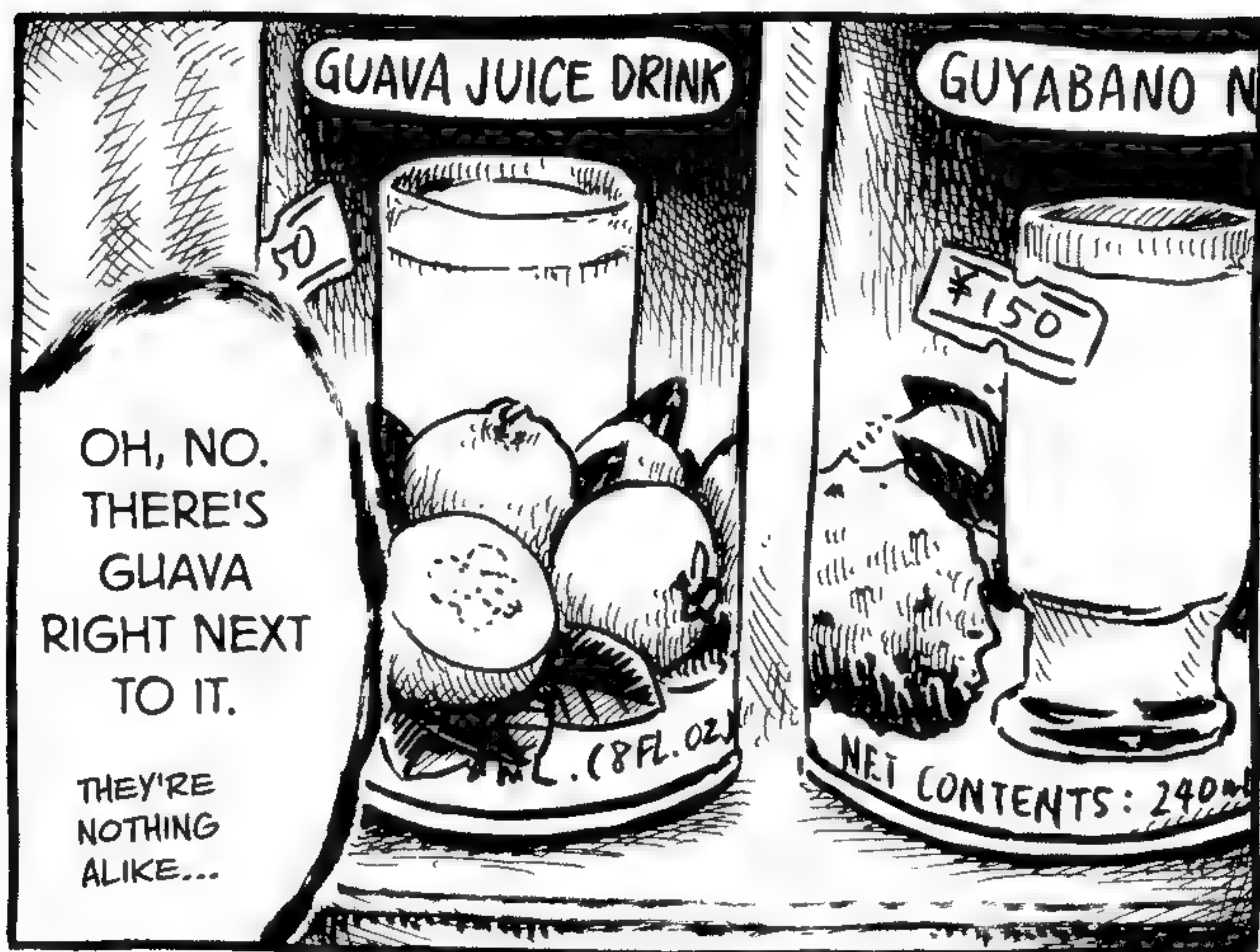
WHICH
ONE...

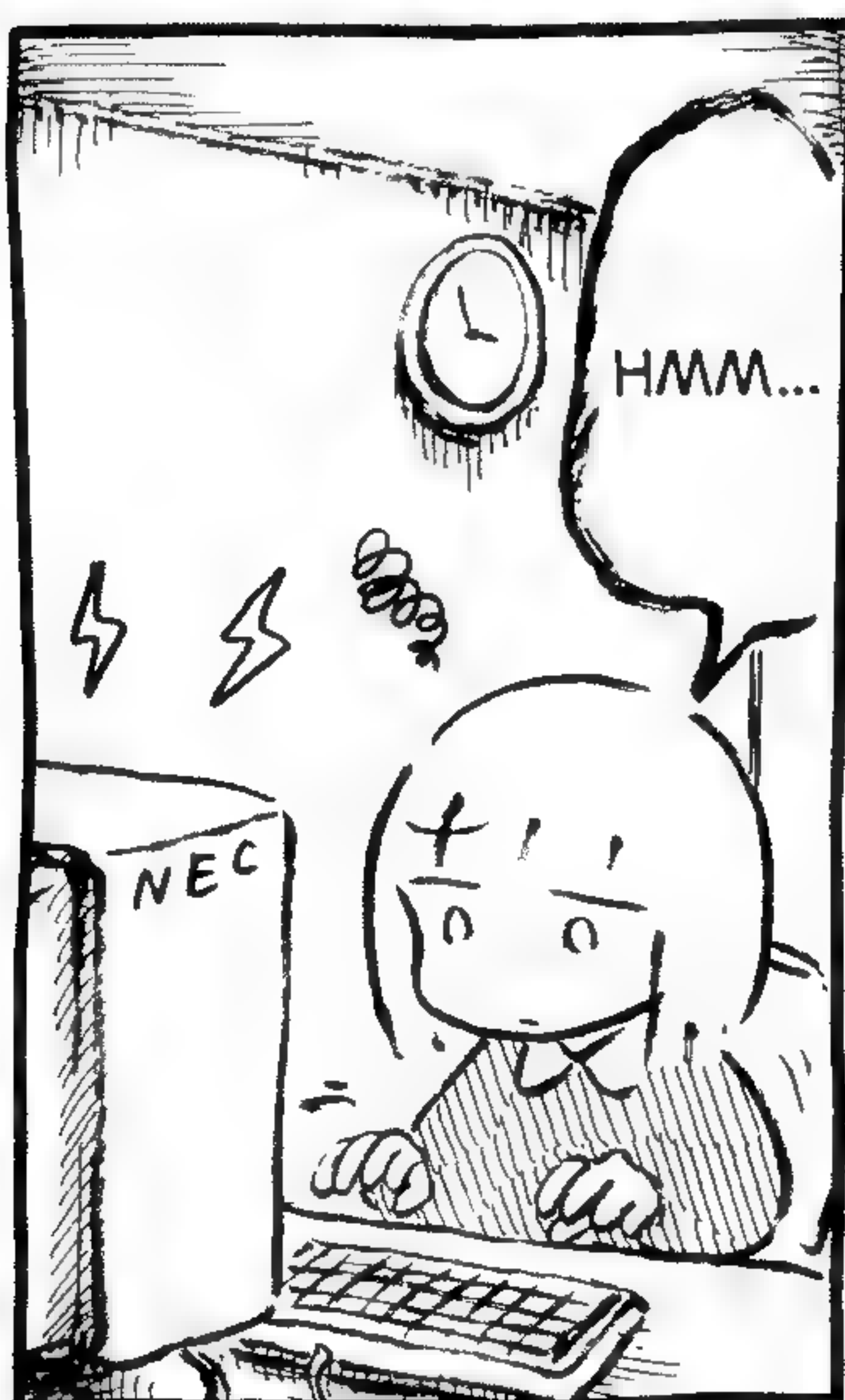
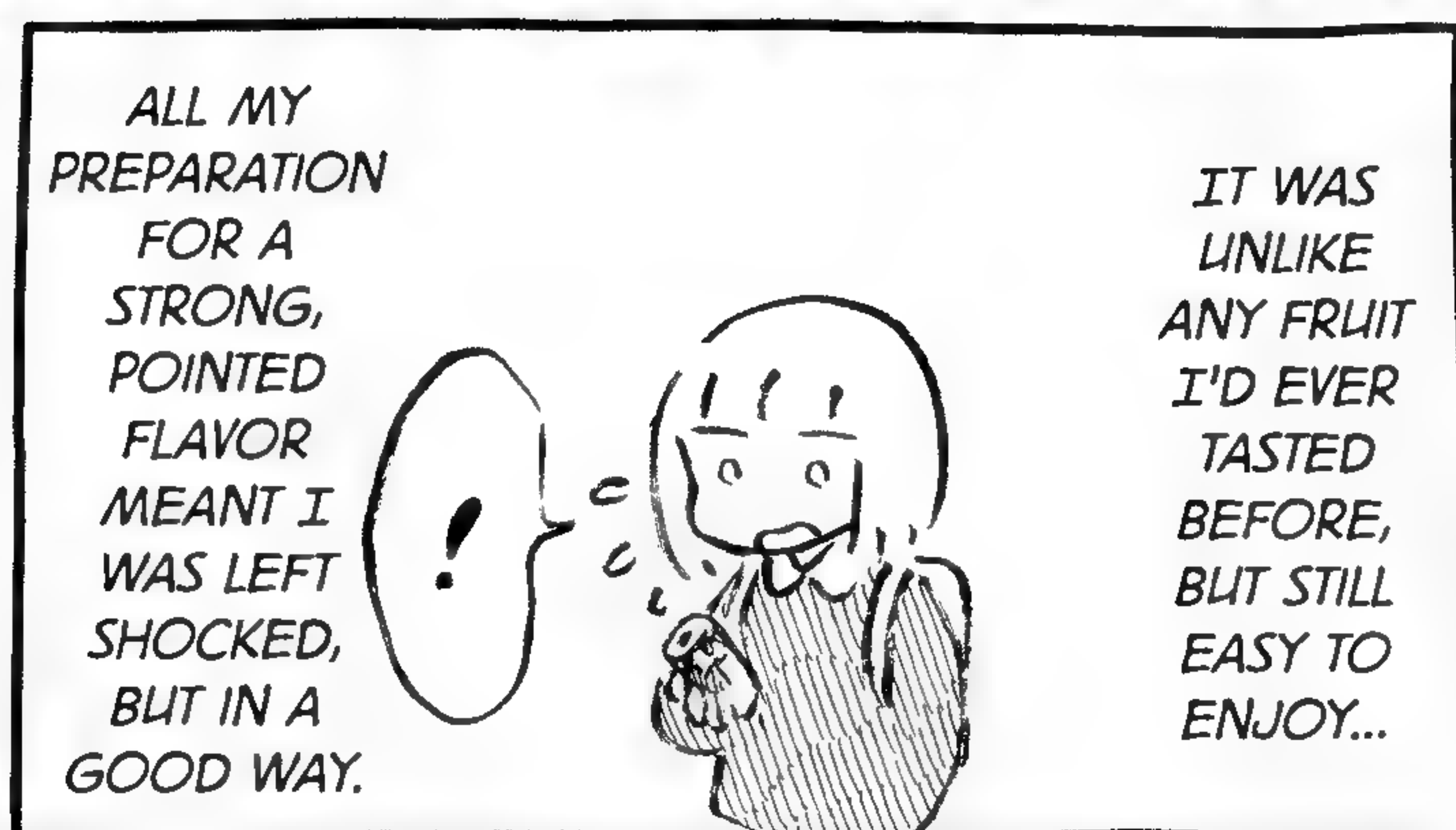
I'D MADE
A HABIT
OF BUYING
WHATEVER
HAPPENED
TO CATCH
MY EYE
EACH TIME
I PASSED
BY THERE.



THERE,
THEY SELL
STRANGE
CANNED
JUICES THAT
COME FROM
COUNTRIES IN
SOUTHEAST
ASIA.

THERE'S A
PLACE IN
TOKYO'S
UENO
DISTRICT,
CALLED
AMEYOKO,
THAT'S
FULL OF
INTER-
NATIONAL
FOOD
STORES.



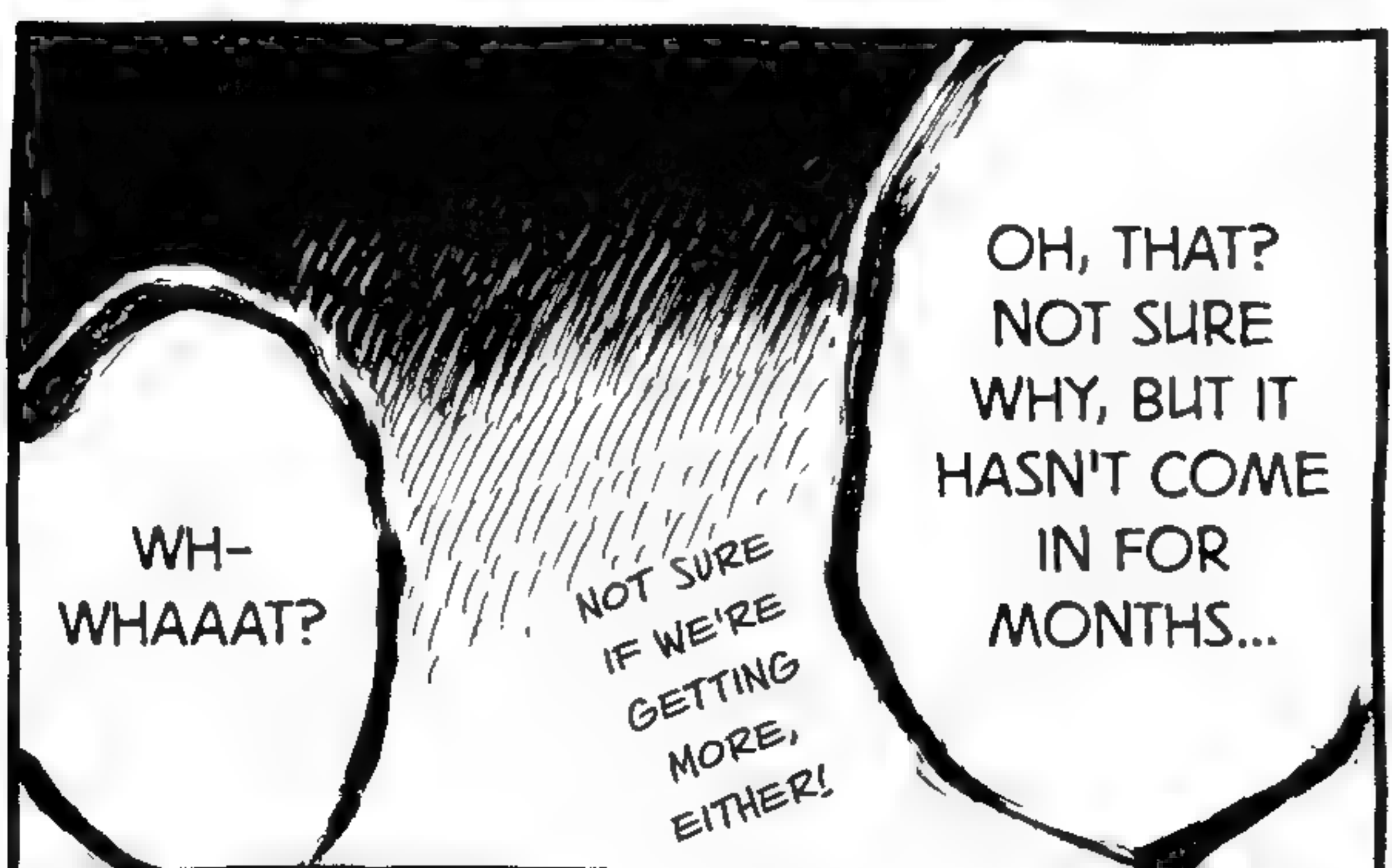
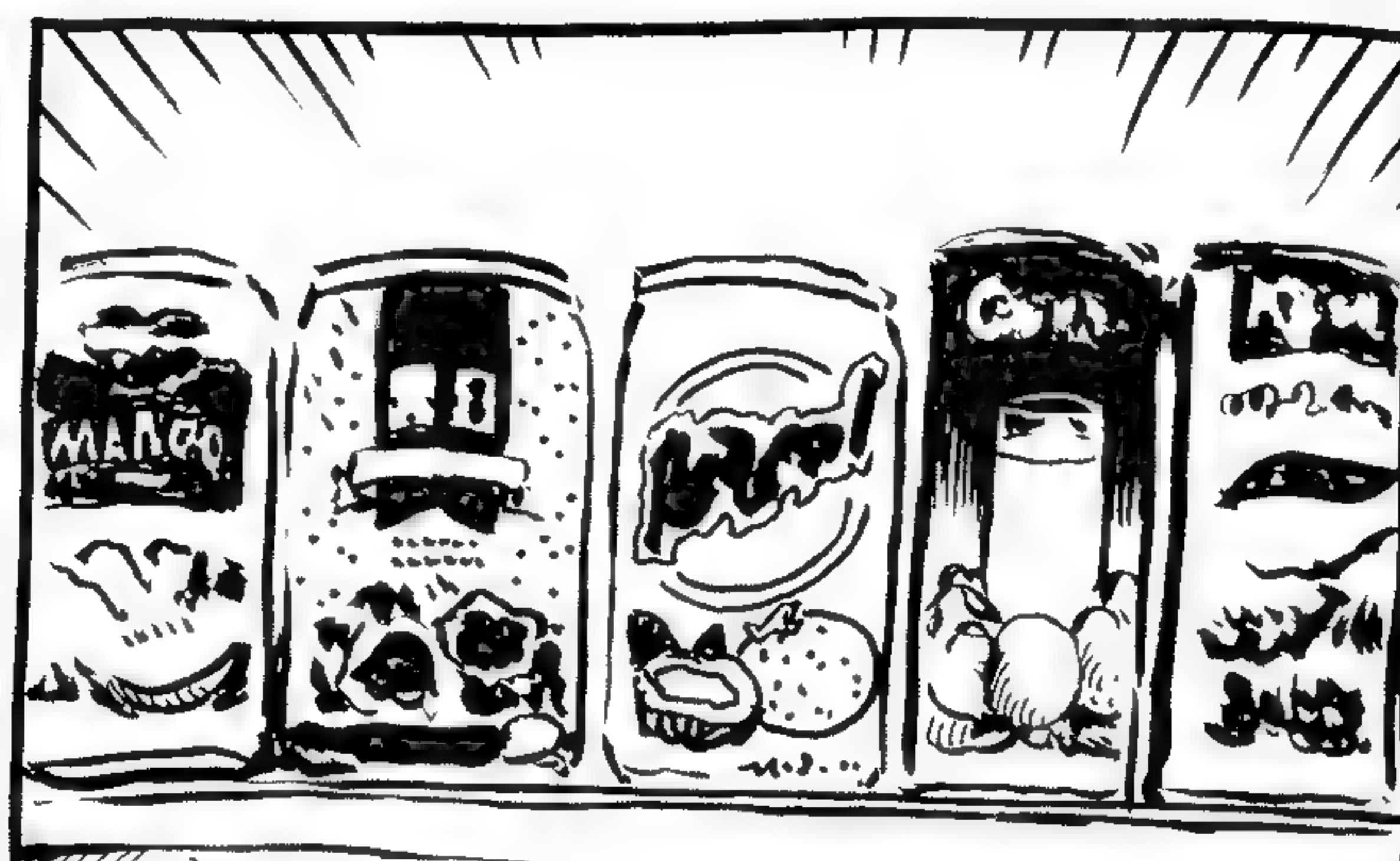
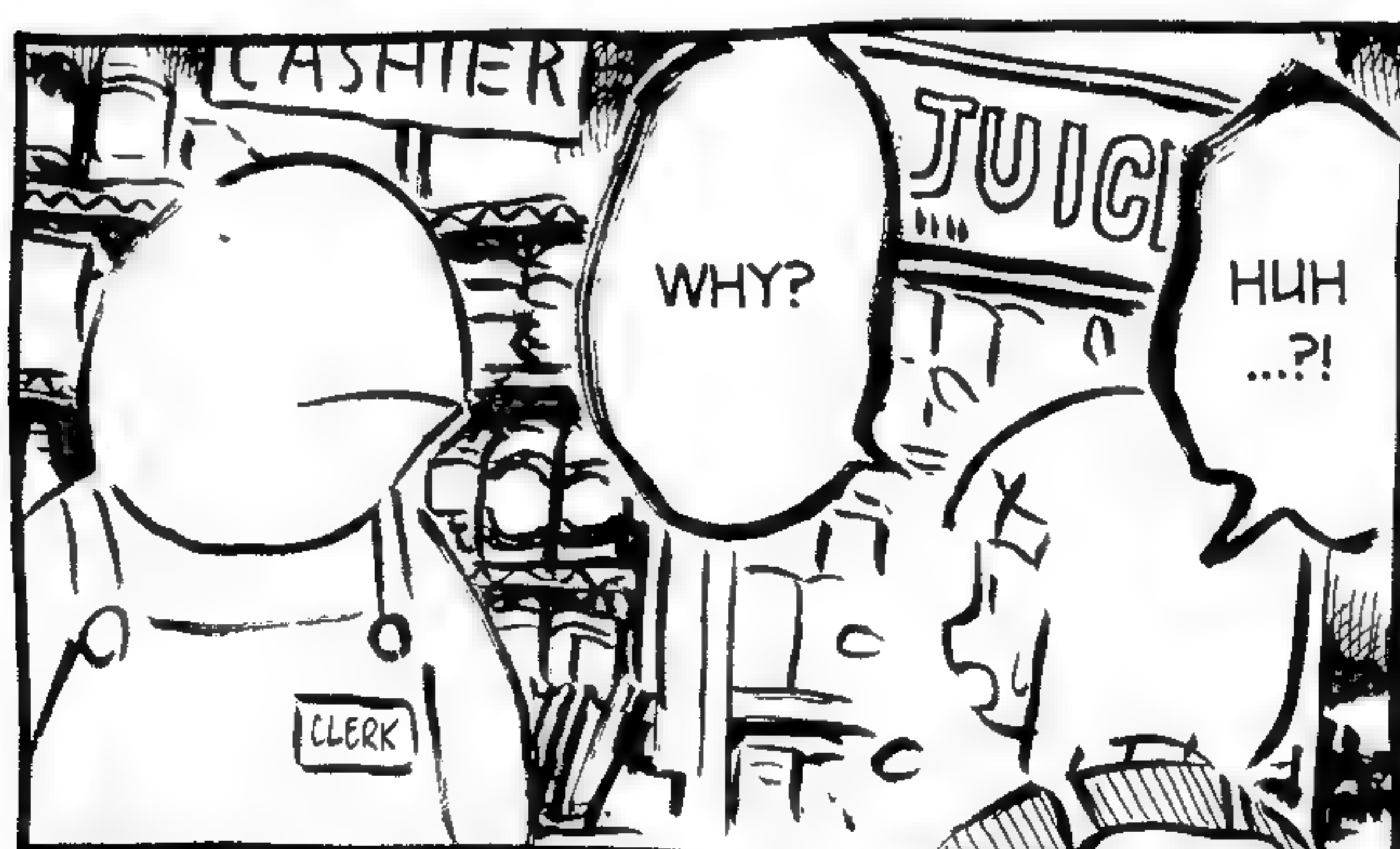
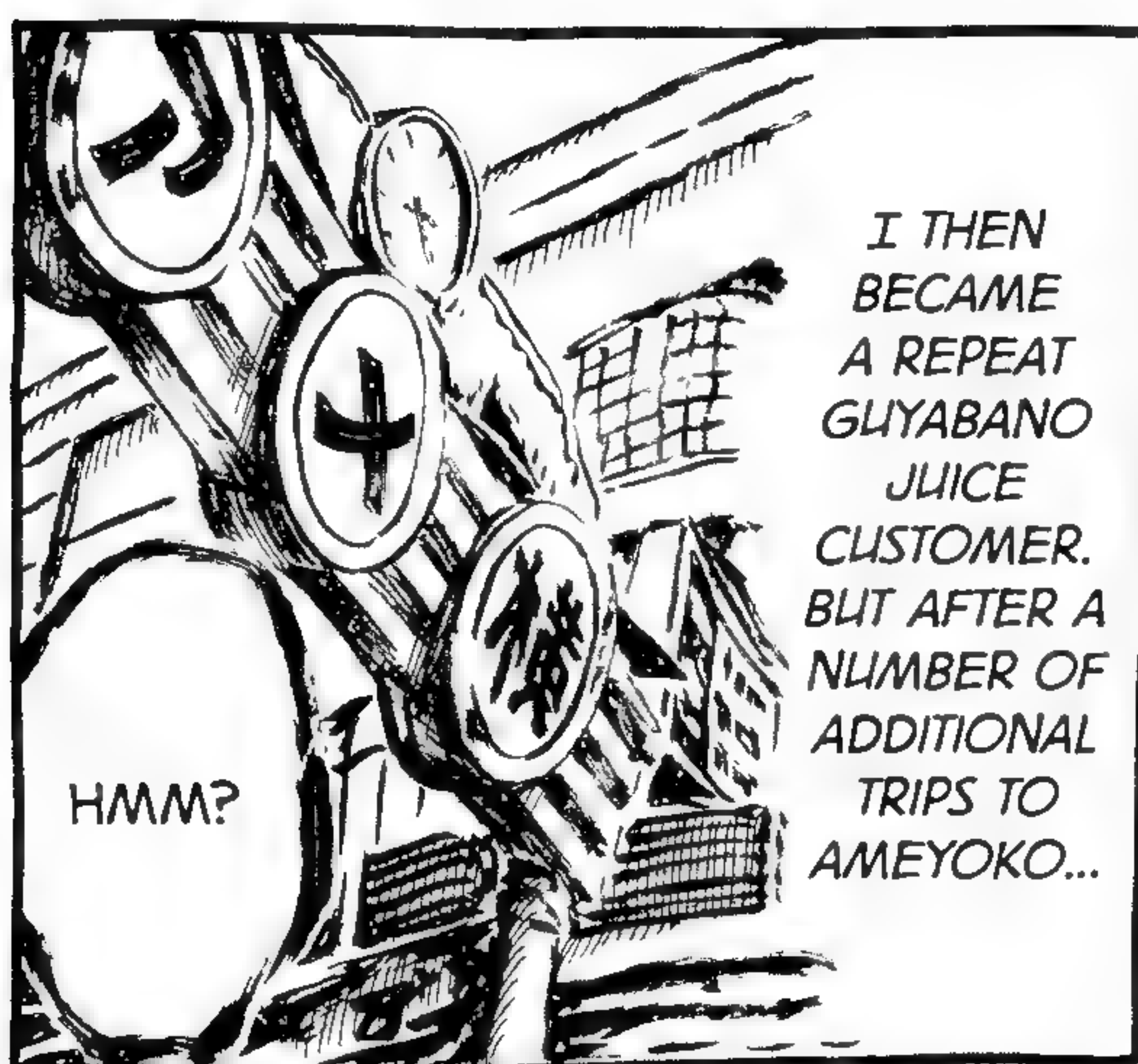
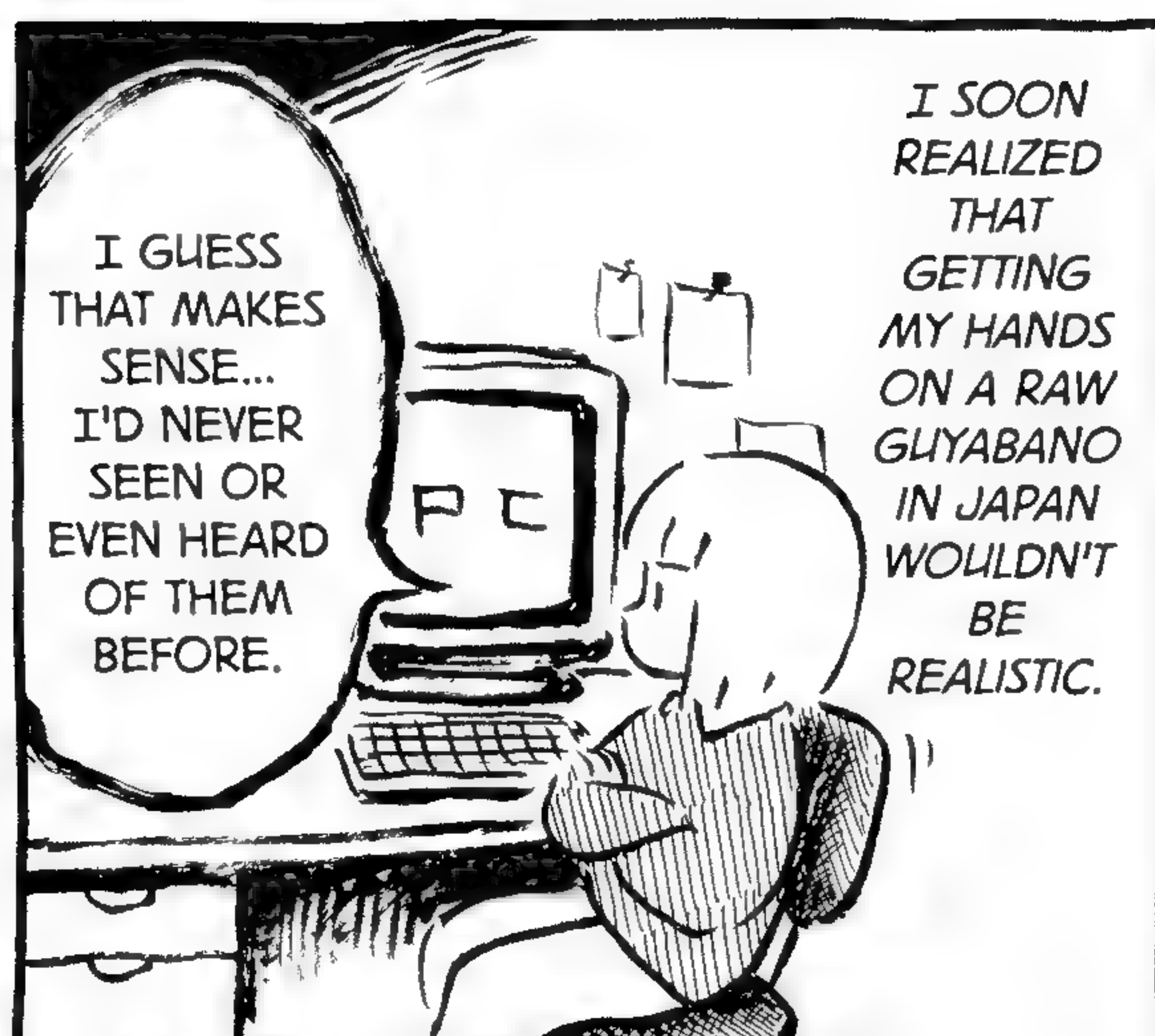
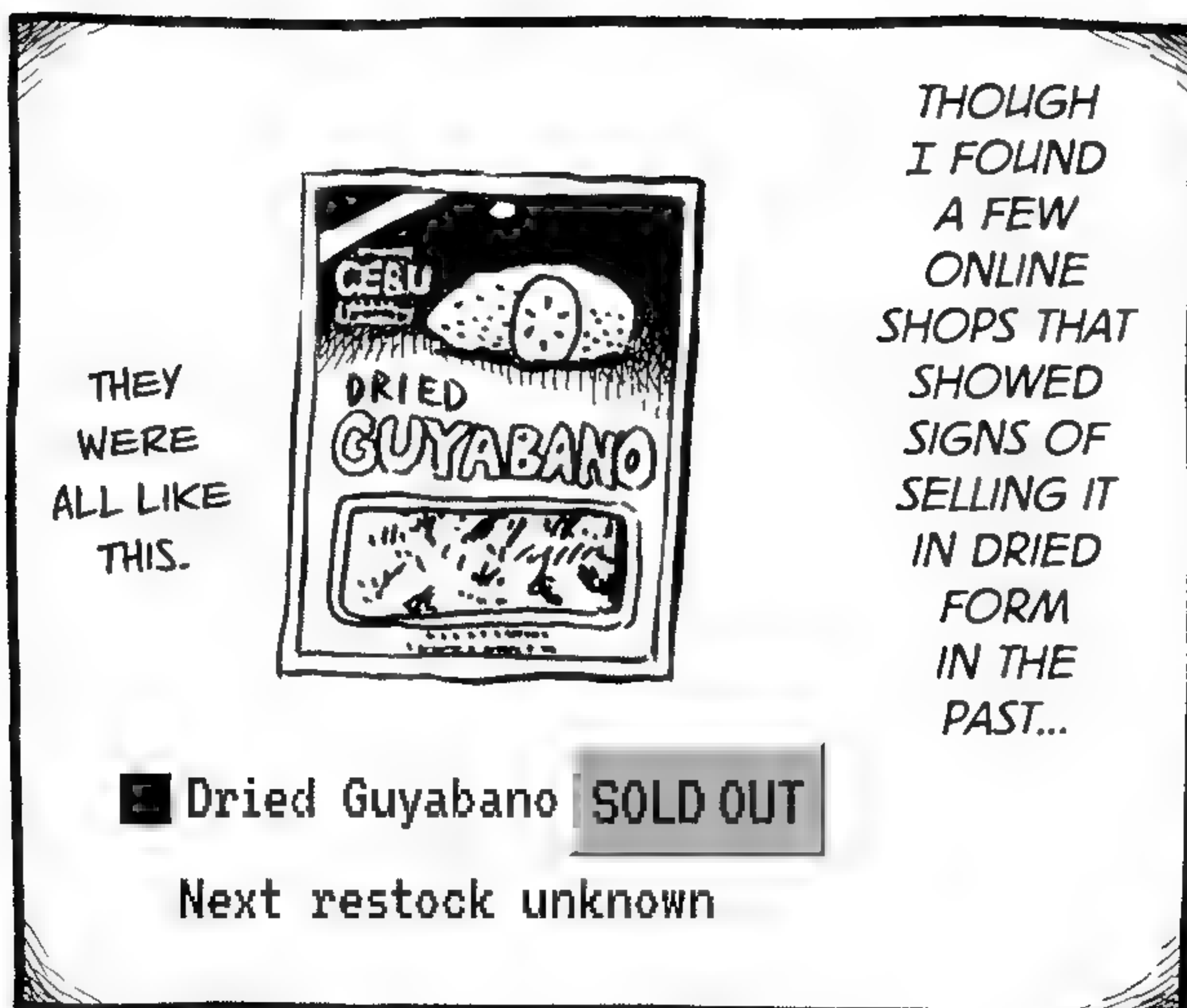


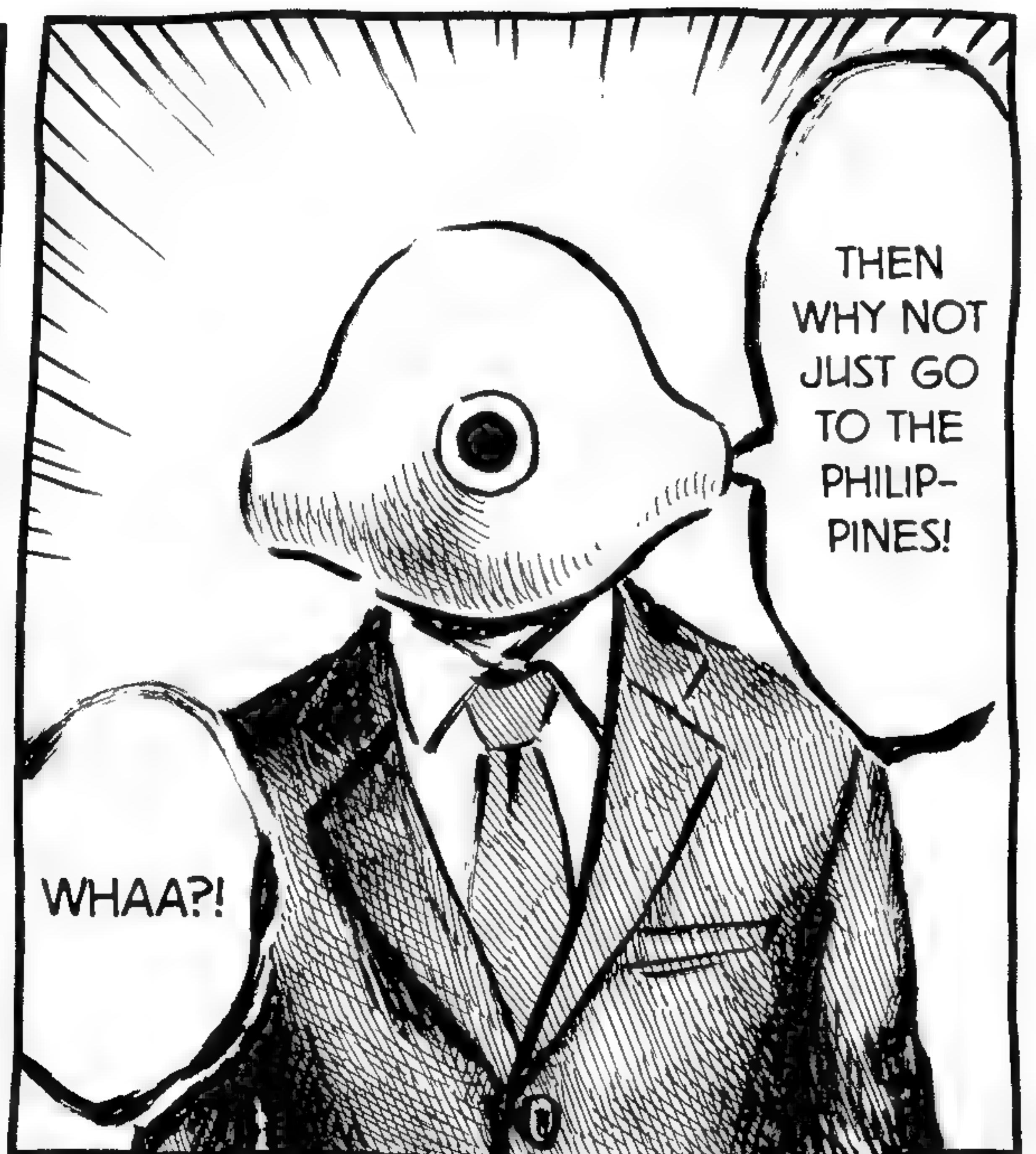
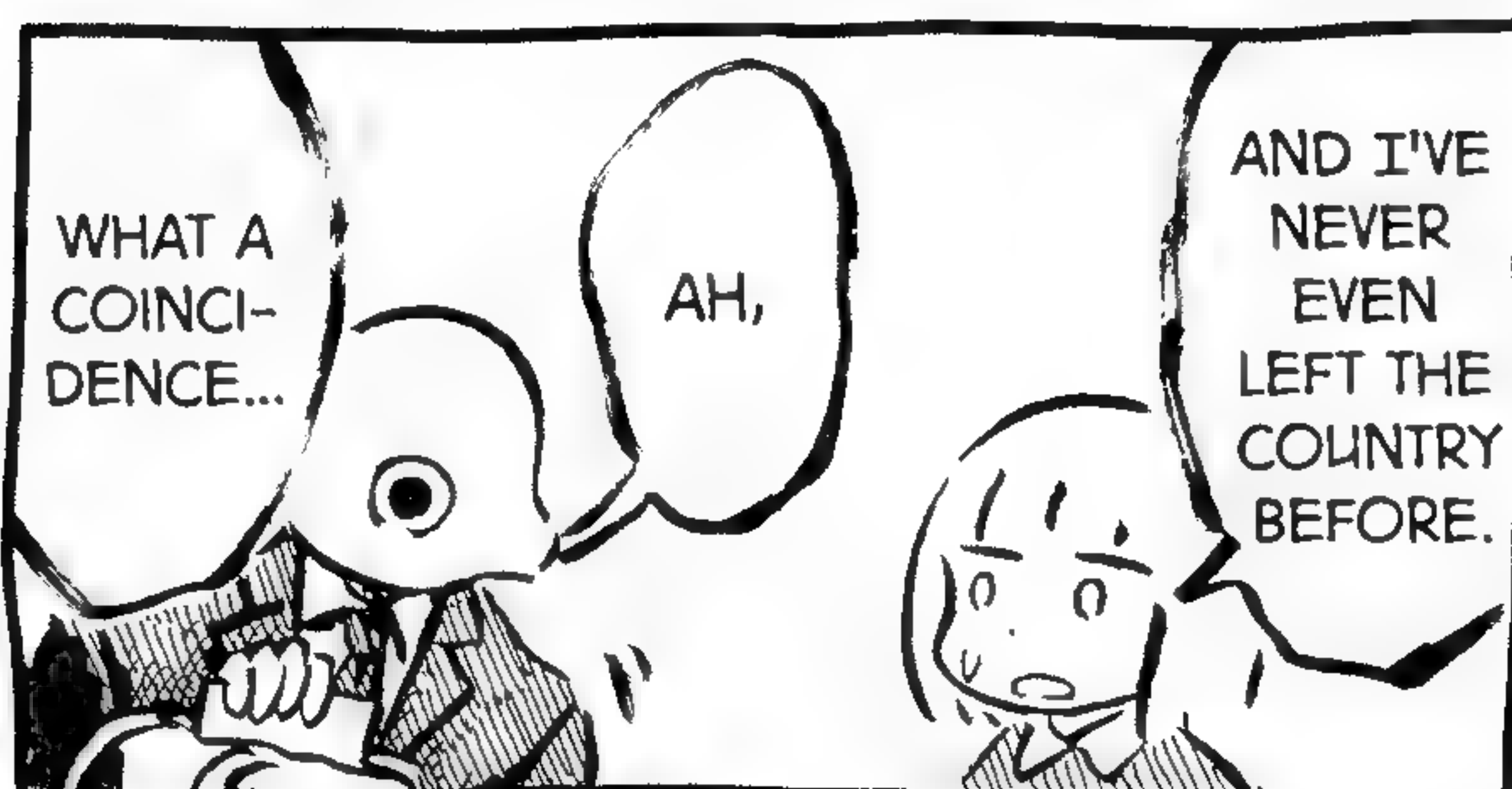
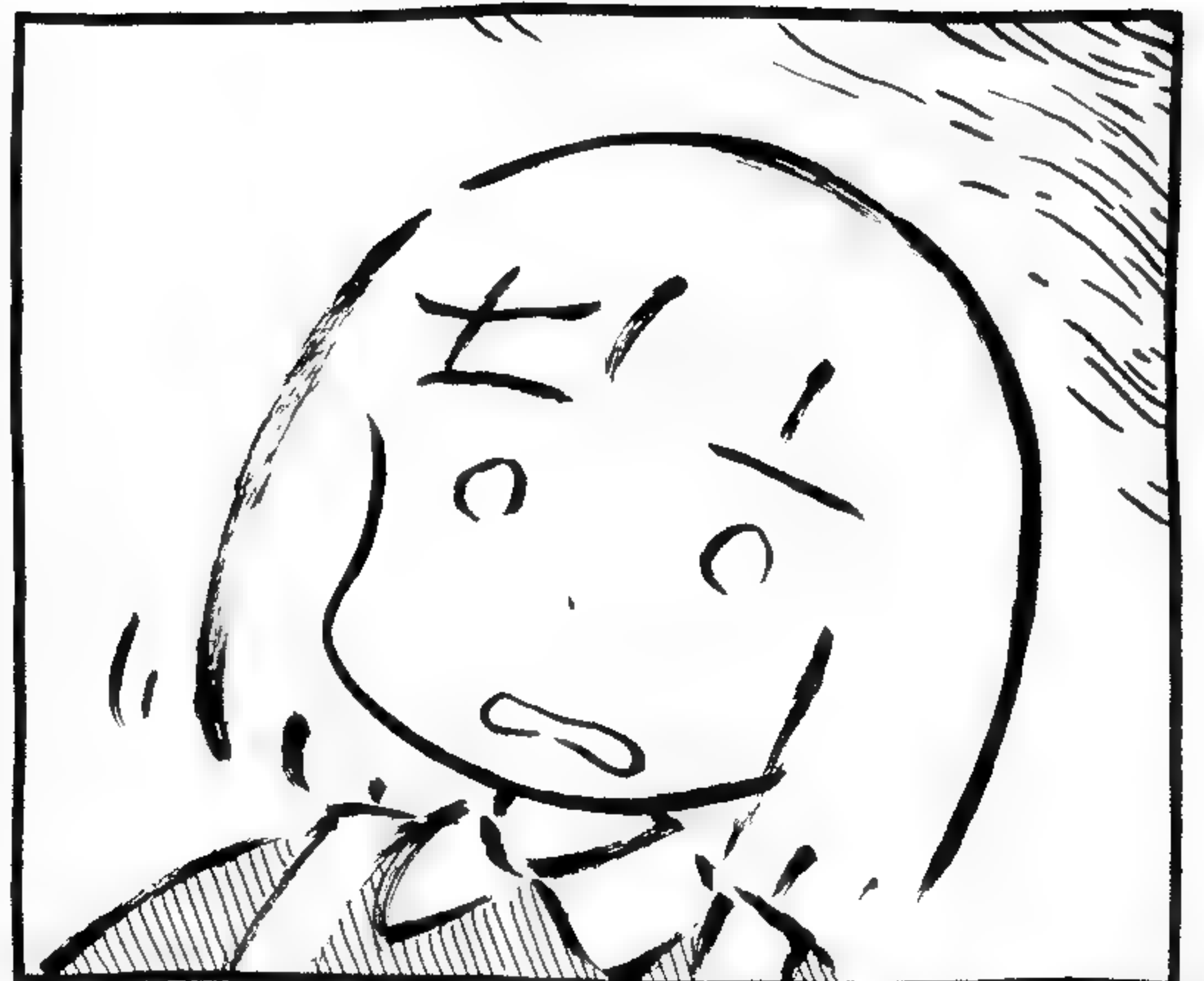
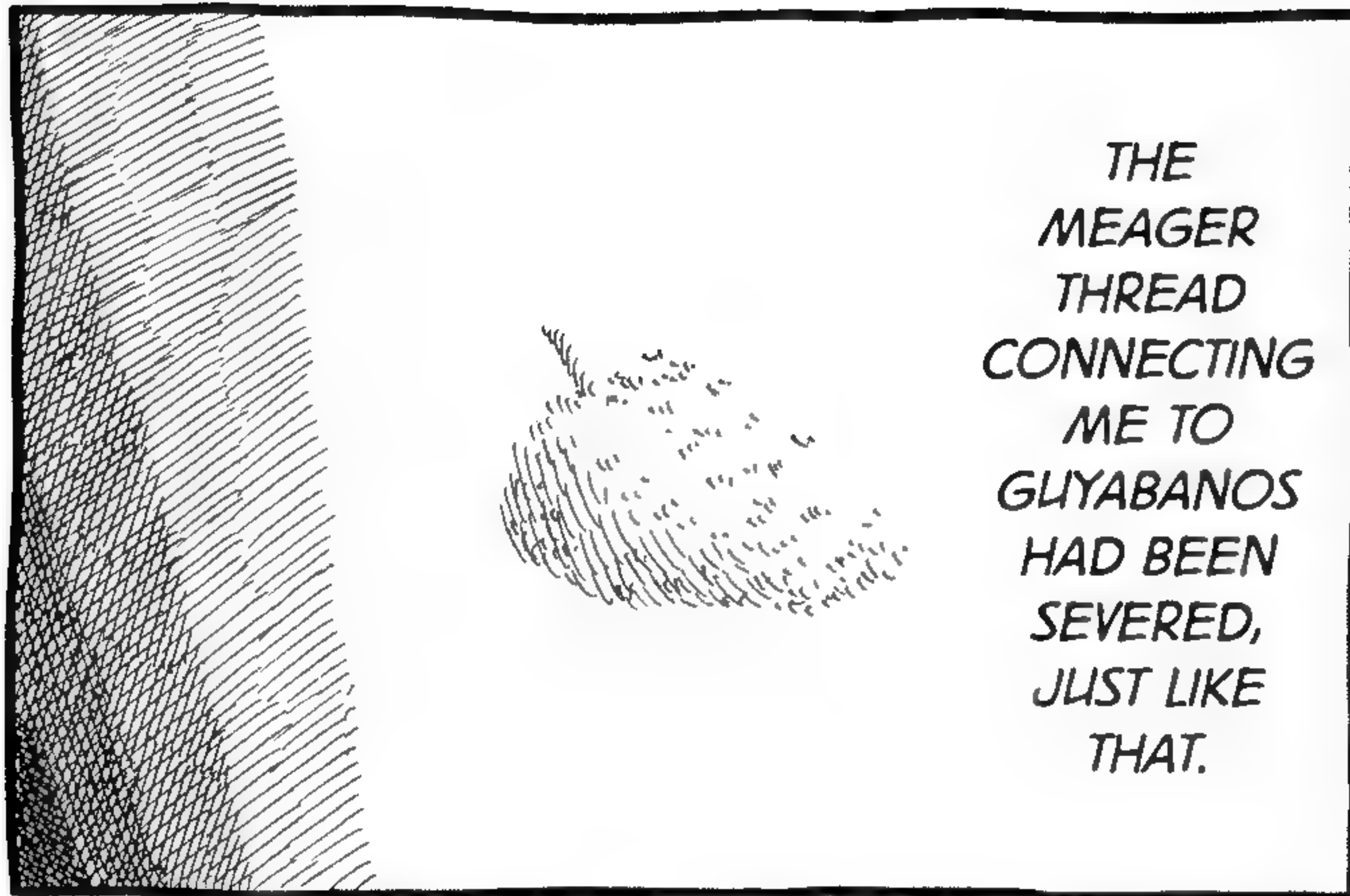
Internet

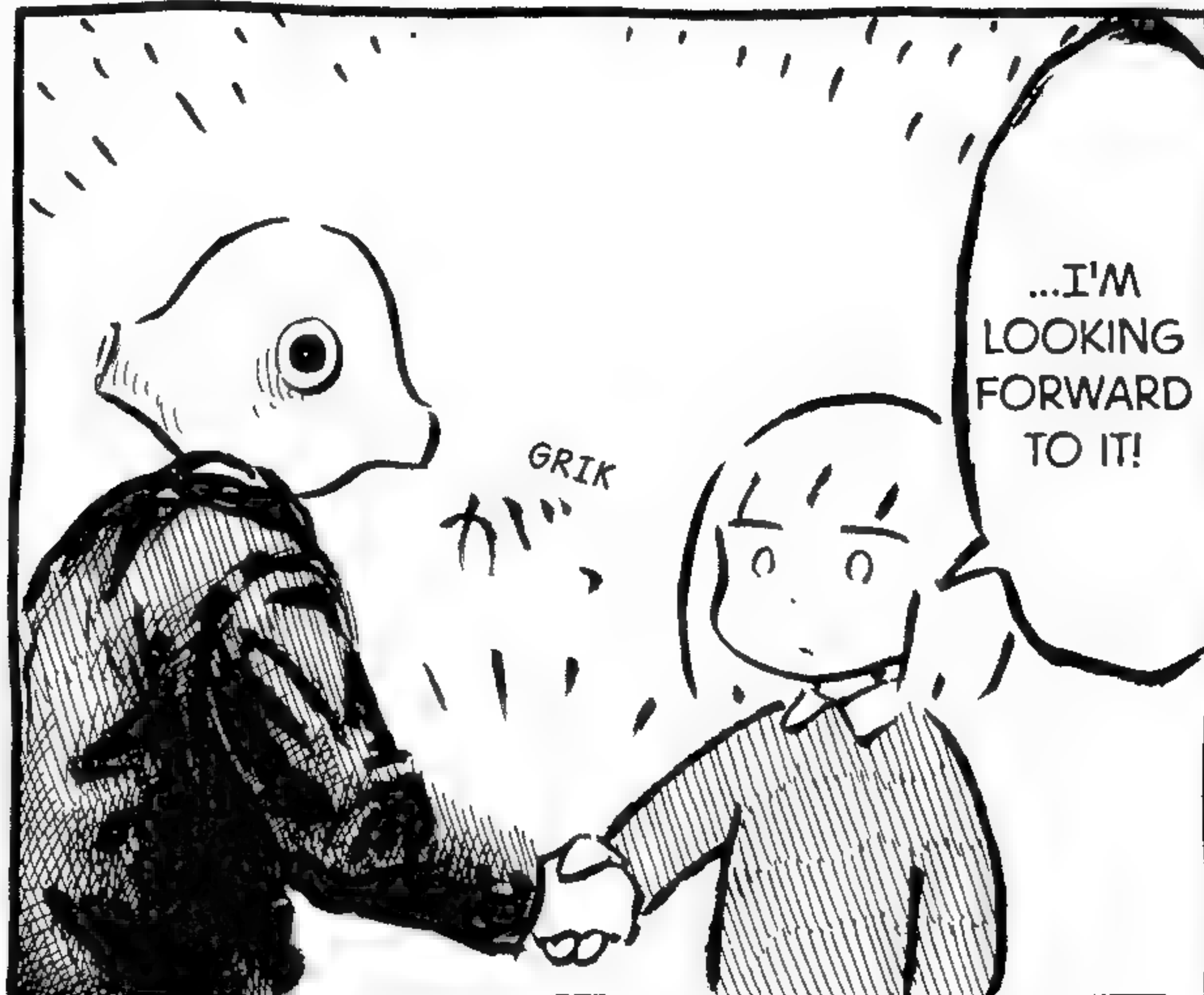
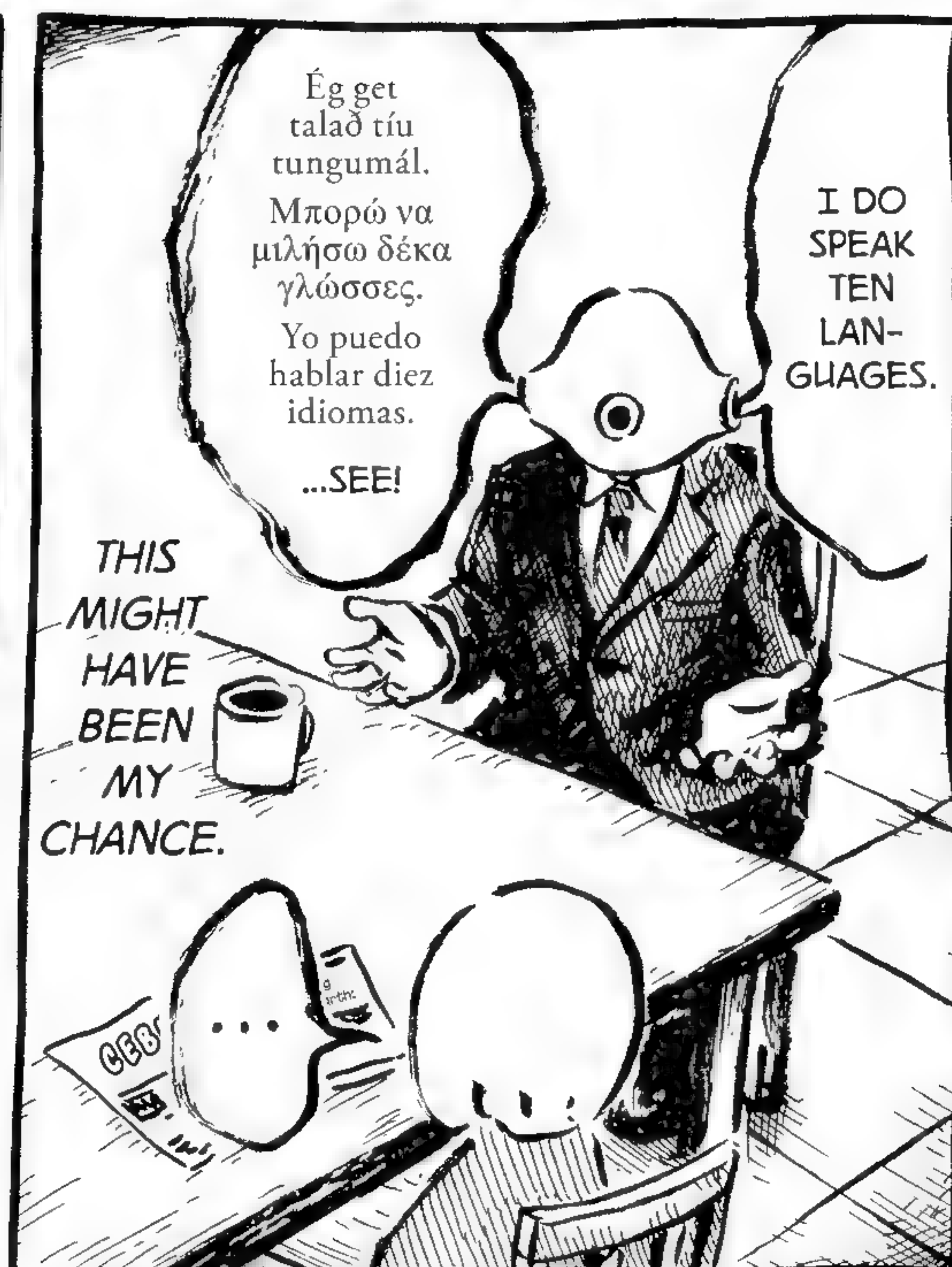
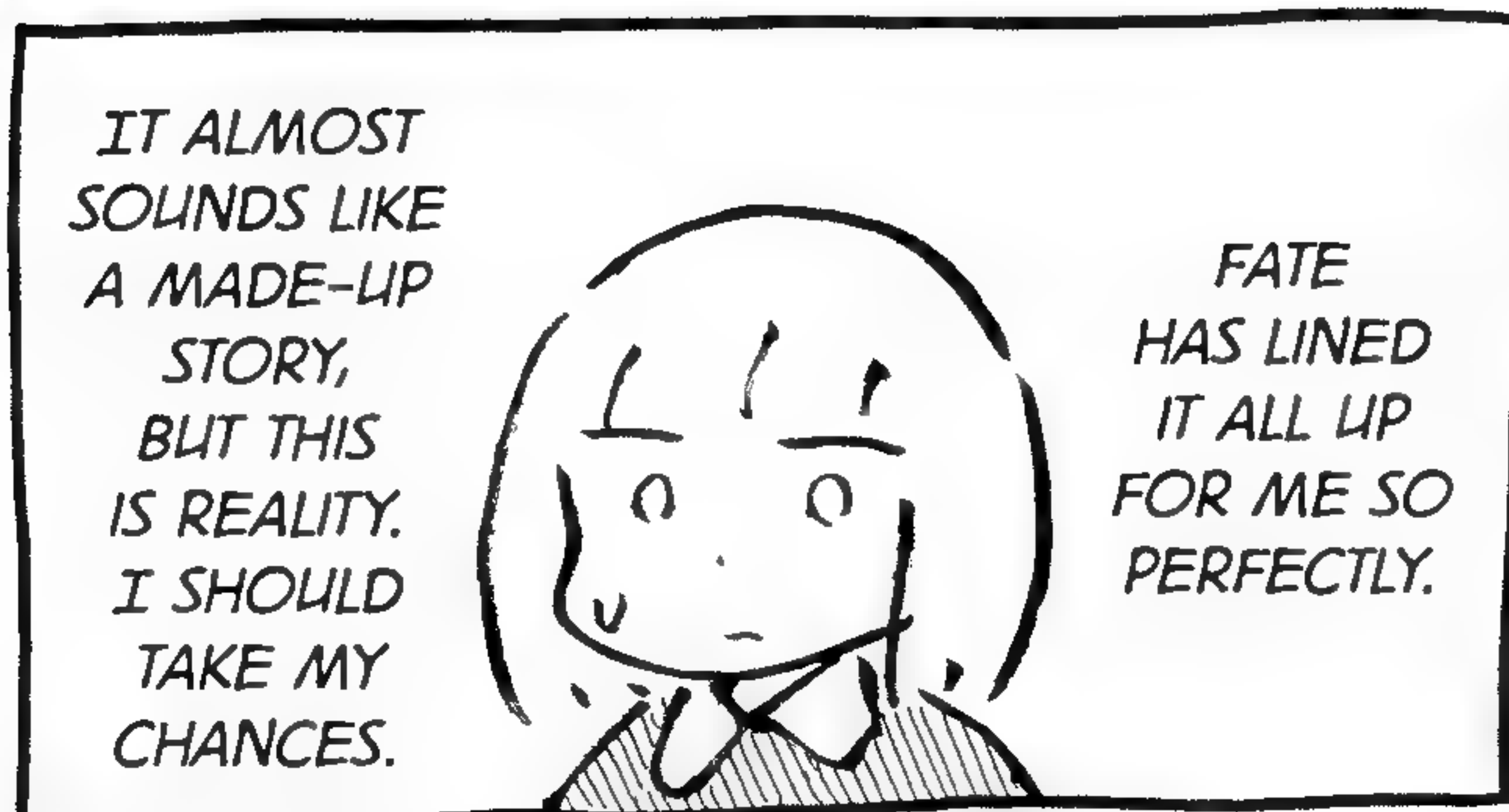


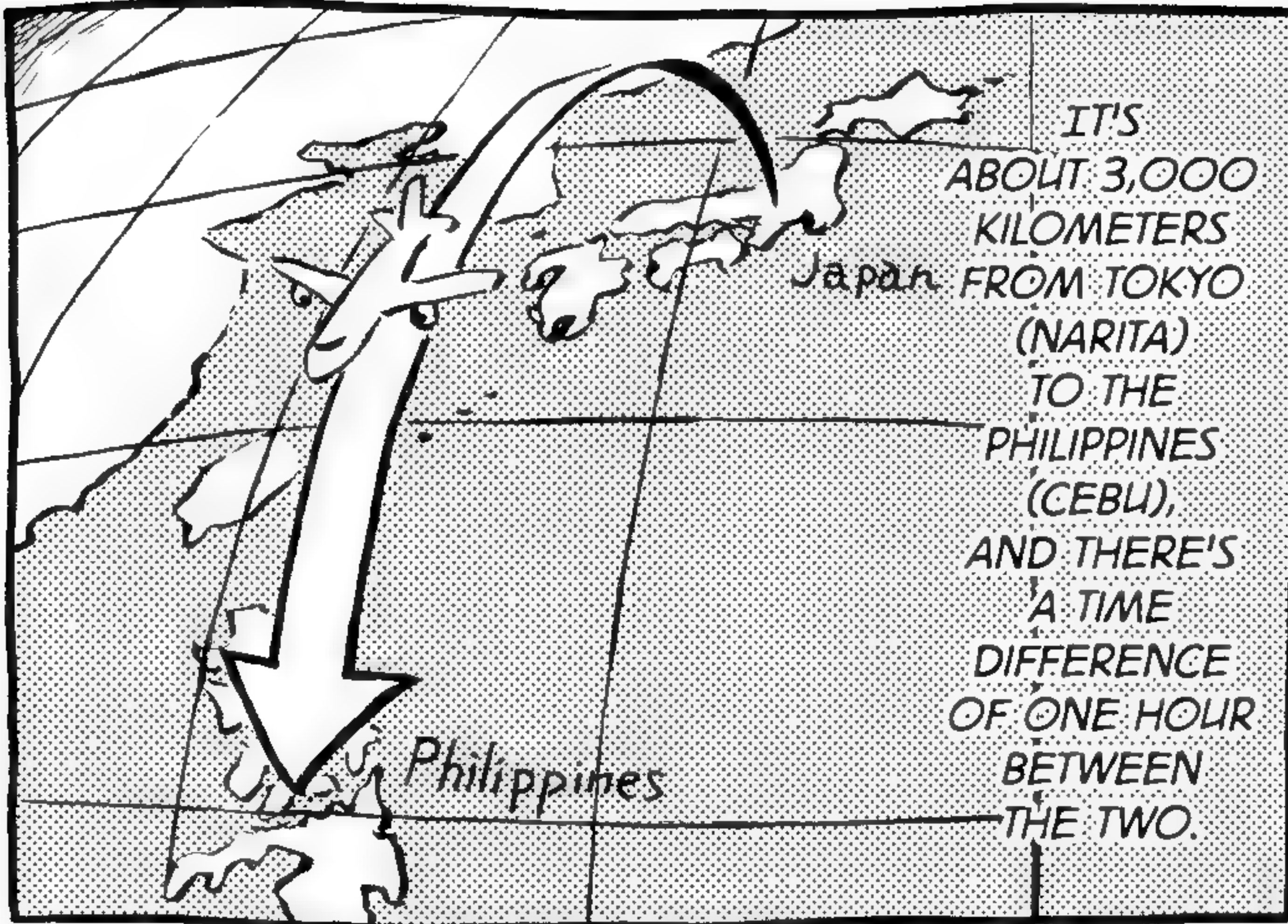
Guyabano... A fruit in the *Annona* genus originally from the Americas that seems to be regularly eaten in the countries of Southeast Asia, such as the Philippines (the canned juice was from the Philippines as well). Weak to cold temperatures, it is said to be grown in a tiny portion of Japan, such as in Okinawa and the Ogasawaras, but their existence seems to be very niche. If you were curious, the name guyabano comes from Tagalog, while in English it is known as soursop, and in Japanese it is the togeban-reishi.



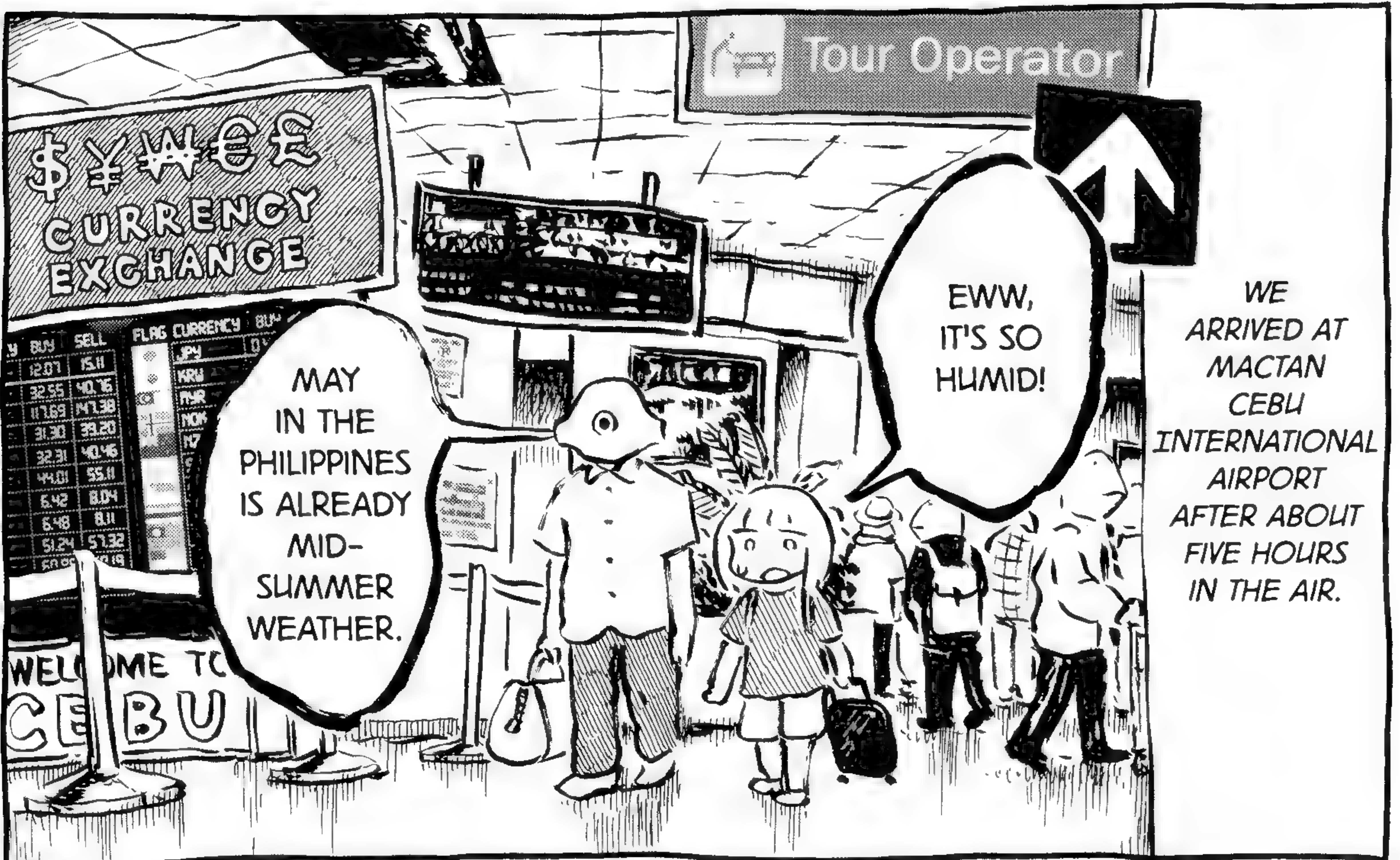


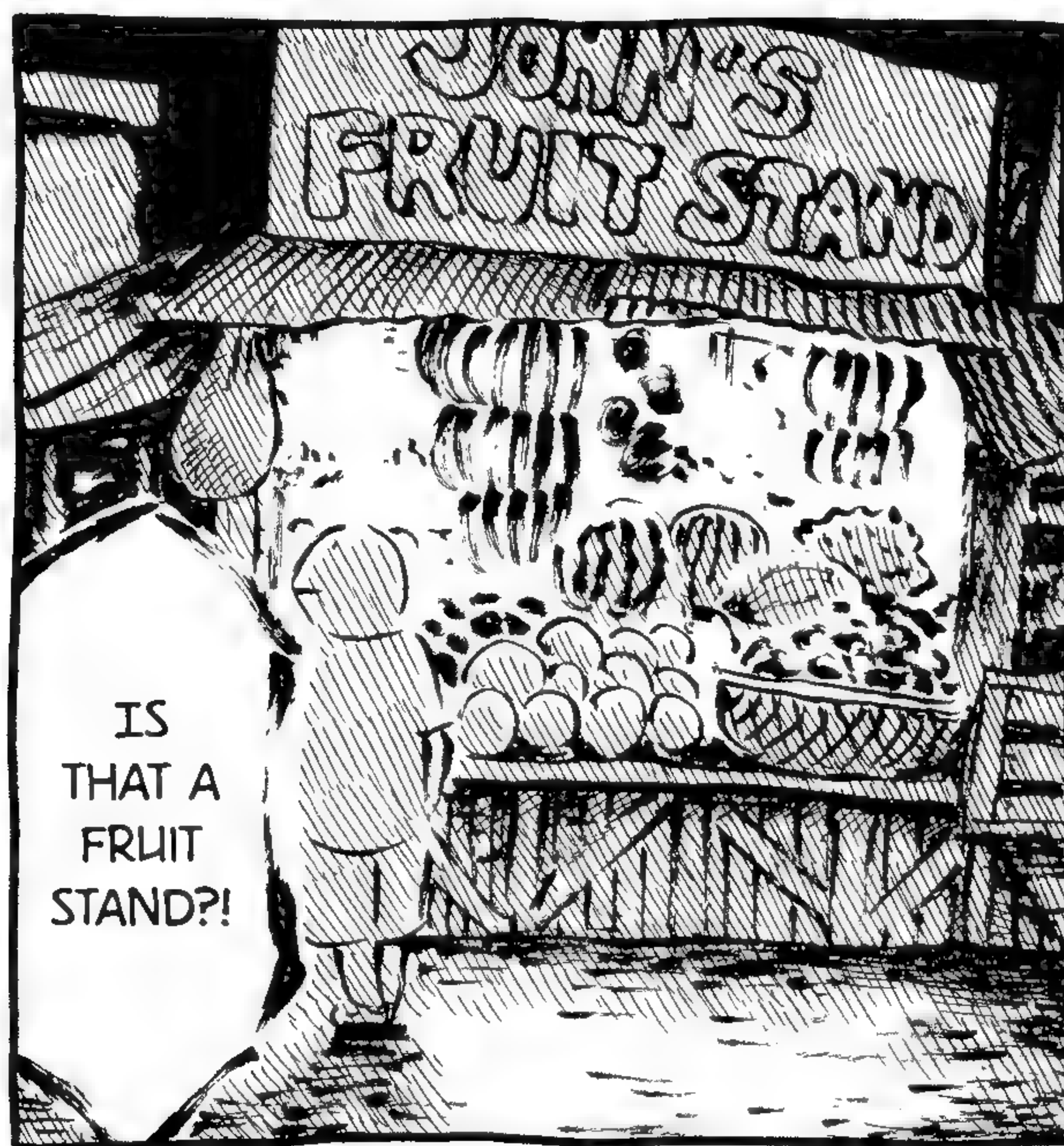
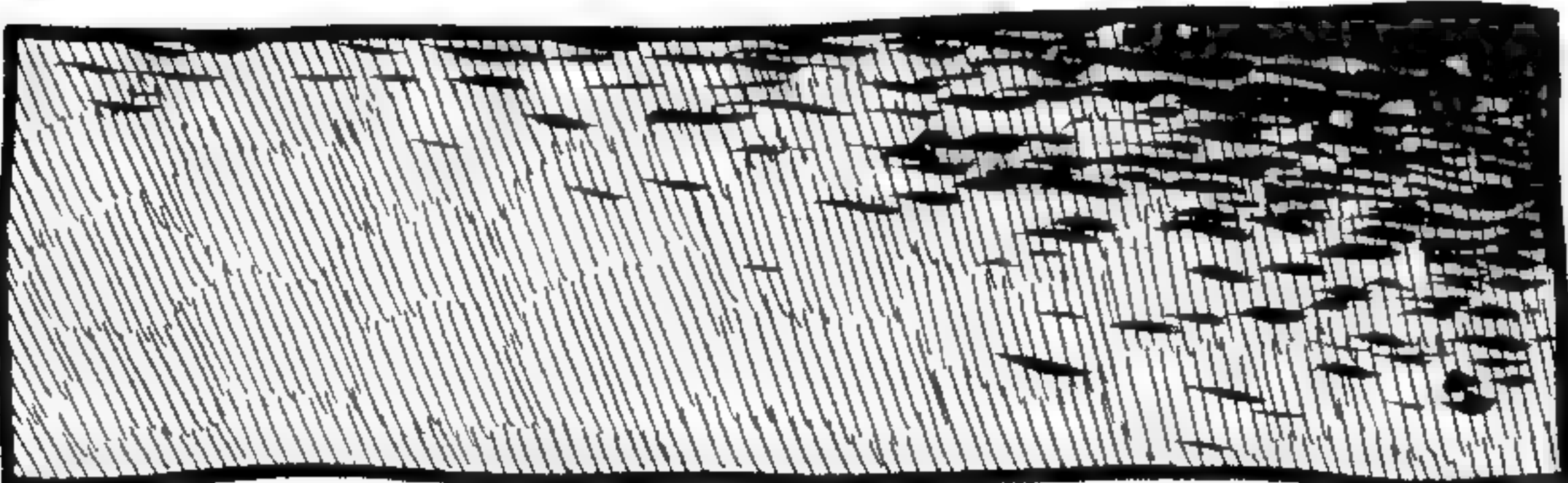
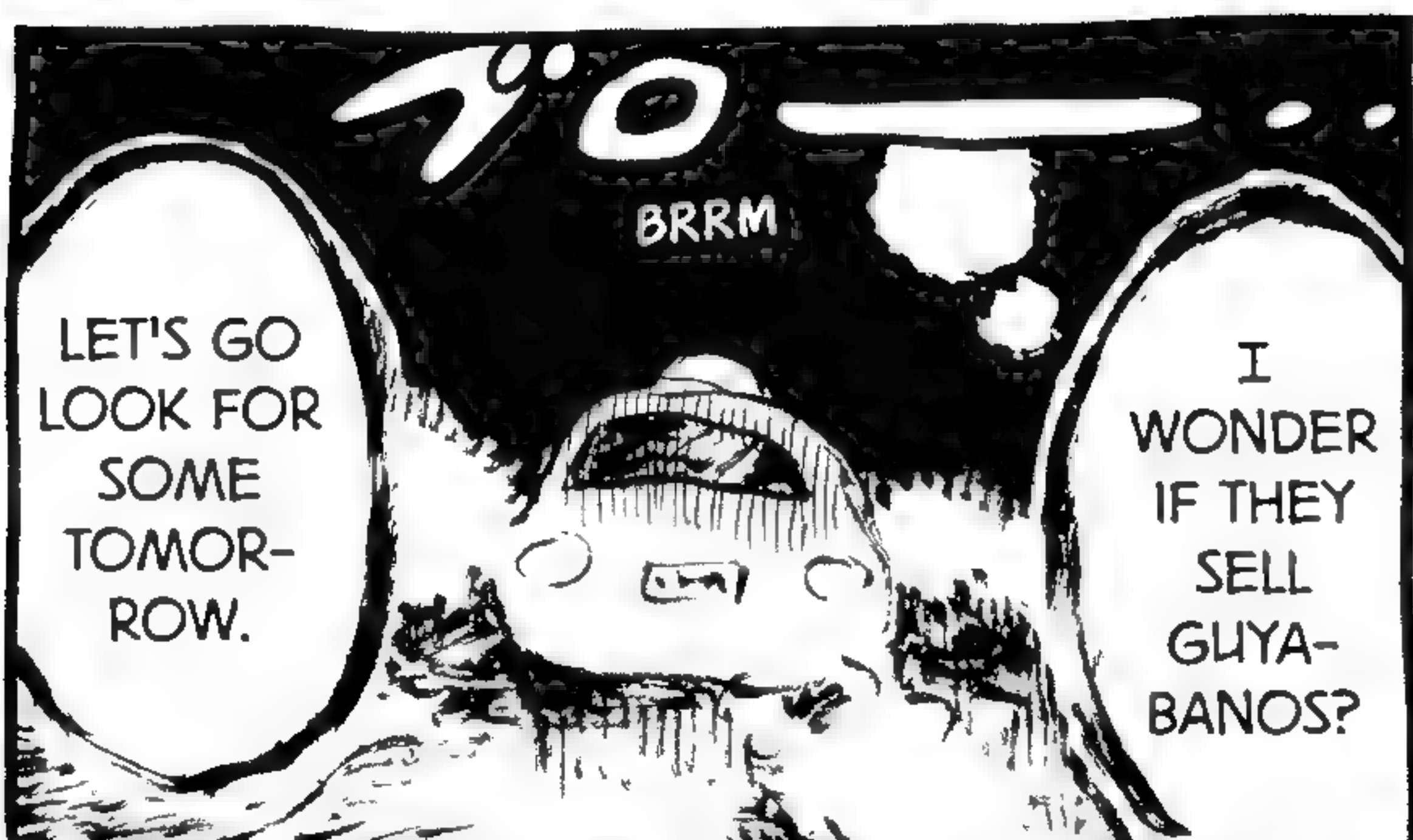
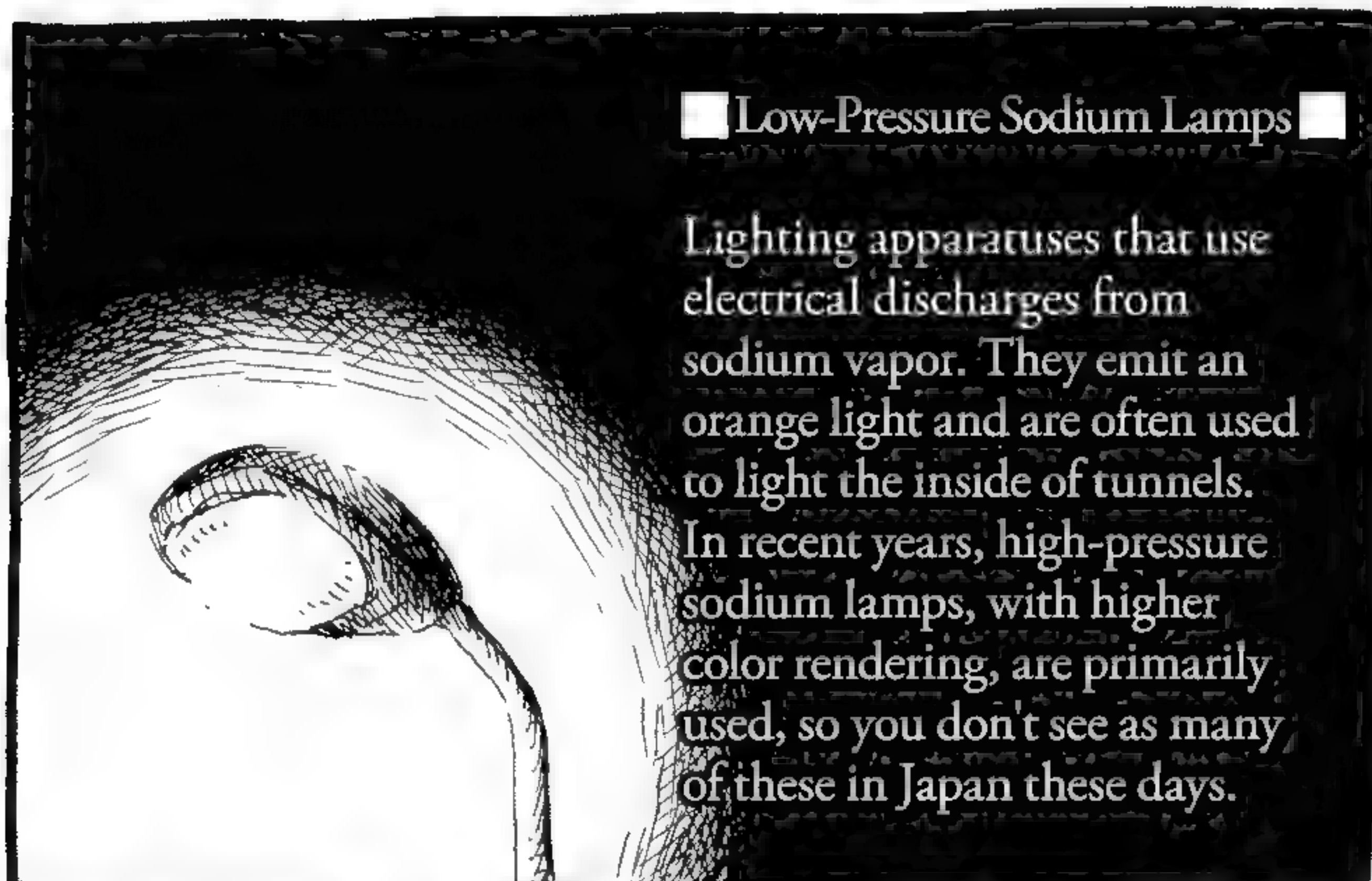
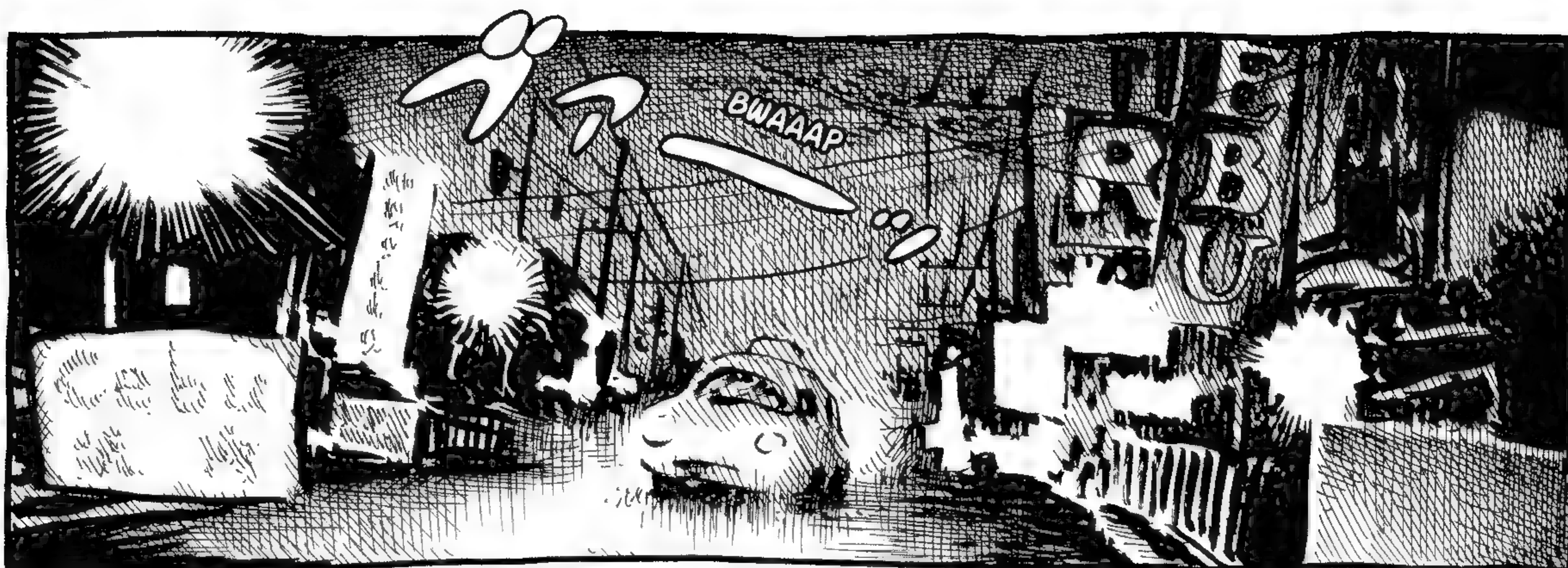


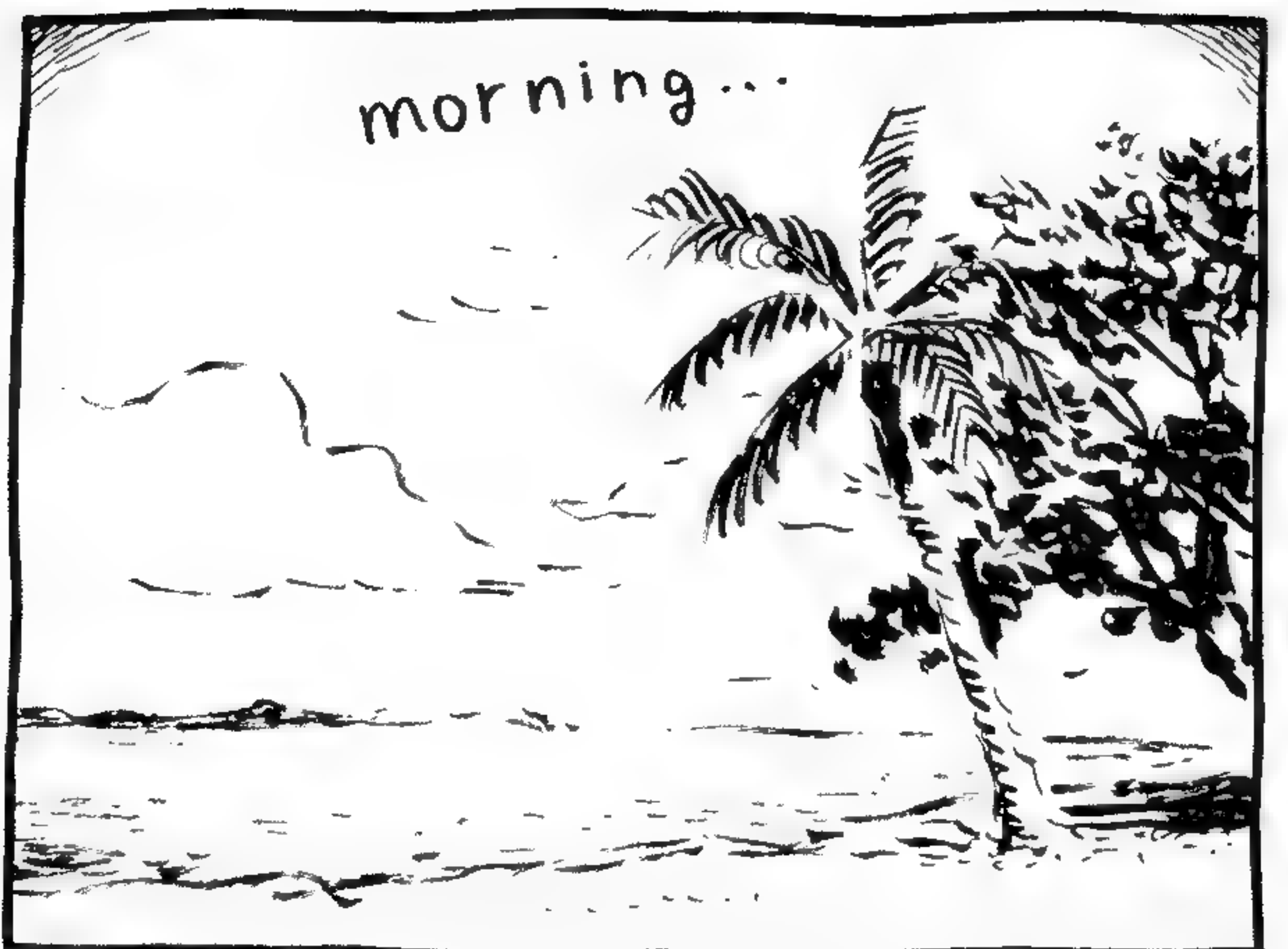




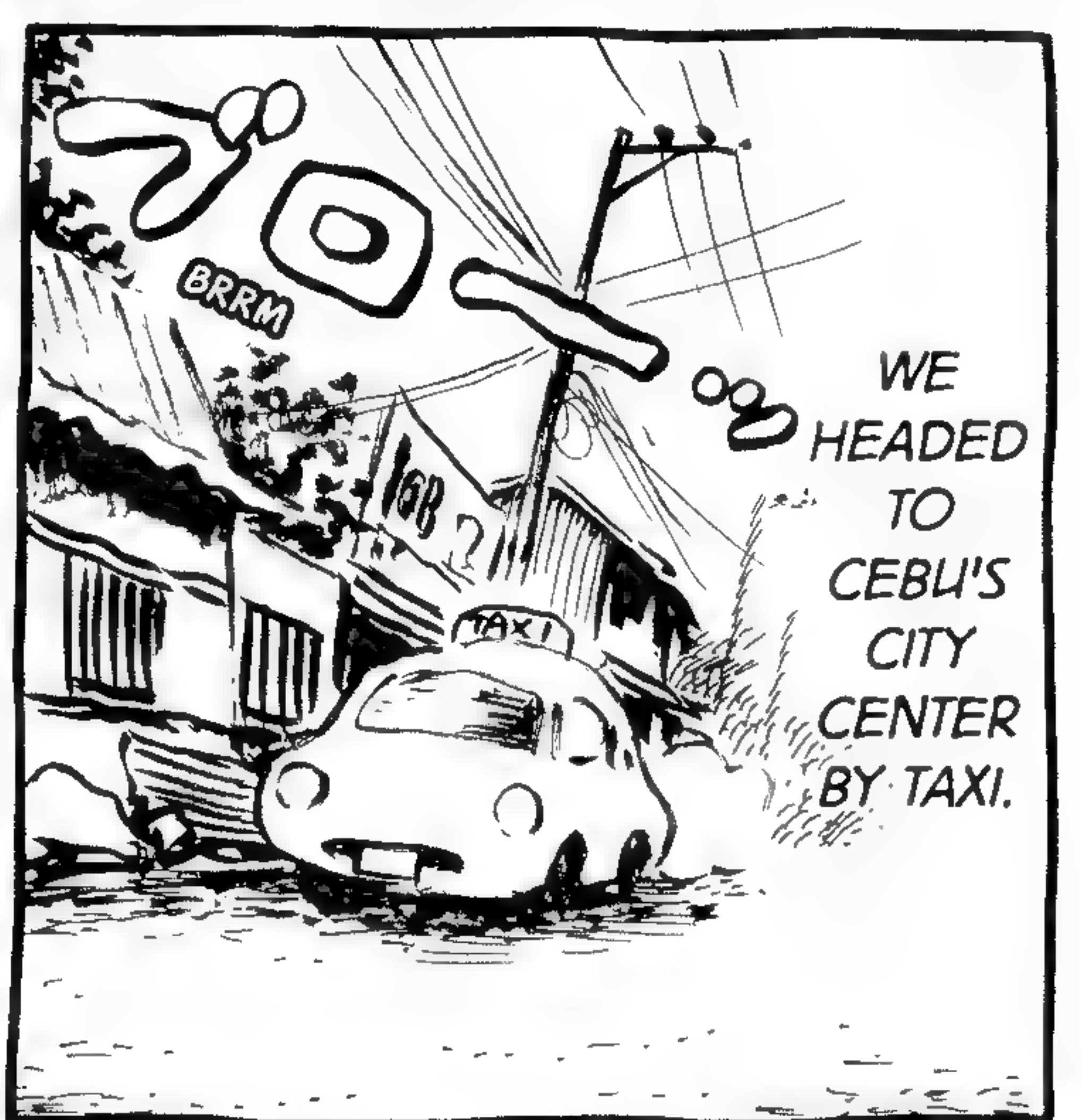
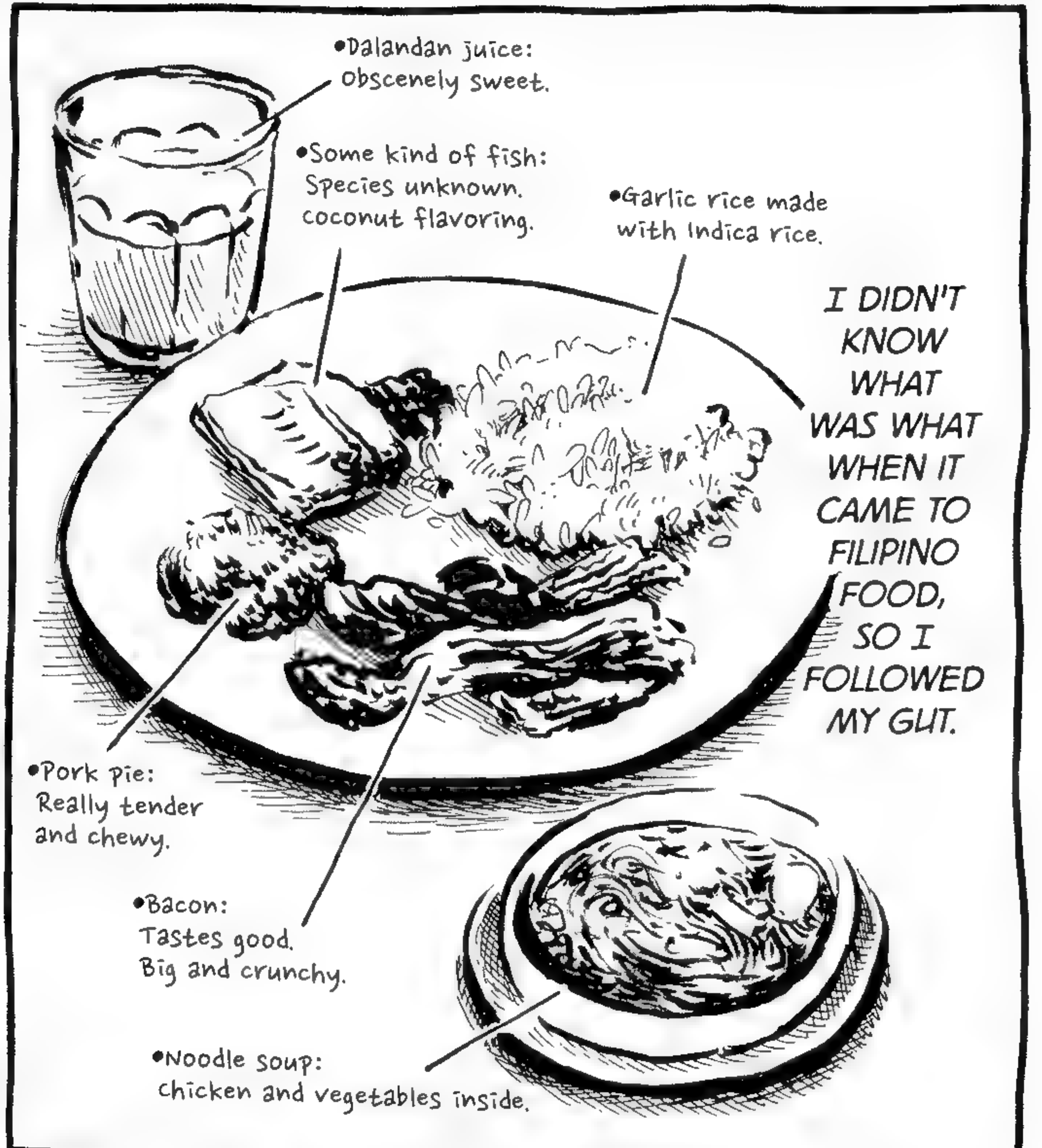
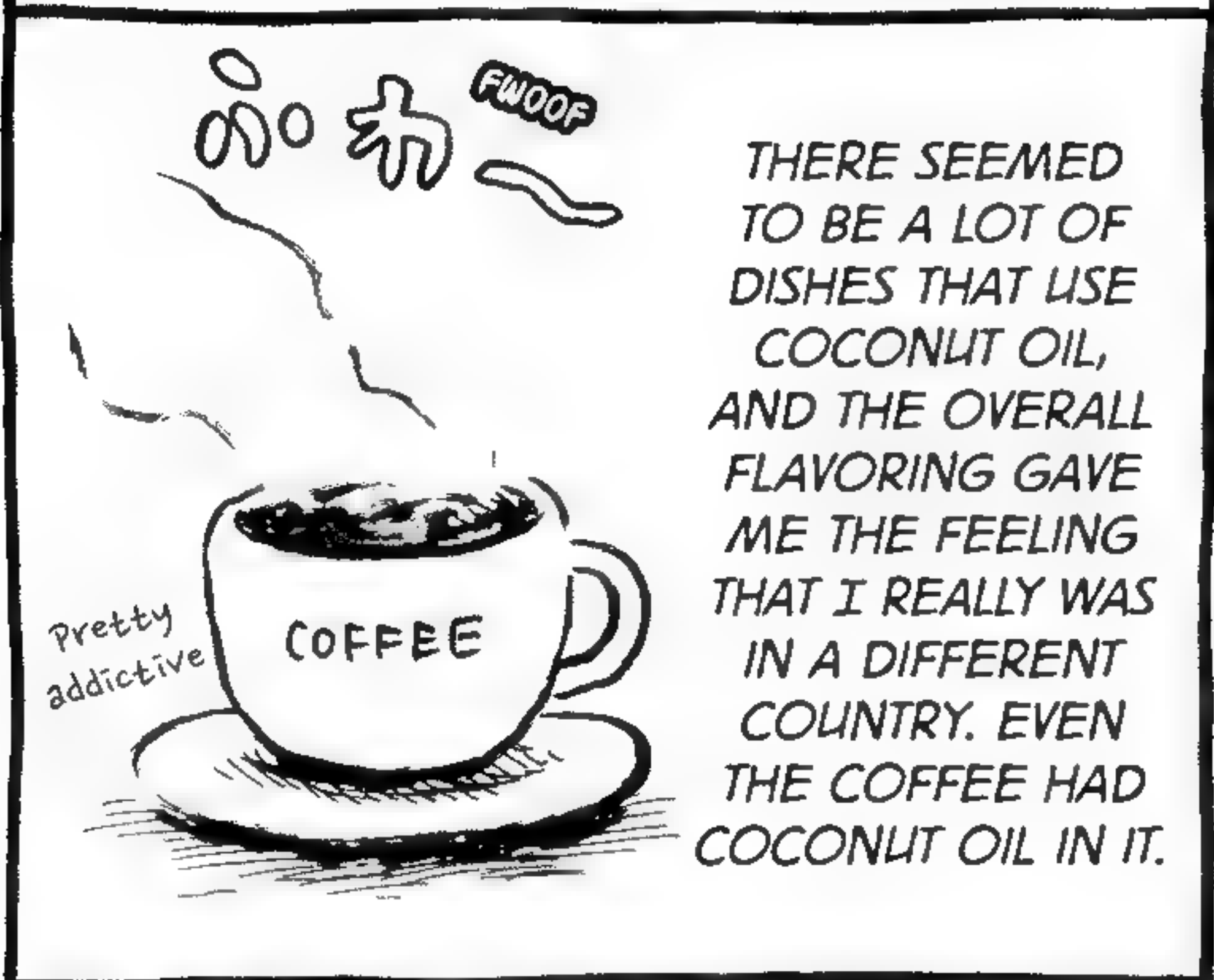
Guyabano Holiday: Part 2

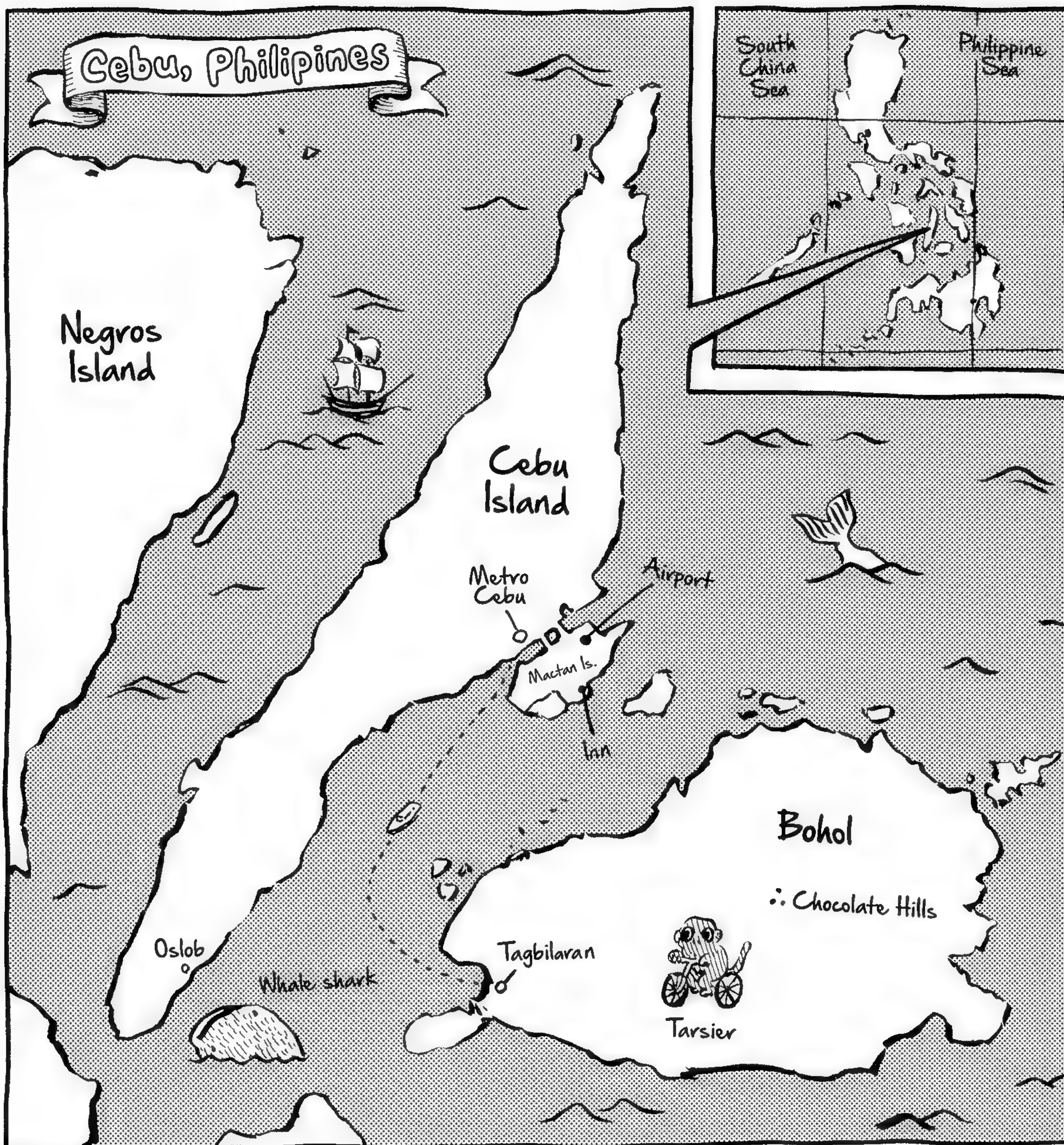






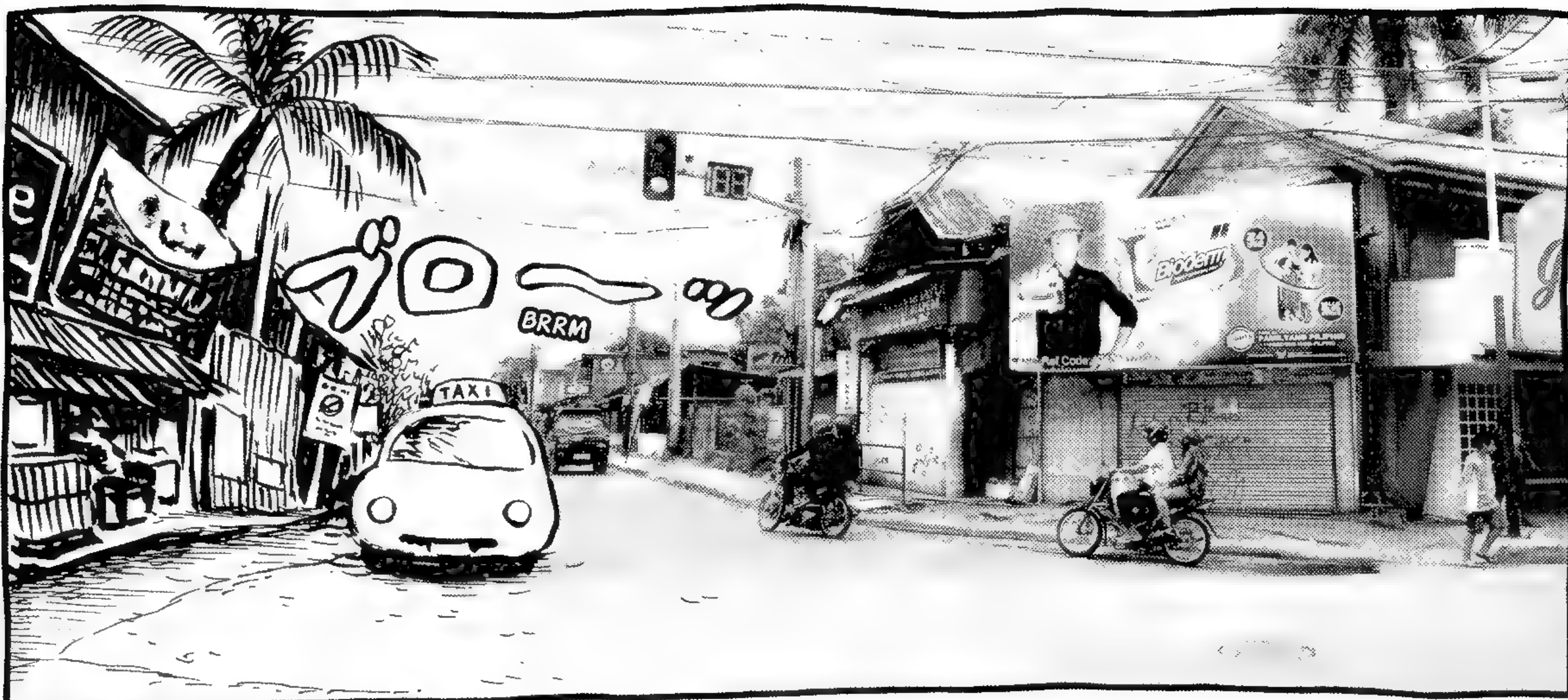
IN THE BUFFET'S FRUIT CORNER WERE PAPAYAS, PINEAPPLES, BANANAS, WATERMELONS, AND A MIX OF THEM ALL IN SYRUP. NO GUYABANOS, UNFORTUNATELY. JUICES OFFERED WERE MANGO AND DALANDAN. THIS WAS ALSO MY FIRST TIME HEARING THE TERM DALANDAN, AND IT SEEMS TO BE A CITRUS FRUIT GROWN IN THE PHILIPPINES. ITS JUICE WAS SUPER SWEET, AND I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT MUST TASTE LIKE AS A FRUIT.





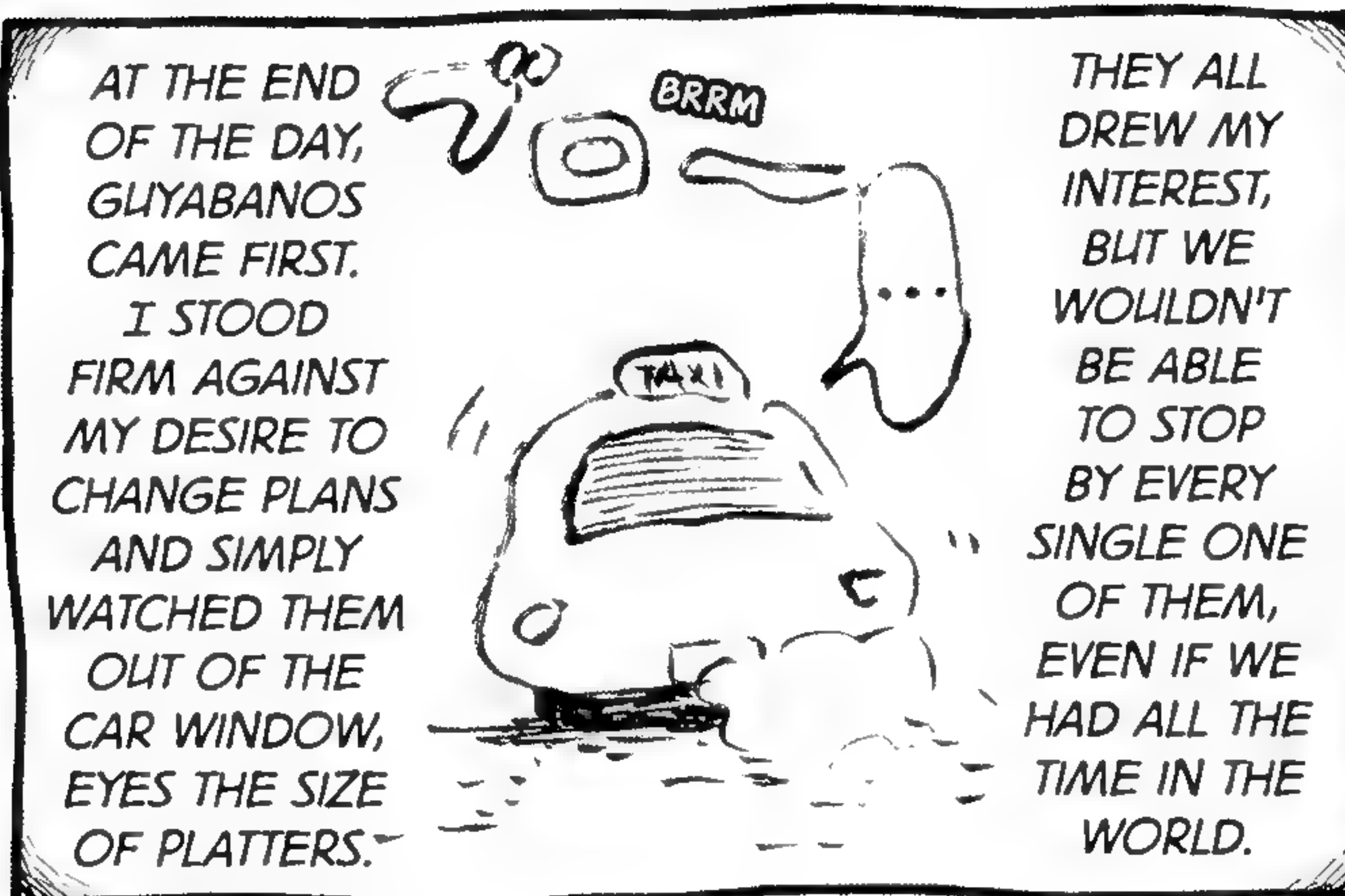
This went for all the taxis we rode during the trip.

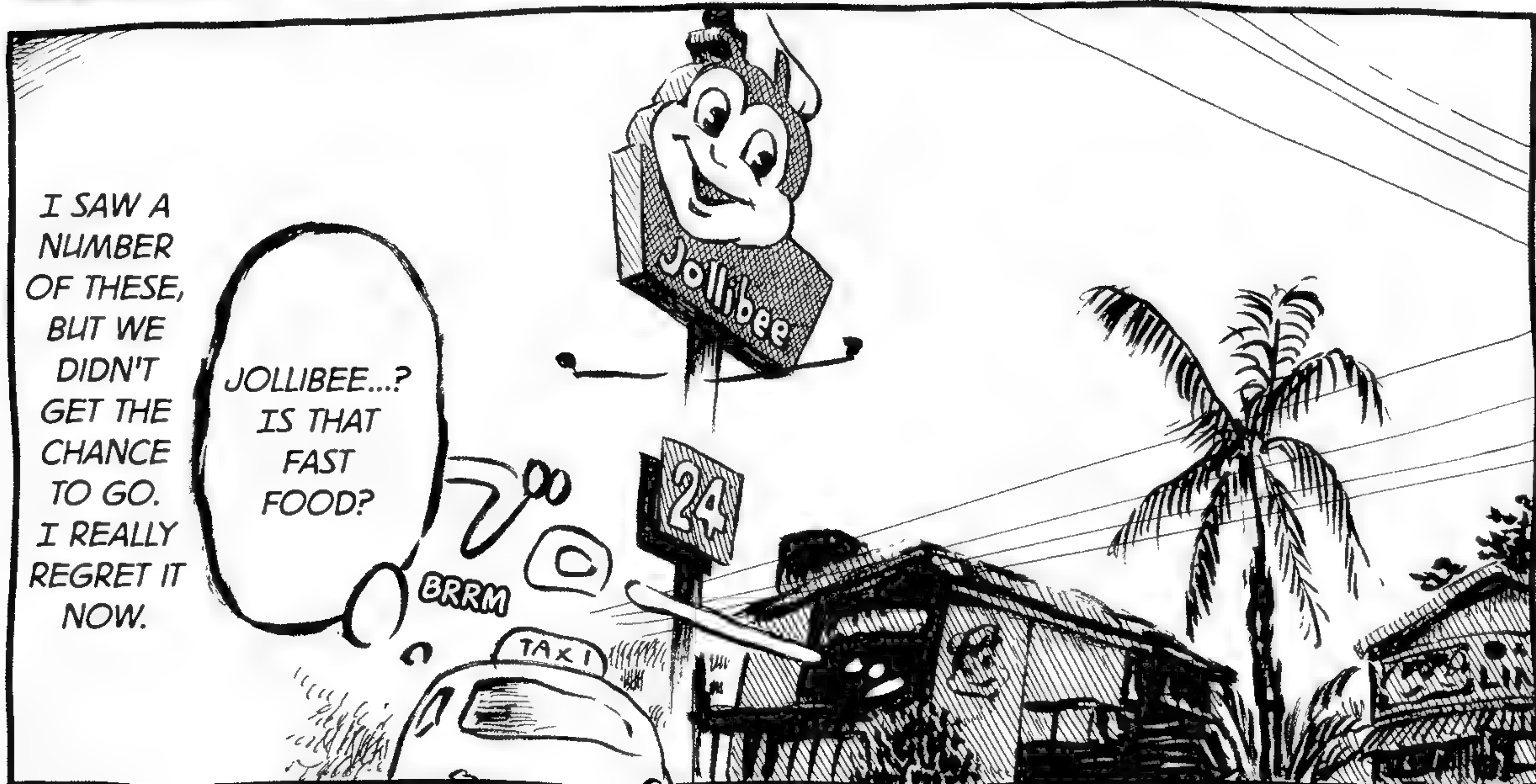
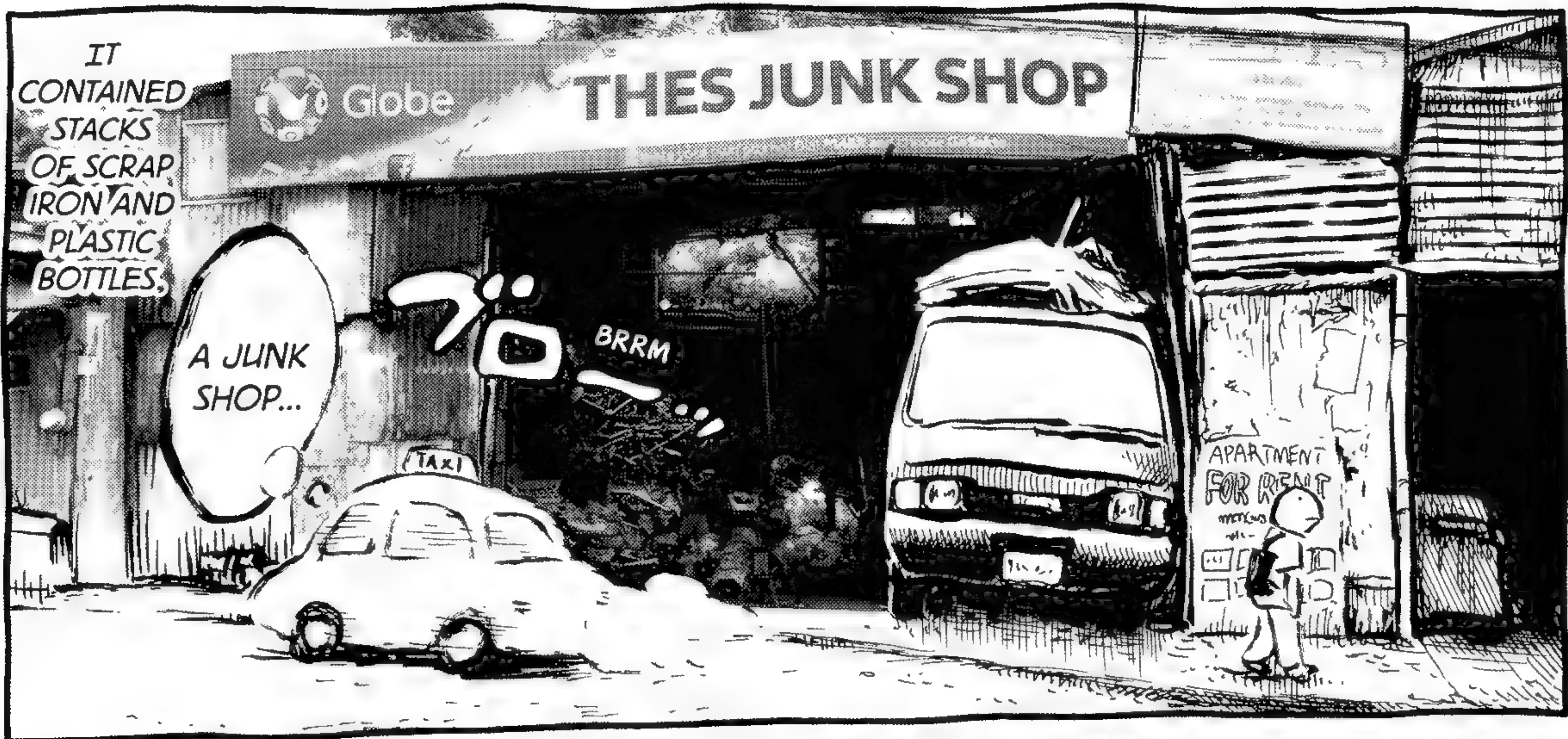
CEBU IS THE PHILIPPINES' NINTH LARGEST ISLAND, WITH AN AREA OF 4,468 SQUARE KILOMETERS, ABOUT THE SIZE OF KYOTO PREFECTURE. THE ISLAND IS THIN AND LONG, AND THE CITY OF CEBU, THE ISLAND'S LARGEST CITY, IS LOCATED IN ITS CENTER. CEBU IS ALSO KNOWN AS THE PHILIPPINES' OLDEST CITY, AND IS WHERE MAGELLAN ARRIVED IN 1521. OUR PLANS WERE TO CHECK OUT THE SURROUNDING AREAS AS WELL, BUT WE ASSUMED THAT WE'D HAVE THE BEST LUCK LOOKING FOR GUYABANOS HERE. CLOSE TO METROPOLITAN CEBU IS MACTAN ISLAND, WHERE THE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT IS LOCATED. TWO LARGE BRIDGES CONNECT IT TO THE CITY, AND IT ACTS AS BOTH AN A HUB TO THE COUNTRY AS WELL AS A RESORT AREA. (WE ALSO STAYED IN THIS AREA.)



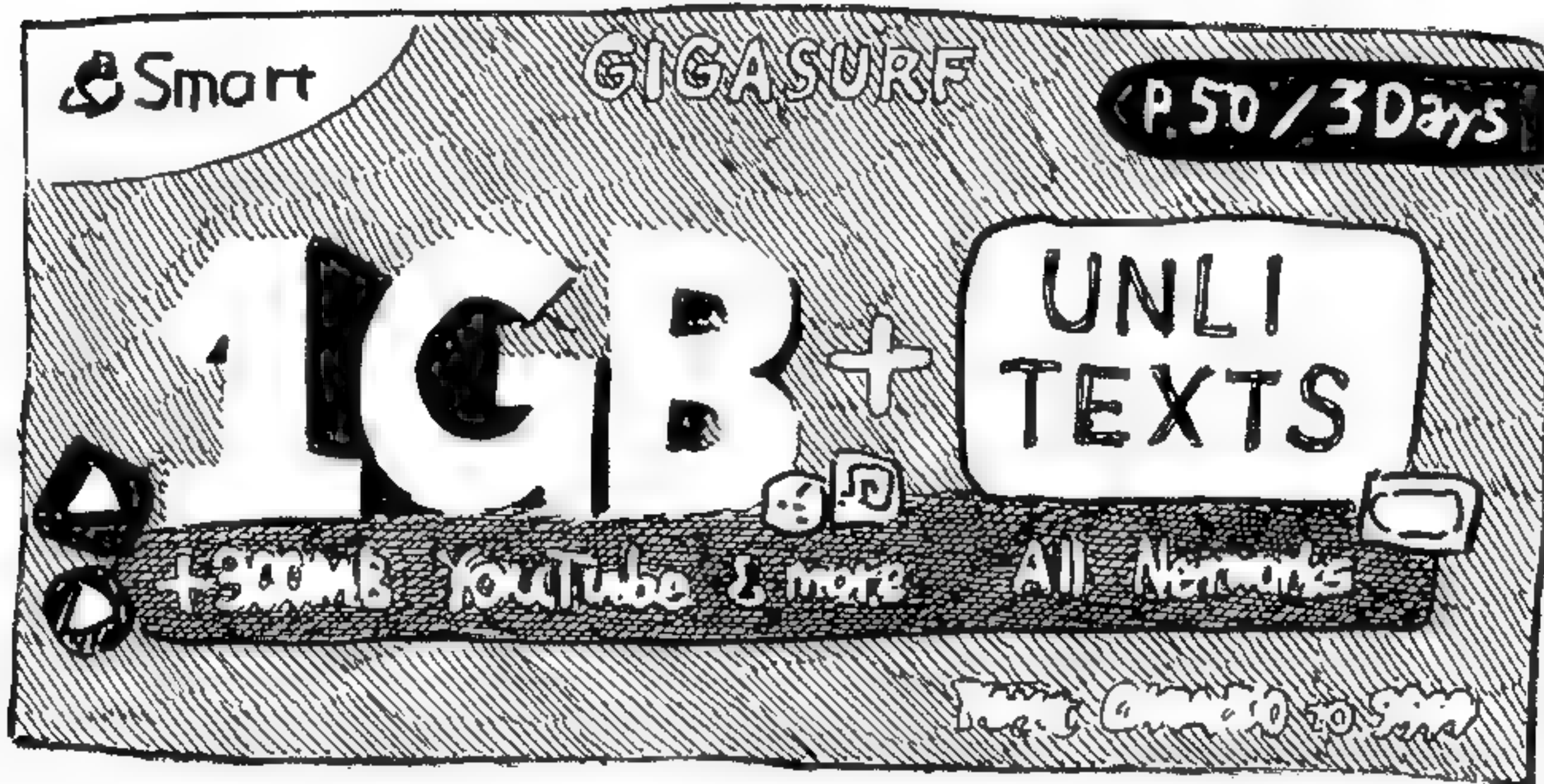
THE STREETS WE TOOK THERE FELT LIKE BUSTLING RURAL ASIAN STREETS.

THERE WERE MANY INTERESTING STORES LINING THE ROADS.





Other things that caught my eye through the car window:



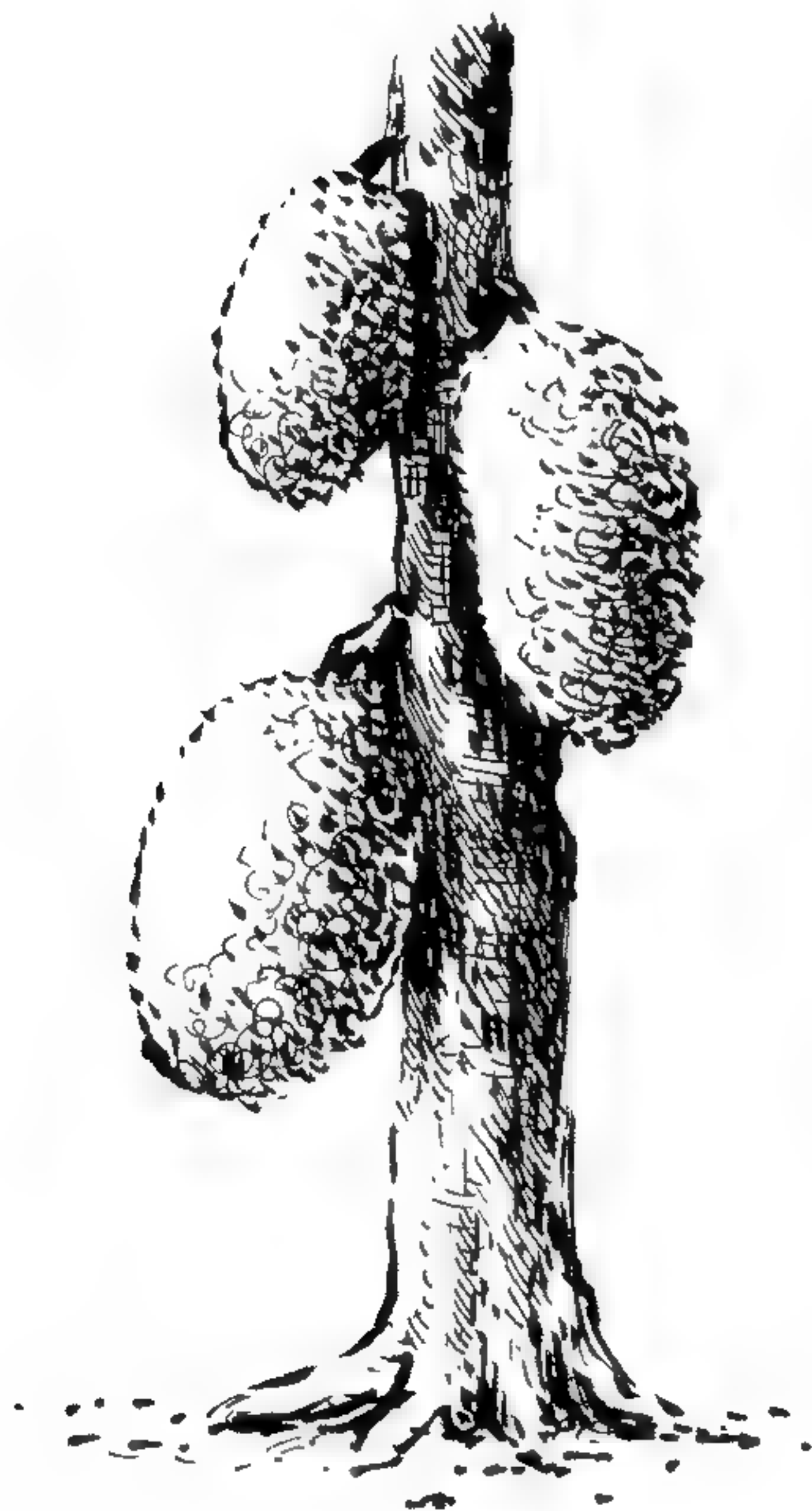
©Advertisement banners:

For cell phone service, or maybe internet connections? They were made of a canopy-like material and posted all over. There seemed to be banners for lots of different companies, but I feel like I saw the ad for "1GB" all over the place.



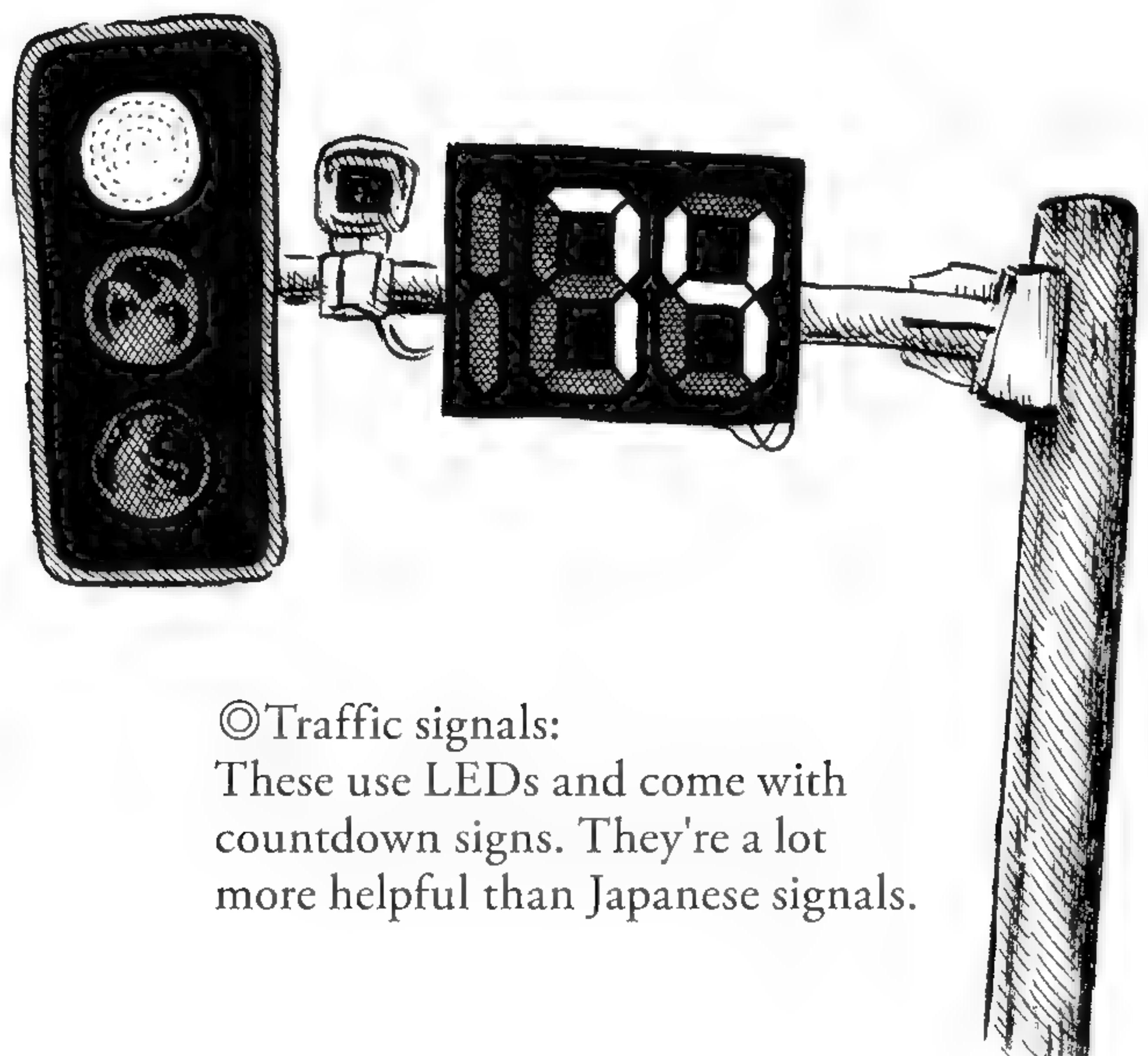
©Pedestrian warning (?) sign:

The shape of the person on these is cute.



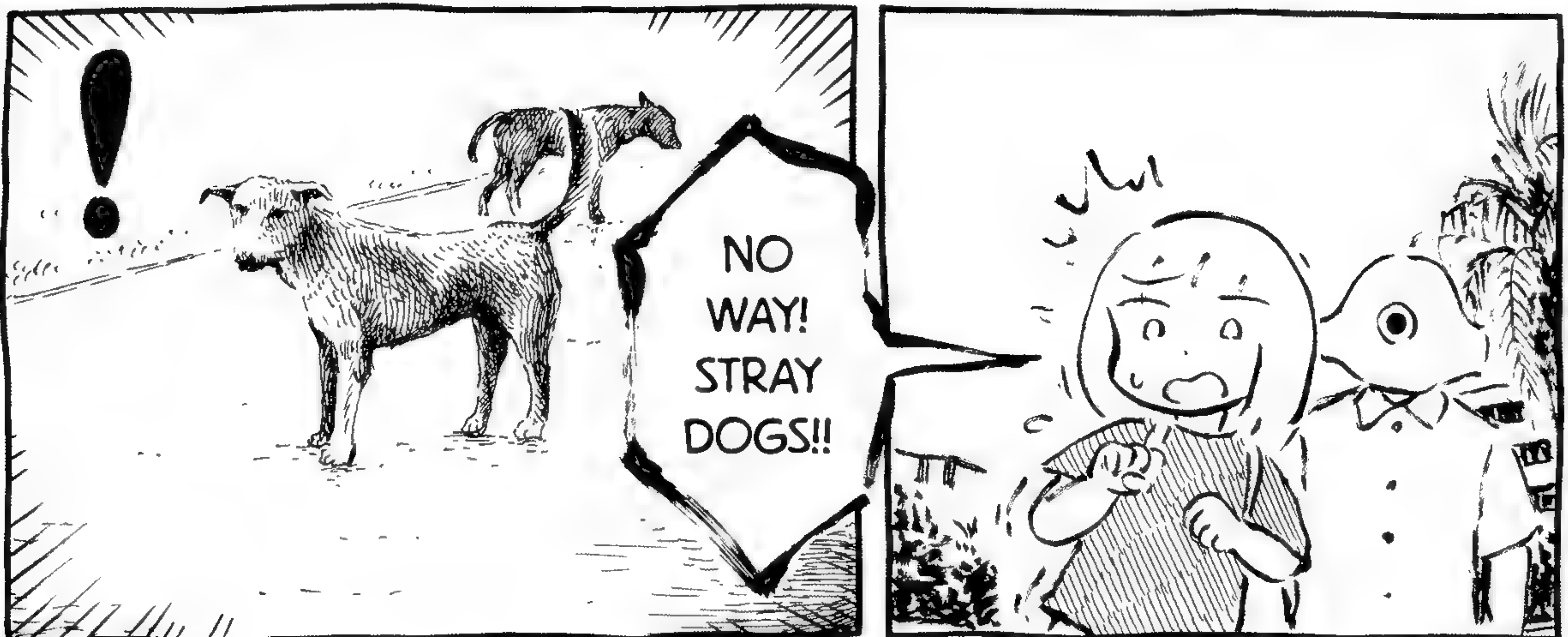
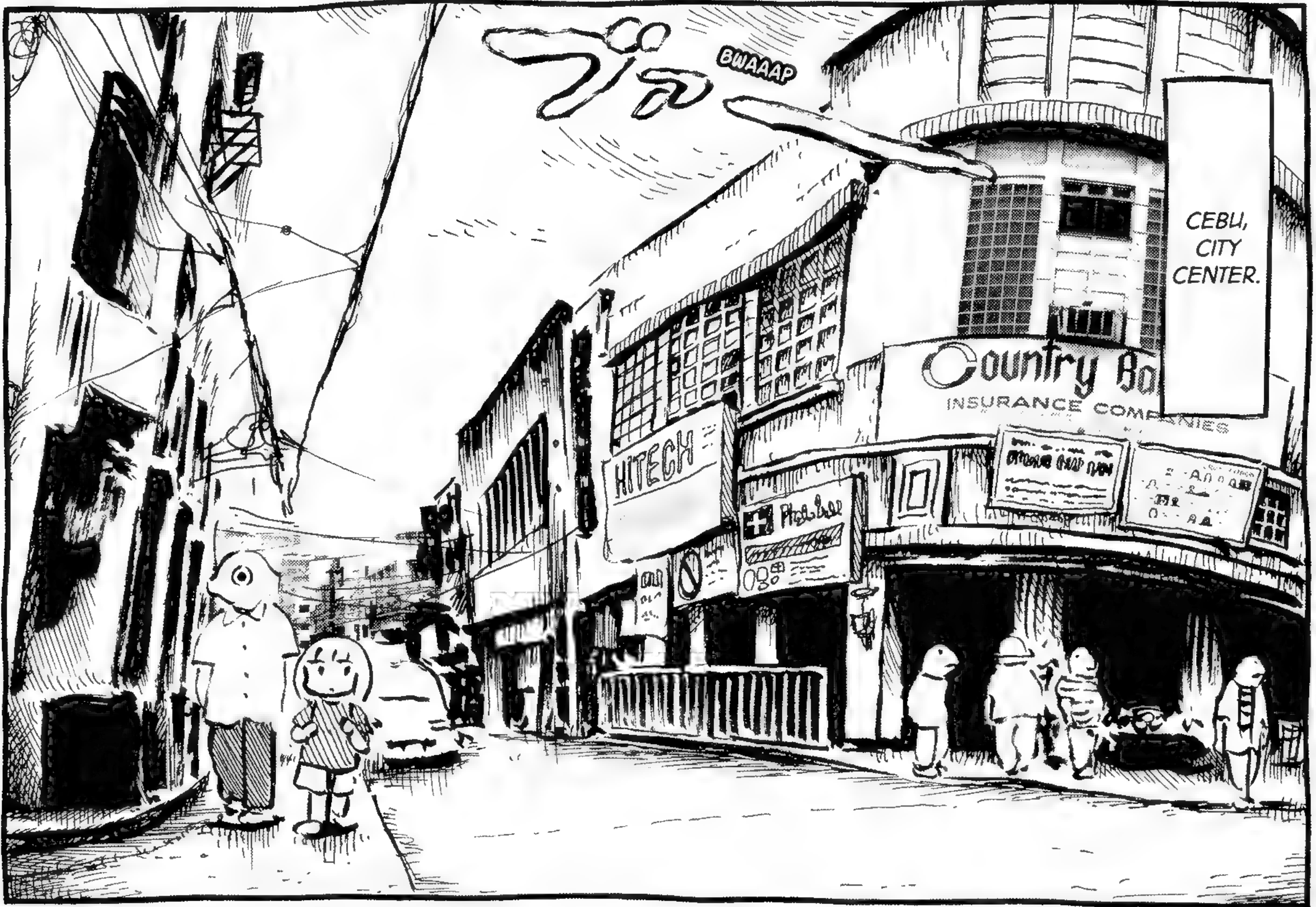
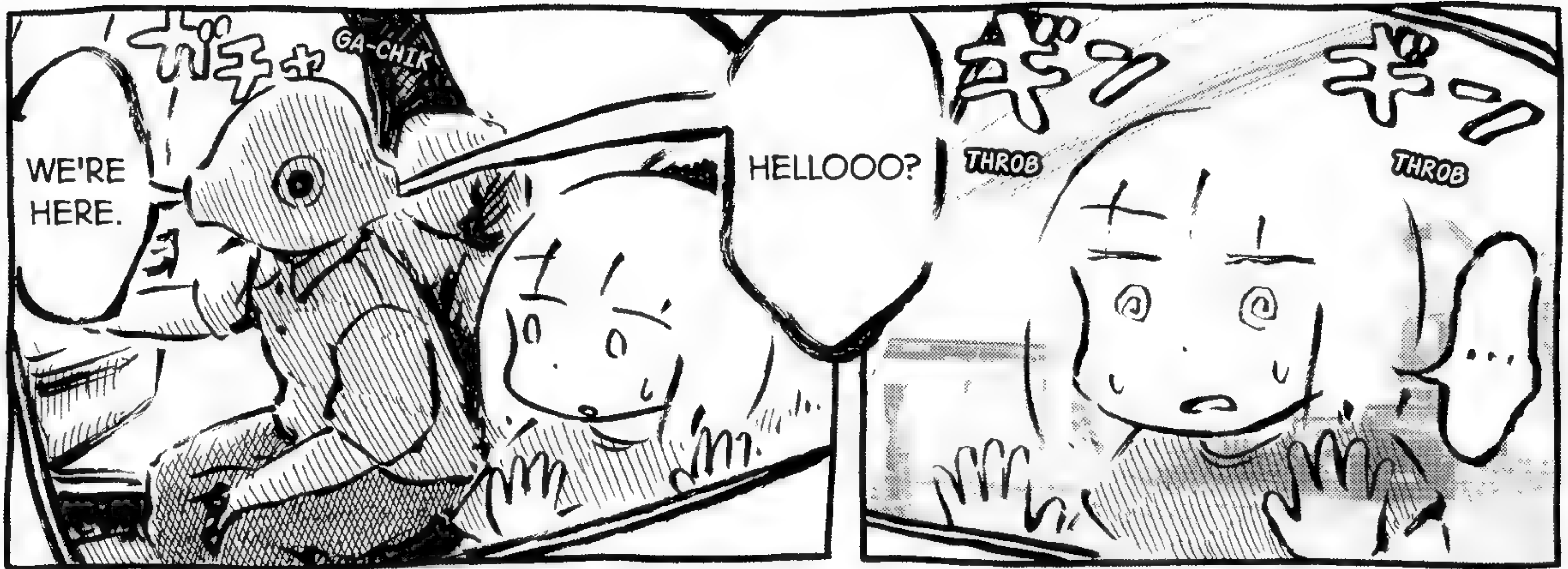
©Mysterious tree:

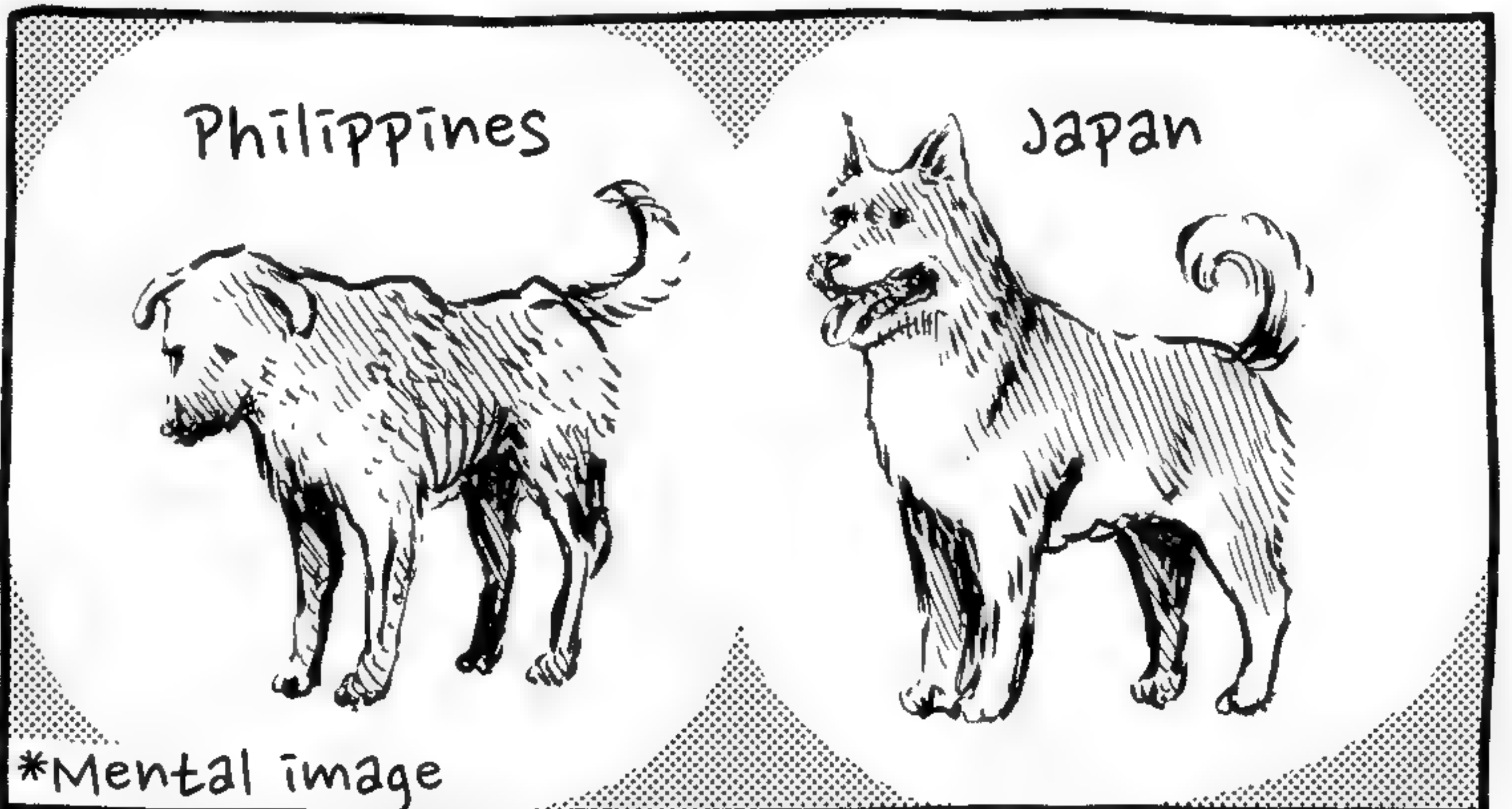
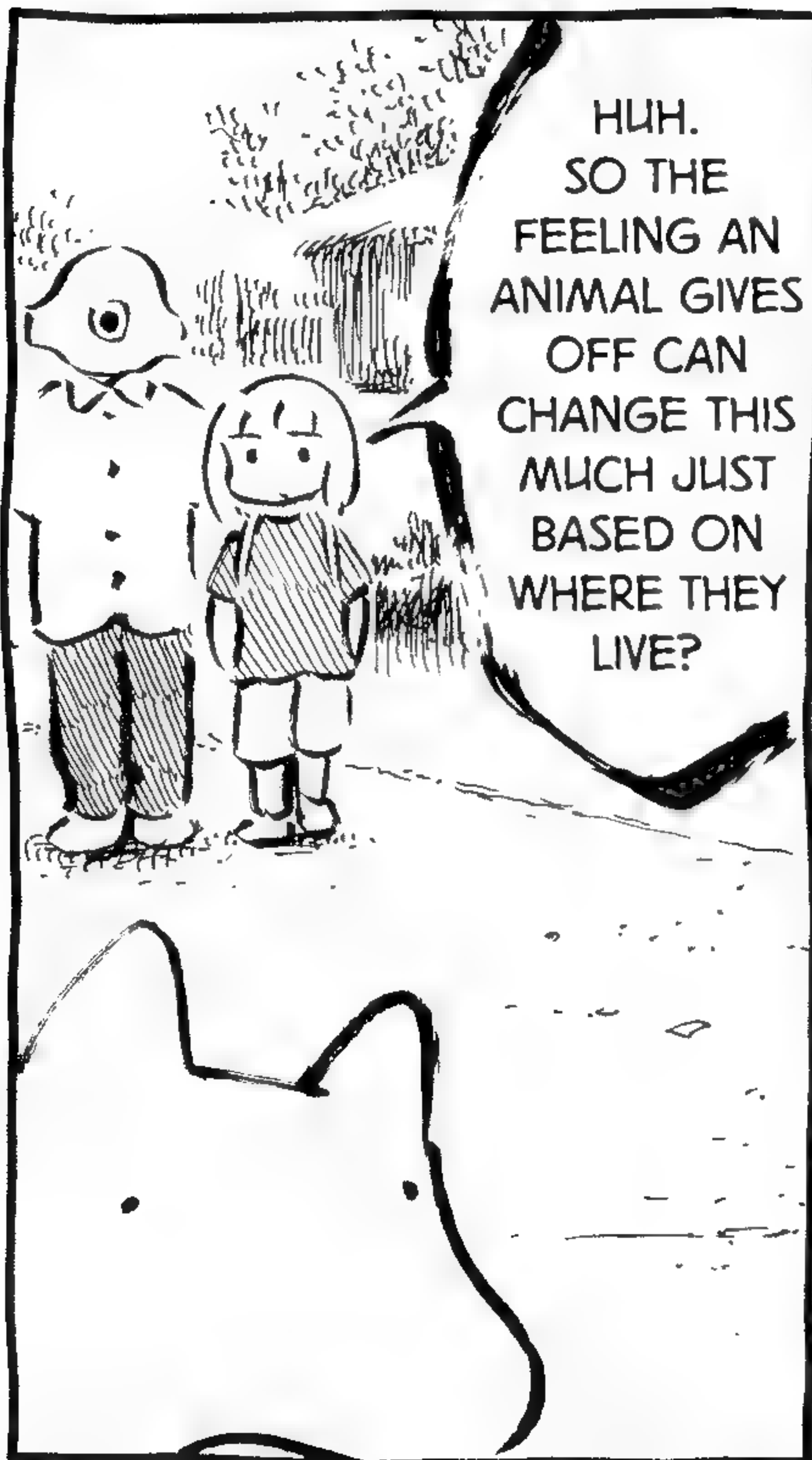
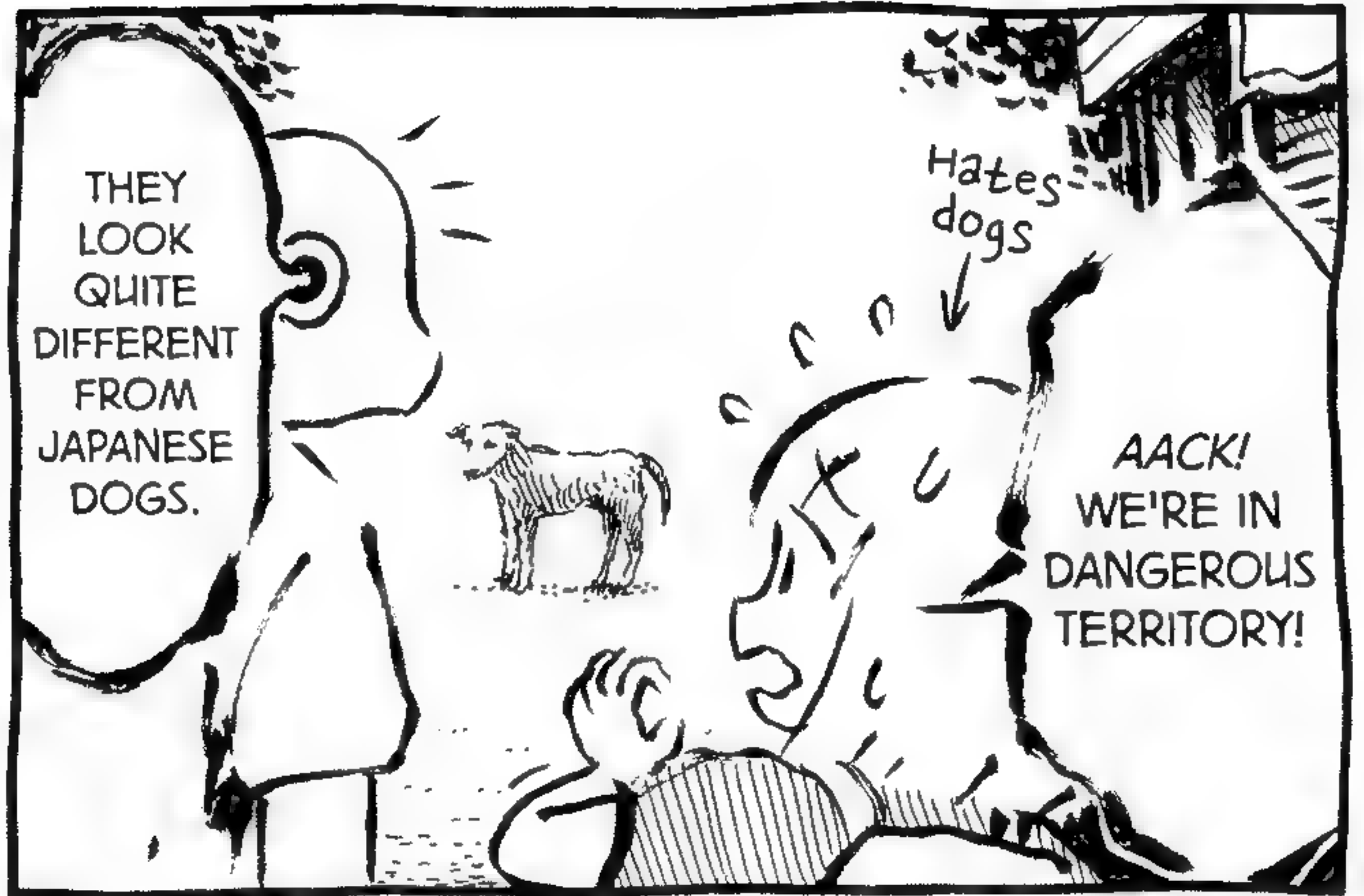
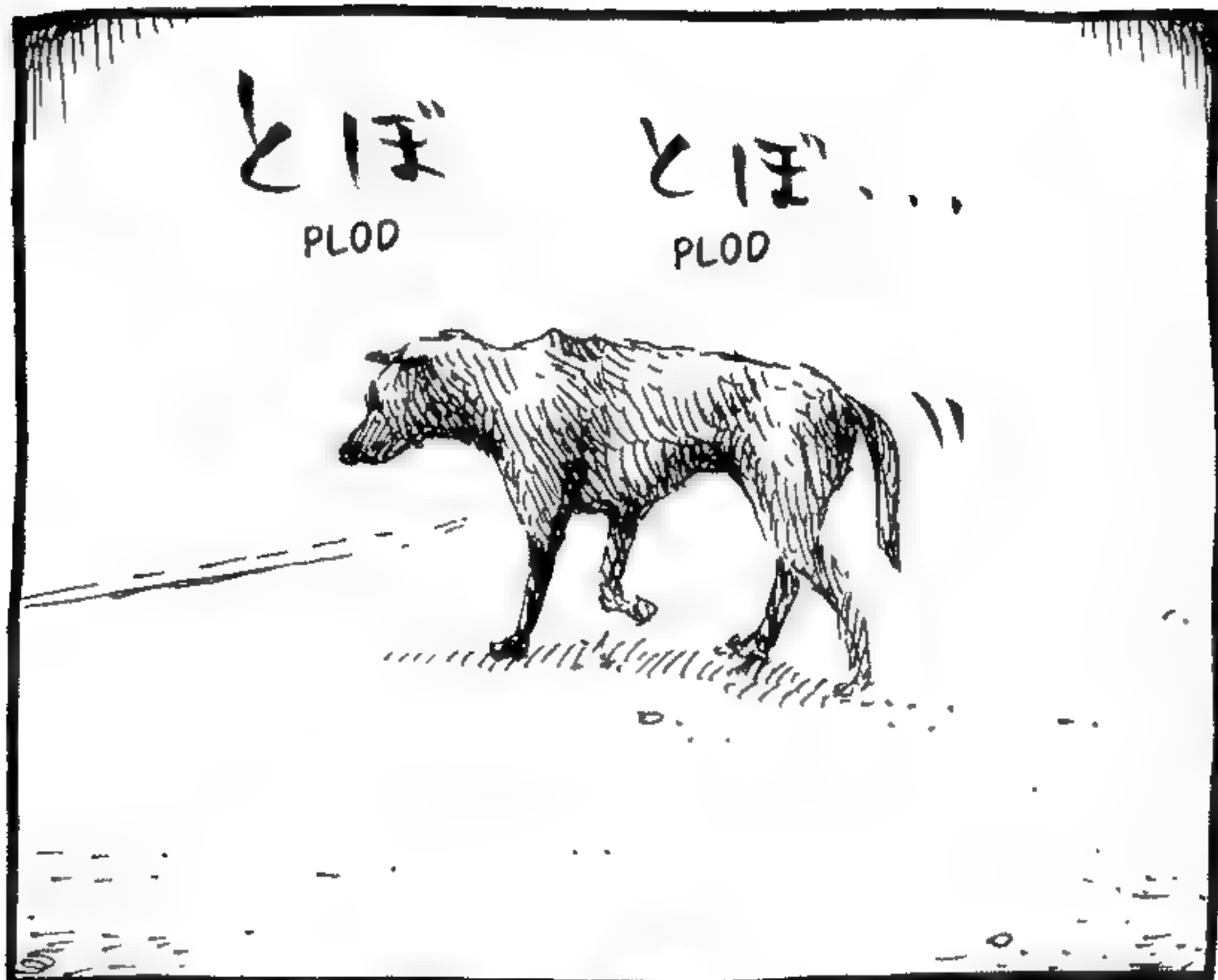
There seemed to be massive fruits growing directly from the tree's trunk. By the time I noticed it, we had already passed by, and I never got a chance to see another one. Maybe I saw it wrong, I wondered, but I'd later learn what it really was.



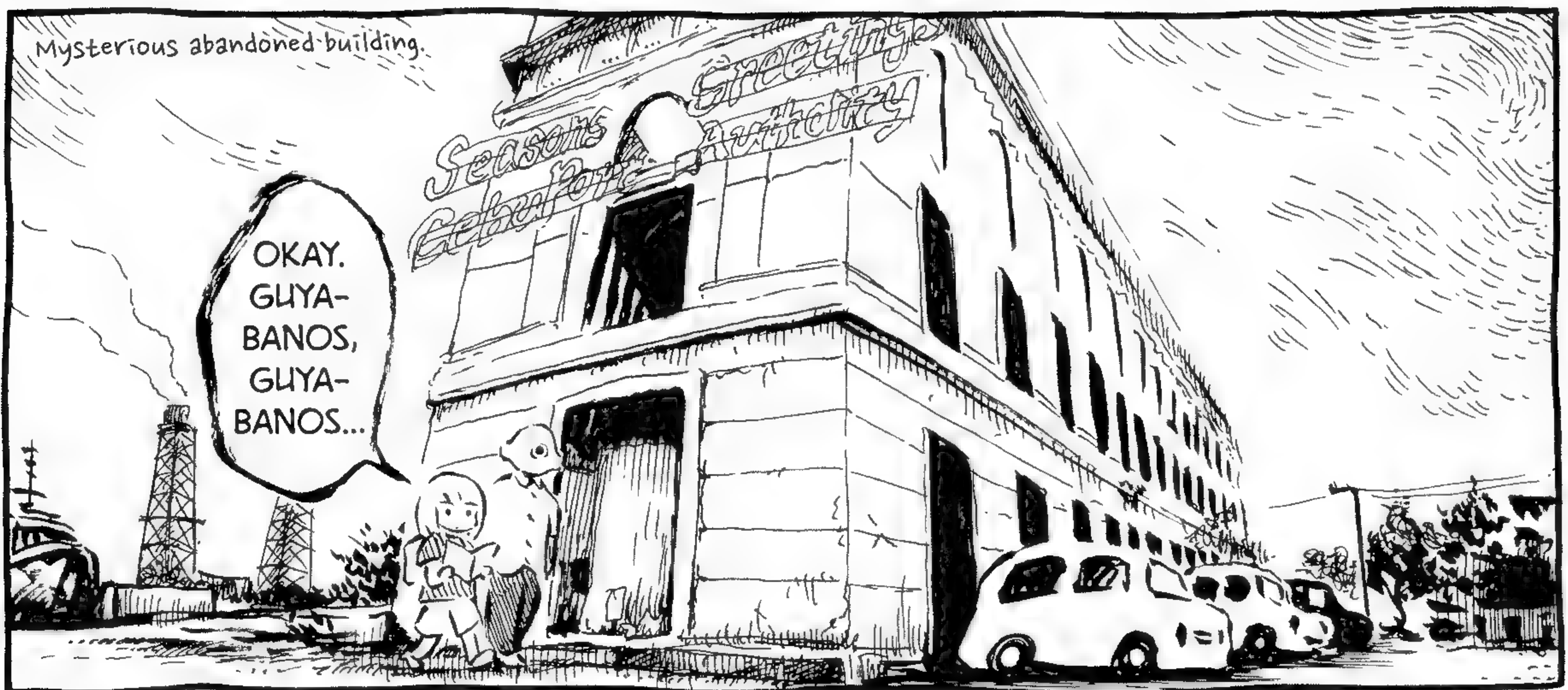
©Traffic signals:

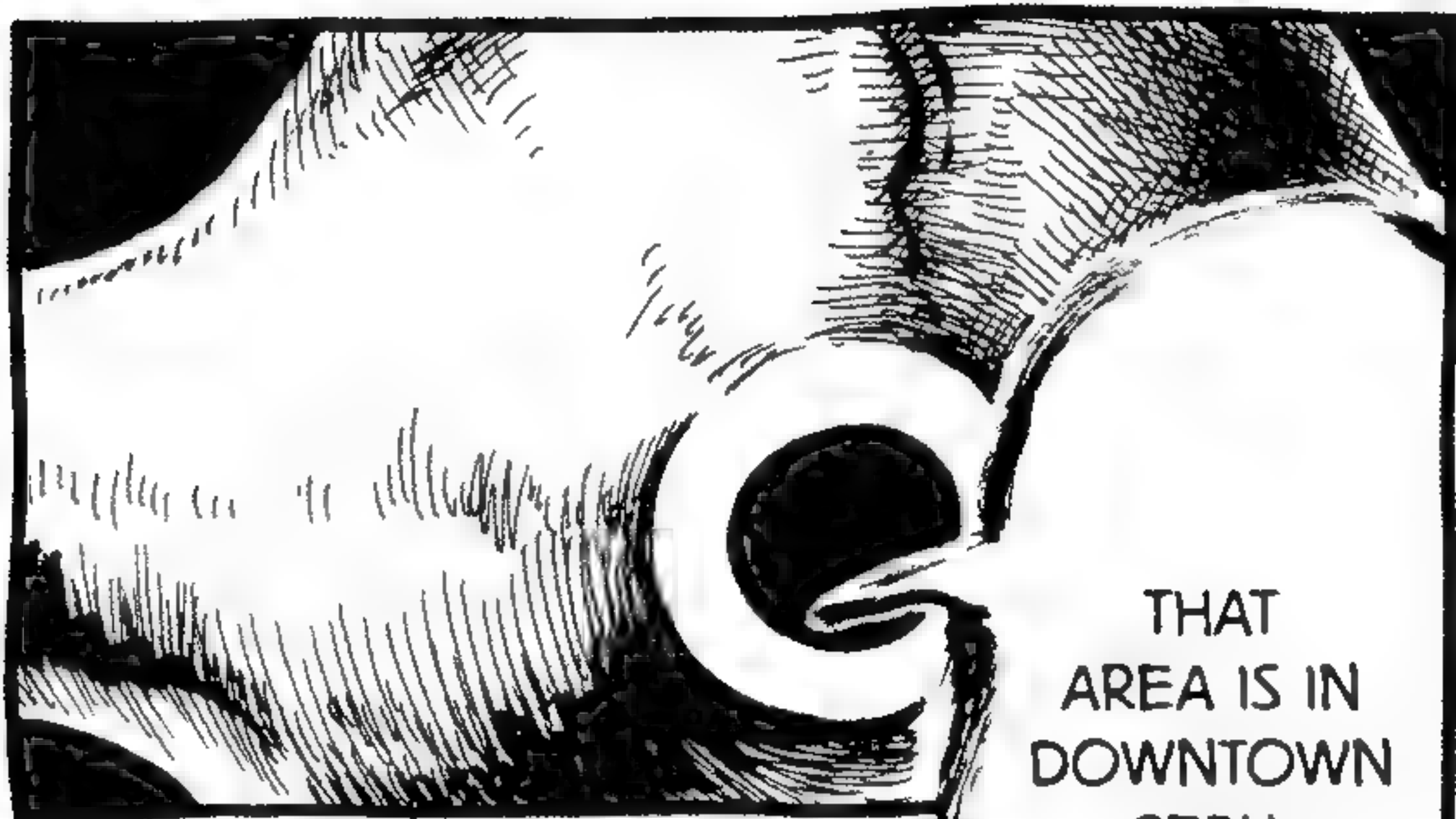
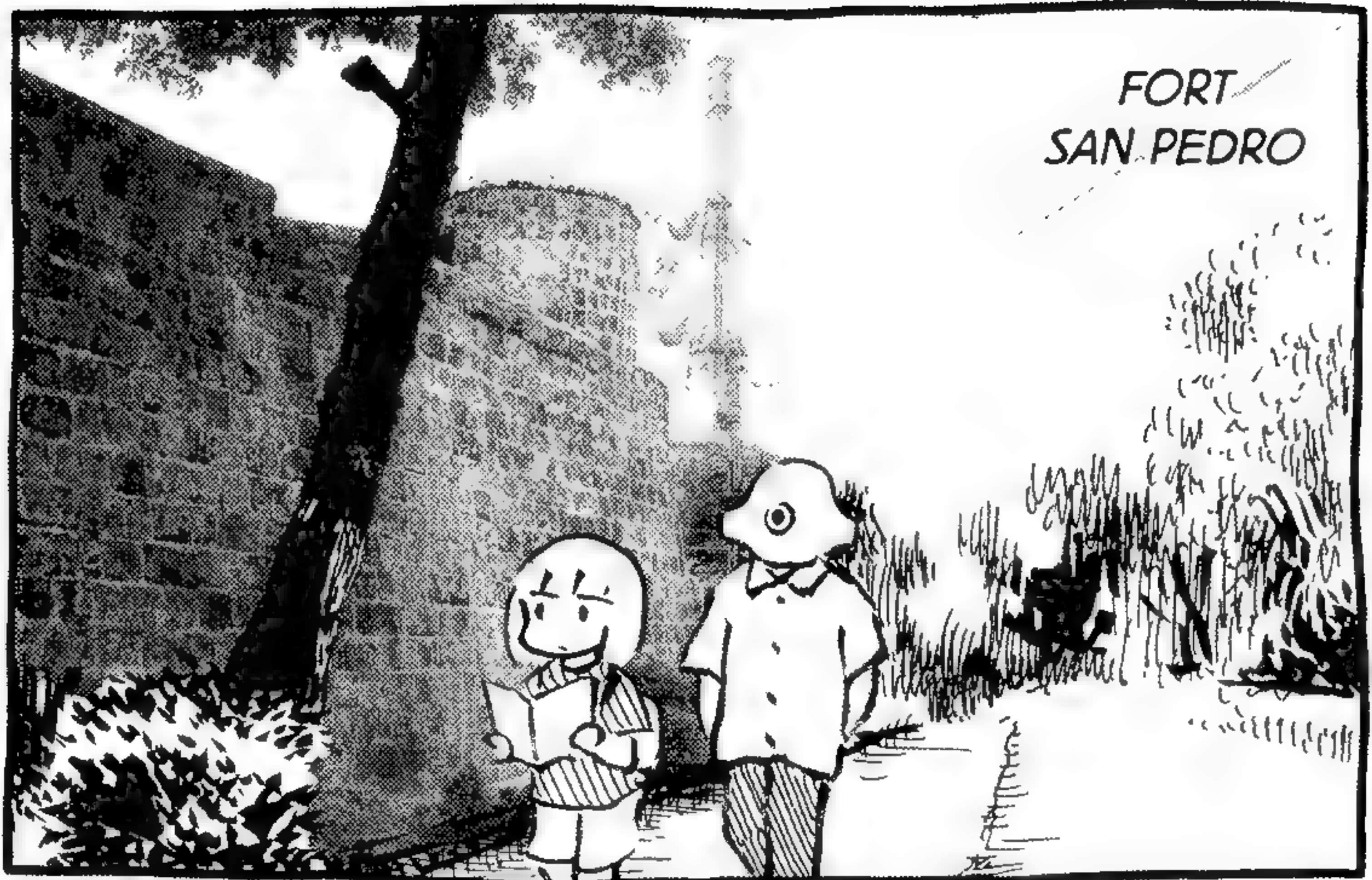
These use LEDs and come with countdown signs. They're a lot more helpful than Japanese signals.





THE EXISTENCE OF DOGS SEEMED TO BE TREATED COMPLETELY DIFFERENT IN THE PHILIPPINES AS COMPARED TO JAPAN. I SAW MANY STRAY DOGS ON THE SIDES OF CEBU'S STREETS (MAYBE SOME OF THEM WERE PETS?), BUT THEY WERE ALL THIN AND SCRAGGLY, DIDN'T BARK, AND LOOKED ODDLY PATHETIC. THE PEOPLE THERE DIDN'T SHOW LOTS OF AFFECTION FOR THEM EITHER. AND THE DOGS THEMSELVES HAD A RESERVED ATTITUDE THAT SEEMED TO SHOW THEY'D LEARNED HOW TO LIVE ON THE MARGINS OF HUMAN SOCIETY. I'M BAD WITH DOGS, SO AT FIRST THE IDEA OF A CITY WITH STREETS FULL OF WANDERING STRAYS WAS PURE TERROR, BUT I SOON LEARNED THERE WAS NOTHING TO FEAR.





THAT
AREA IS IN
DOWNTOWN
CEBU.
THEY SAY
IT'S NOT
VERY SAFE
THERE.



IT MAY
BE MIDDAY,
BUT IT MIGHT
BE DANGEROUS
FOR AN
INEXPERIENCED
CHILD TO
WANDER
IN THERE.

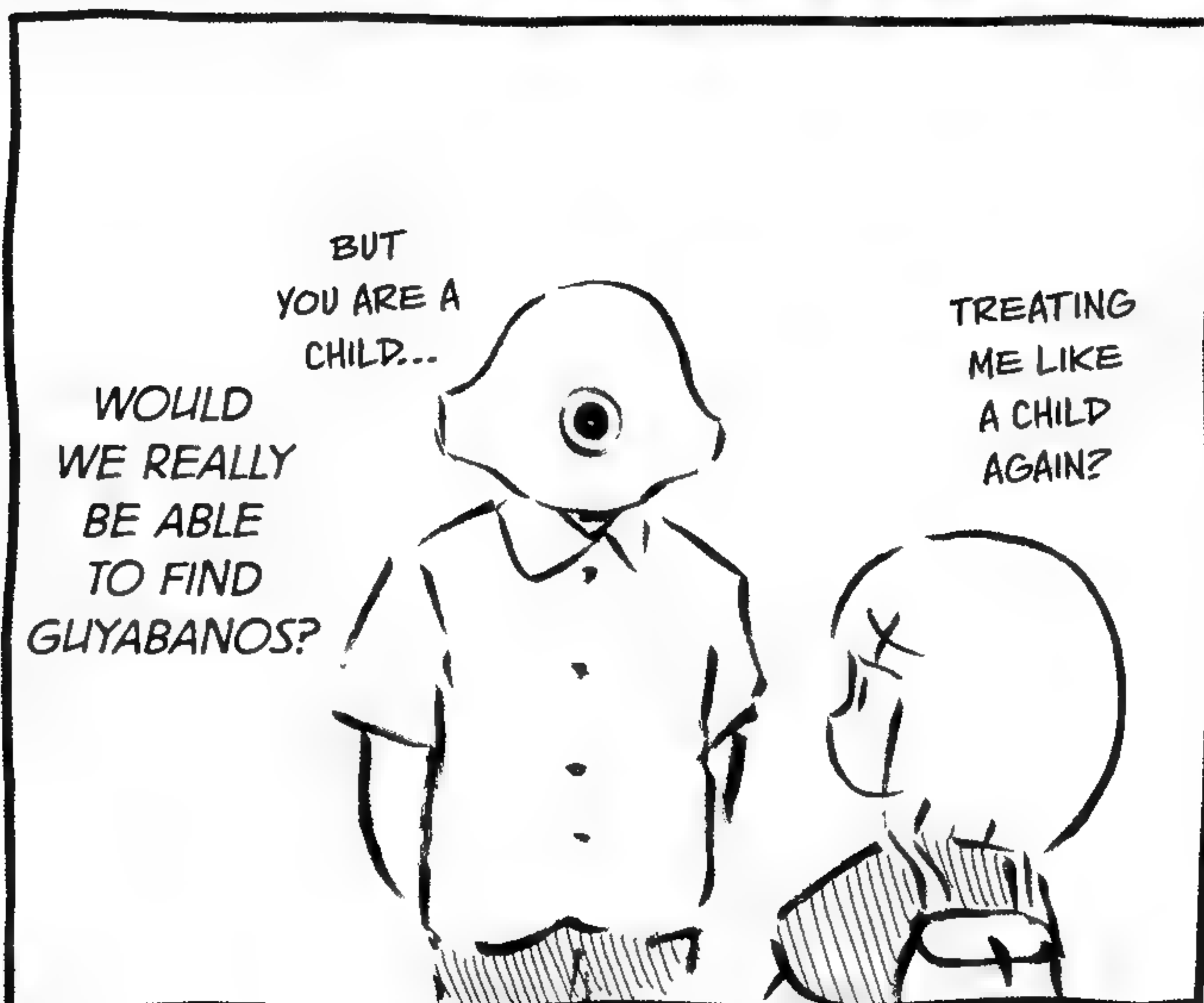


SEEMS
LIKE THIS
CARBON
MARKET
PLACE IS A
BIG FOOD
MARKET.



HMM
...

THERE
SHOULD BE
GUYABANOS
HERE...



BUT
YOU ARE A
CHILD...

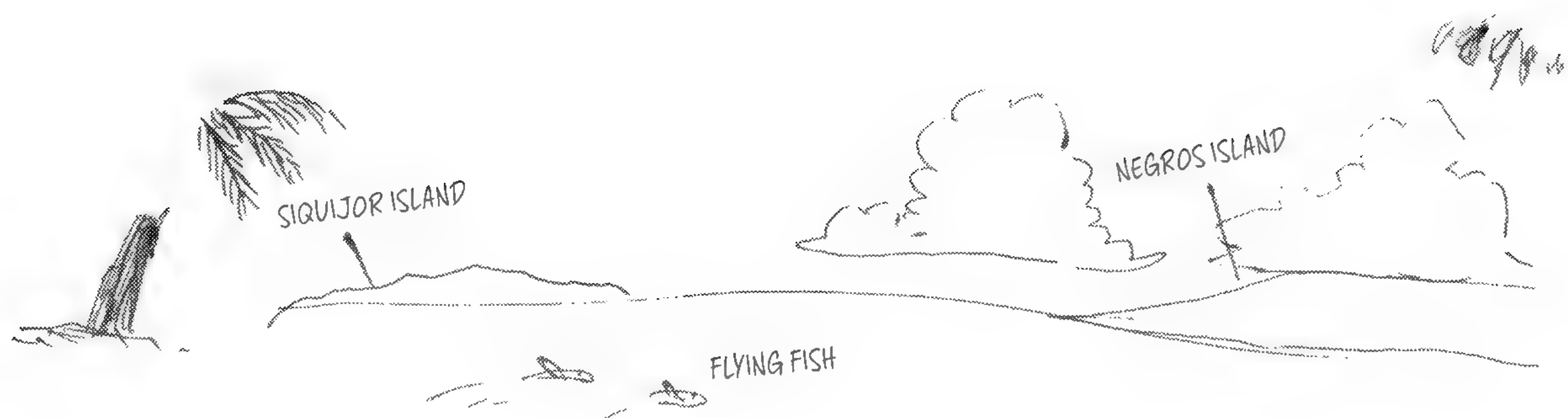
WOULD
WE REALLY
BE ABLE
TO FIND
GUYABANOS?

TREATING
ME LIKE
A CHILD
AGAIN?



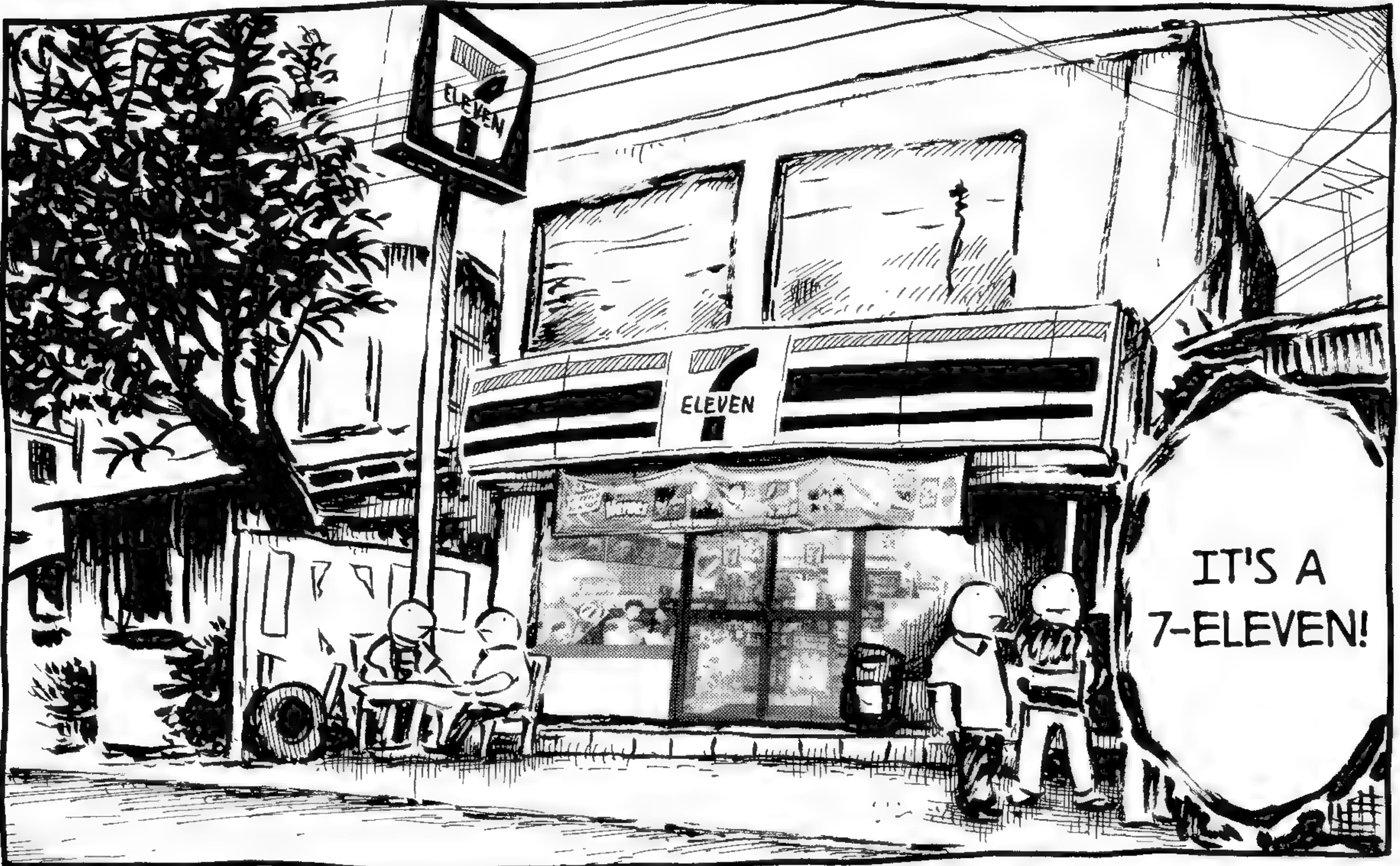
...I
SEE.

LET'S
CHECK
SAFER
AREAS
FOR NOW.
WE'LL GO
AS A LAST
RESORT.



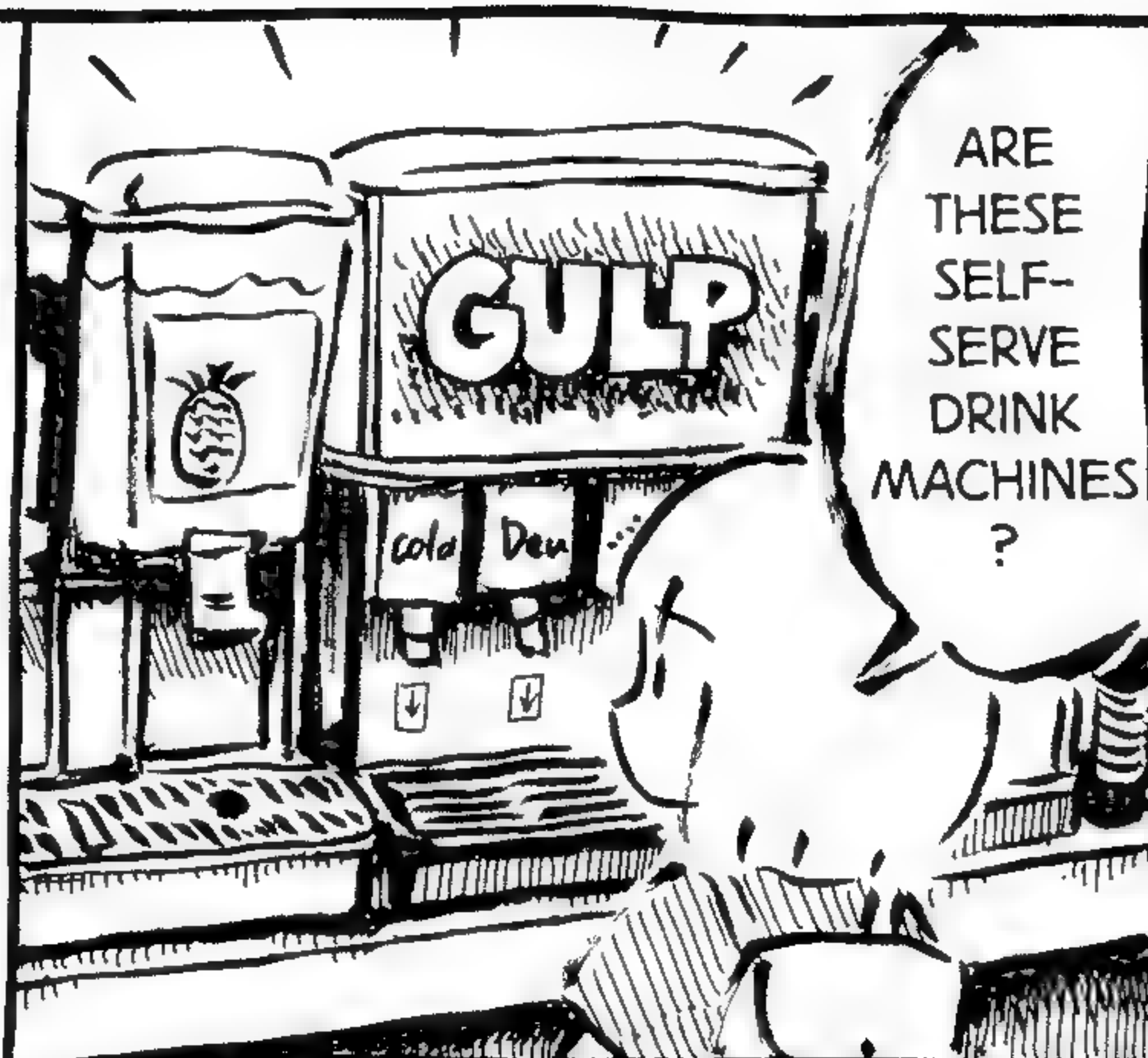


Guyabano Holiday:
Part 3

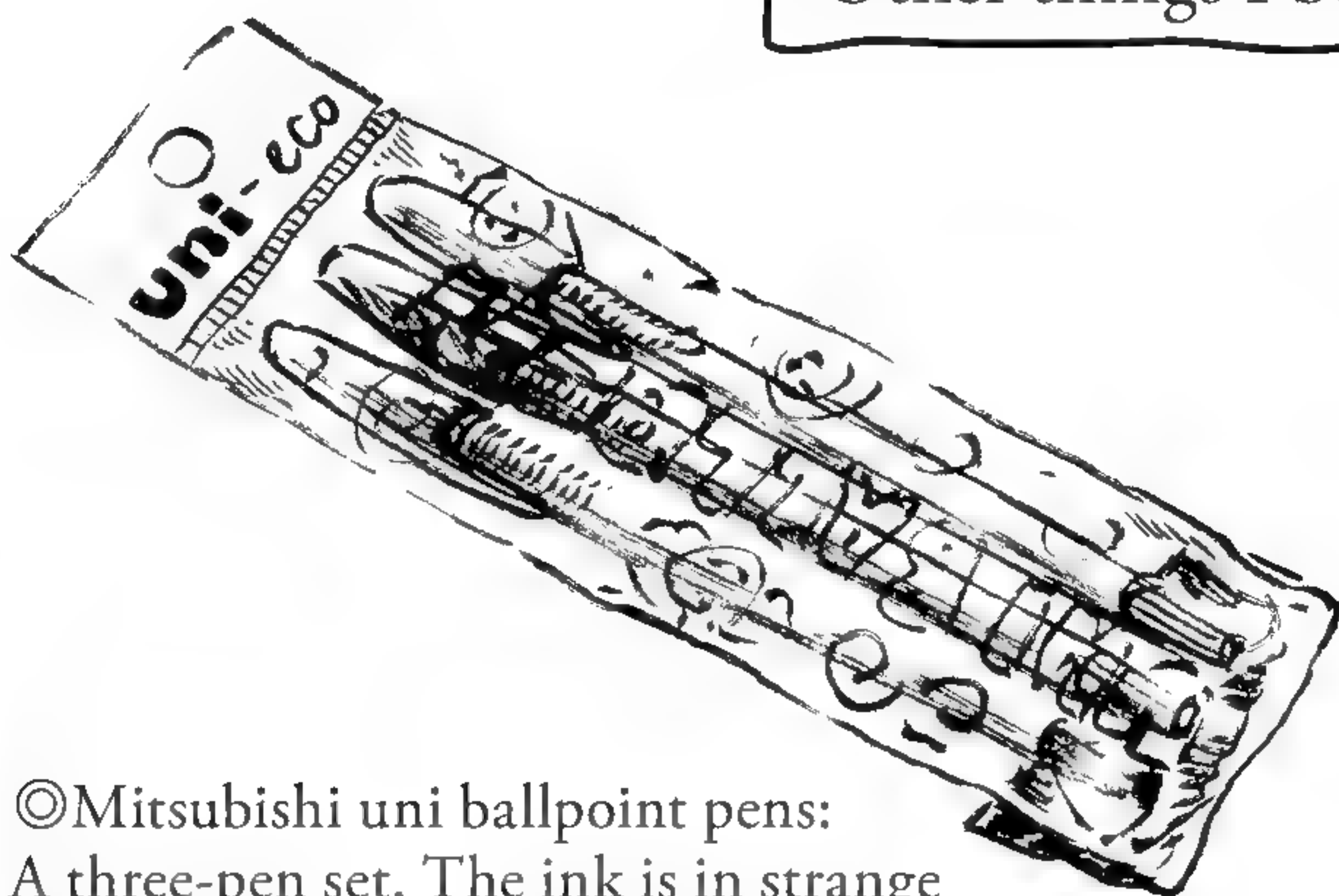




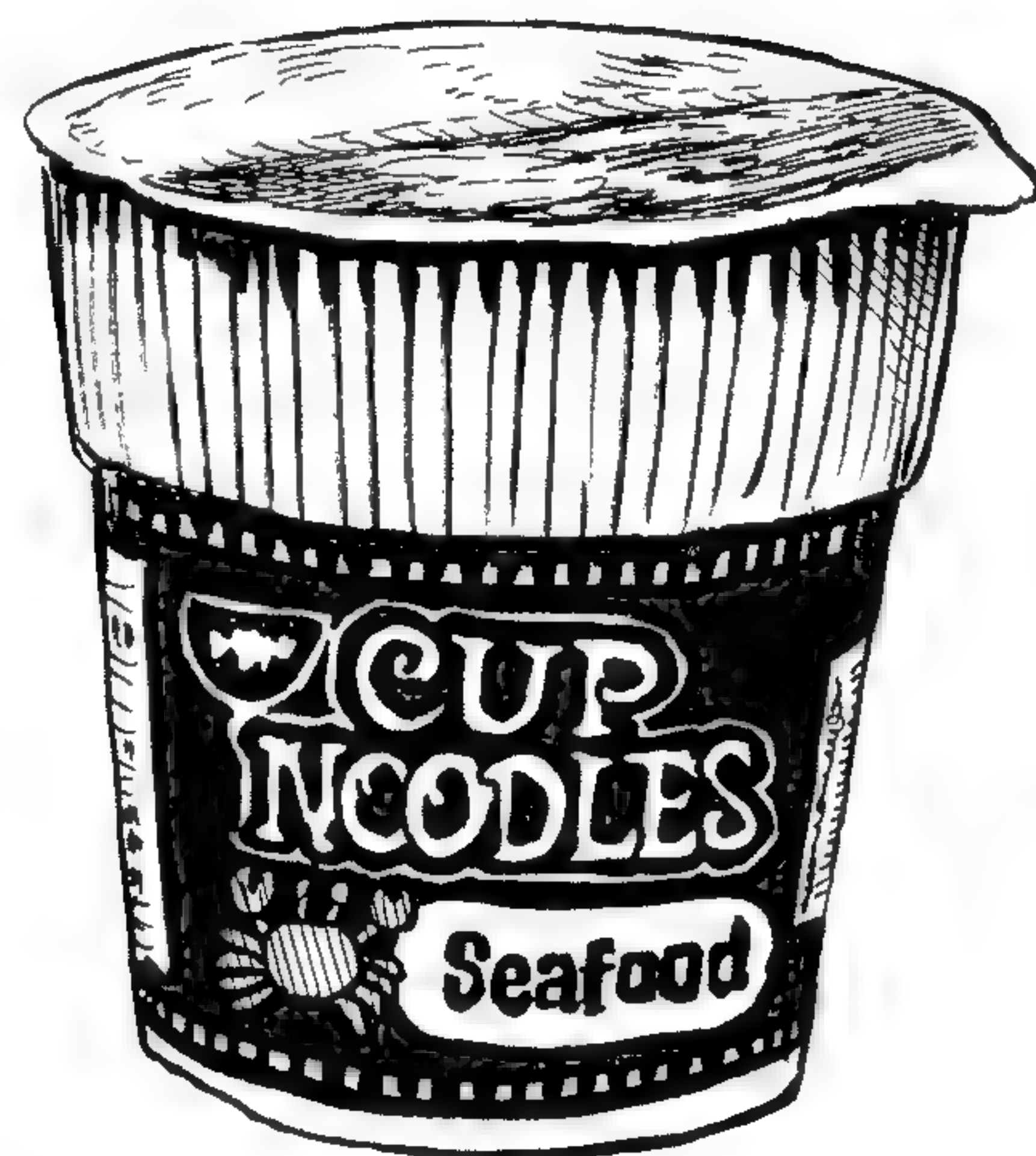
7-ELEVENS IN CEBU SOLD SOFT DRINKS IN PAPER CUPS. YOU POUR WHATEVER SOFT DRINK YOU WANT INTO ONE OF THE PAPER CUPS ATTACHED TO THE MACHINE, THEN PAY FOR IT AT THE REGISTER. THE PRICES WERE REASONABLE AND IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD SYSTEM TO ME, BUT YOU PAY FOR THE CUPS FIRST WHEN YOU BUY SELF-SERVE COFFEE IN JAPAN, SO I GOT A LITTLE CONFUSED BY EVERYTHING BEING IN THE REVERSE ORDER. I WONDER IF THERE'S SOME KIND OF REASON FOR THE SYSTEMS TO BE DIFFERENT IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.



Other things I bought:



©Mitsubishi uni ballpoint pens: A three-pen set. The ink is in strange pastel colors. Seeing Japanese-made products that you can't buy in Japan got me excited, and I couldn't stop myself from buying them.



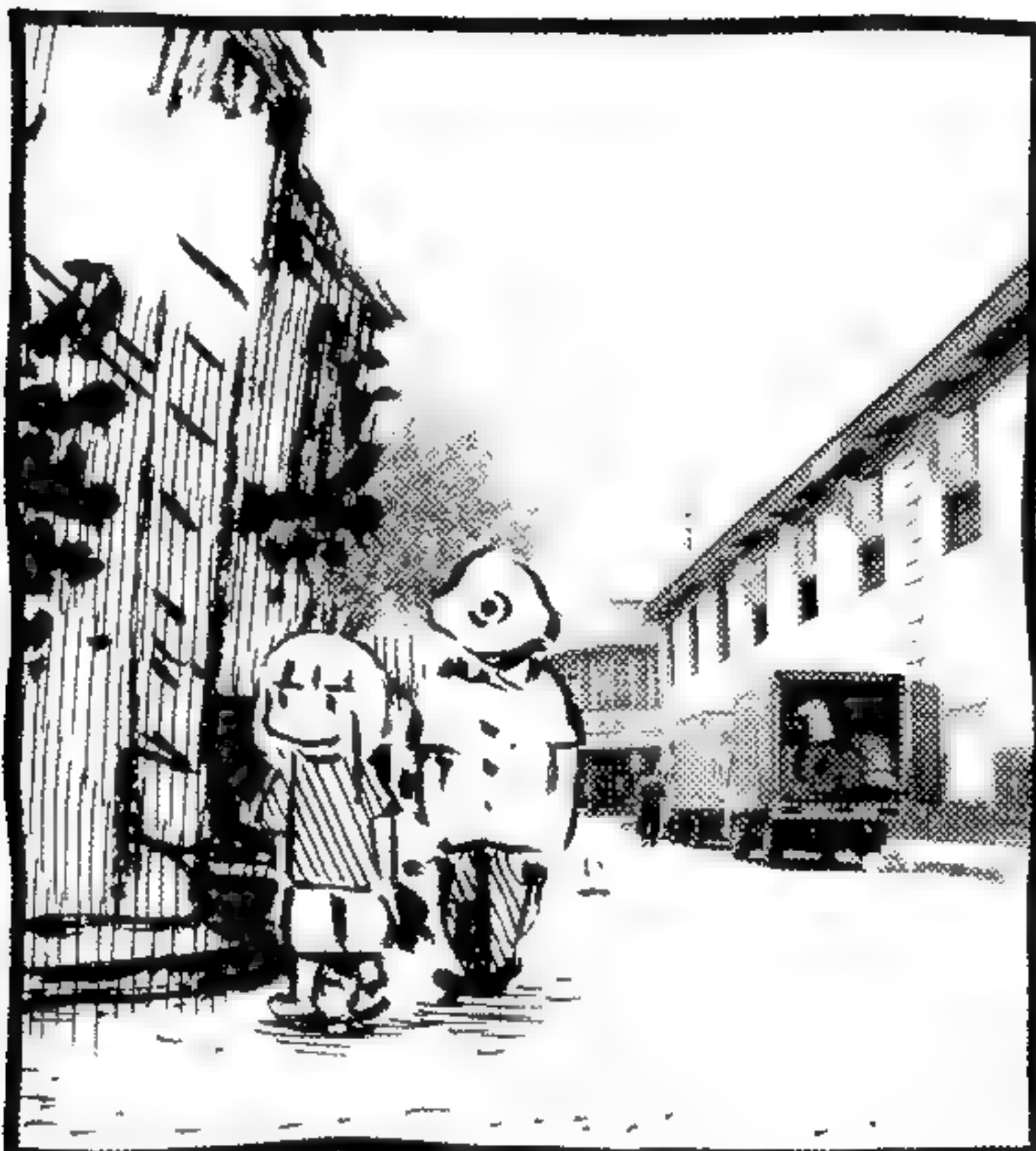
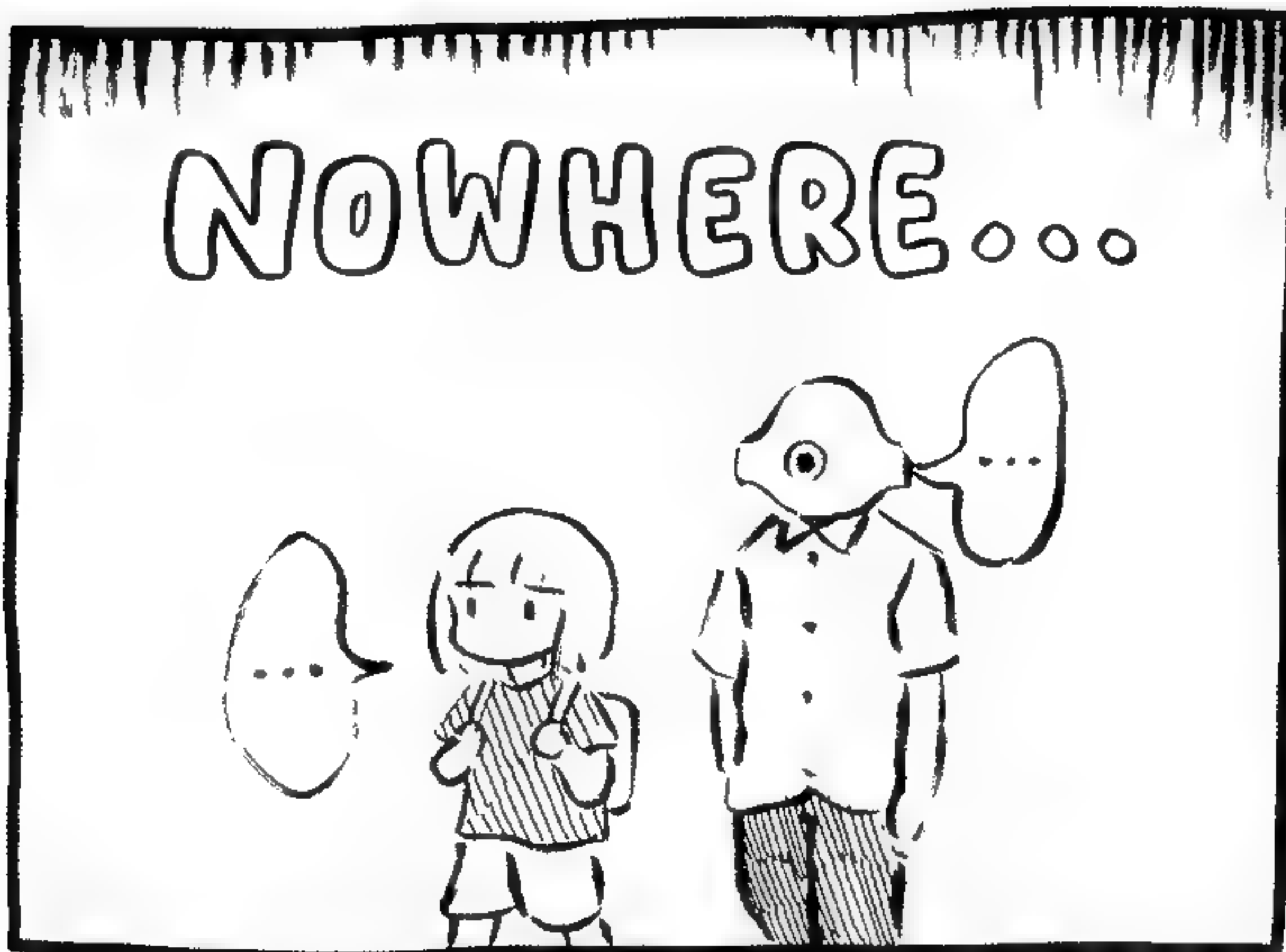
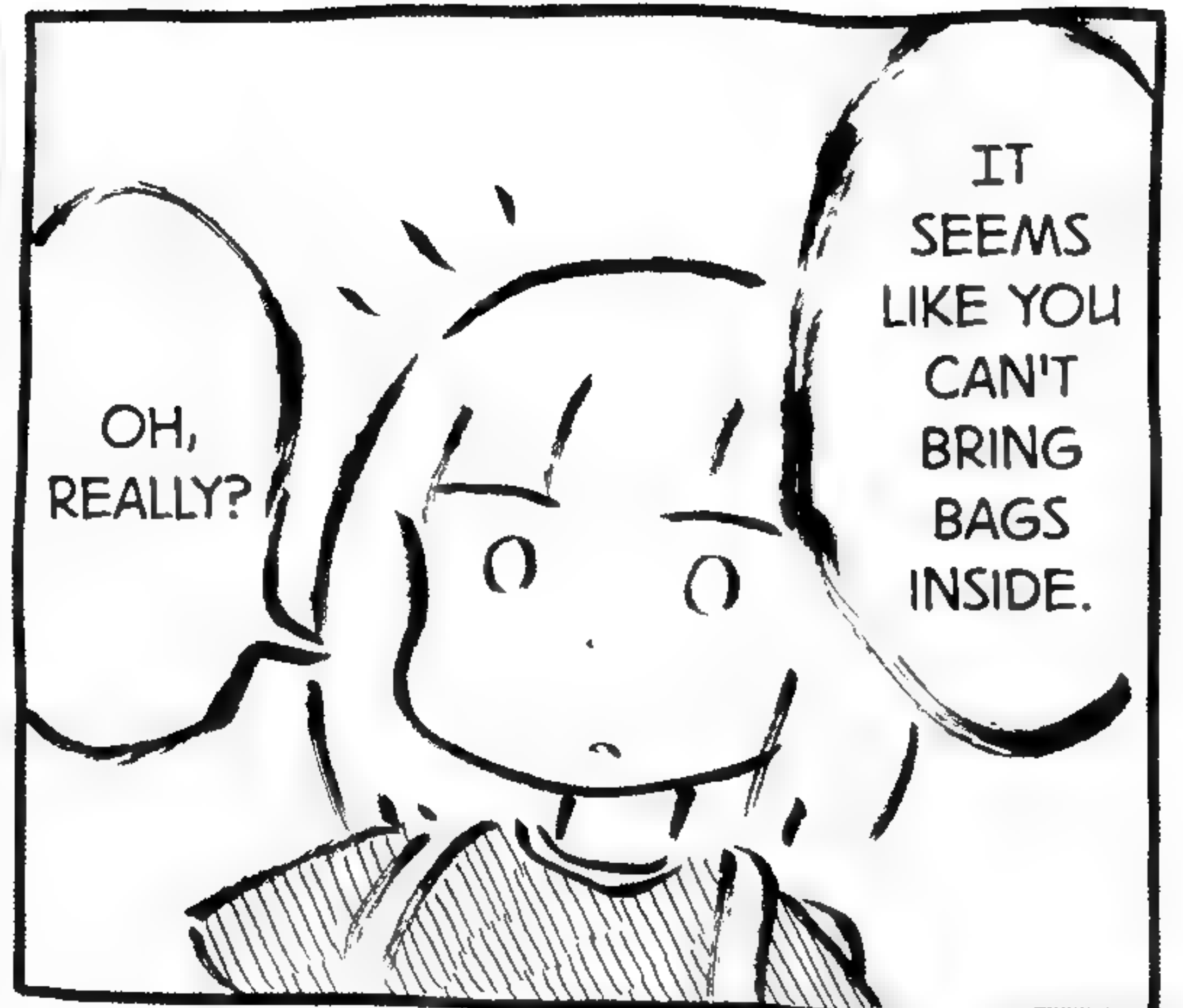
©Nissin Cup Noodles - Seafood: Unlike Japan, these were made with acrylic cups and aluminum tops. The taste was somewhat different from the ones in Japan. The crab drawing is cute.

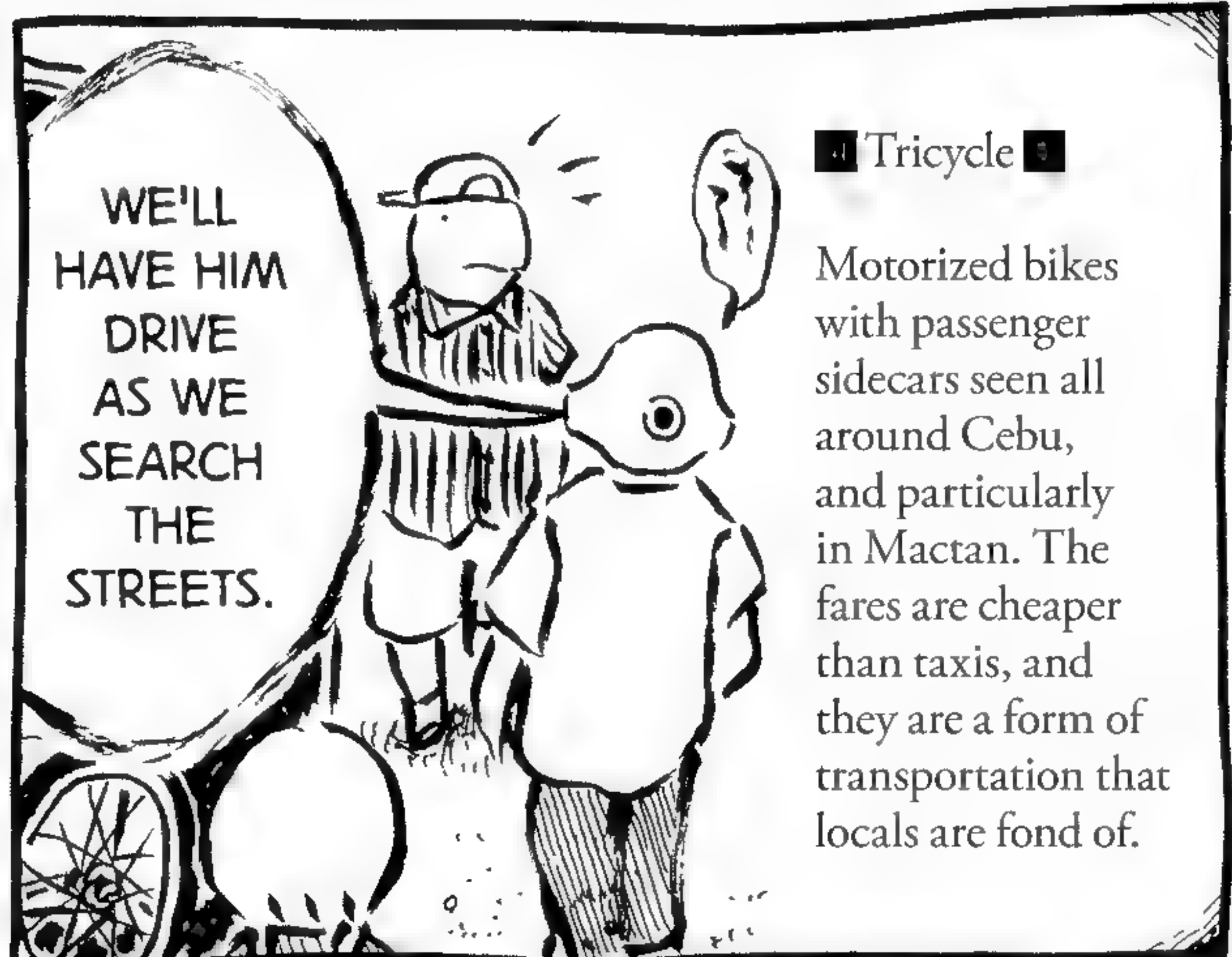
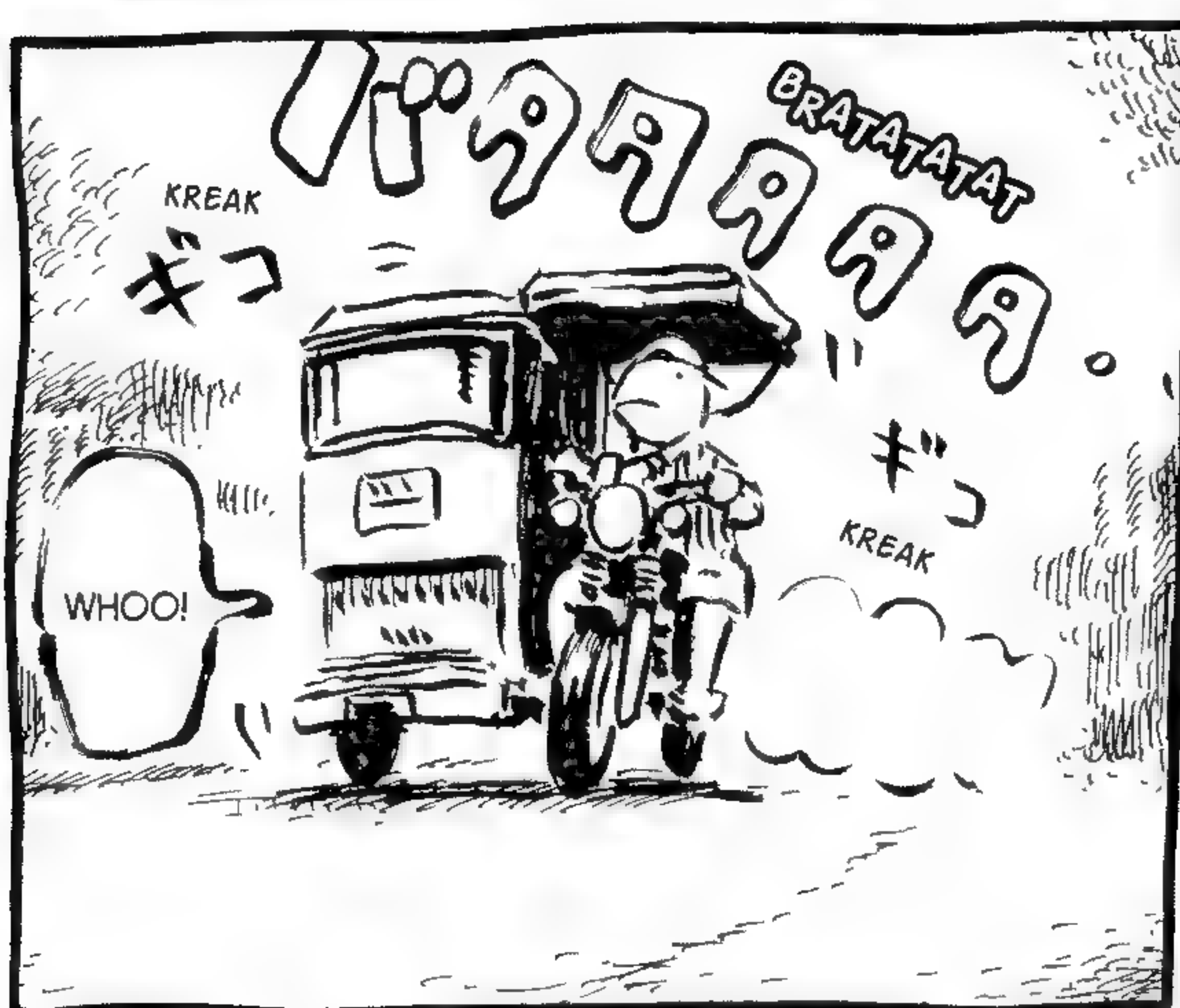
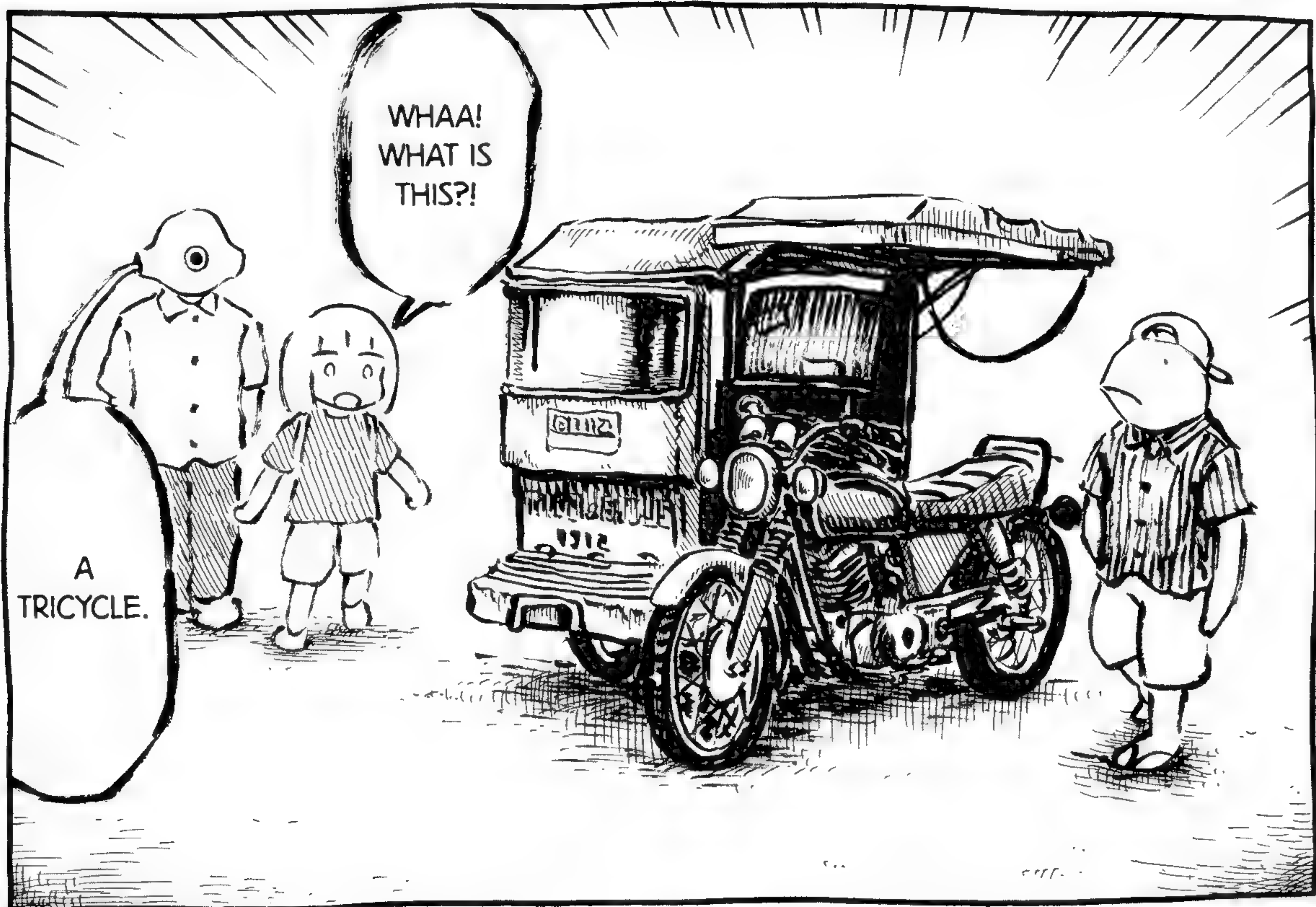
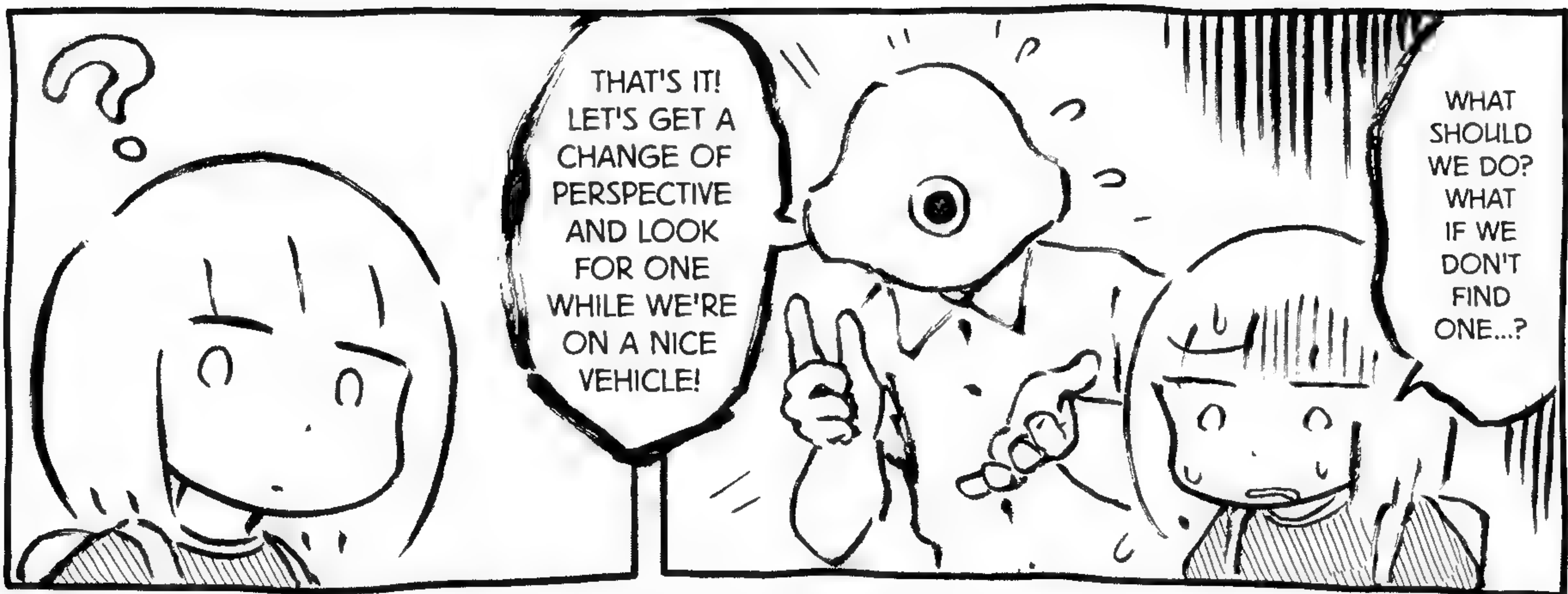


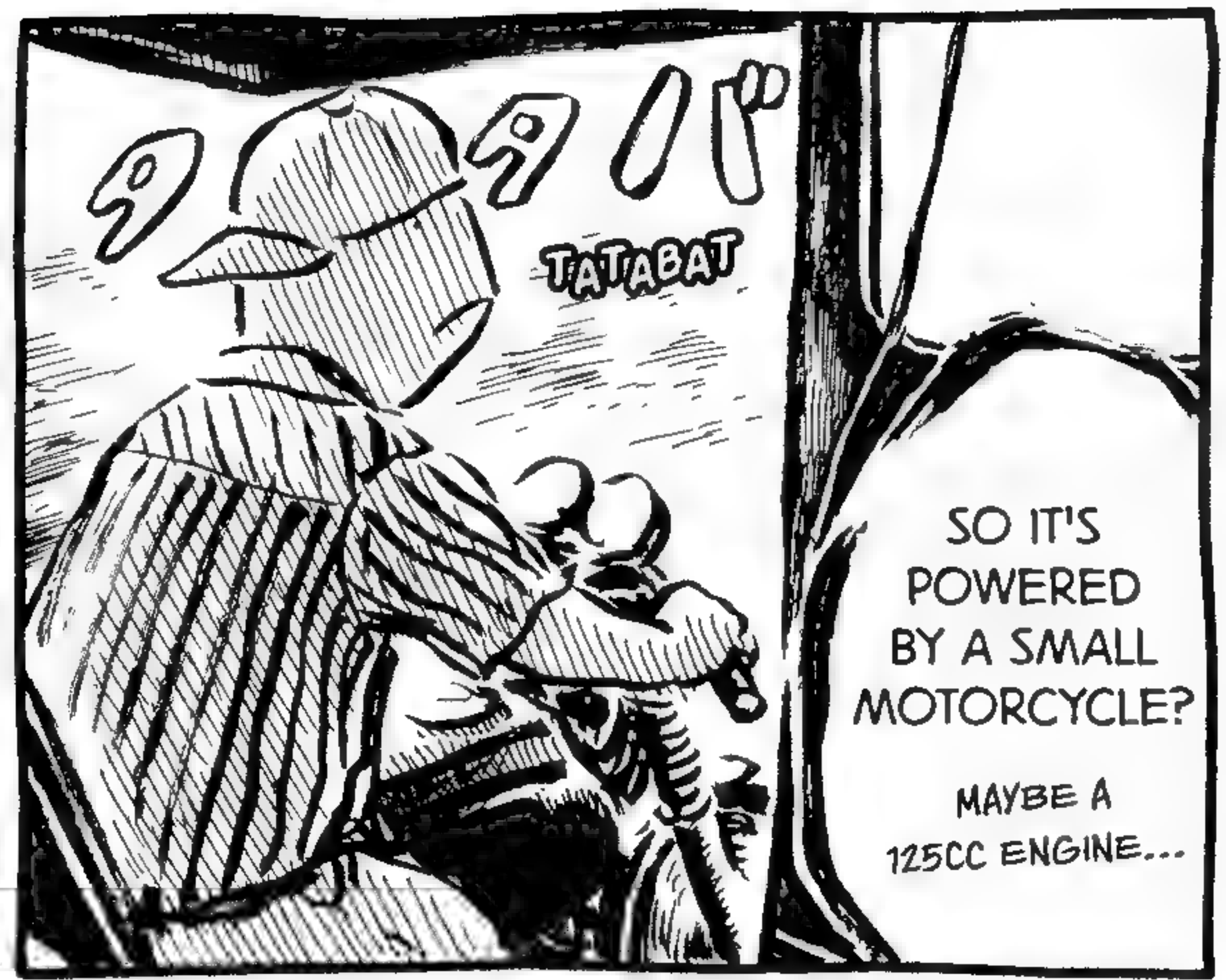
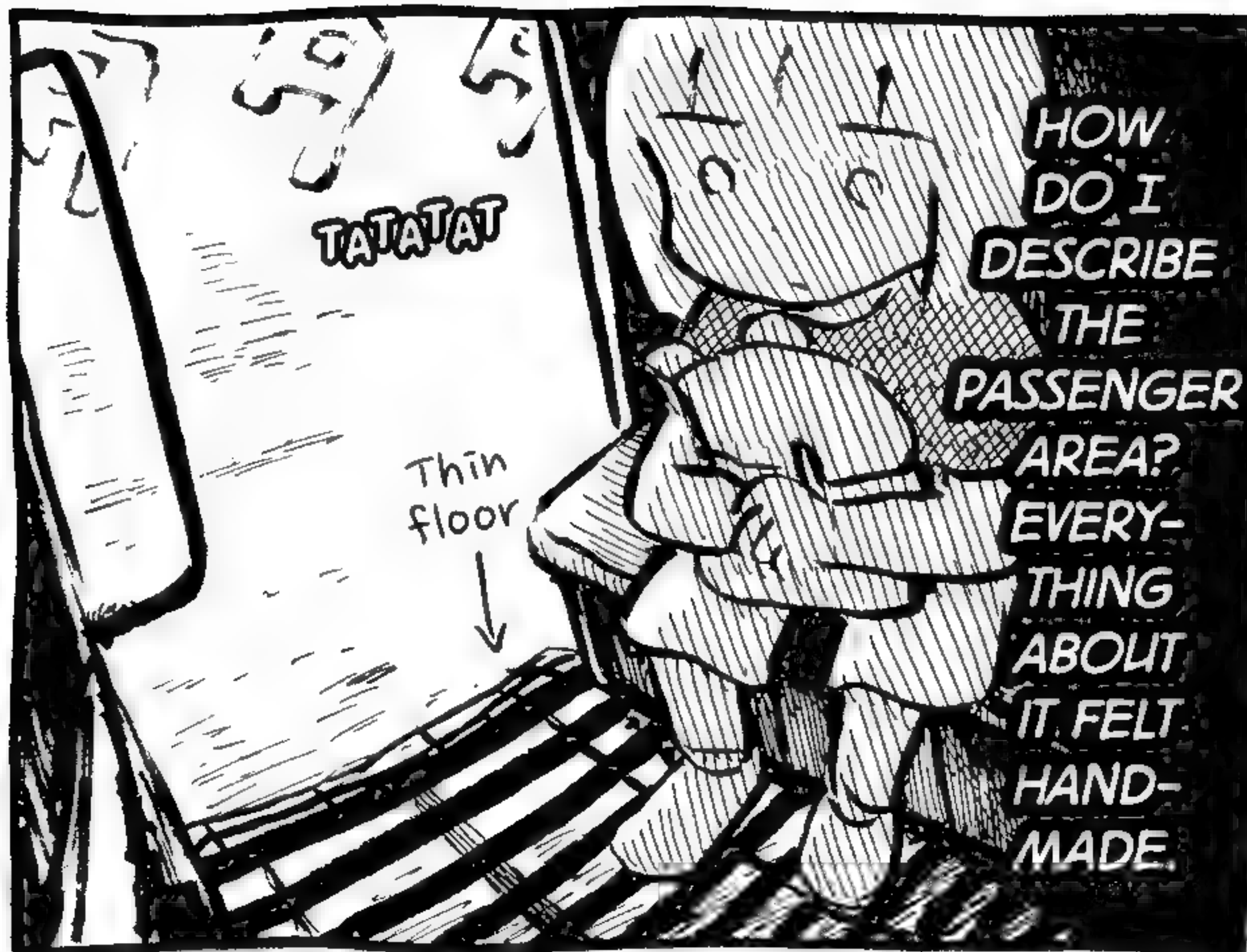
©Nestle Bear Brand full cream milk: A rich milk beverage, almost like fresh cream. Sweet and good. I want to drink this again.



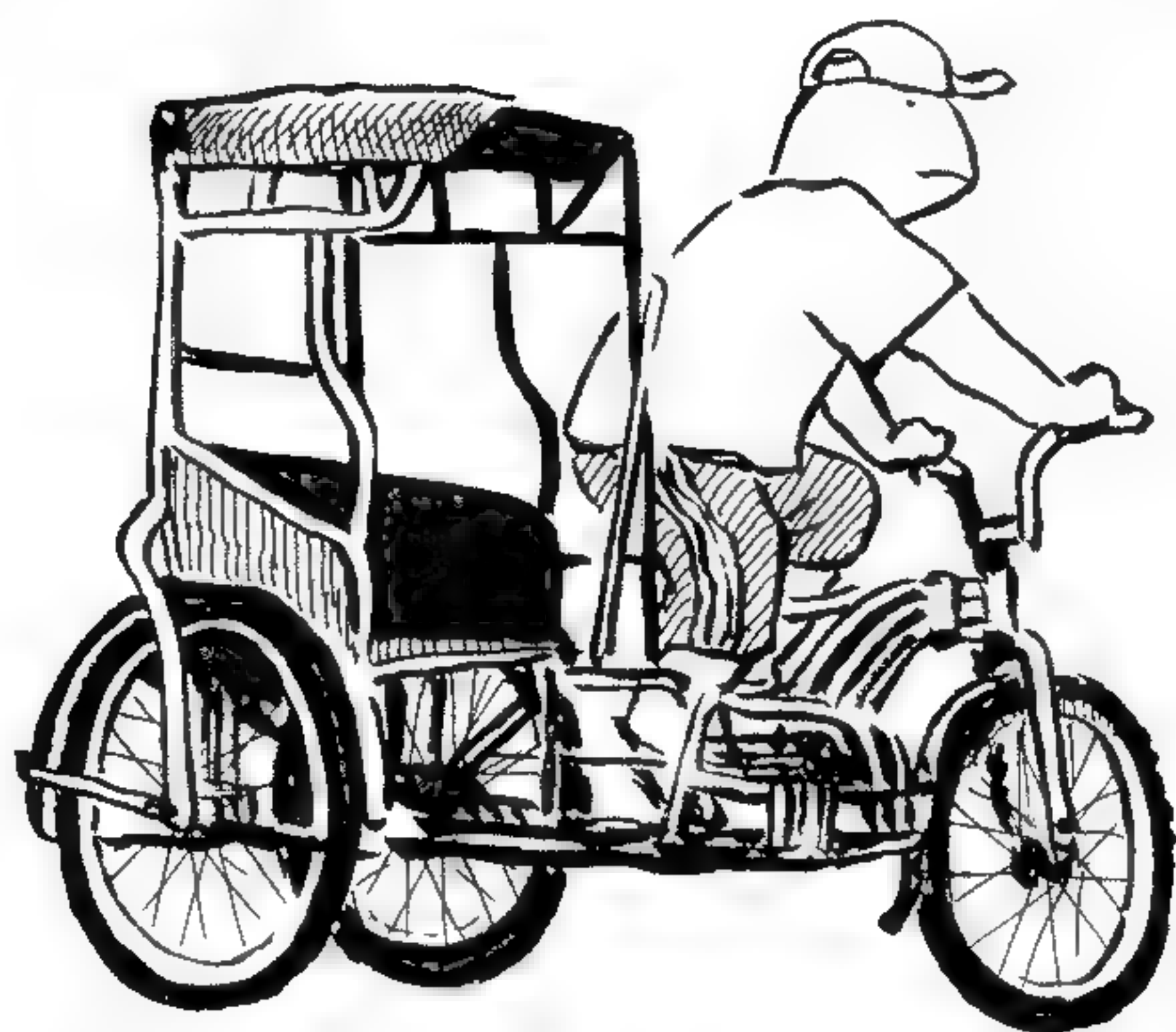
©Nestle FOX'S candy: Fruit-flavored drops. I wonder if these are popular in the Philippines? I bought these because I happened to notice them. Pretty tasty.



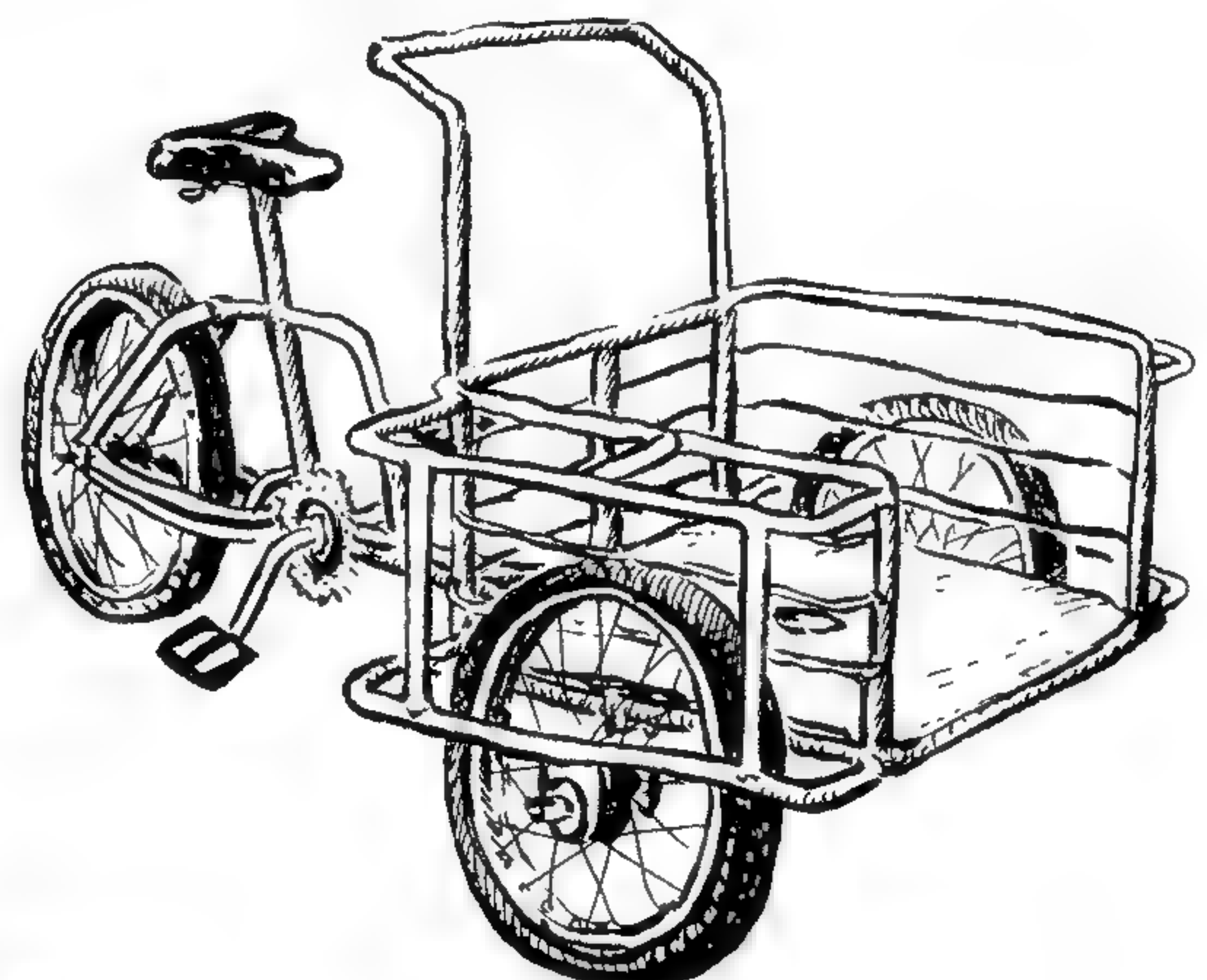




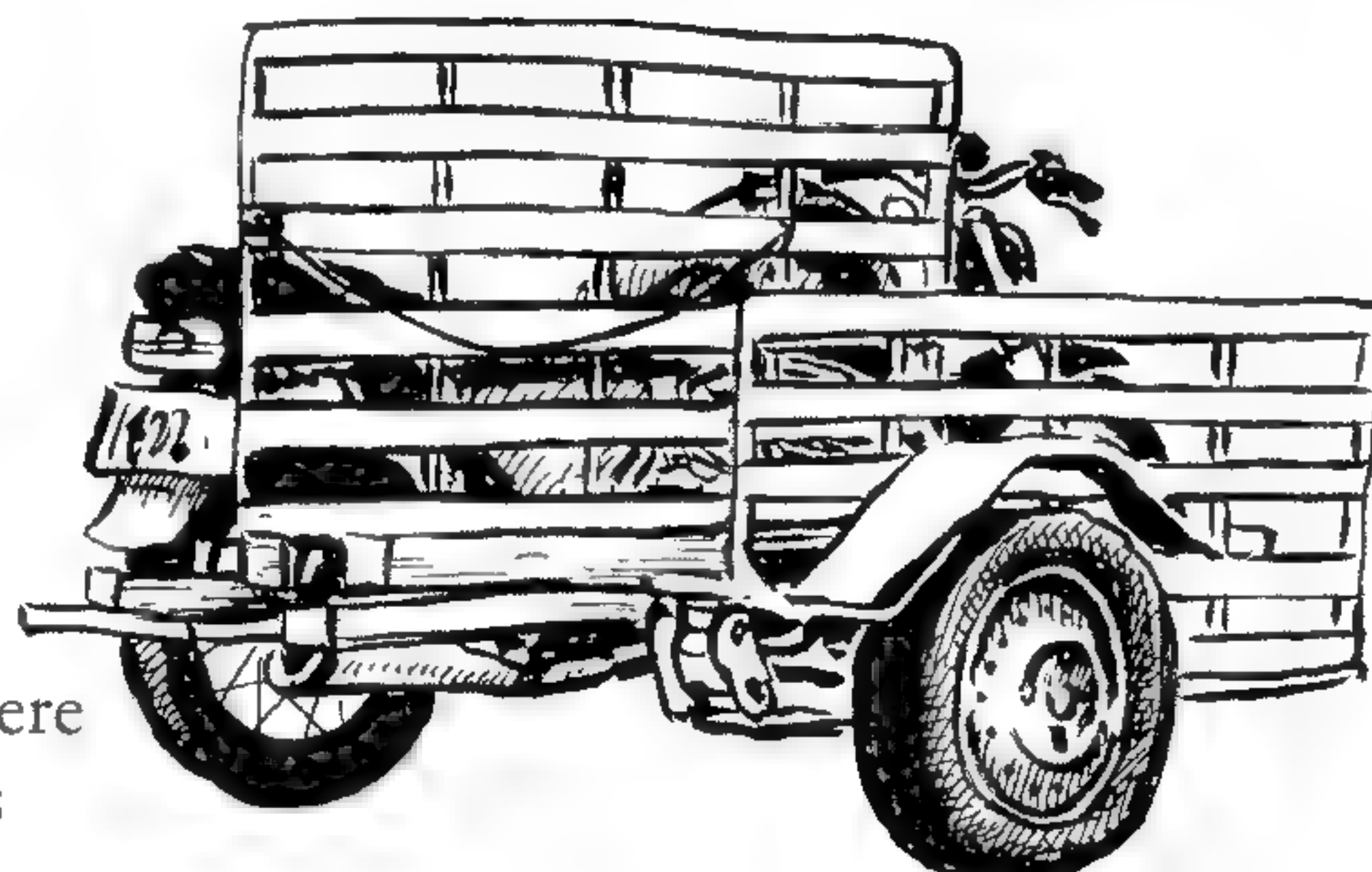
I SAW COUNTLESS TRICYCLES ON THE STREET, BUT EACH SEEMED TO BE MADE IN A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT WAY. THEY ALL HAD CERTAIN TRICYCLE PARTS IN COMMON THAT EACH SEEMED TO USE IN THEIR OWN CUSTOMIZED MANNER, I SUPPOSE. SOME LOOKED LIKE SCRAP WOOD THAT HAD BEEN JOINED TOGETHER, AND I NEVER GOT TIRED OF SEEING NEW ONES. I WONDER IF THERE ARE SPECIALISTS WHO COVERT MOTORCYCLES INTO TRICYCLES. THE EXACT DEFINITION OF "TRICYCLE" IS STILL UNKNOWN TO ME, BUT I SAW HIGHLY ORIGINAL THREE-WHEELED VEHICLES OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES ON MY TRIP.



©Man-powered type:
Compact and stylish.

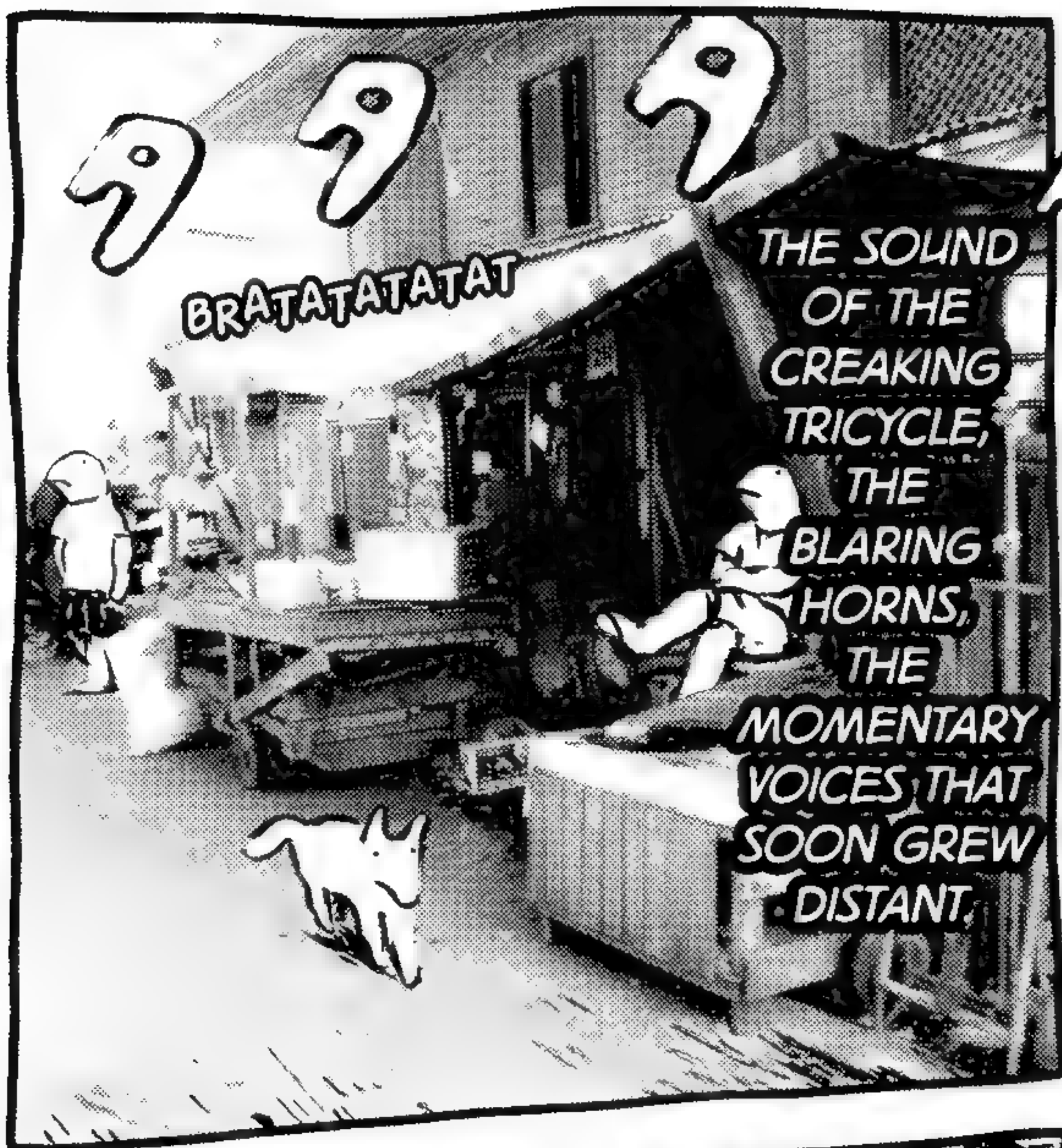


©Man-powered cargo type:
A front, not rear loader.
Cool but falling apart.
No clue if it's still in use.

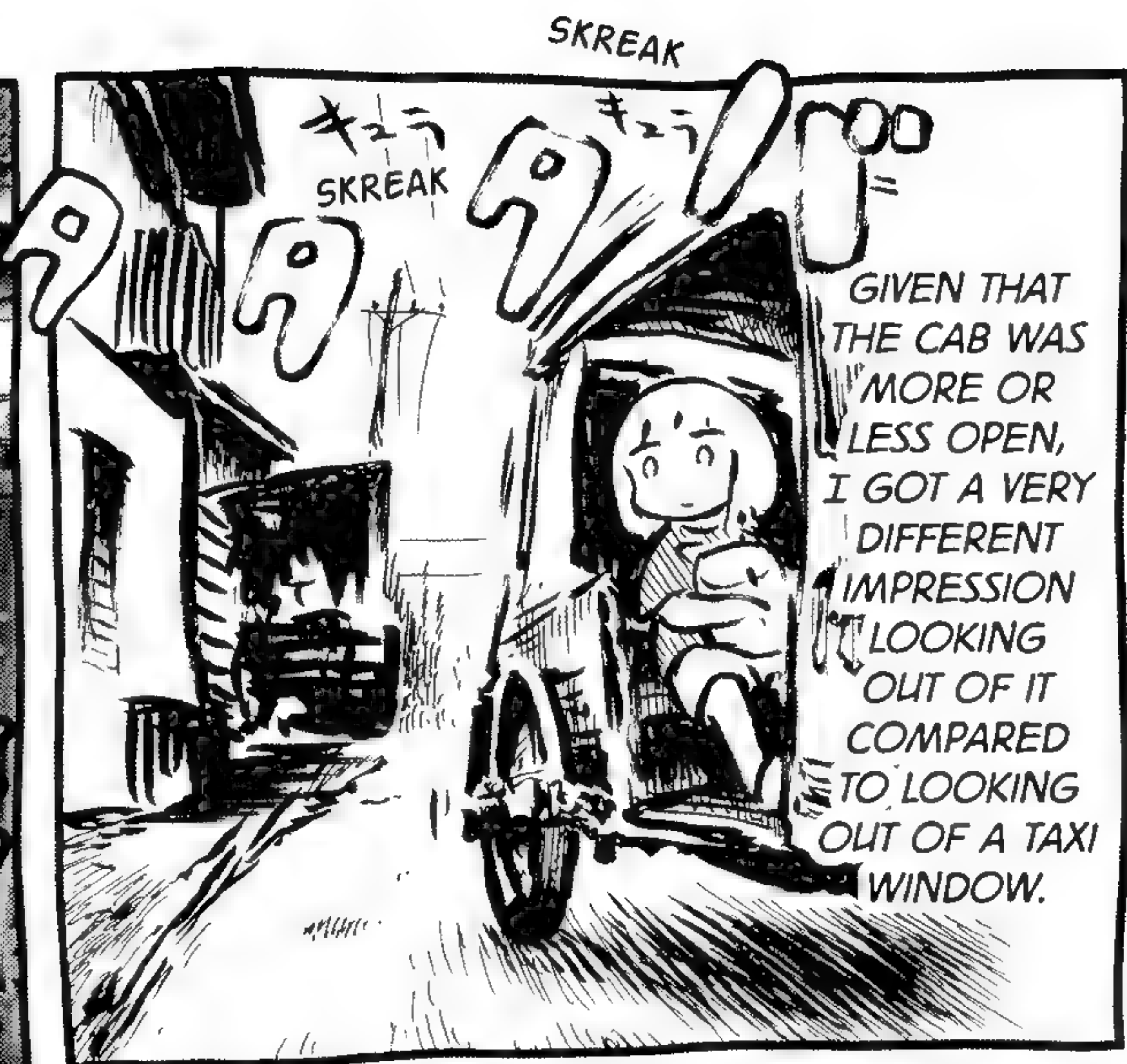


©Cargo type:
Used for carrying
lumber and long
objects. It seems there
are tricycles for lots
of different uses.

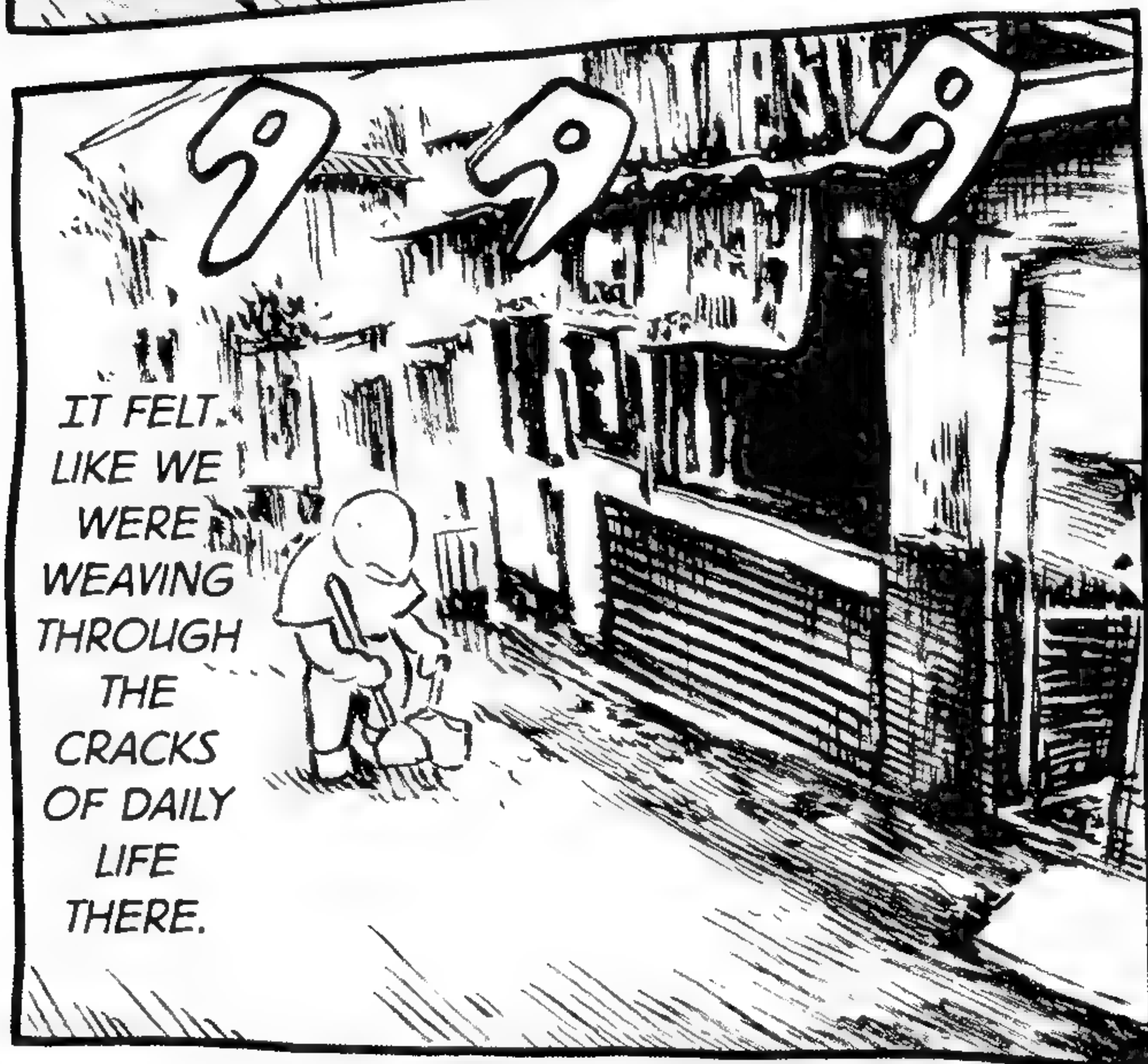
Various tricycles



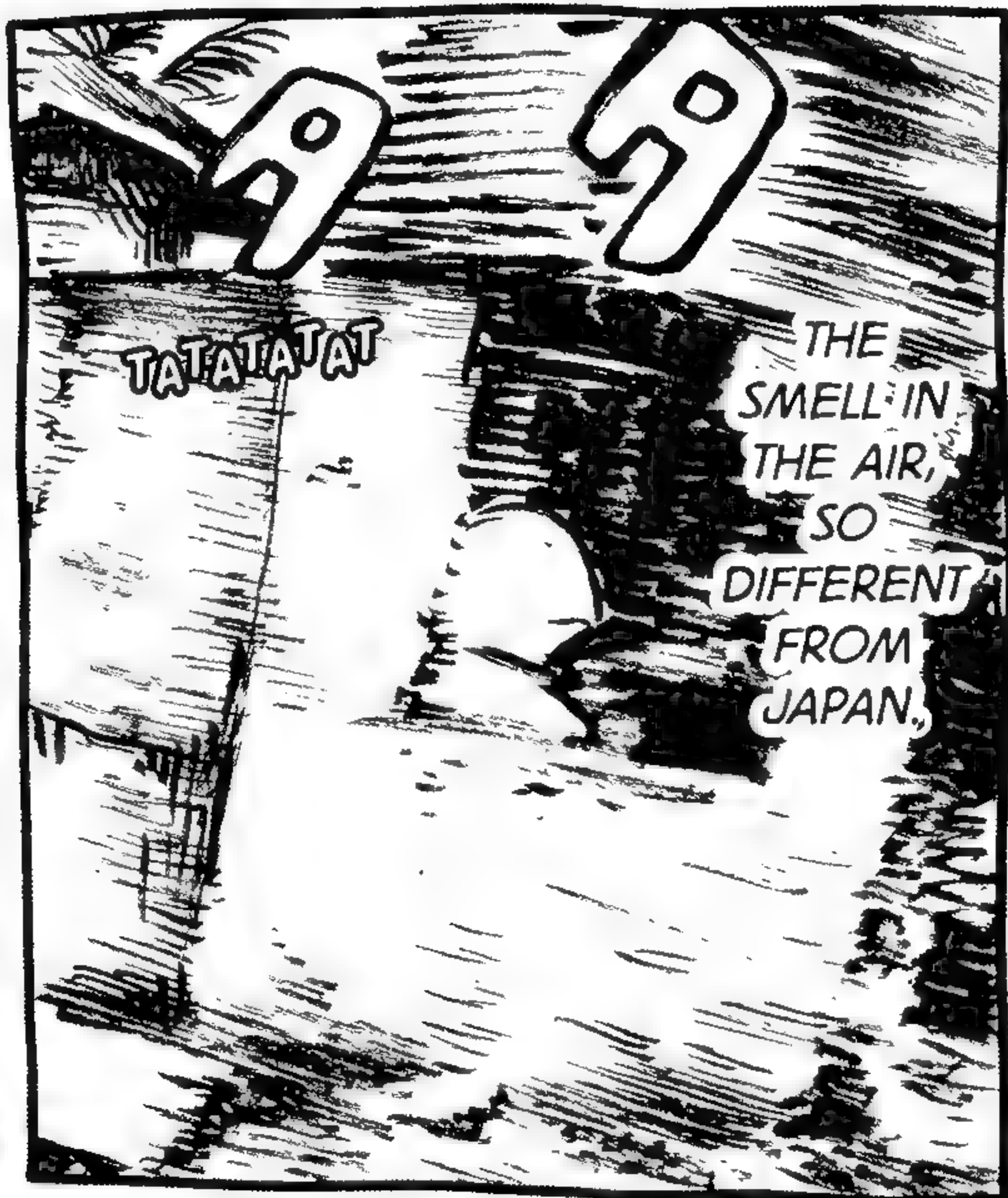
THE SOUND
OF THE
CREAKING
TRICYCLE,
THE
BLARING
HORNS,
THE
MOMENTARY
VOICES THAT
SOON GREW
DISTANT.



GIVEN THAT
THE CAB WAS
MORE OR
LESS OPEN,
I GOT A VERY
DIFFERENT
IMPRESSION
LOOKING
OUT OF IT
COMPARED
TO LOOKING
OUT OF A TAXI
WINDOW.



IT FELT
LIKE WE
WERE
WEAVING
THROUGH
THE
CRACKS
OF DAILY
LIFE
THERE.



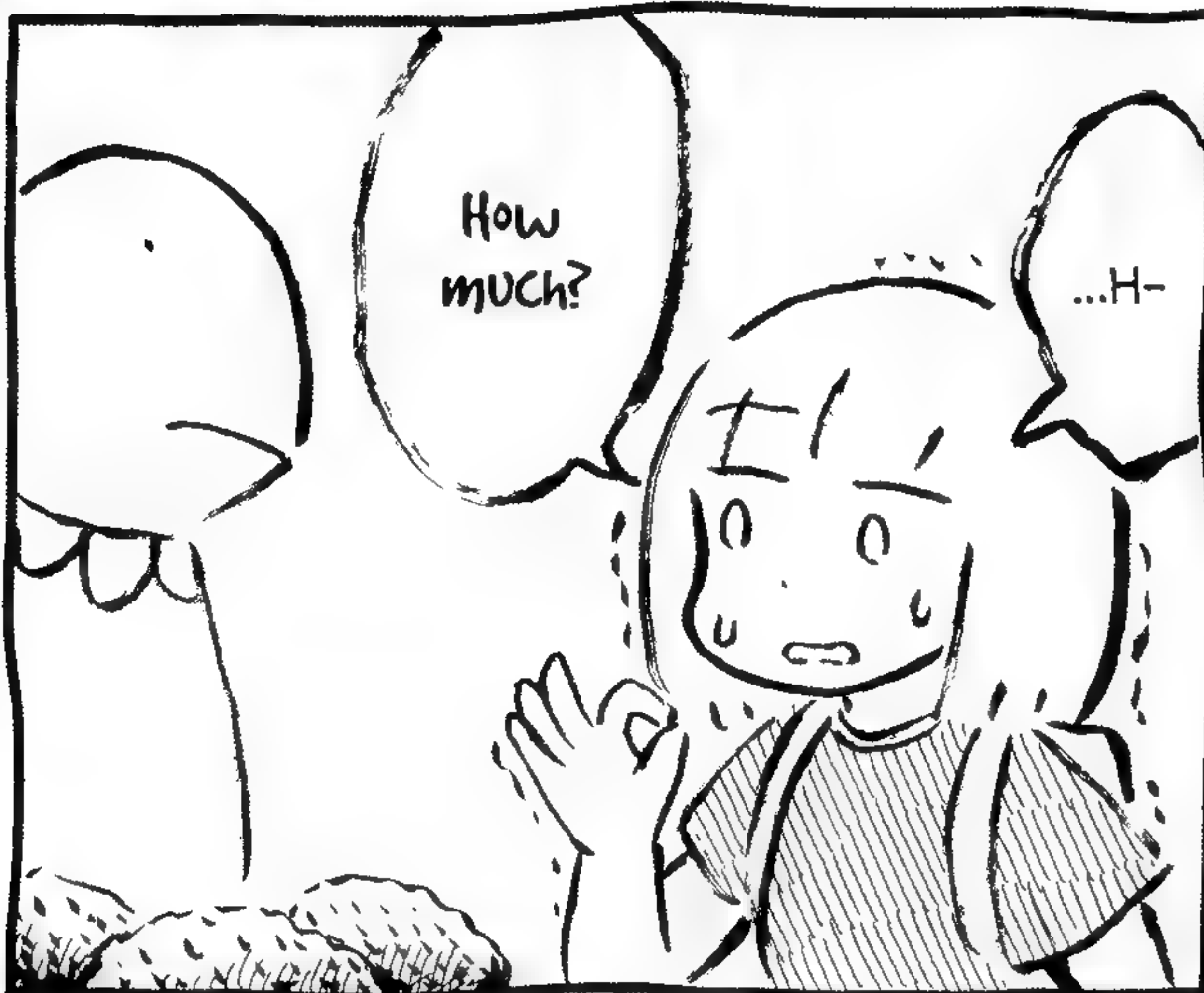
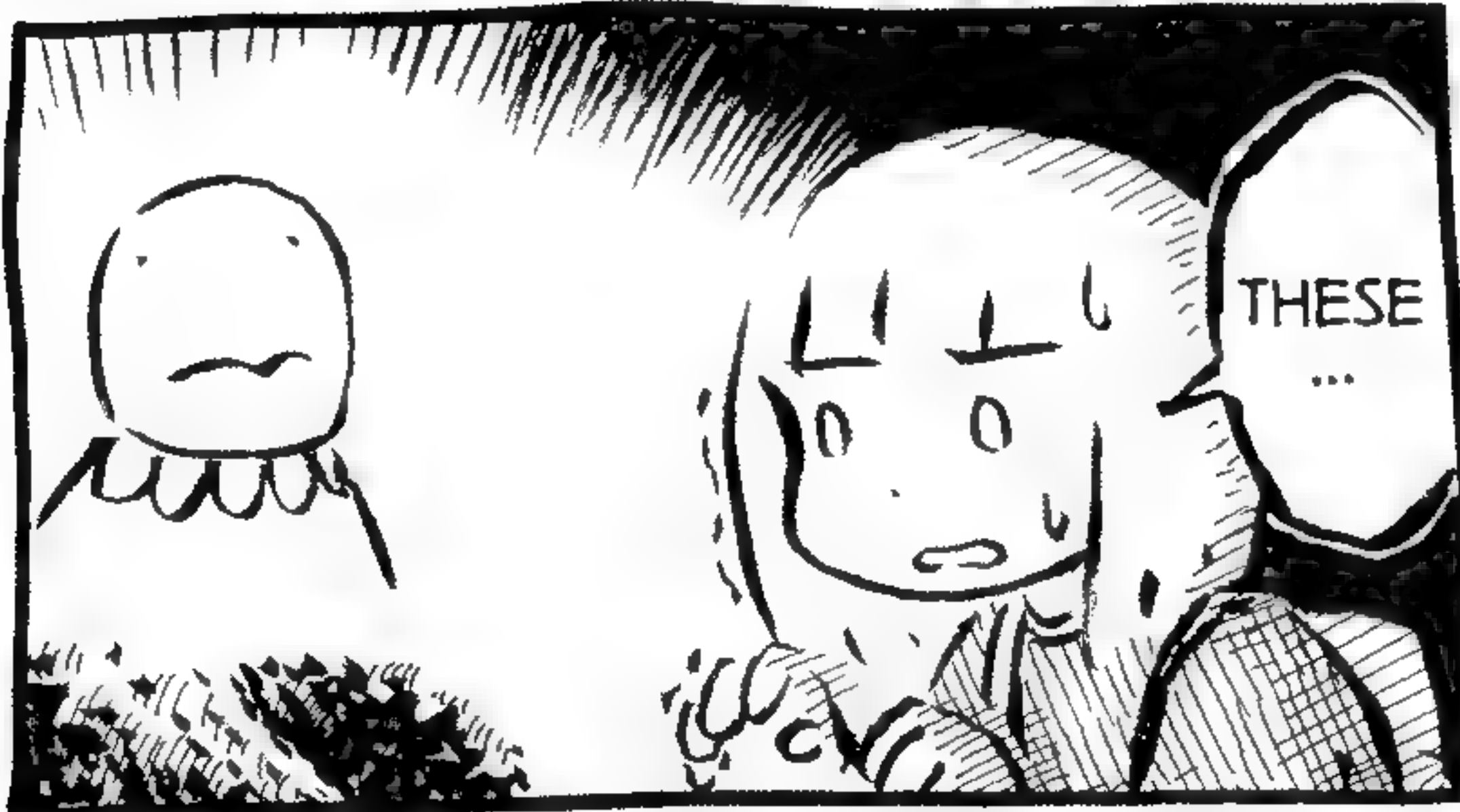
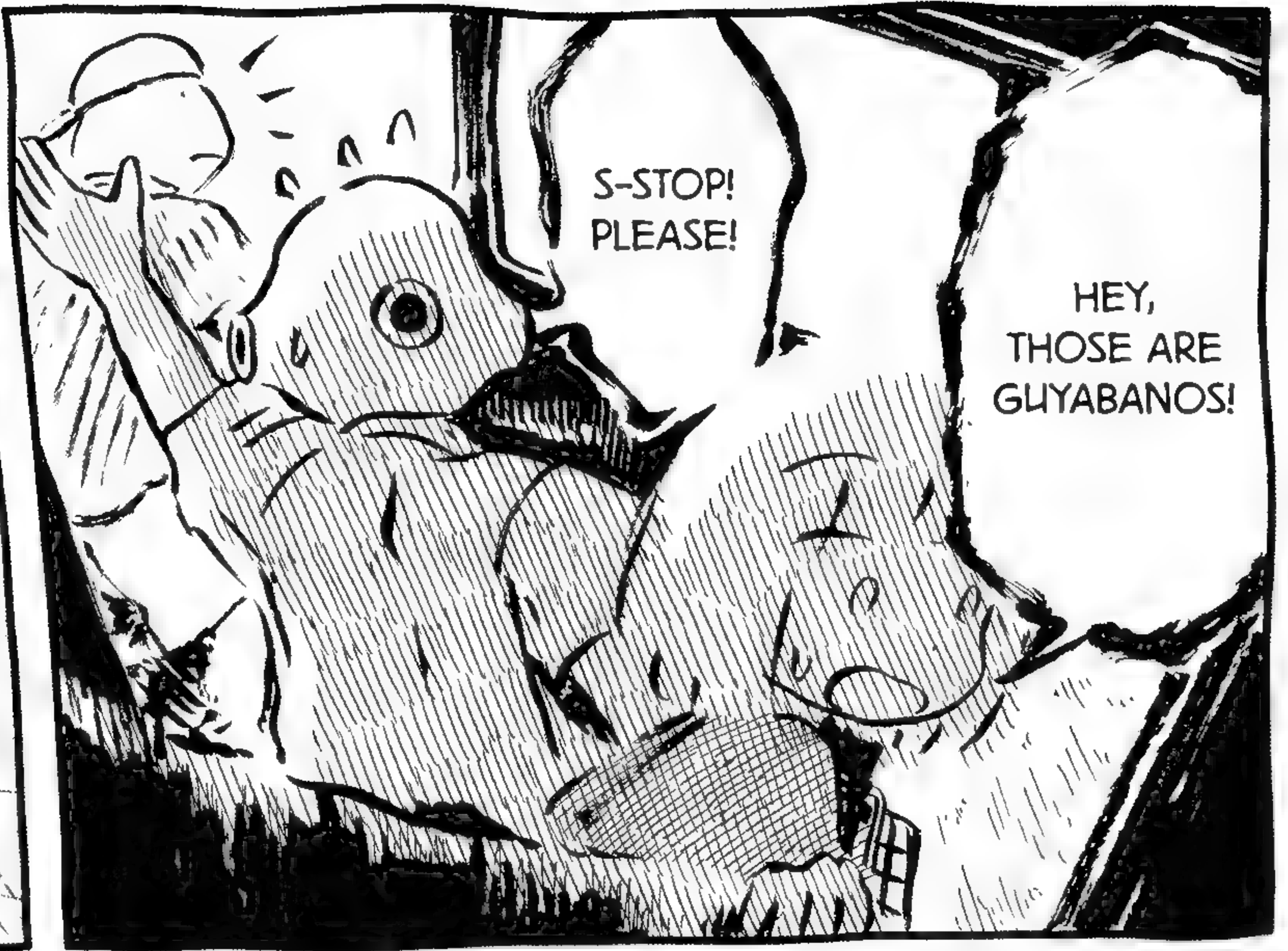
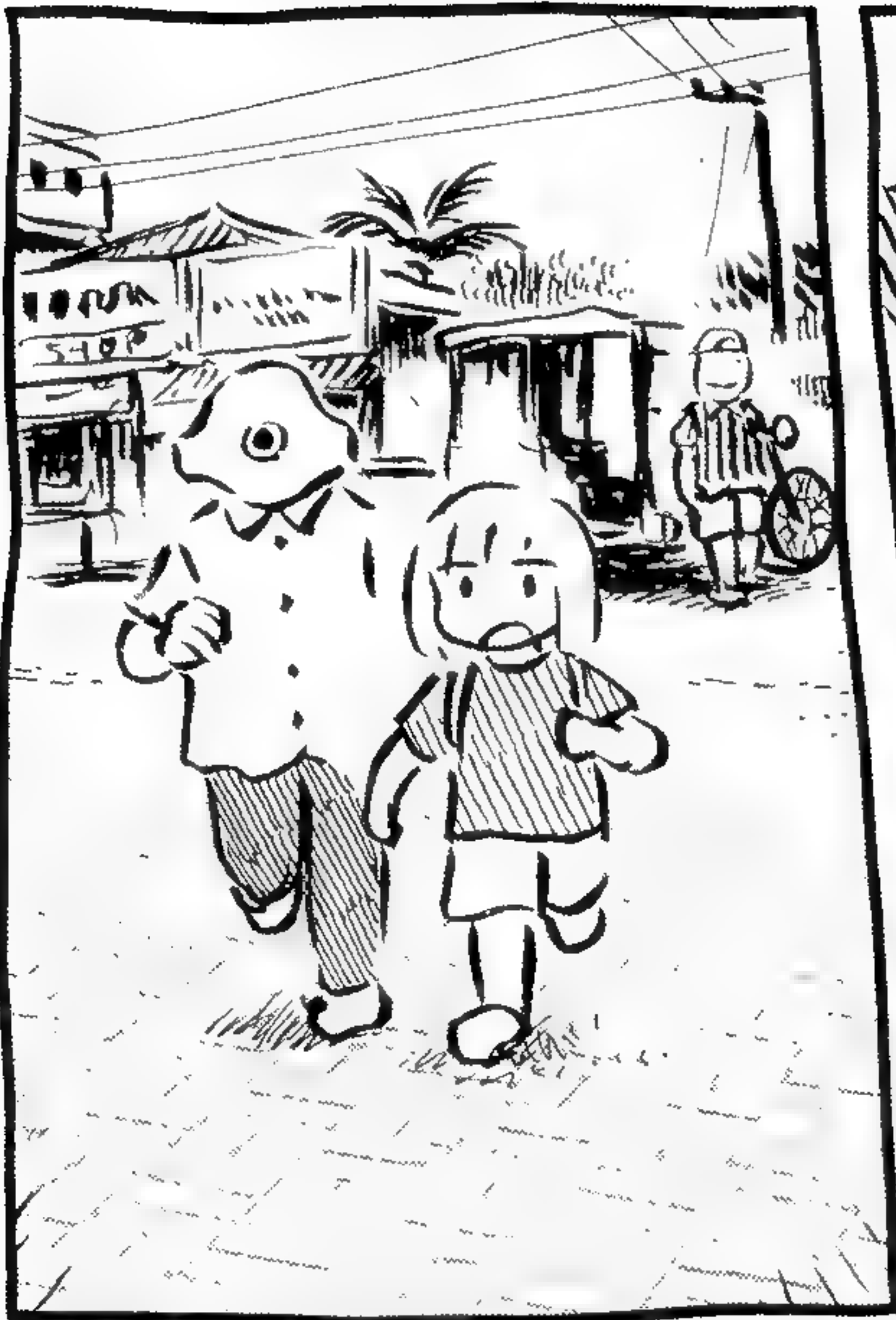
THE
SMELL IN
THE AIR,
SO
DIFFERENT
FROM
JAPAN.

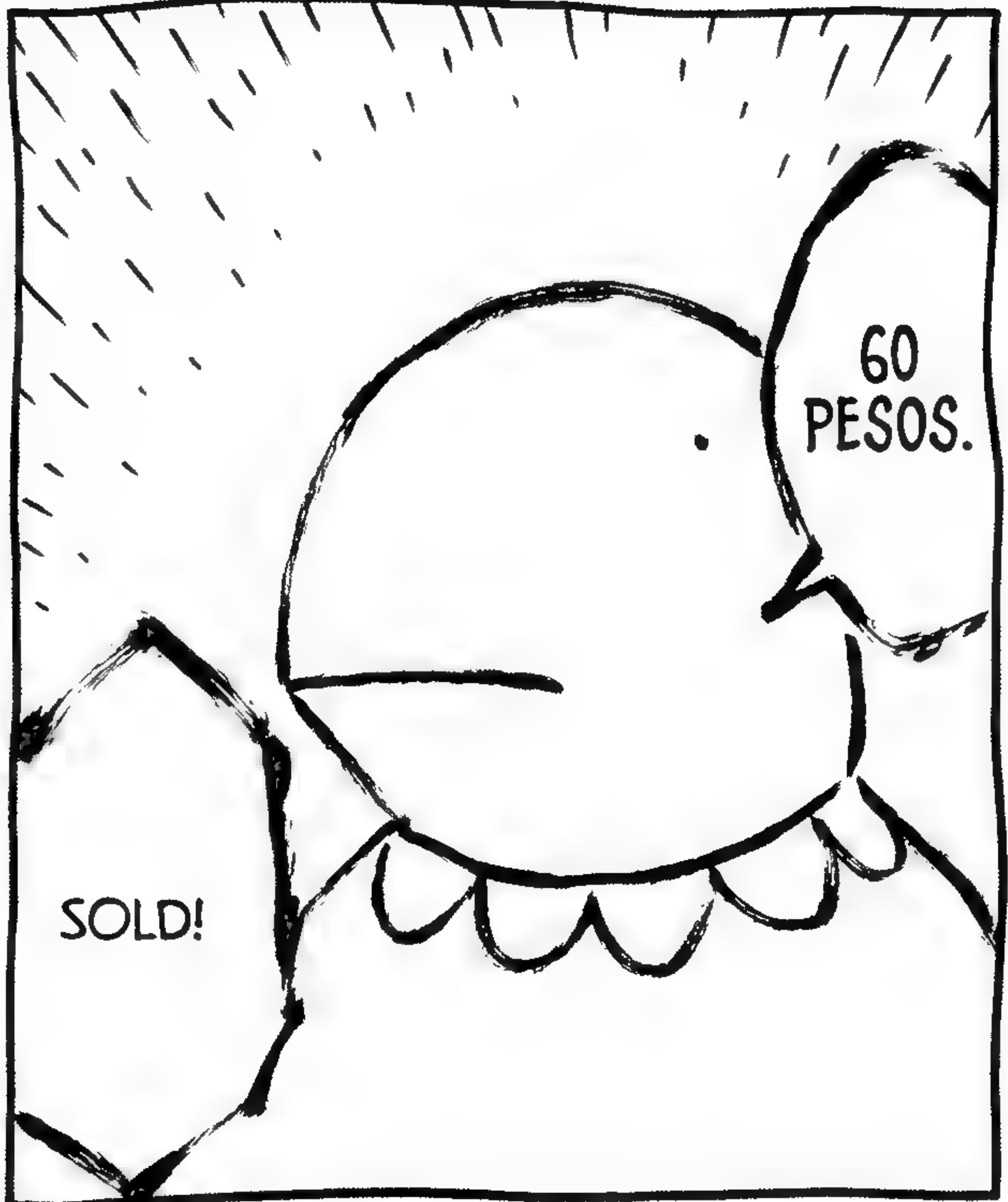


HUH?!

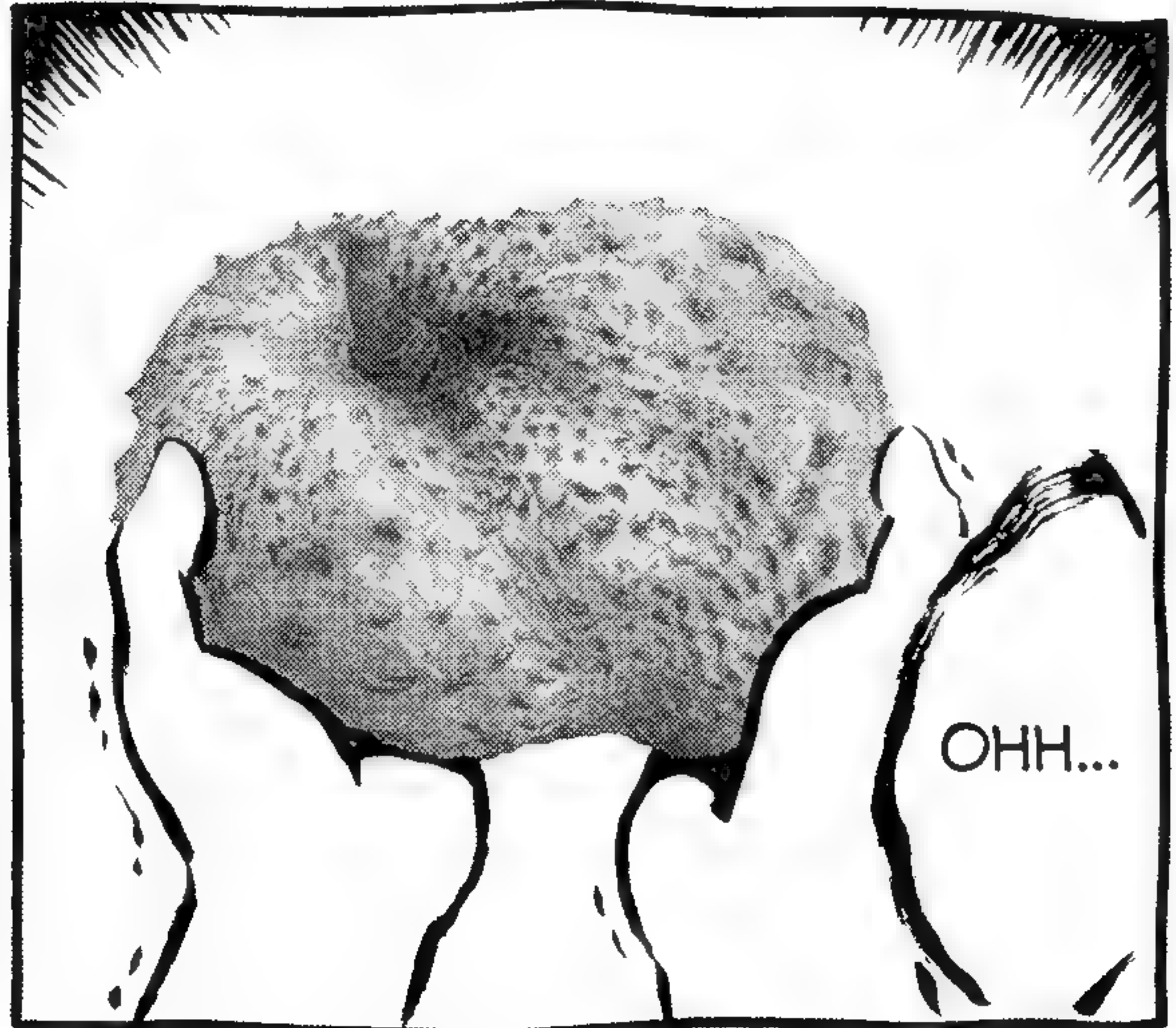
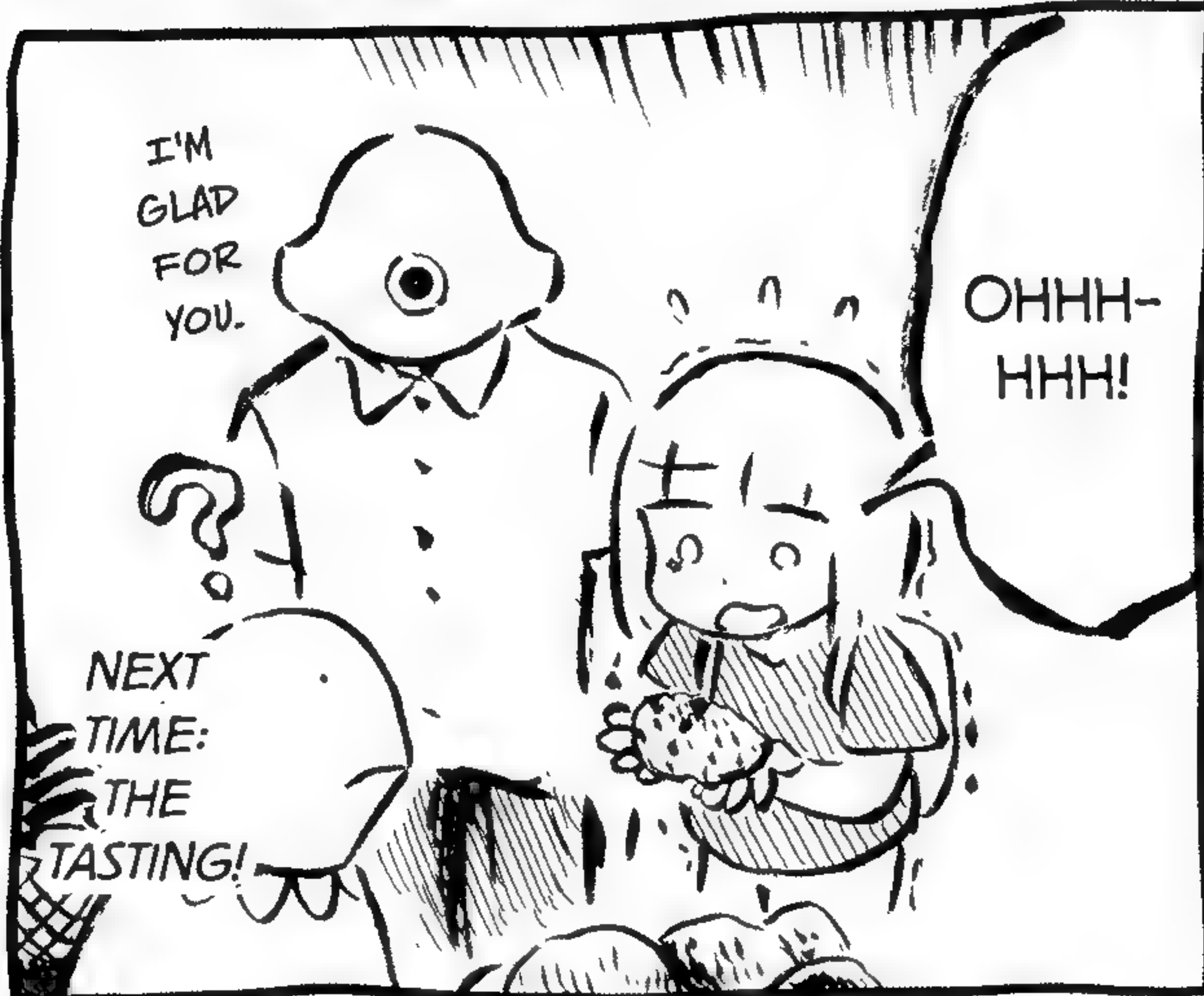
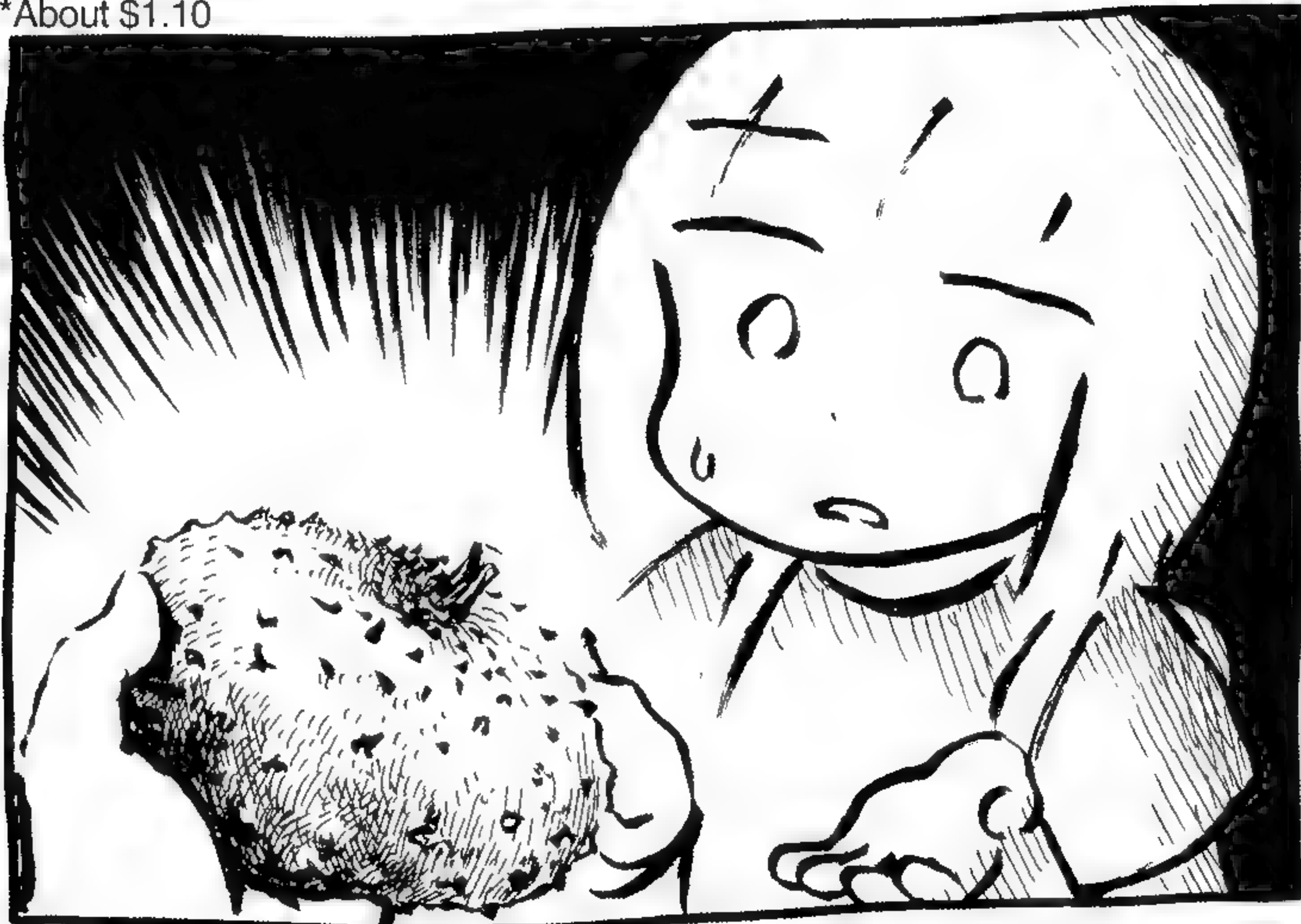


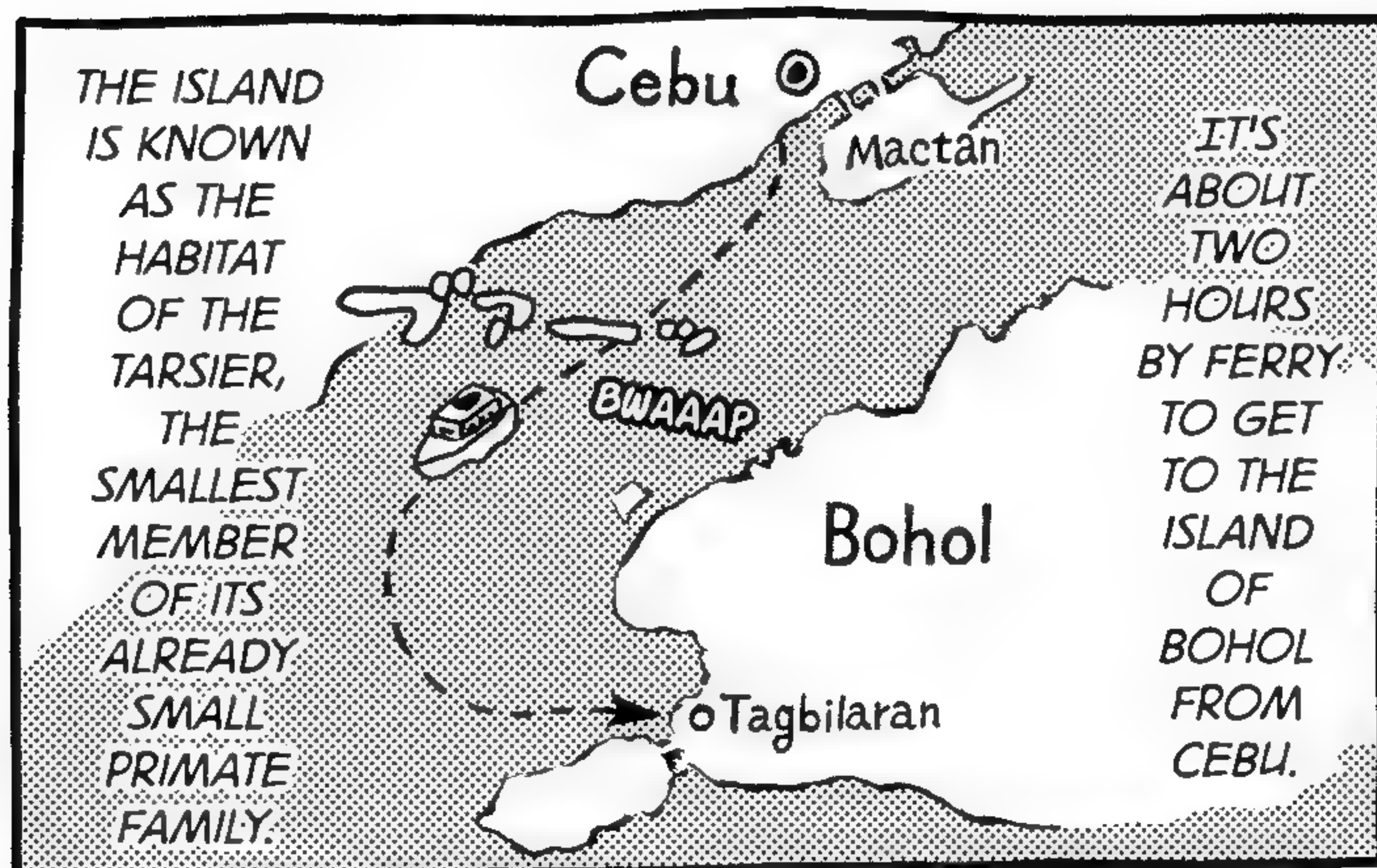
STALLS...





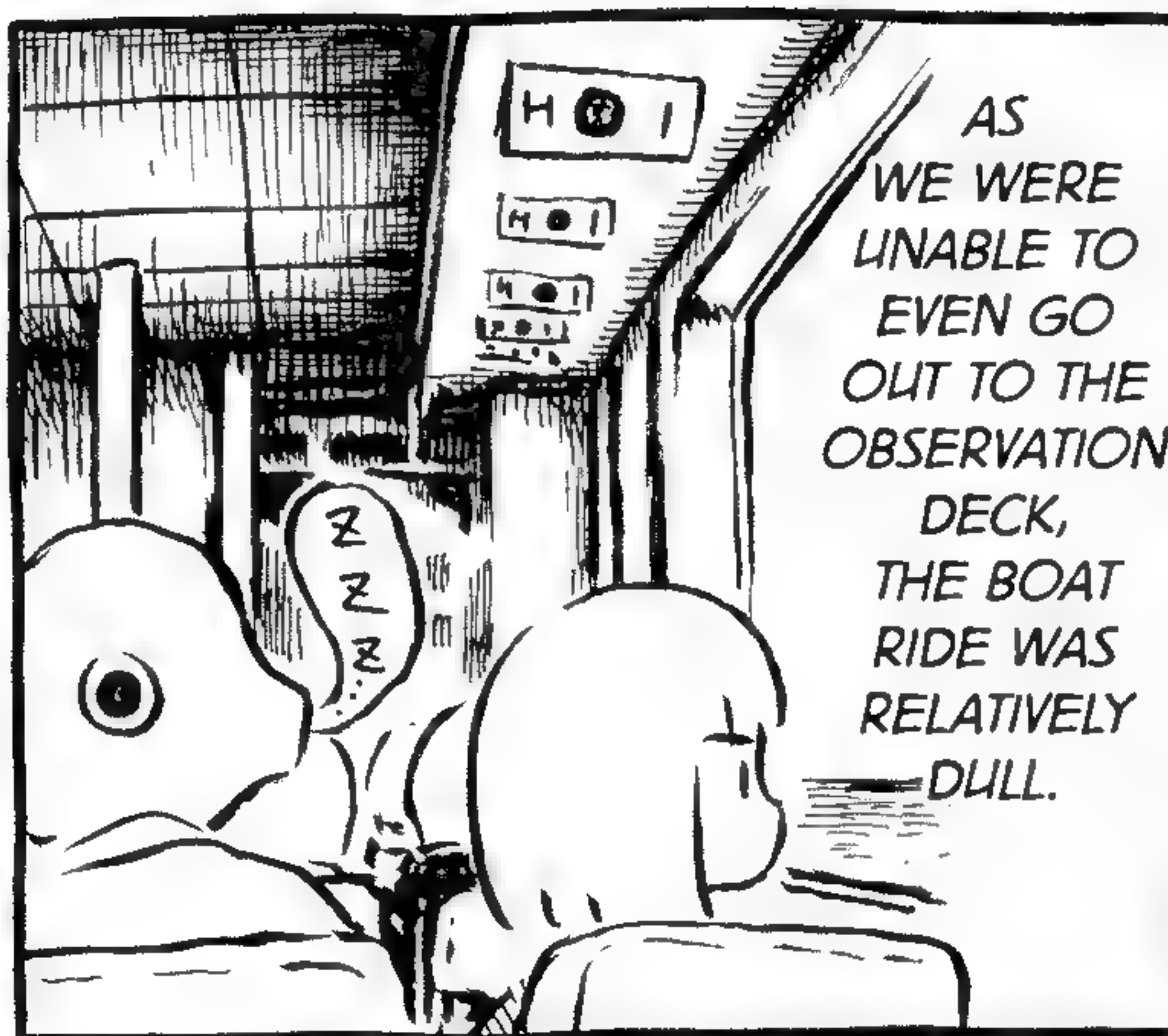
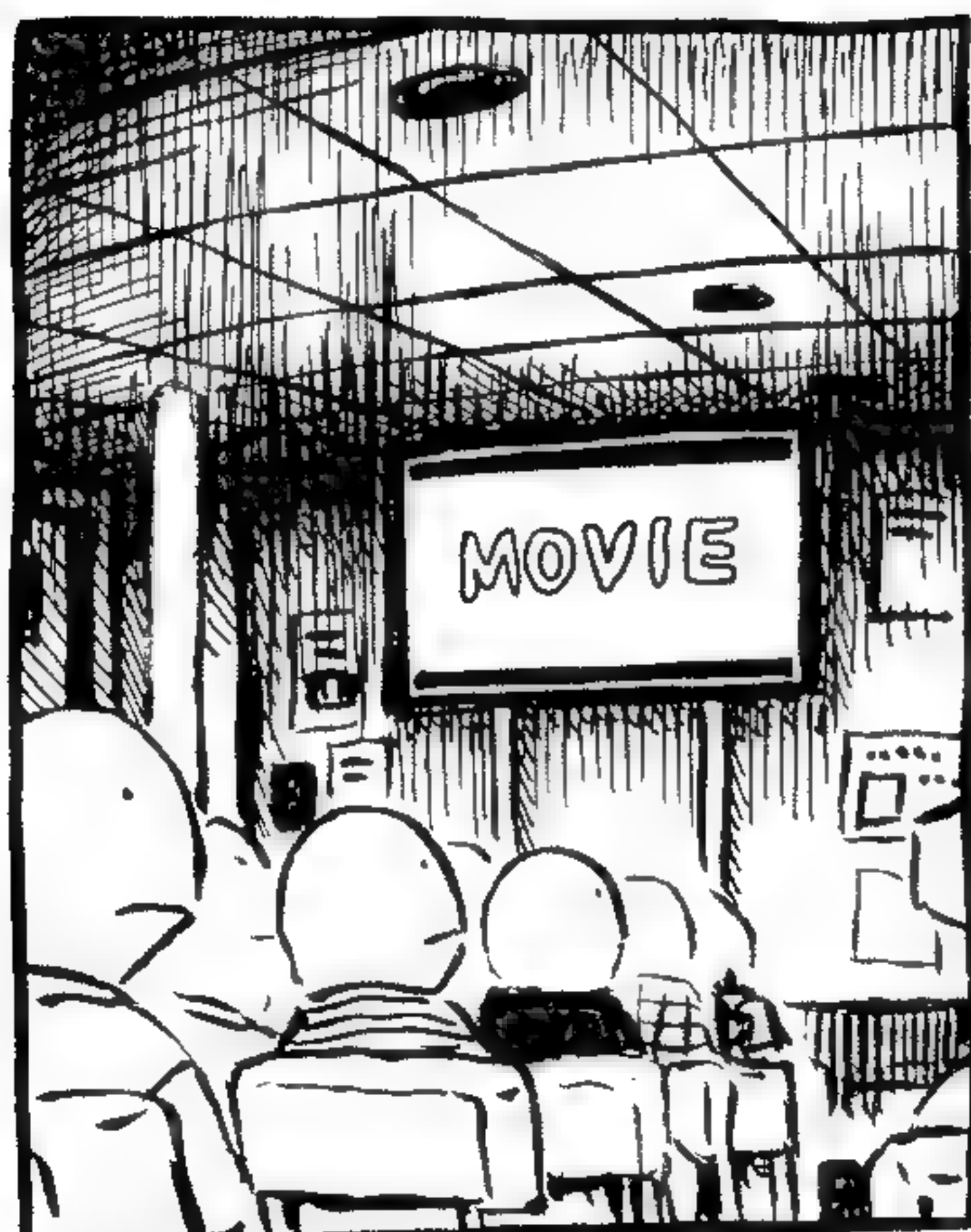
*About \$1.10



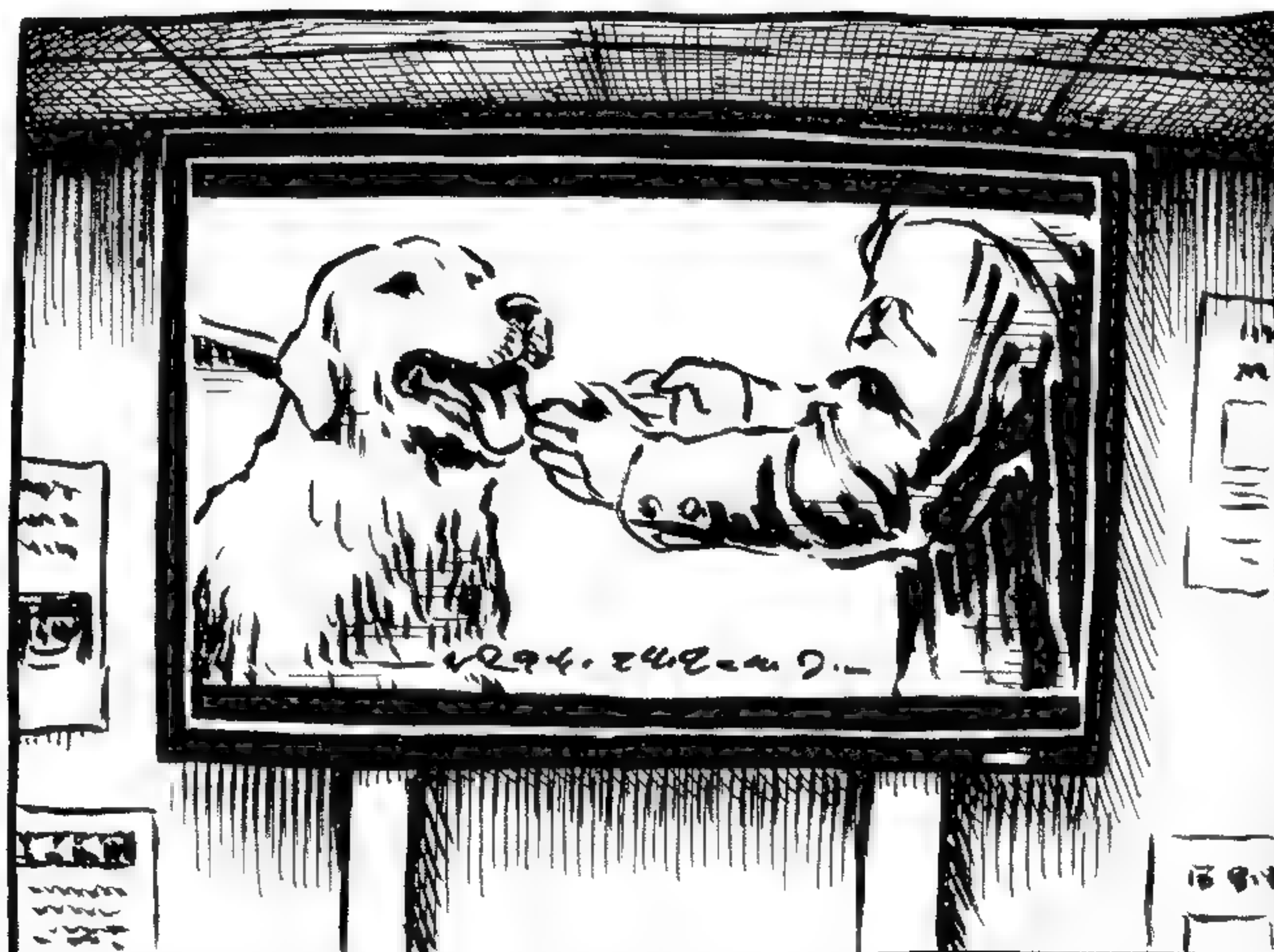
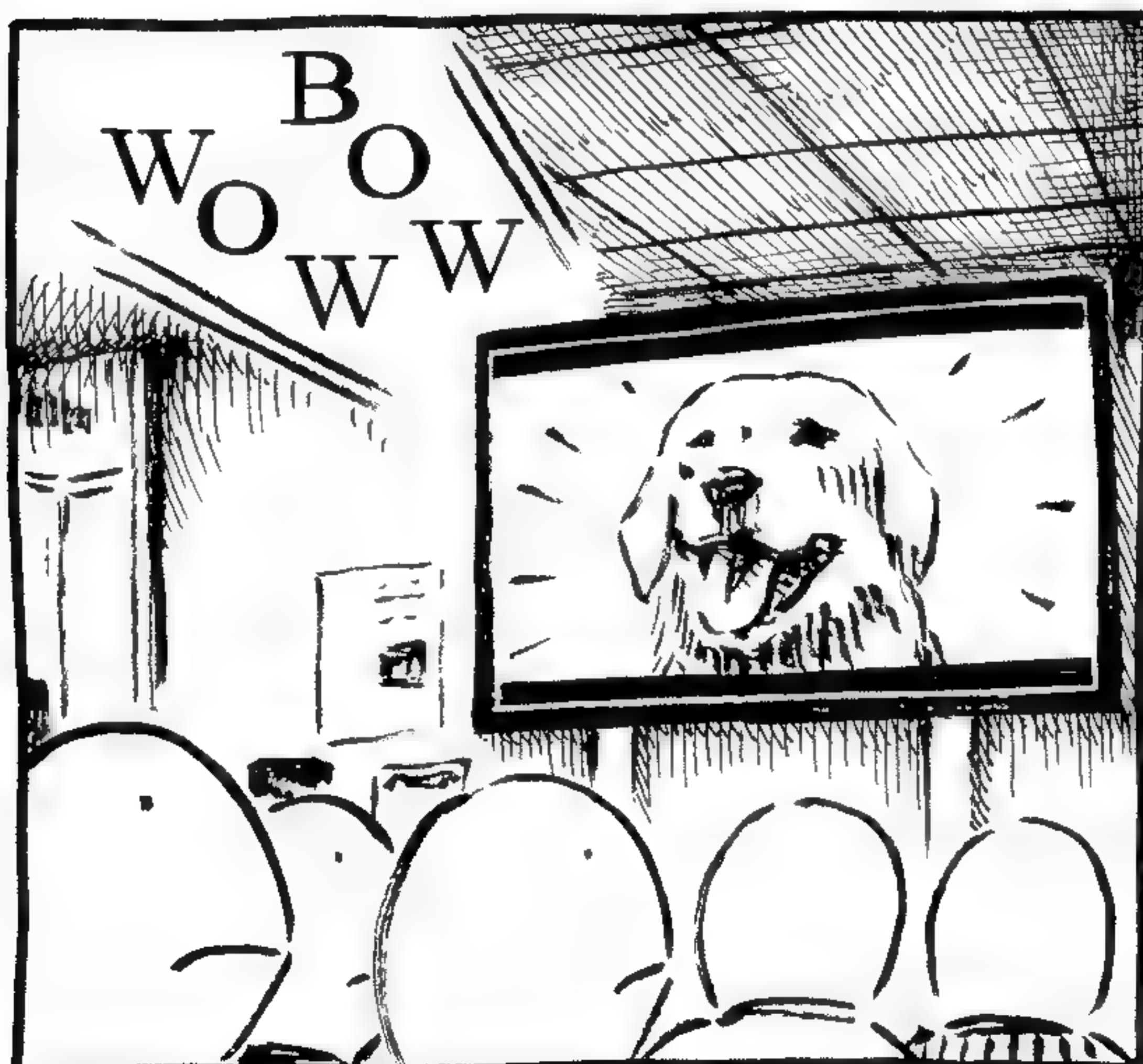


IT'S ABOUT TWO HOURS BY FERRY TO GET TO THE ISLAND OF BOHOL FROM CEBU.

Guyabano Holiday: Sidebar 1



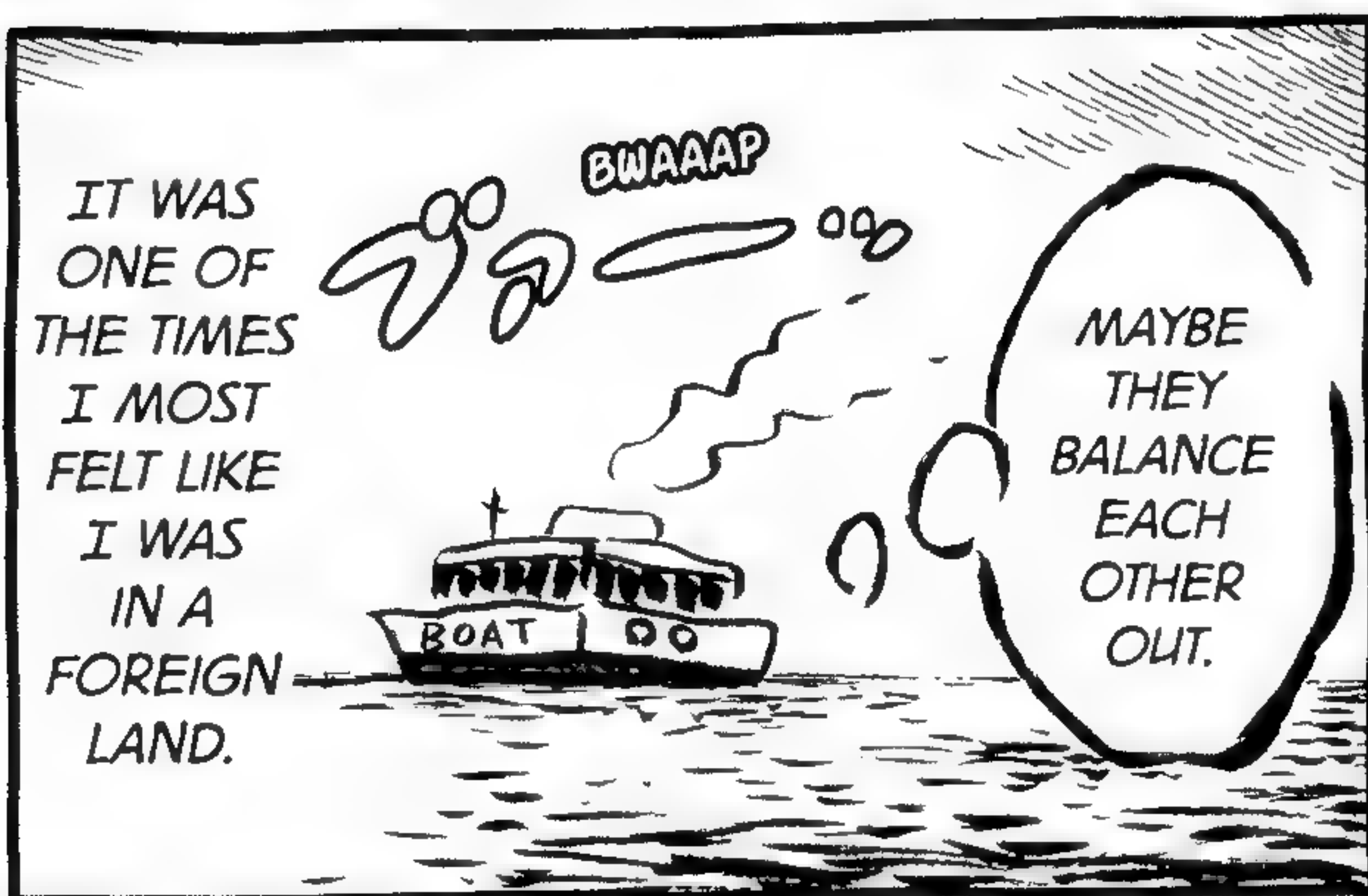
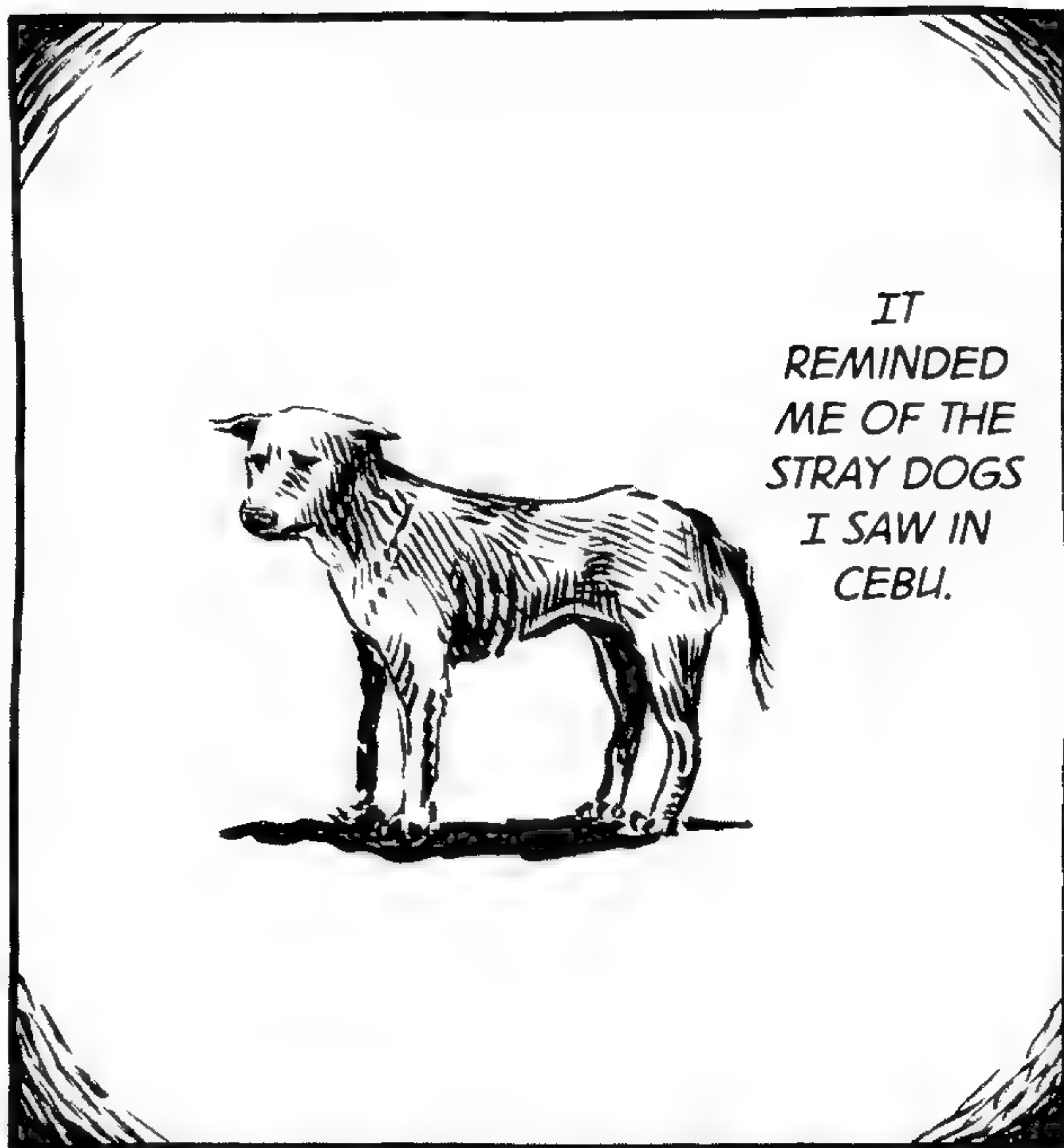
AS WE WERE UNABLE TO EVEN GO OUT TO THE OBSERVATION DECK, THE BOAT RIDE WAS RELATIVELY DULL.



A MOVIE ABOUT A DOG PLAYED ON THE MONITOR IN THE BOAT. I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE DETAILS, AS THE SCREEN WAS FAR FROM MY SEAT, AND THE FRAGMENTS OF VOICES I COULD HEAR WERE IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE, BUT I COULD IMMEDIATELY TELL IT MUST HAVE BEEN A SIMPLE FILM. A TOUCHING STORY OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN MAN AND DOG. I LOOKED AT THE SCREEN NOW AND AGAIN DURING THE RIDE, AND DESPITE HOW LITTLE INFORMATION I COULD GLEAN FROM THE MOVIE, I HAD THE STRANGE AND INTERESTING SENSE OF UNDERSTANDING WHAT WAS GOING ON.



SEEING THIS IDEALIZED DEPICTION OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MAN AND DOG PUT THE POSITION AND APPEARANCE OF DOGS IN THIS COUNTRY INTO EVEN STARKER CONTRAST. THE FILM SEEMED TO DEPICT AN ALMOST PERFECT, EVEN INSPIRATIONAL STORY COMPARED TO HOW DOGS REALLY LIVED HERE, BUT I ALSO RECOGNIZED THAT THIS WAS MY PERSPECTIVE AS A FOREIGNER. MAYBE BOTH OF THESE EXTREMES EXISTED IN DAILY LIFE HERE, I WONDERED.



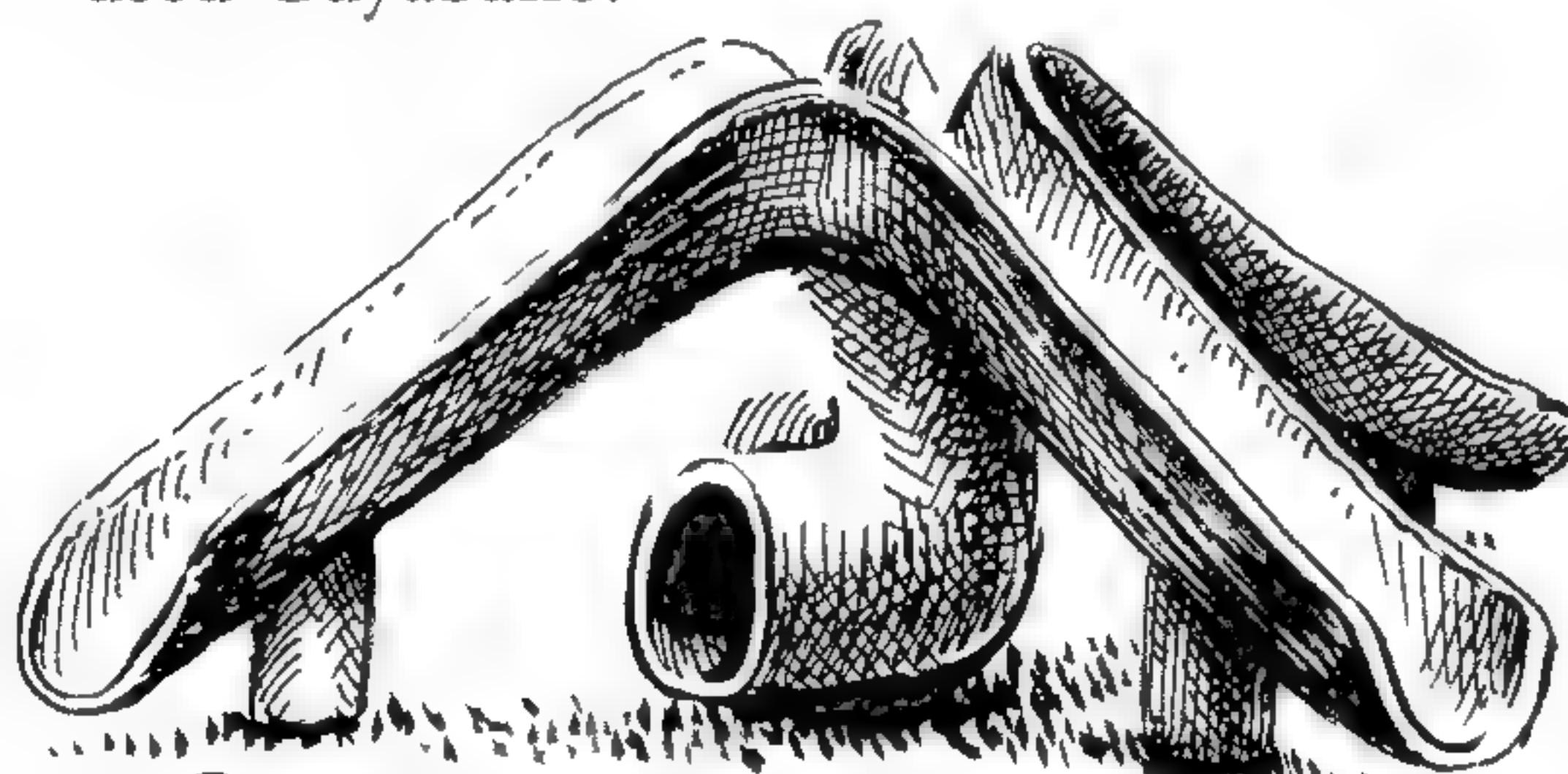
Things I saw in Bohol:



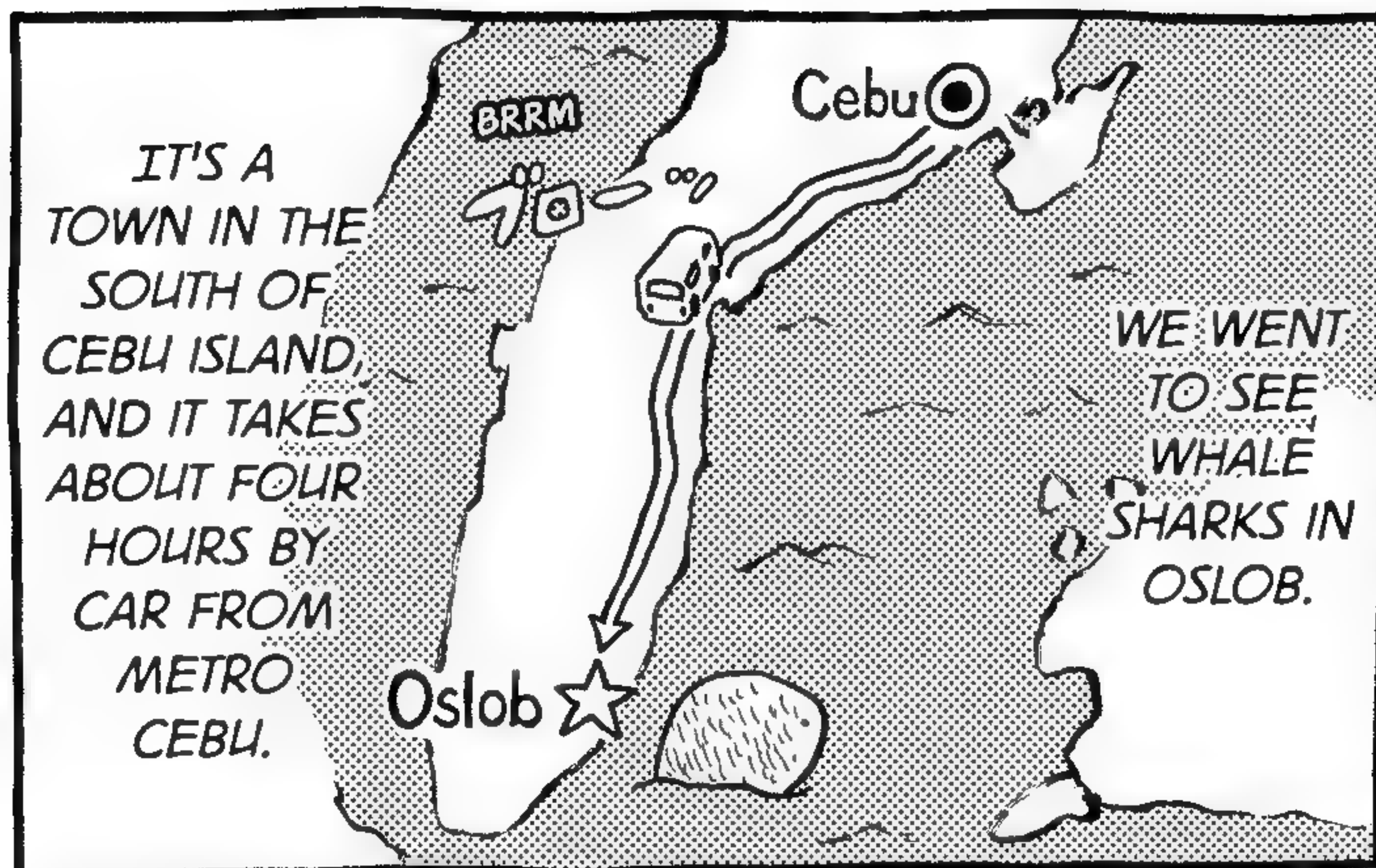
©Keychain of Tarsier on a bike: They of course can't do tricks like this in real life. I was amused at how little sense it made, so I bought one.



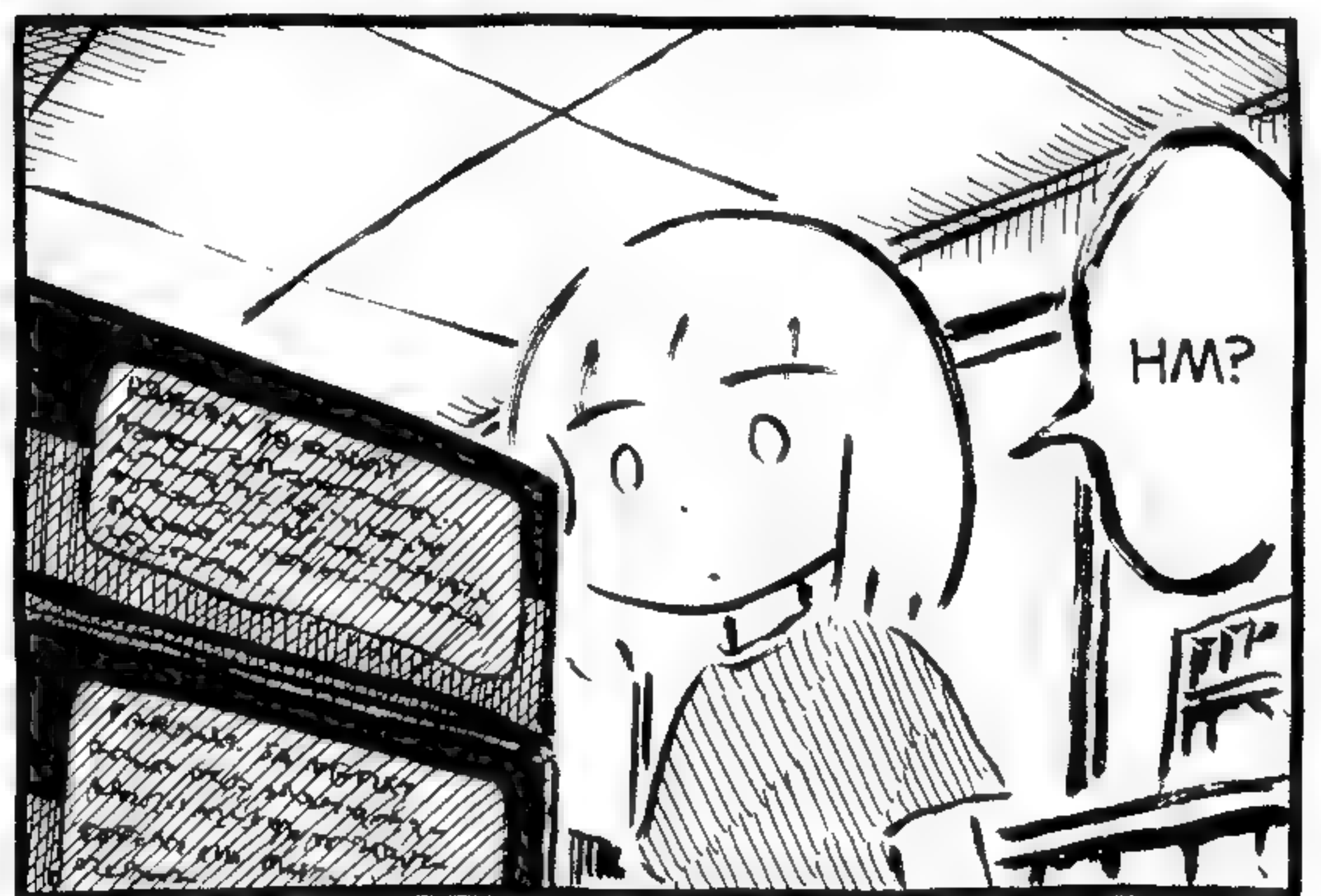
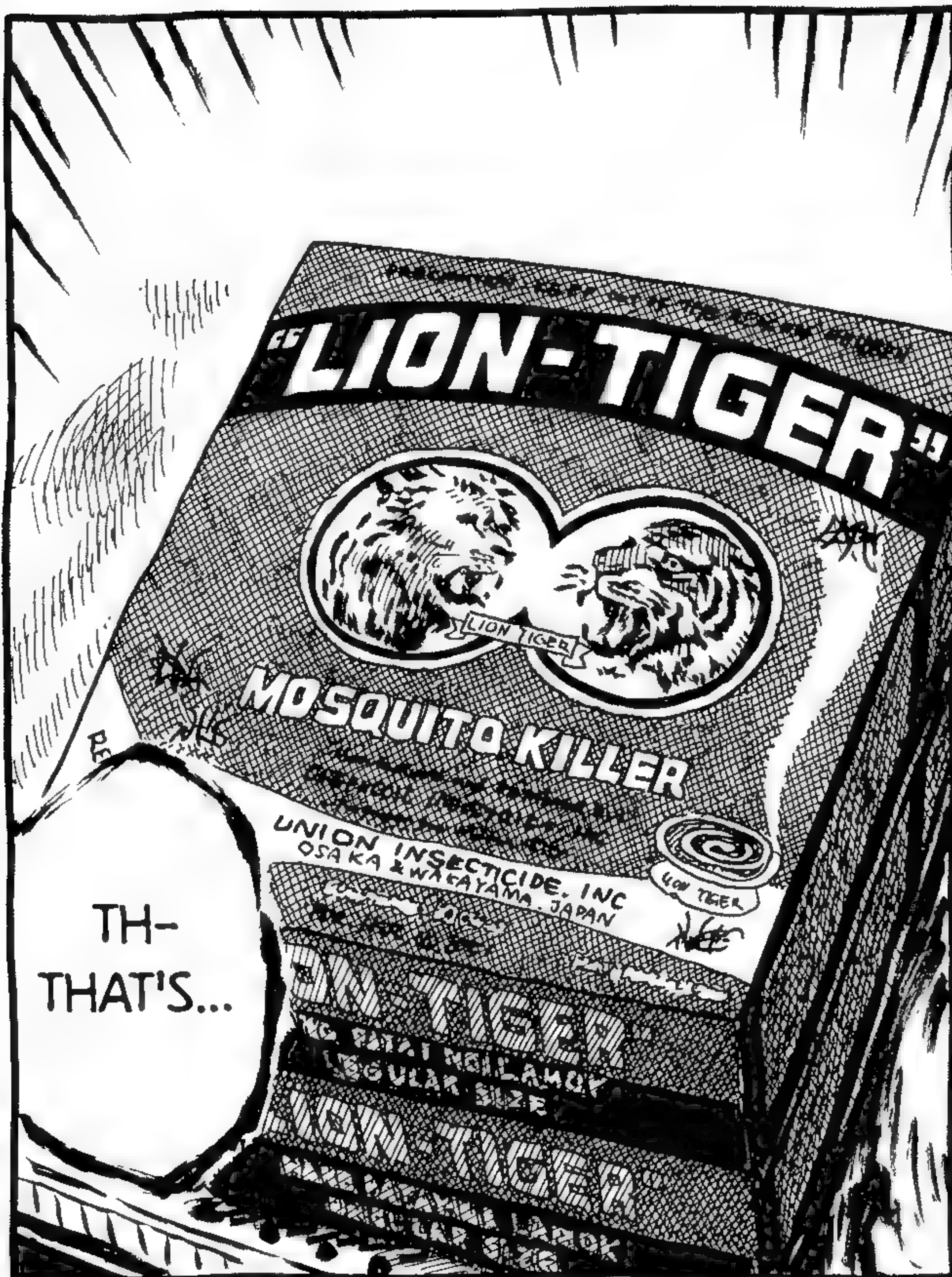
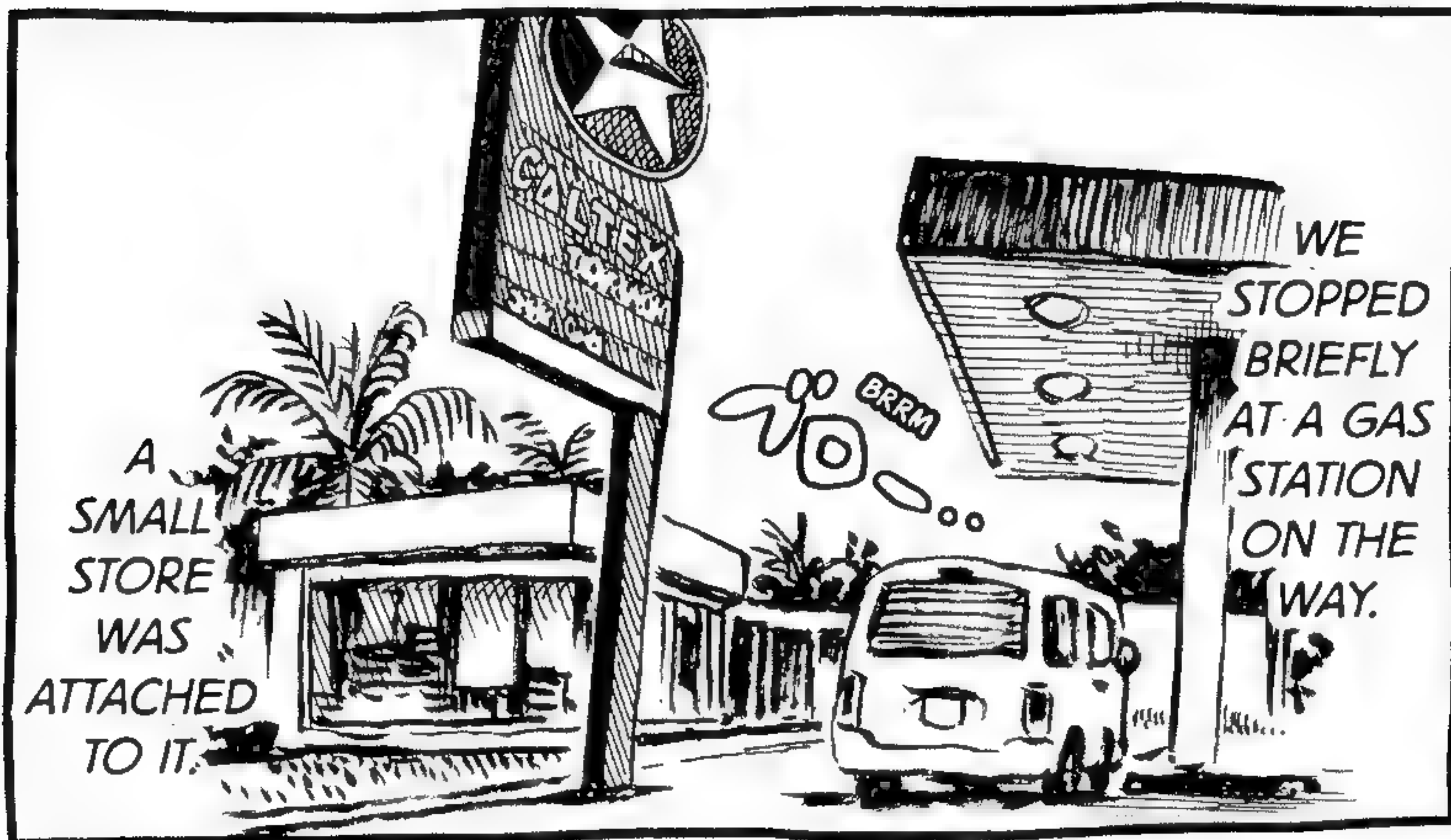
©Guyabano ice cream: Saw this in a store called "Buzzz." While the flavor didn't stand out, I was happy to find this as I didn't see any other processed foods that used Guyabano.

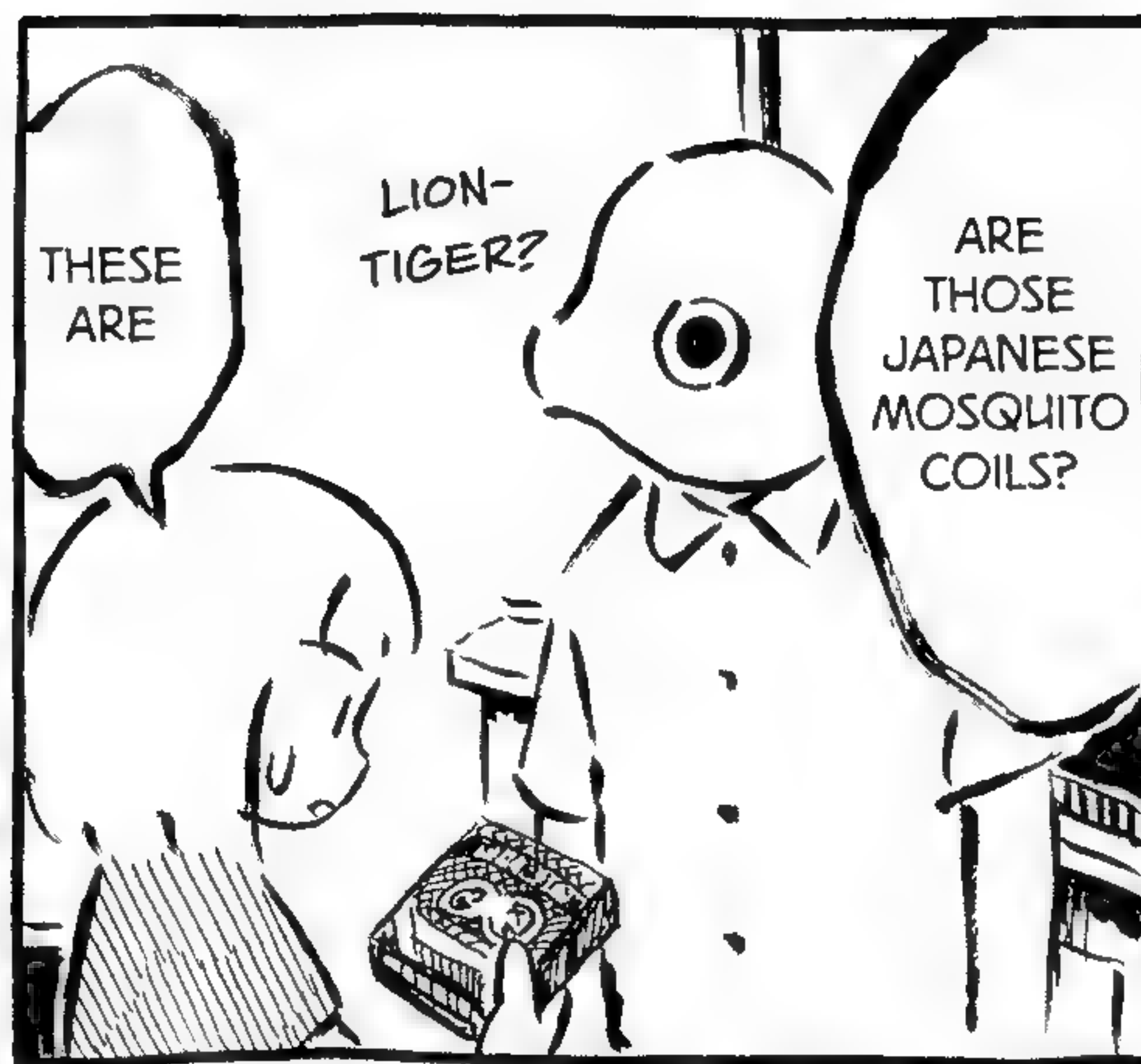
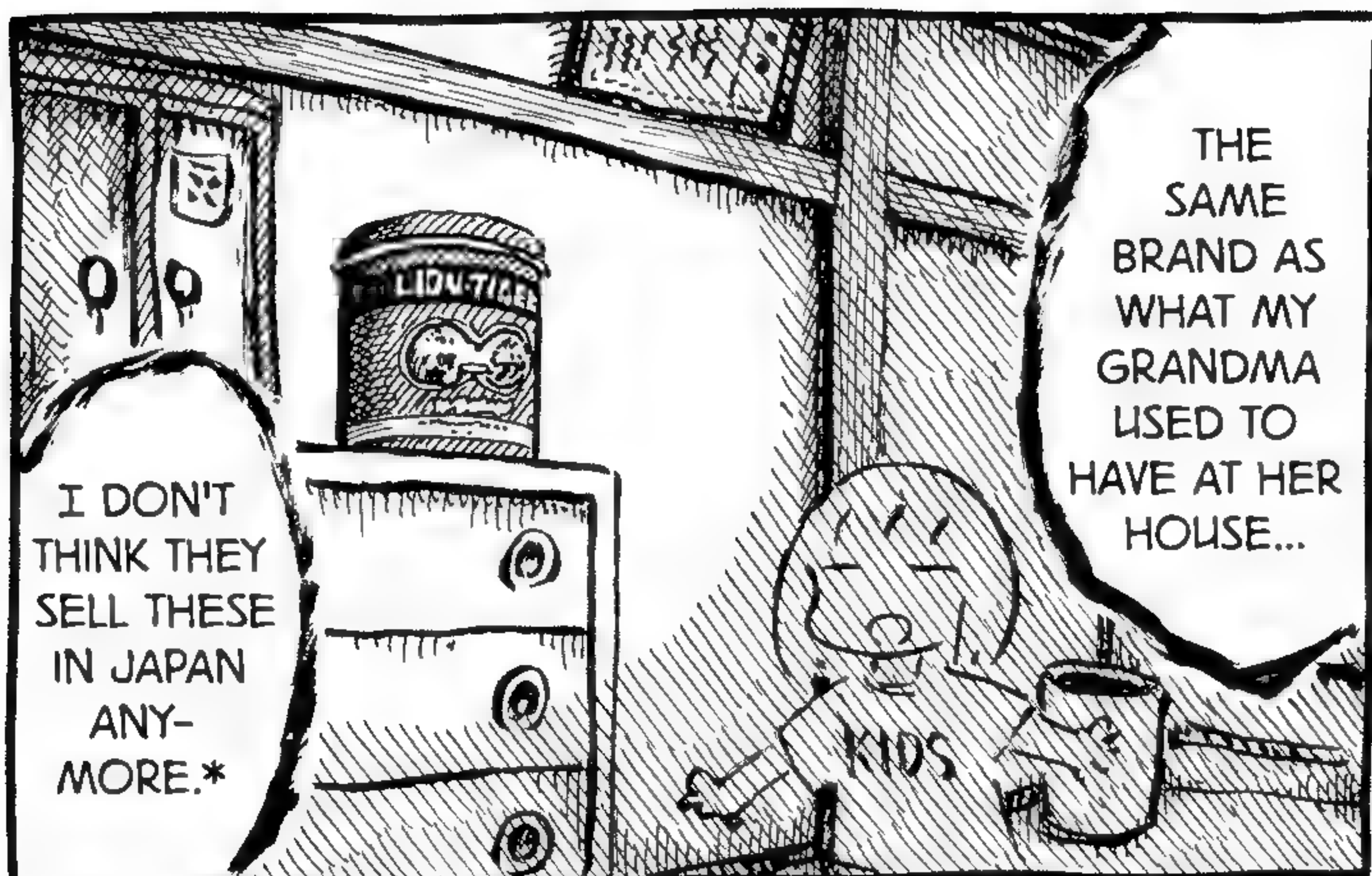


©Oddly shaped slide: I only saw this for a moment out of a car window, but I was riveted.



Guyabano Holiday:
Sidebar 2





Japanese Version

Can with 50

Classified as a quasi-drug.
Assumed dates of production: 1966-1990ish.
Very similar illustration, but the Japanese version has brighter colors.

Reference Material: Lion-Tiger

Now produced locally?

Filipino Version

Box with 10

The words OSAKA & WAKAYAMA are written on the box, but it seems that actual production takes place on Cebu.
Unsure of any differences in formulation.



I STILL REMEMBERED THE LION-TIGER PACKAGES I SAW AS A CHILD BECAUSE OF HOW ODDLY STRIKING THEY WERE. MAYBE IT WAS THE IMPACTFUL DESIGN AND SIMPLE NAME? I THOUGHT THESE WERE PRODUCTS FROM A PAST JAPAN, SO SEEING THAT IDENTICAL COILS WERE STILL BEING SOLD AND USED IN CEBU WAS A SHOCK. COULD PRODUCTION HAVE MOVED TO THE PHILIPPINES BACK WHEN THEY USED THE OLD DESIGNS, AND THAT'S WHAT HAS SURVIVED UNTIL NOW?

*Though the company and product names have changed, "Lion Mosquito Coils" are still being sold in Japan.



RECYCLE OR REUSE



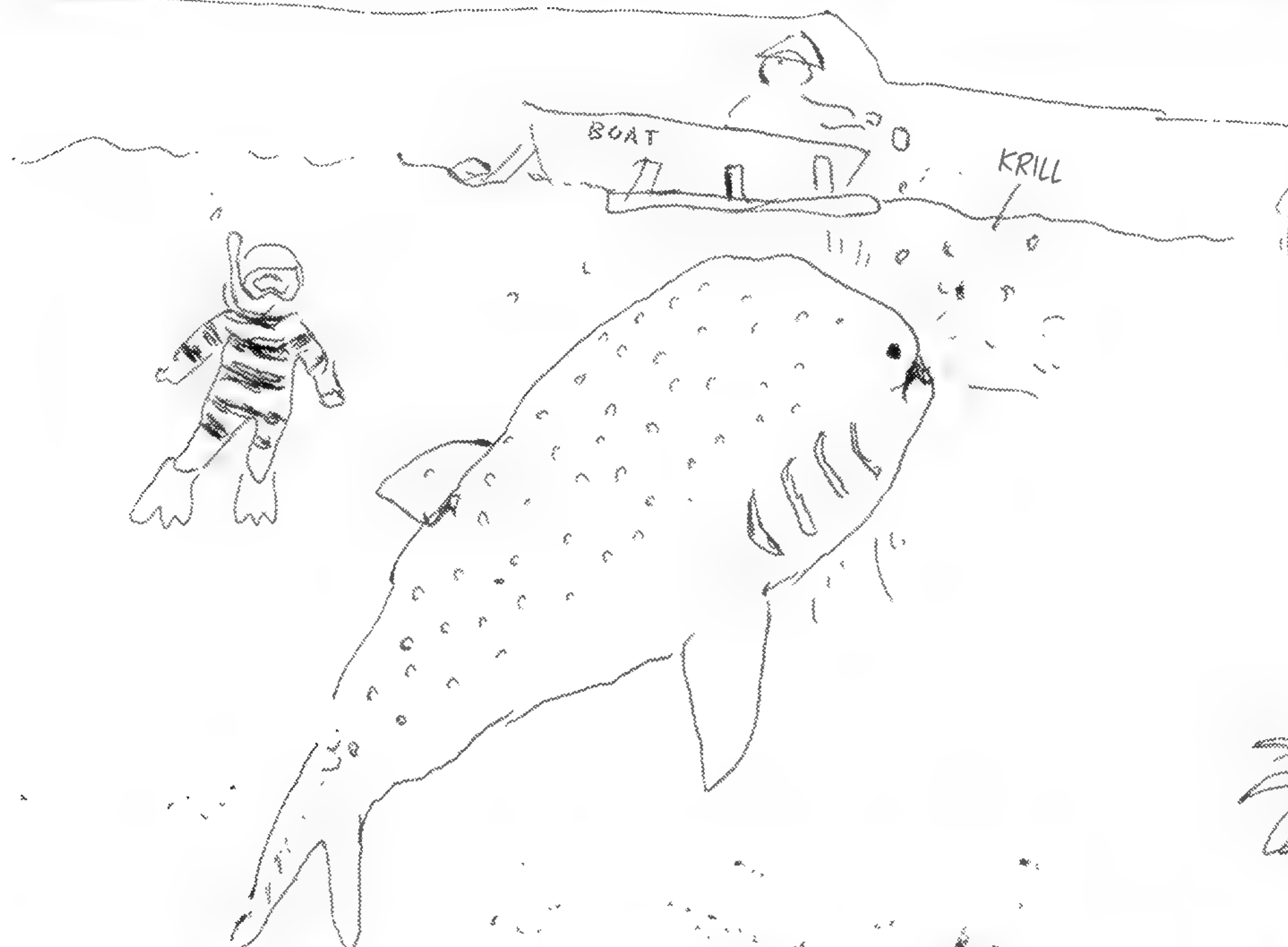
Best when served
This milk is not sweetened
and is not a breast milk
Also available

Mandach
Nestlé Philippines, Inc.
Under License of S
Nestlé S.A. Vevey, Switzer

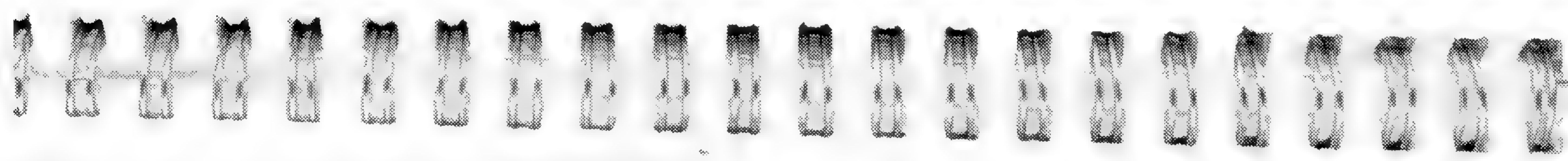


Aseptic

21
22
23

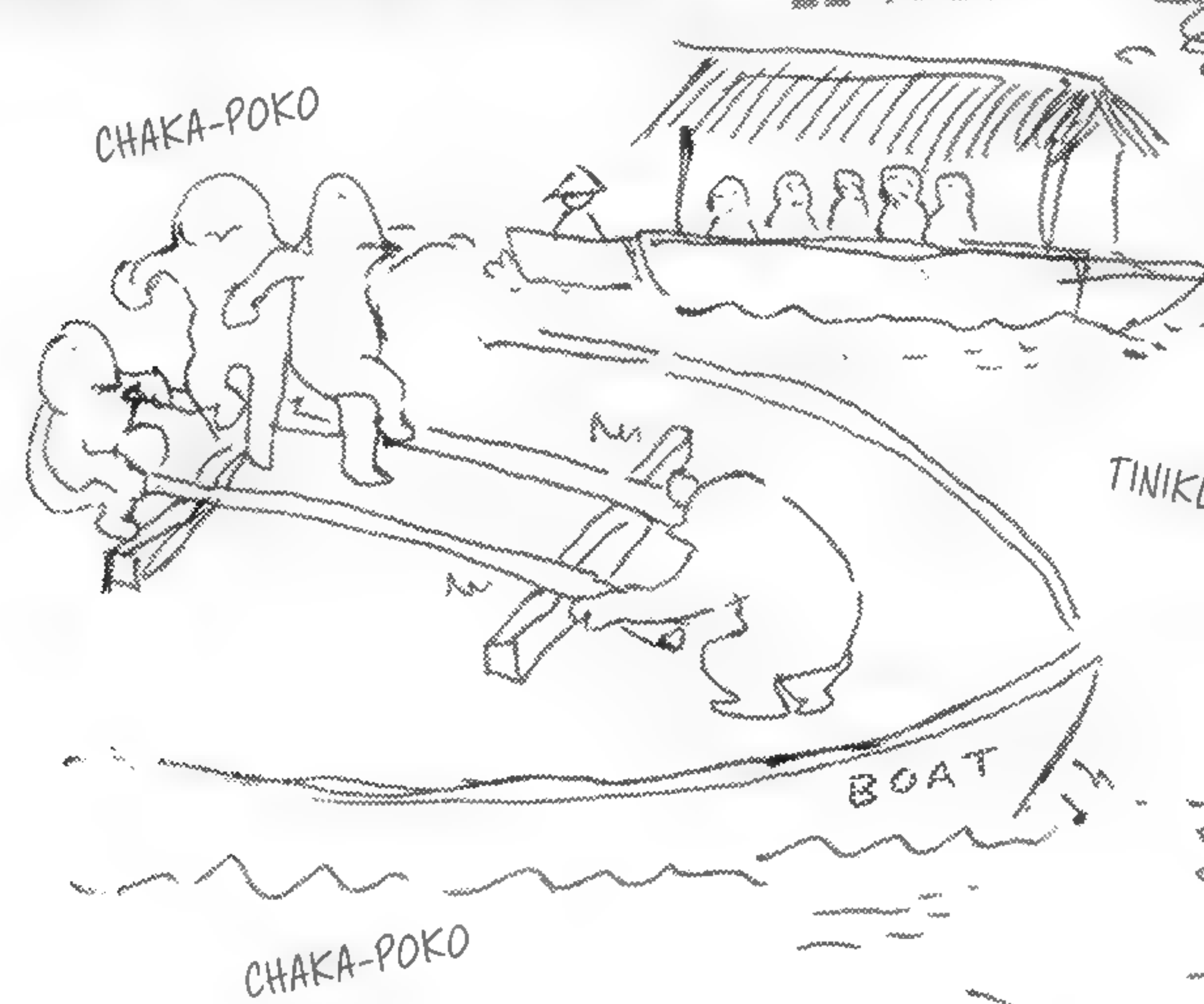


TONS OF STORES THAT LOOK LIKE
PENNY CANDY SHOPS



YANYA-YANYA
(THERE IT IS!)

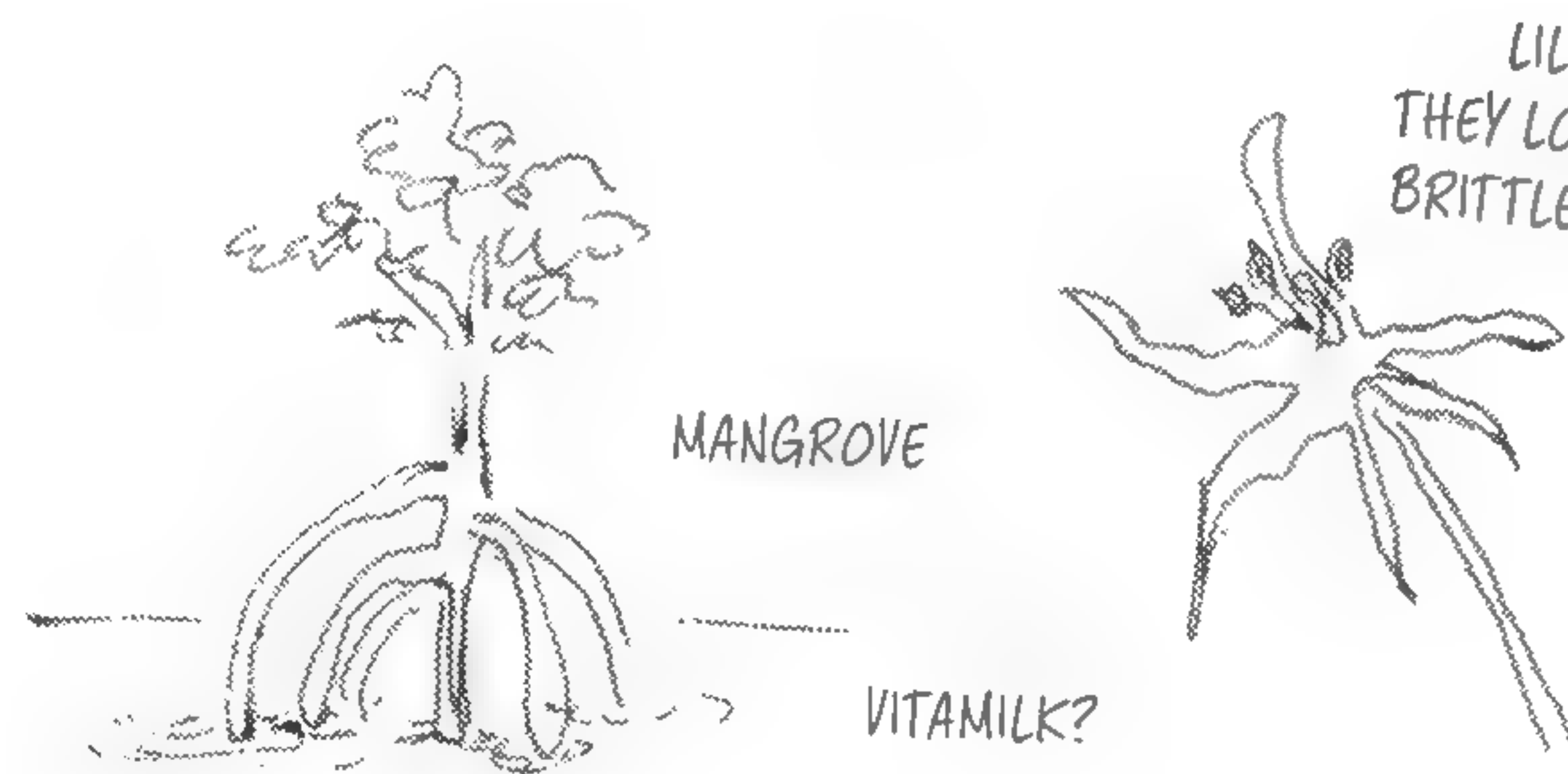
NIPAYASHI
(MANGROVE PALM)



TINIKLING

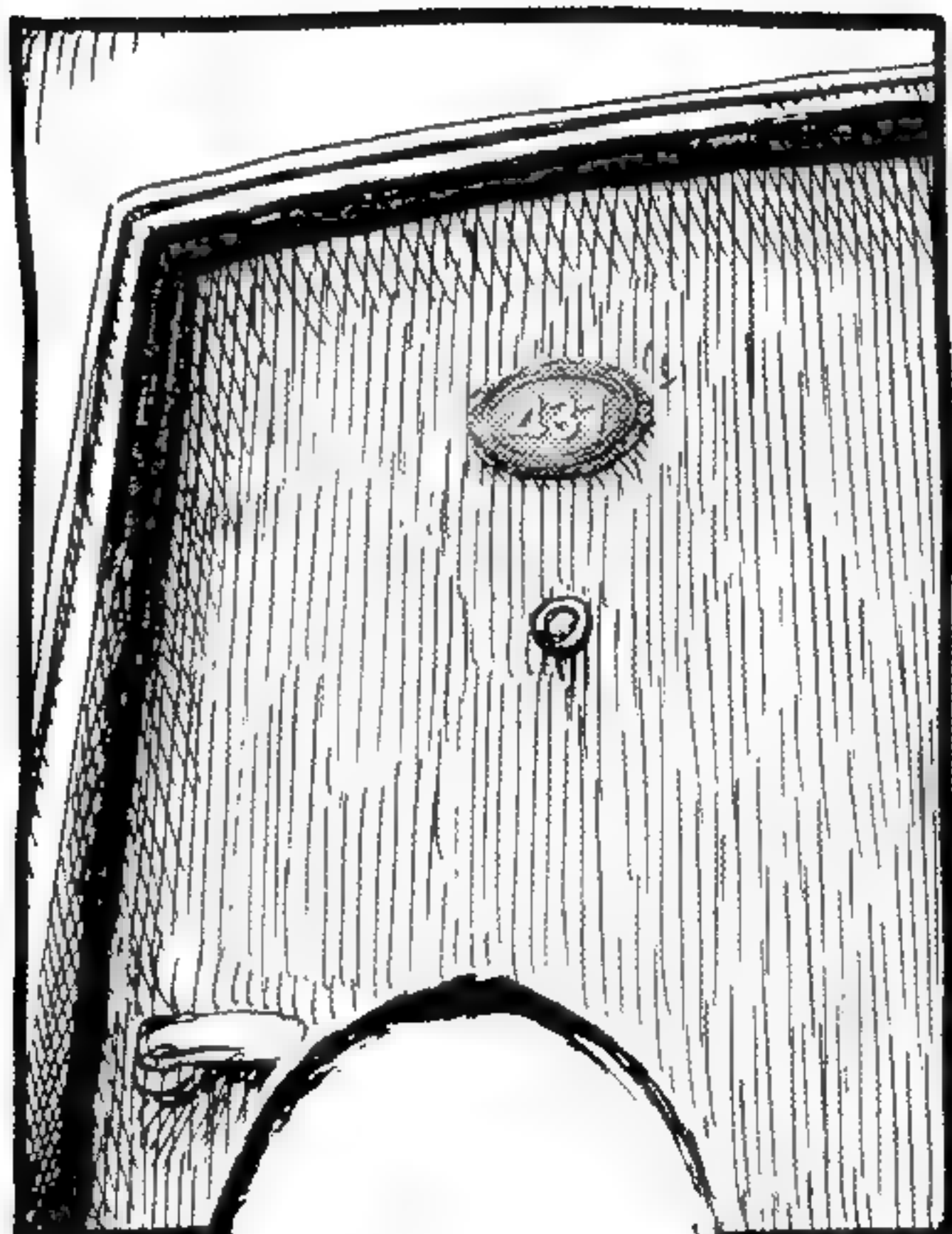
MAHOGANY FOREST
SNAKES AND IGUANAS

★ IGUANAS EDIBLE.
FROGS EDIBLE TOO.



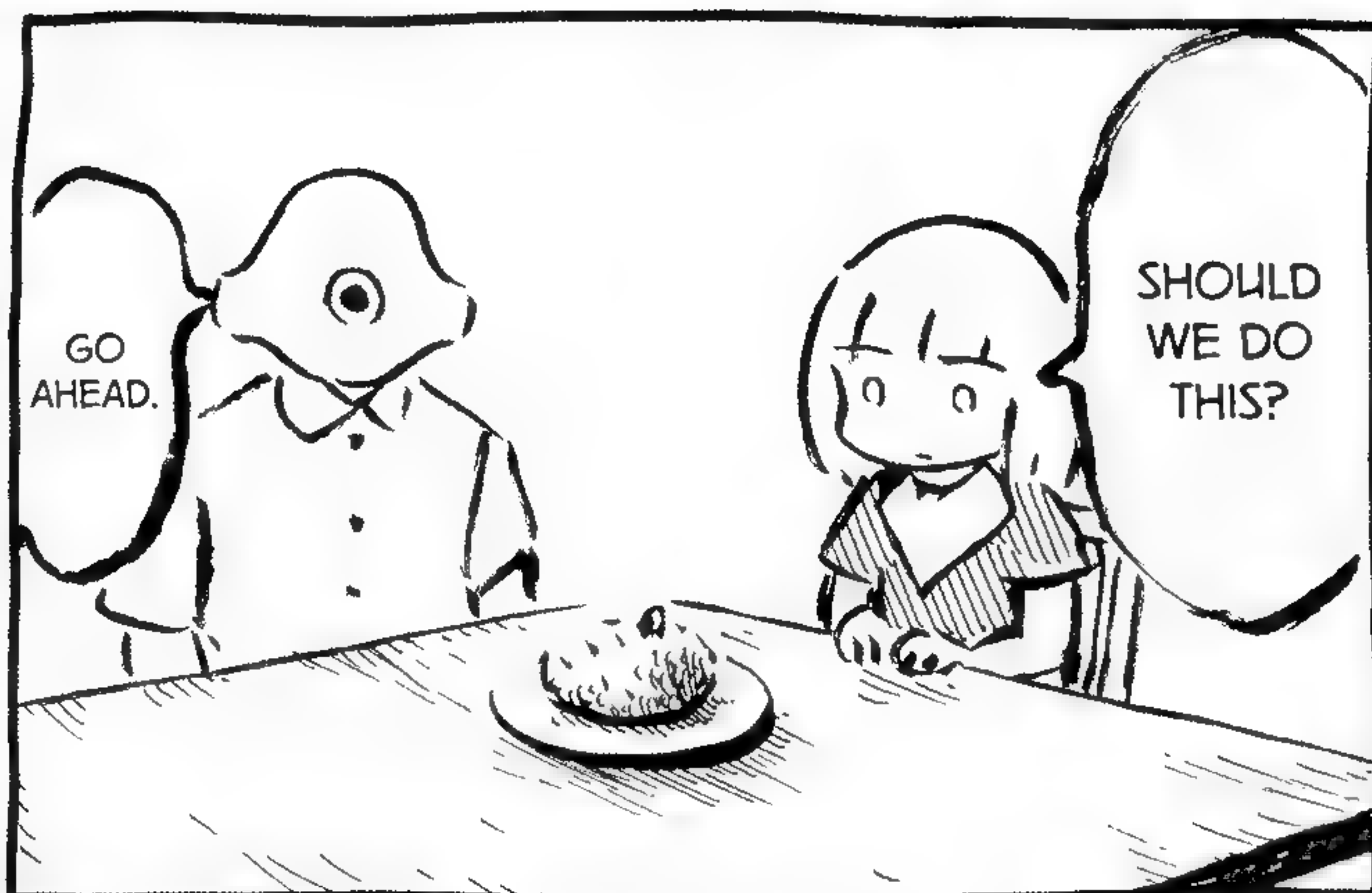
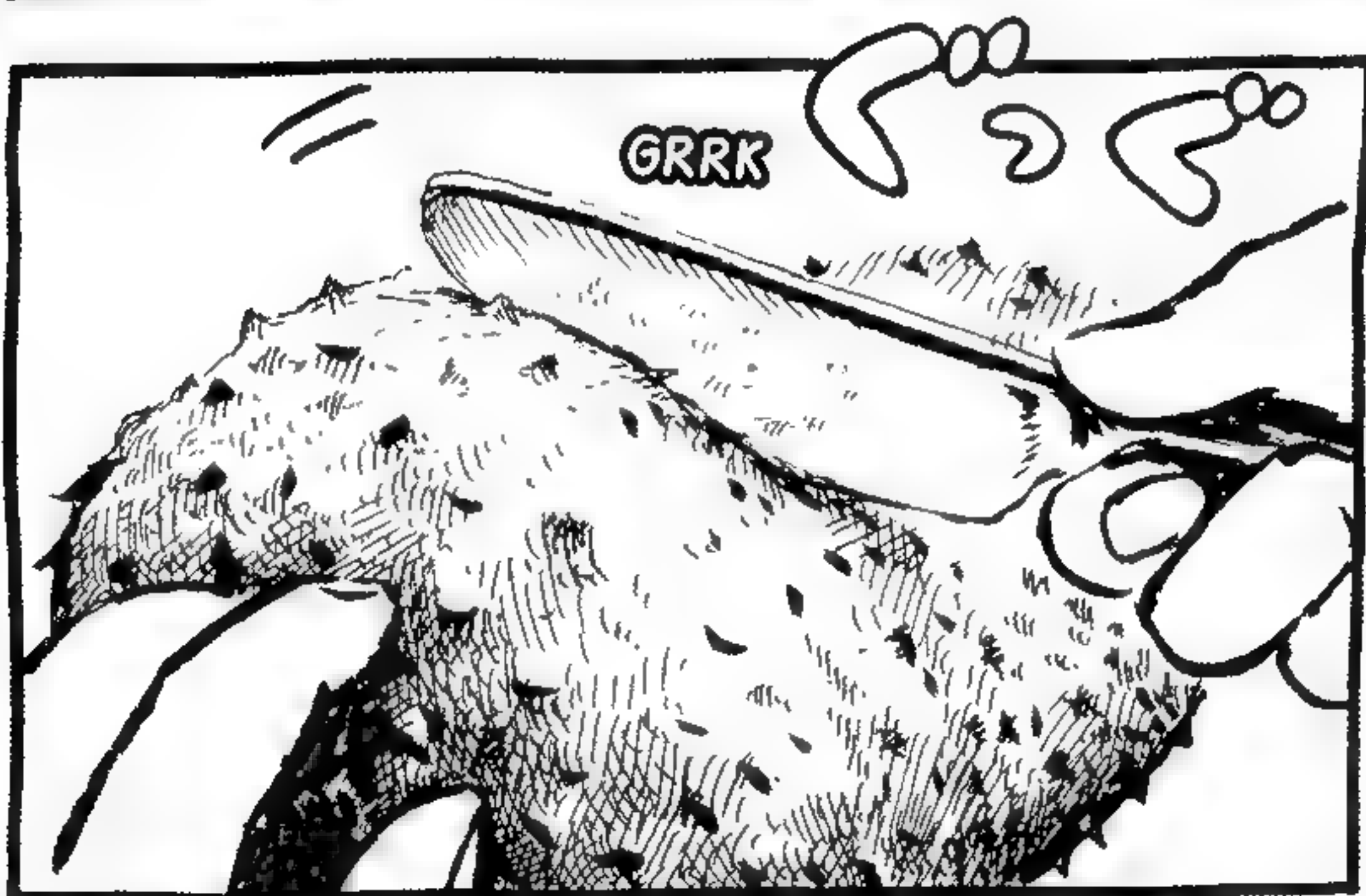
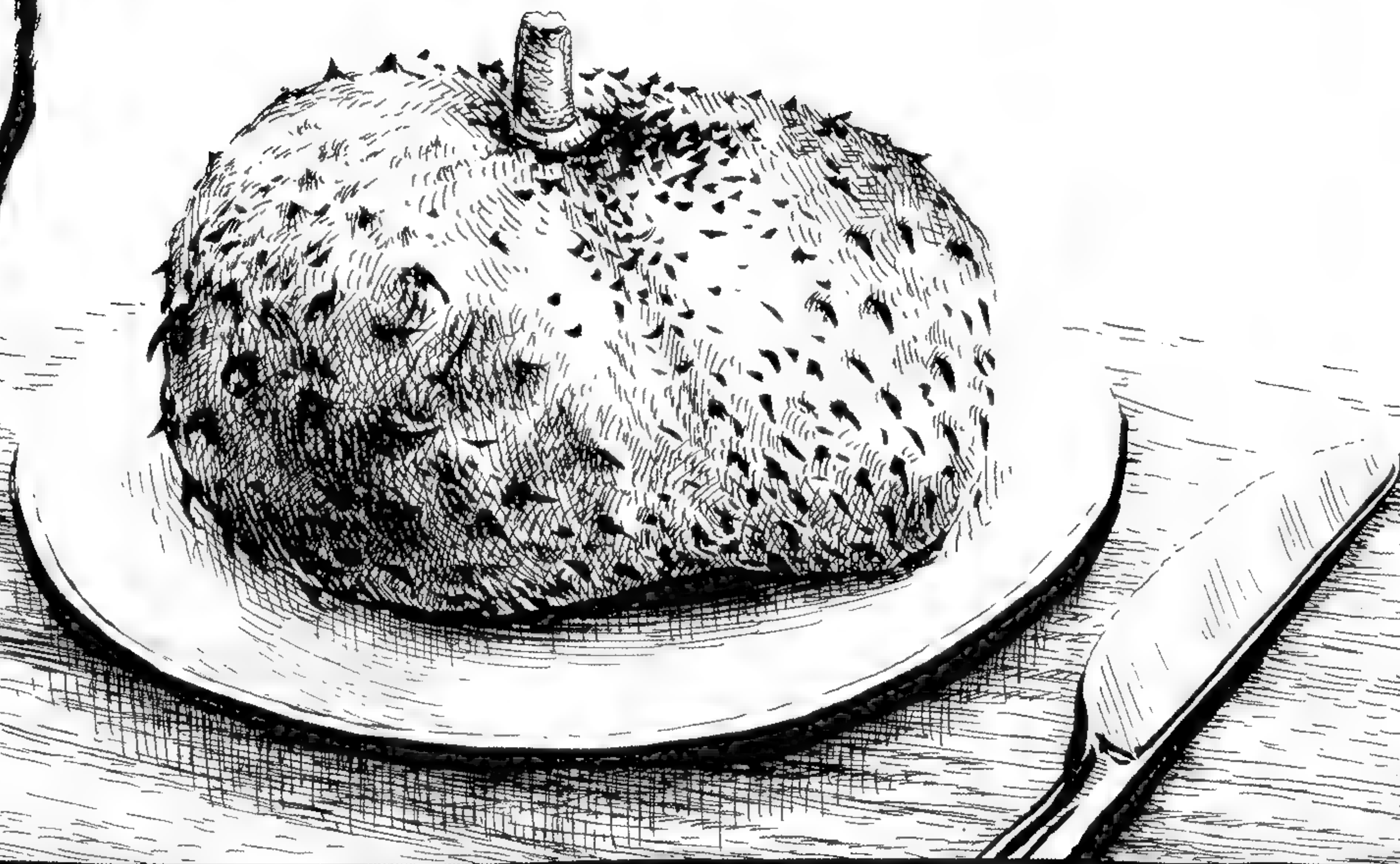
MANGROVE

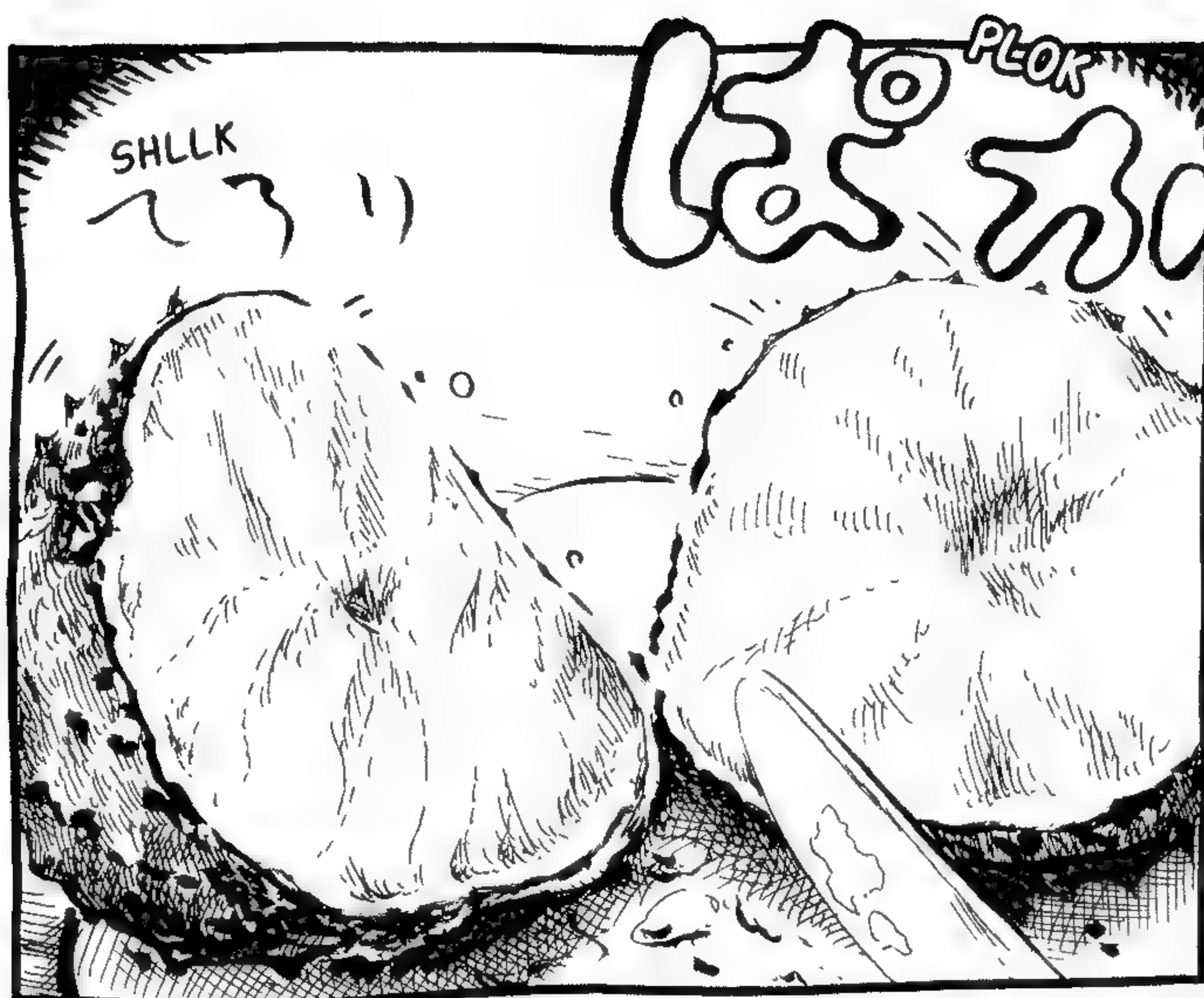
VITAMILK?

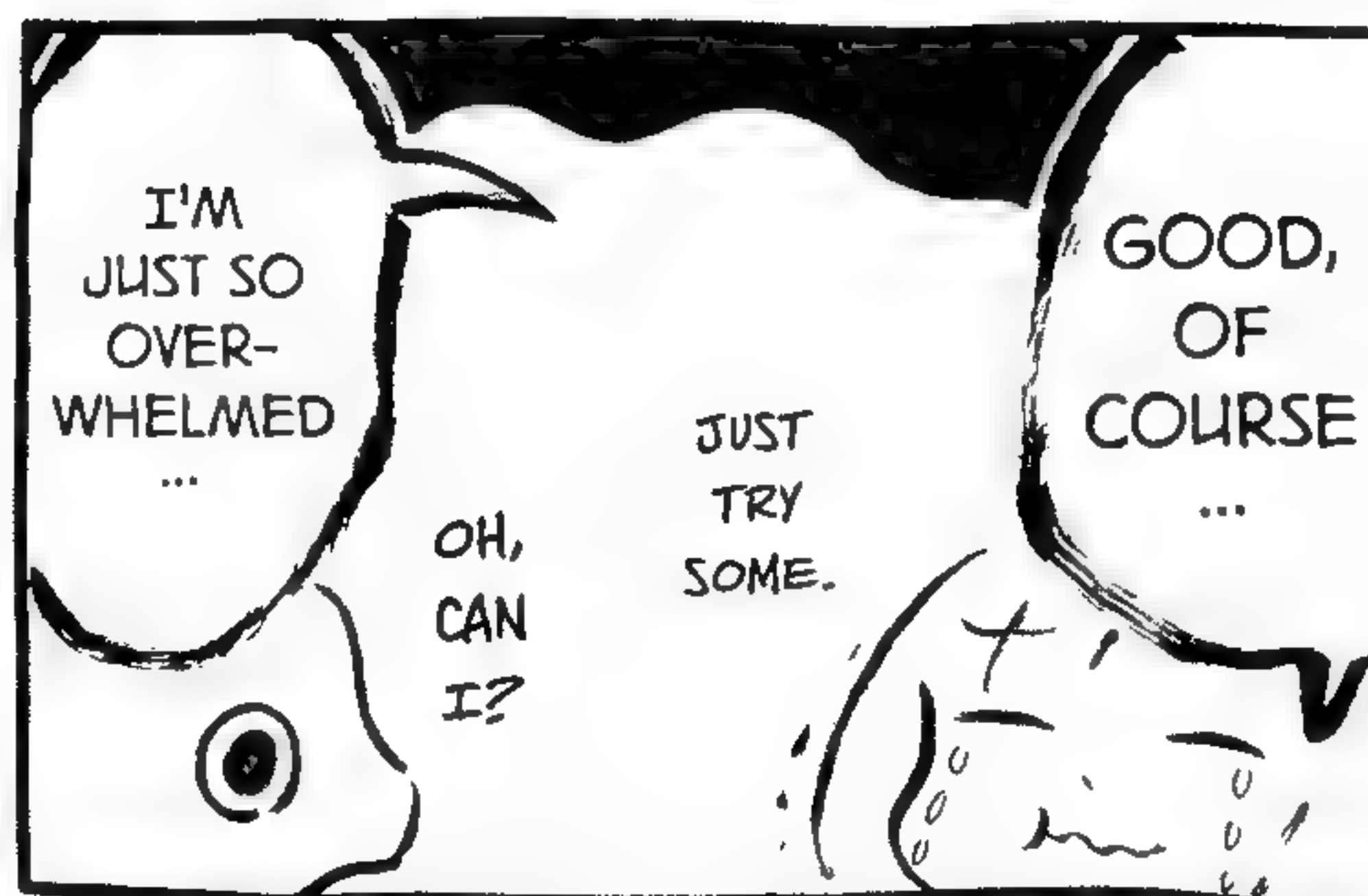
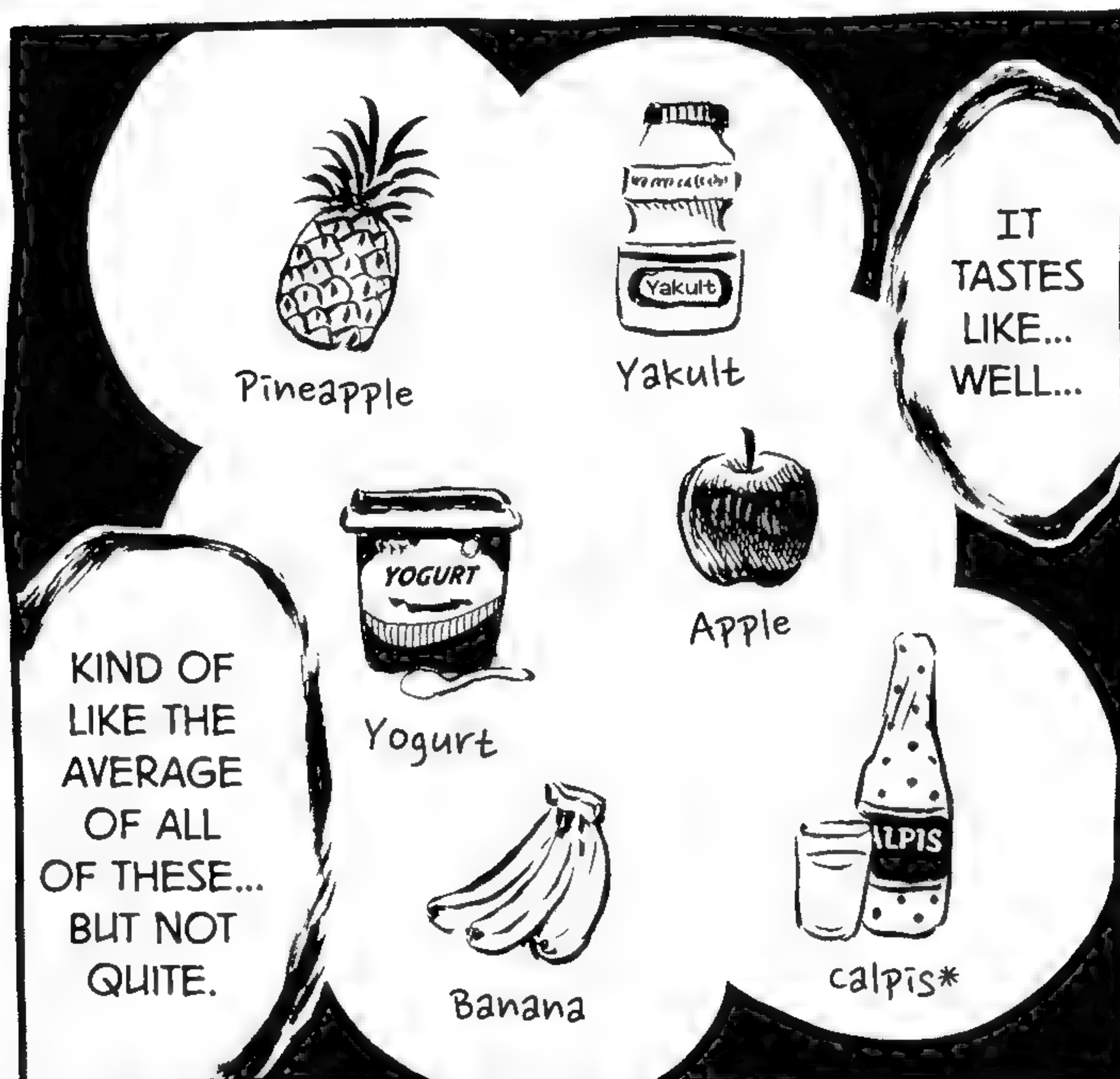
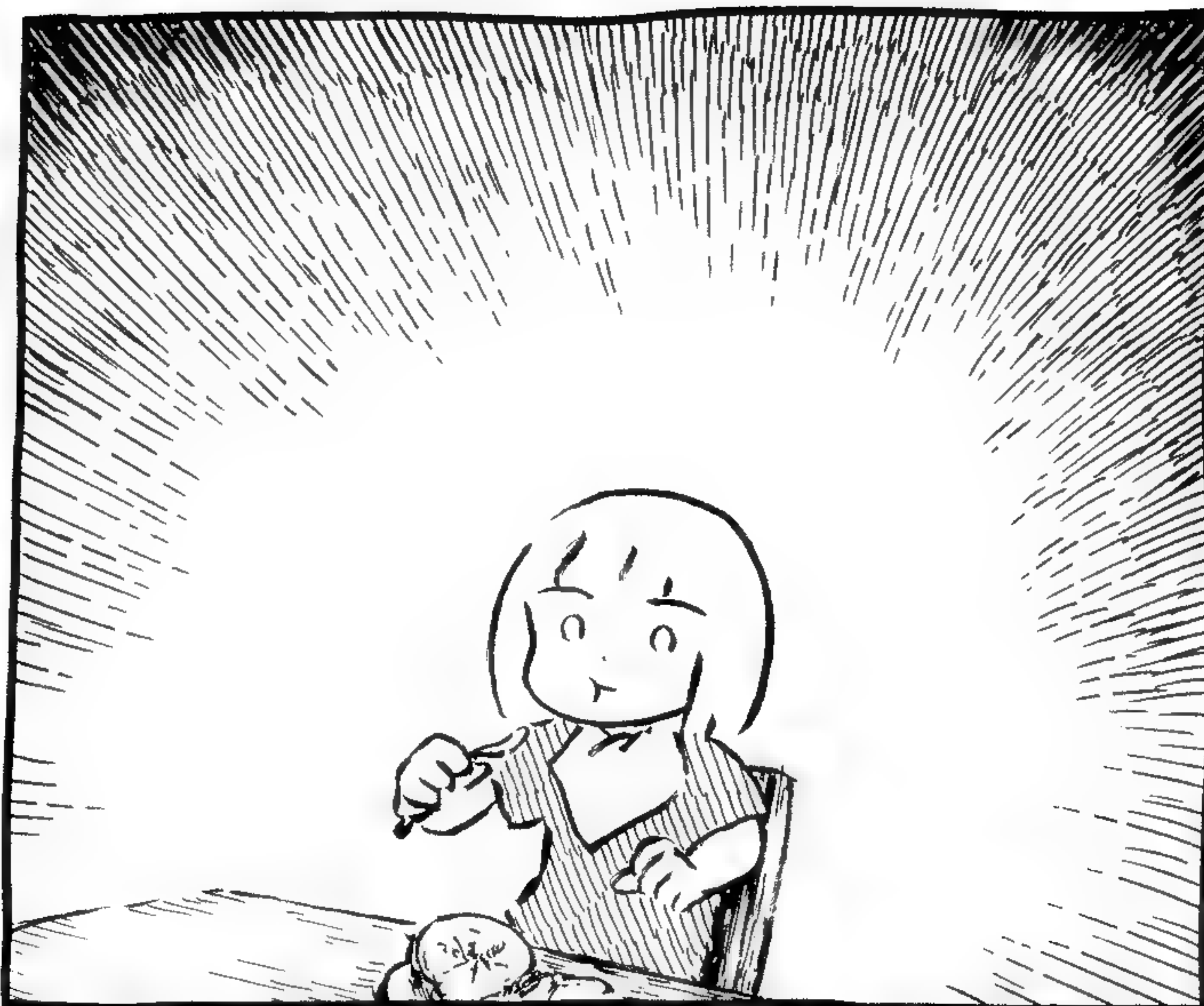


Guyabano Holiday:
Part 4

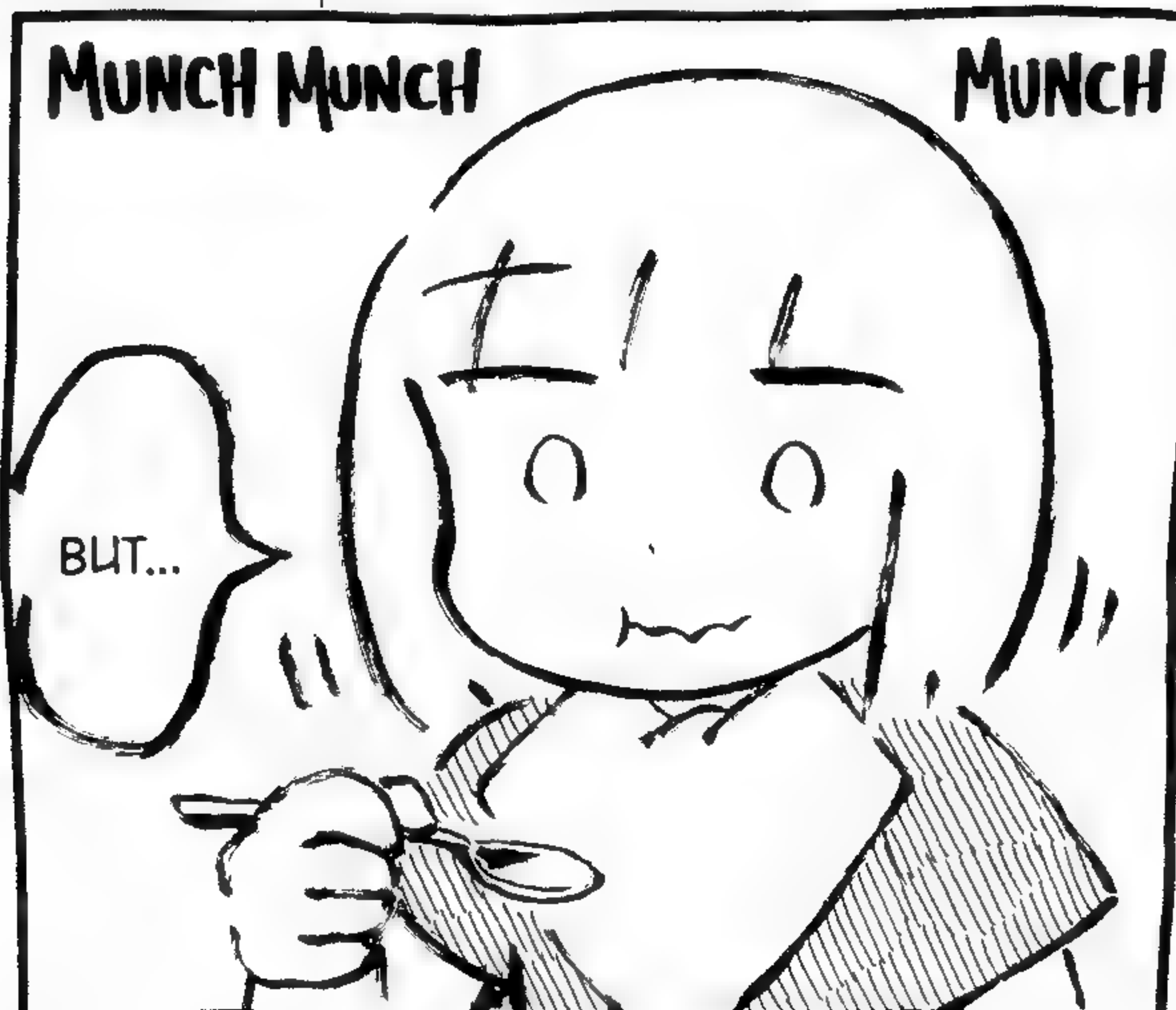
OKAY...







*Branded as Calpico in North America.



MY FIRST IMPRESSION UPON EATING A GUYABANO WAS THAT IT TASTED THE SAME AS THE JUICE. THOUGH IT LOOKED LIKE THE VERY IMAGE OF AN UNKNOWN TROPICAL FRUIT, THE FLAVOR WAS JUST AS EASY TO LOVE AS ITS JUICE. NOT ONLY WAS IT SWEET AND ACIDIC, IT HAD A RICH THICKNESS TO IT WITHOUT BEING OVERPOWERING OR AN ACQUIRED TASTE. A LARGE PORTION OF IT WAS EDIBLE AS WELL, WHICH ALSO MADE ME HAPPY. I THINK ALMOST ANY JAPANESE PERSON WOULD LIKE IT, EVEN IF THEY'RE EATING IT FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME. THE FRUIT AS A WHOLE WAS SQUISHY, MAKING ME THINK THAT IT MIGHT BE OVERRIPE, BUT IT WAS JUST RIGHT WHEN I TRIED EATING IT. INSIDE THE BRUSH-SHAPED CLUSTERS OF FLESH WERE SEEDS ABOUT THE SIZE OF WHAT YOU'D FIND IN A WATERMELON.

IF I HAD TO POINT OUT ANY NEGATIVES, IT WOULD HAVE TO BE THE TEXTURE. THE FLESH OF THE FRUIT IS RELATIVELY FIBROUS, MAYBE CLOSE TO THE FIBER FOUND AROUND MANGO SEEDS. WHILE IT'S FULL OF JUICE AND HAS A THICK MOUTHFEEL, THE FIBER IS HARD TO CHEW INTO PIECES AND STAYS IN YOUR MOUTH. IT'S UNFORTUNATE, ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING HOW GOOD IT TASTES. THAT SAID, I DON'T THINK OPINION WOULD BE SPLIT ON MUCH ELSE ABOUT THE FRUIT, GIVING IT A LOT OF POTENTIAL.

MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH

HMM.

IT IS PRETTY FIBROUS...

SO JUICY.

ALL THIS JUICE, THOUGH.

I GUESS THIS IS WHY IT'S STILL NOT ON THE LEVEL OF TOP-CLASS FRUIT LIKE MANGOS.

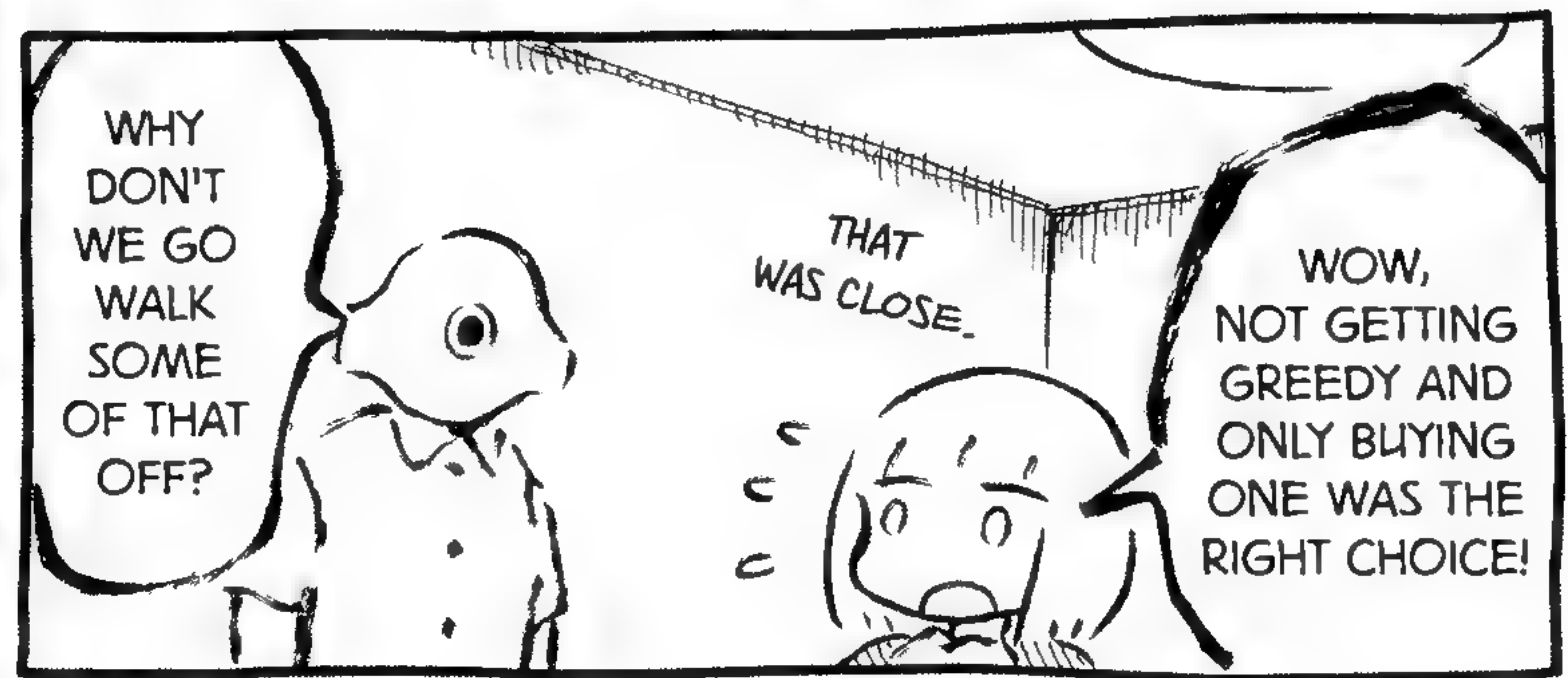
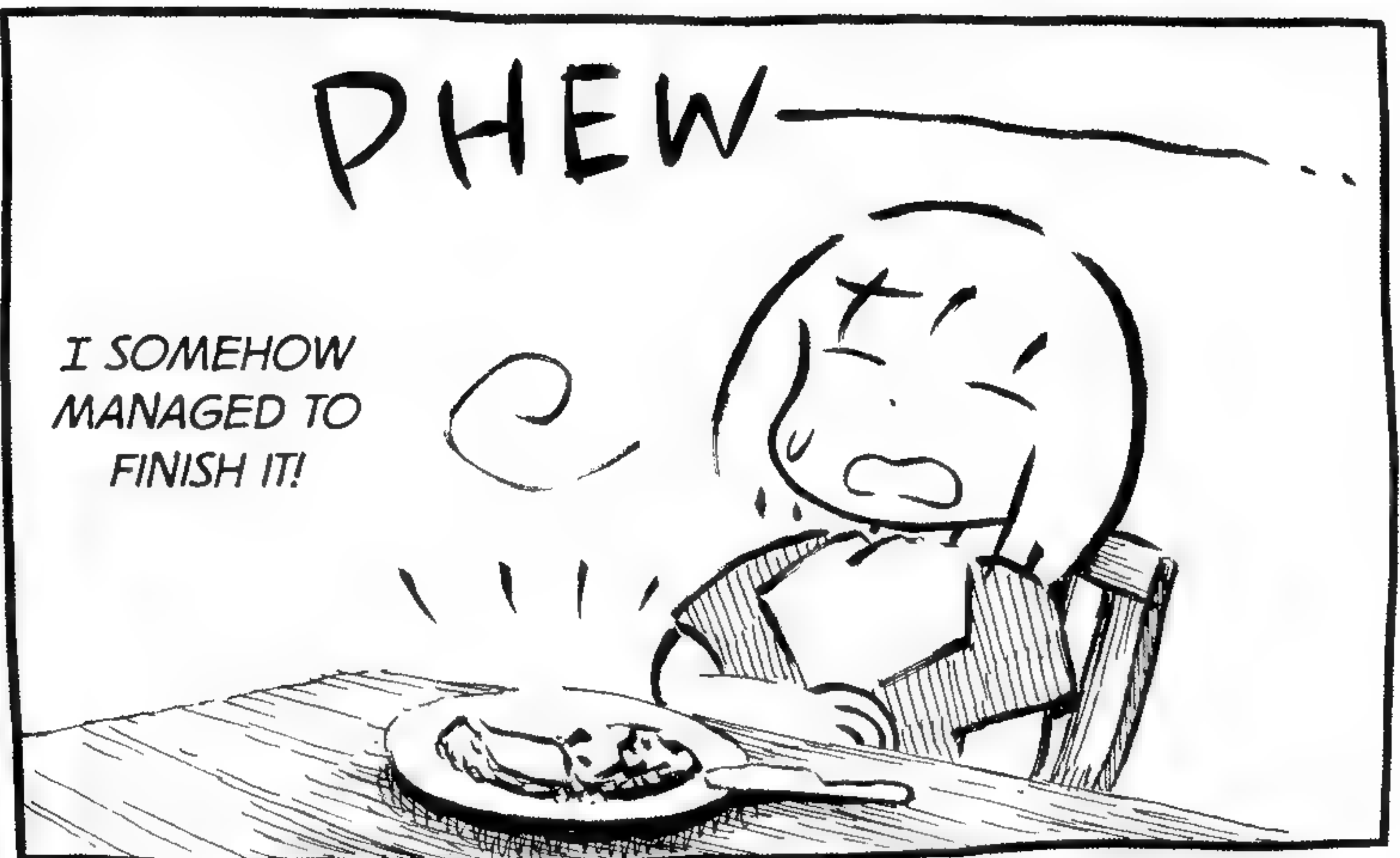
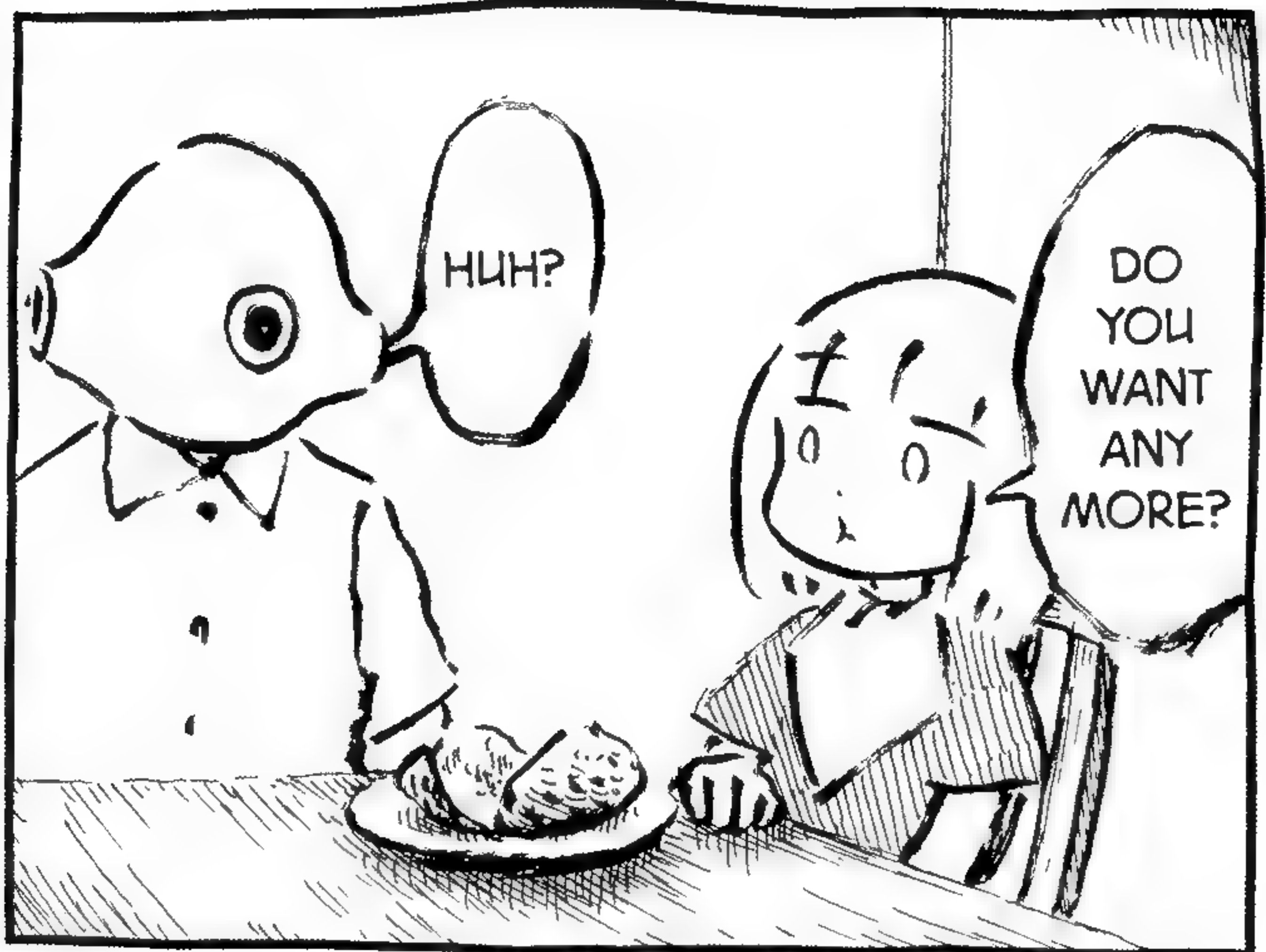
WHY JUST THE JUICE MADE IT TO JAPAN.

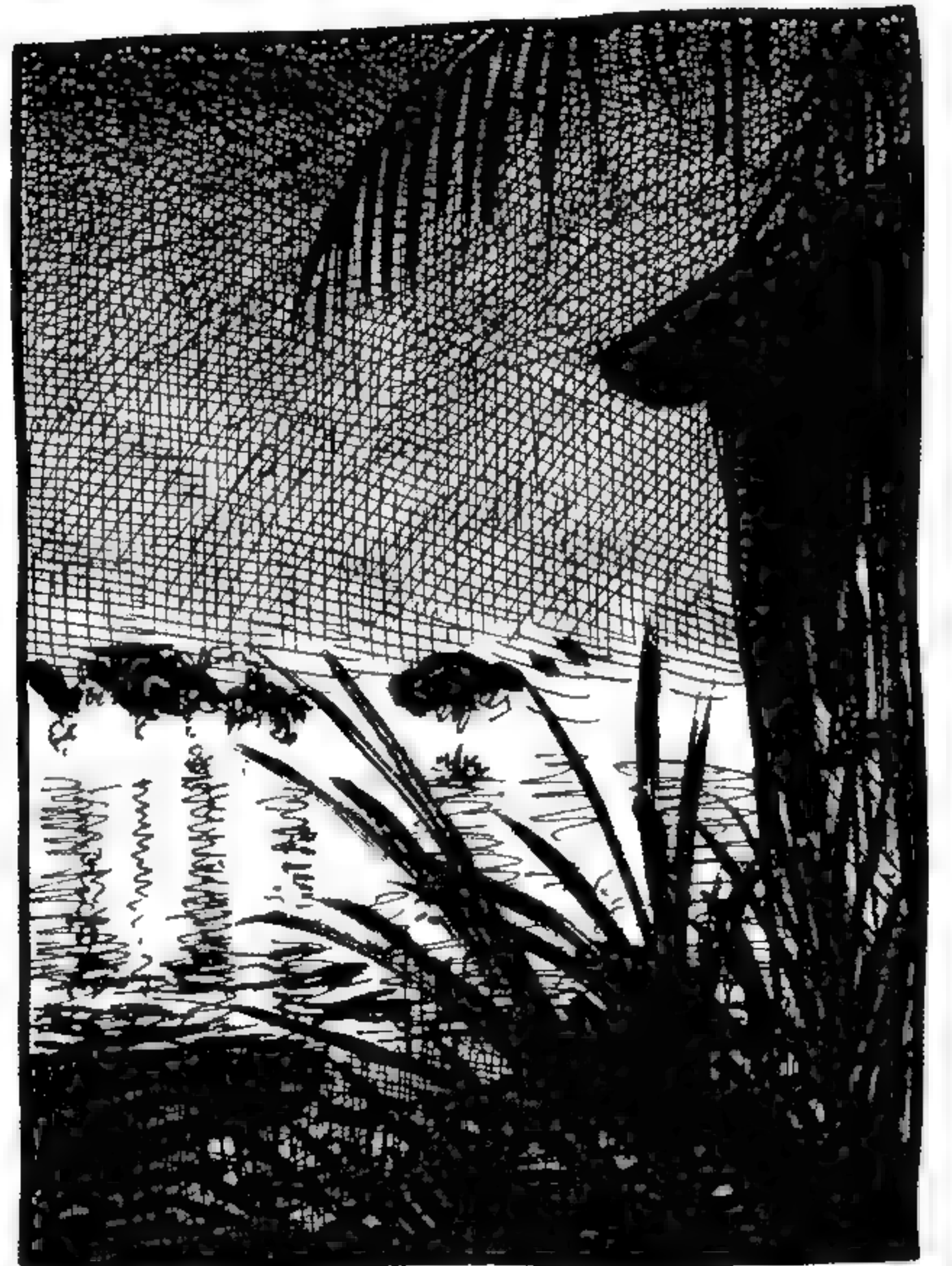
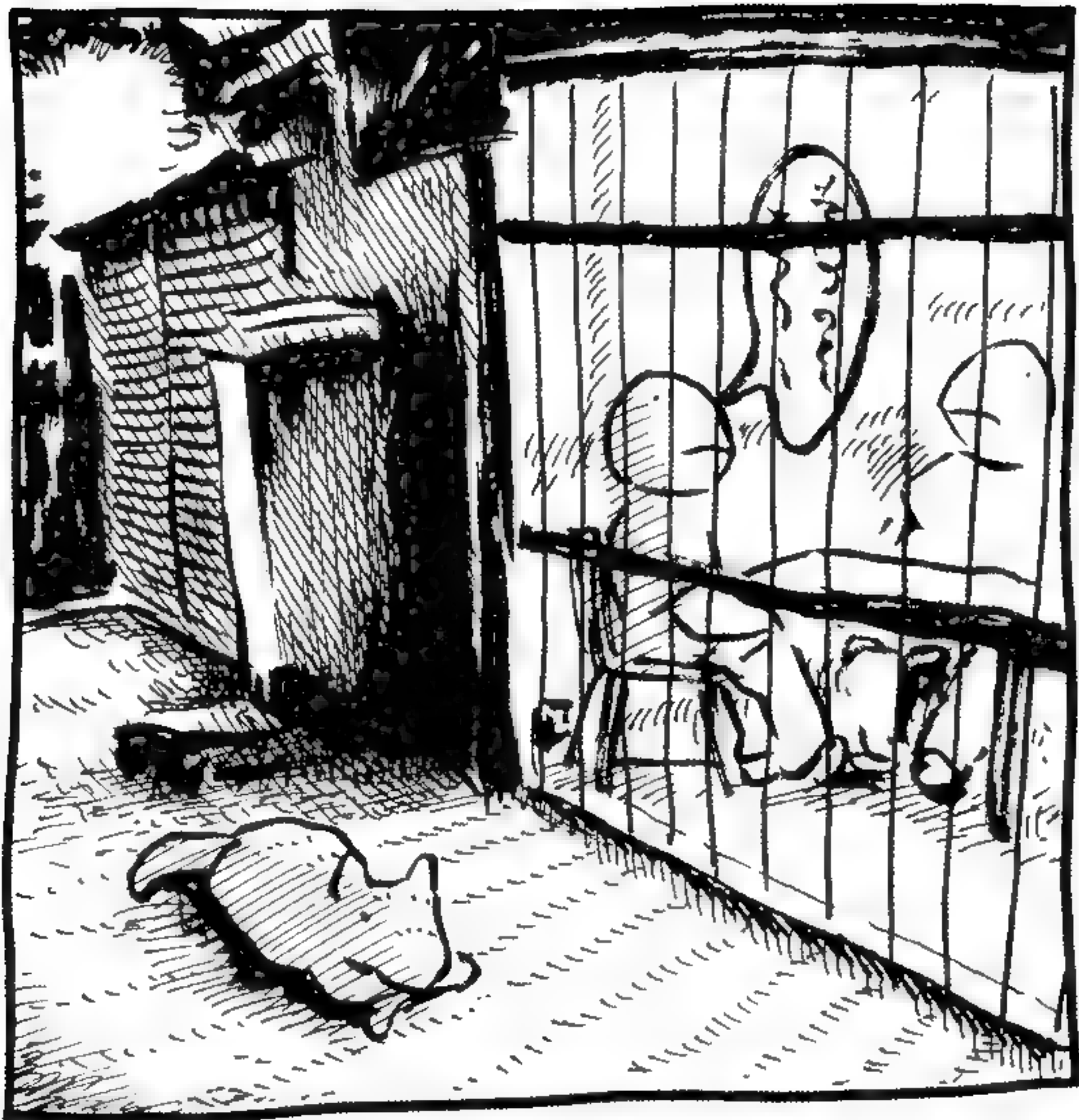
NOW I UNDERSTAND

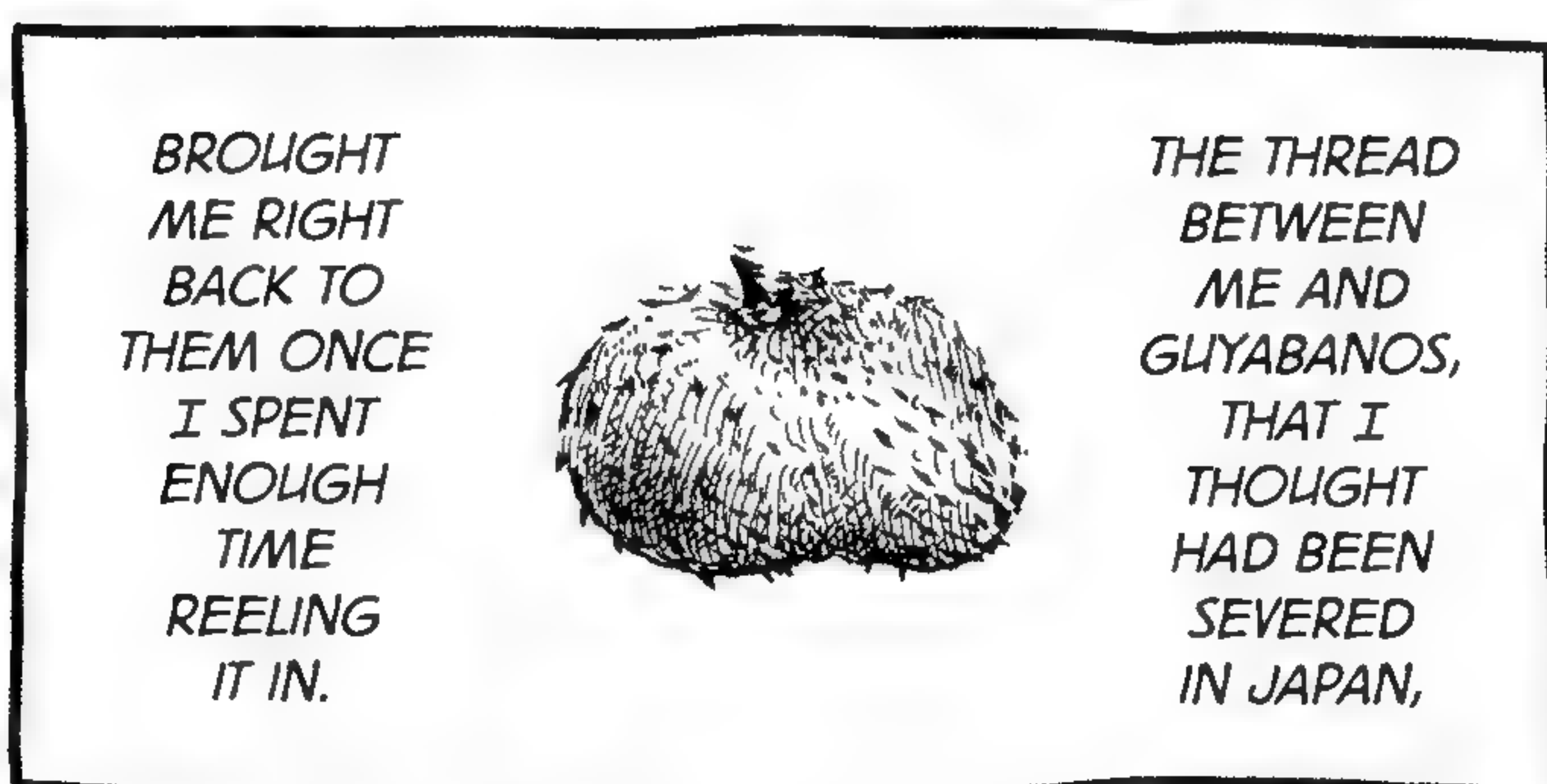
IT'S ABSOLUTELY MADE FOR JUICING.

MIGHT BE SOMETHING TO LOVE ABOUT IT...

EVEN THE FACT IT'S NOT PERFECT

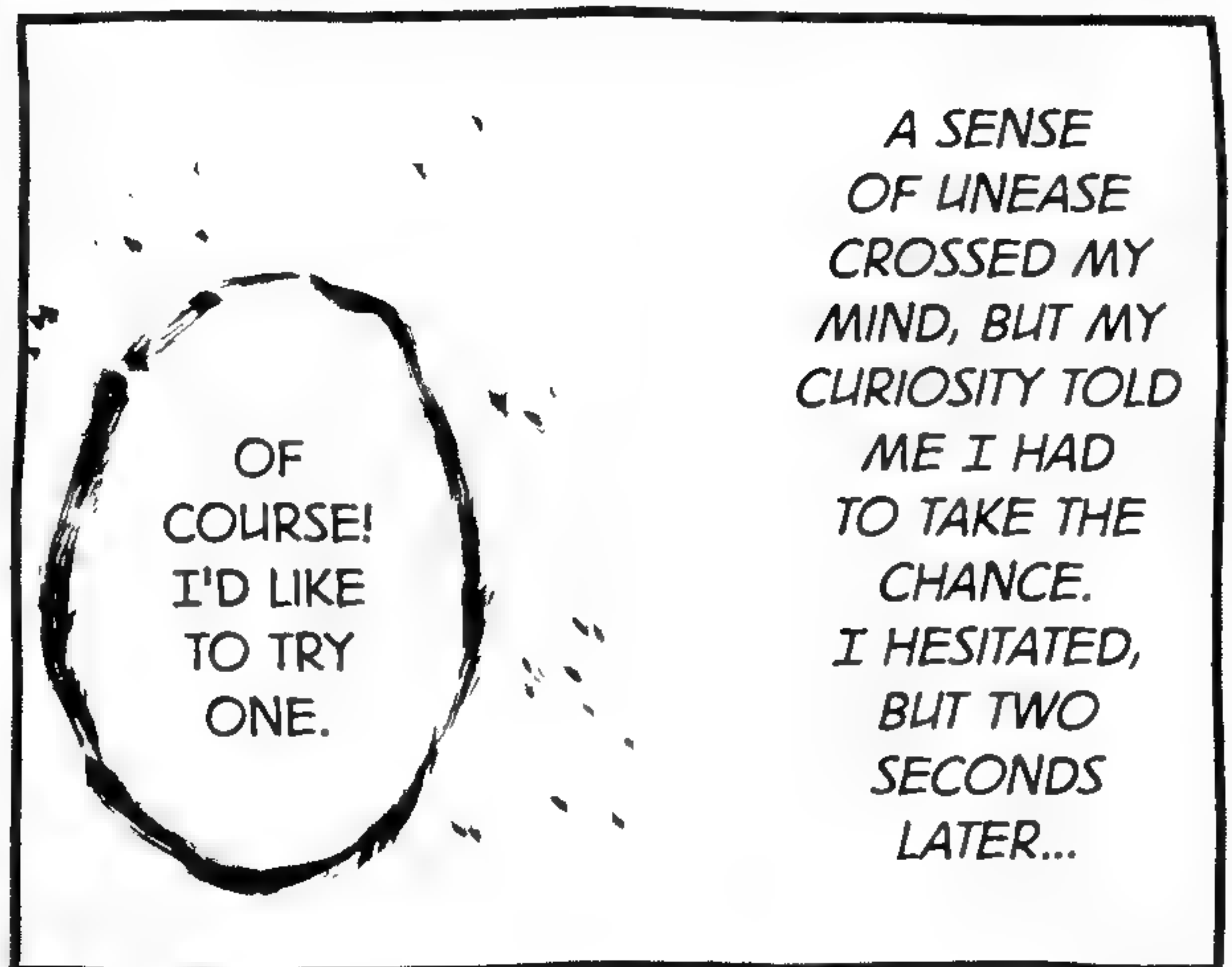
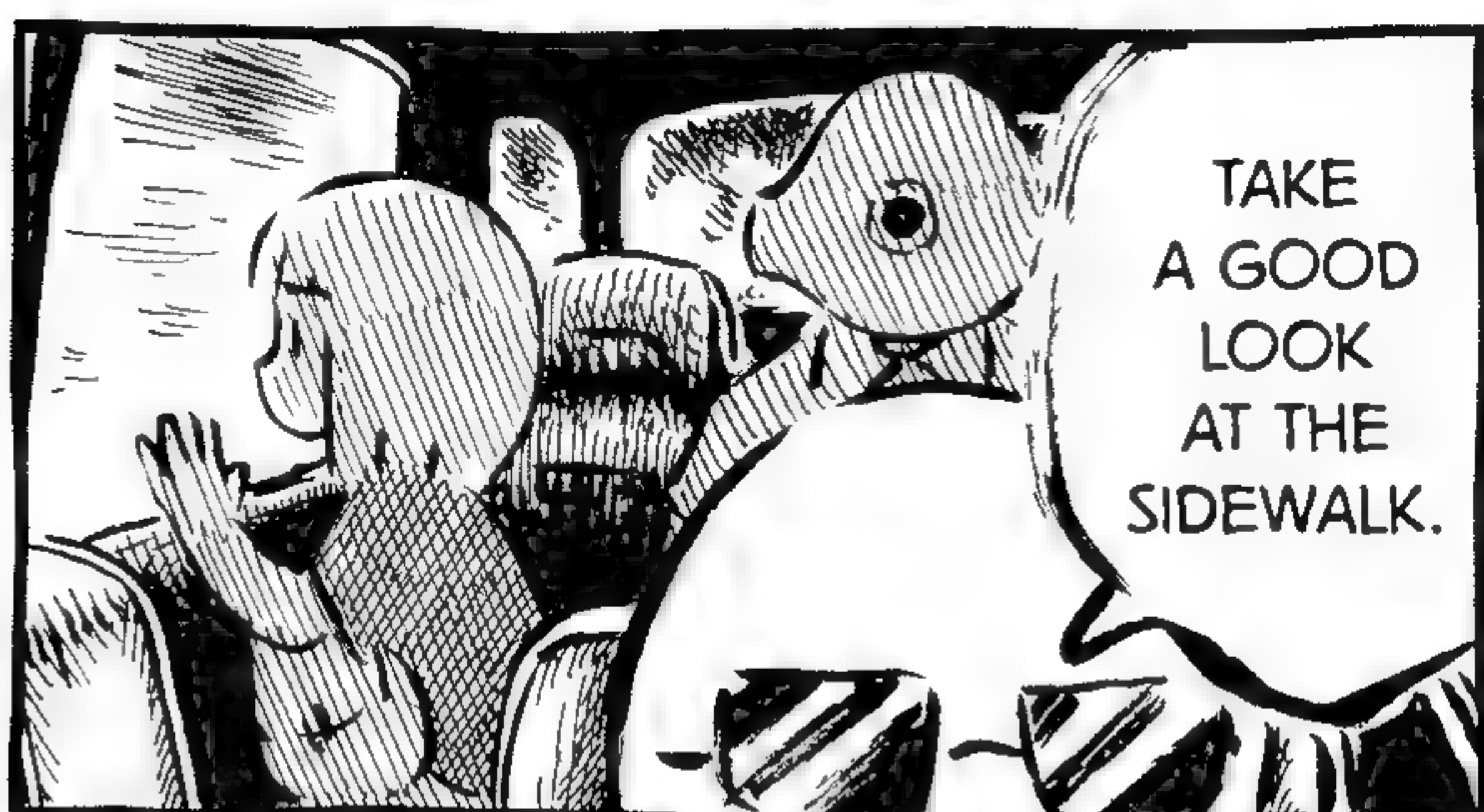
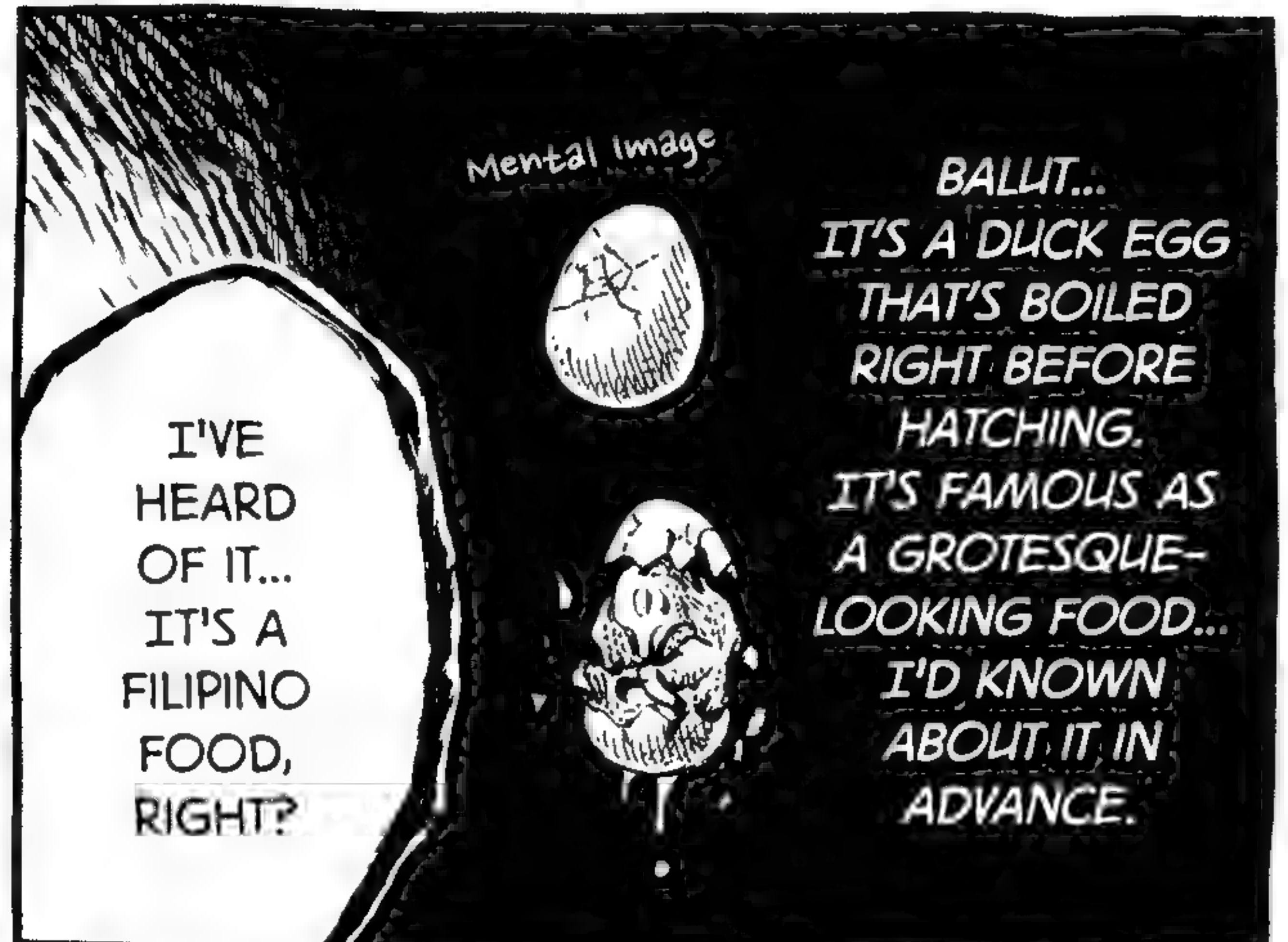


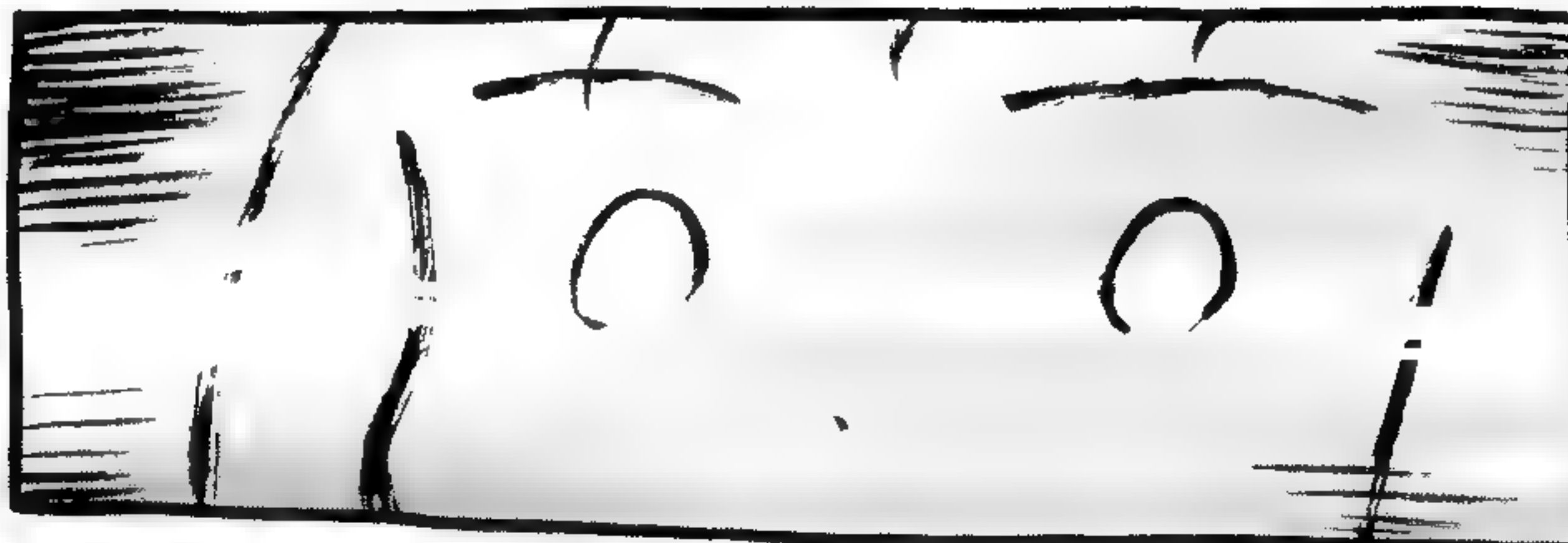
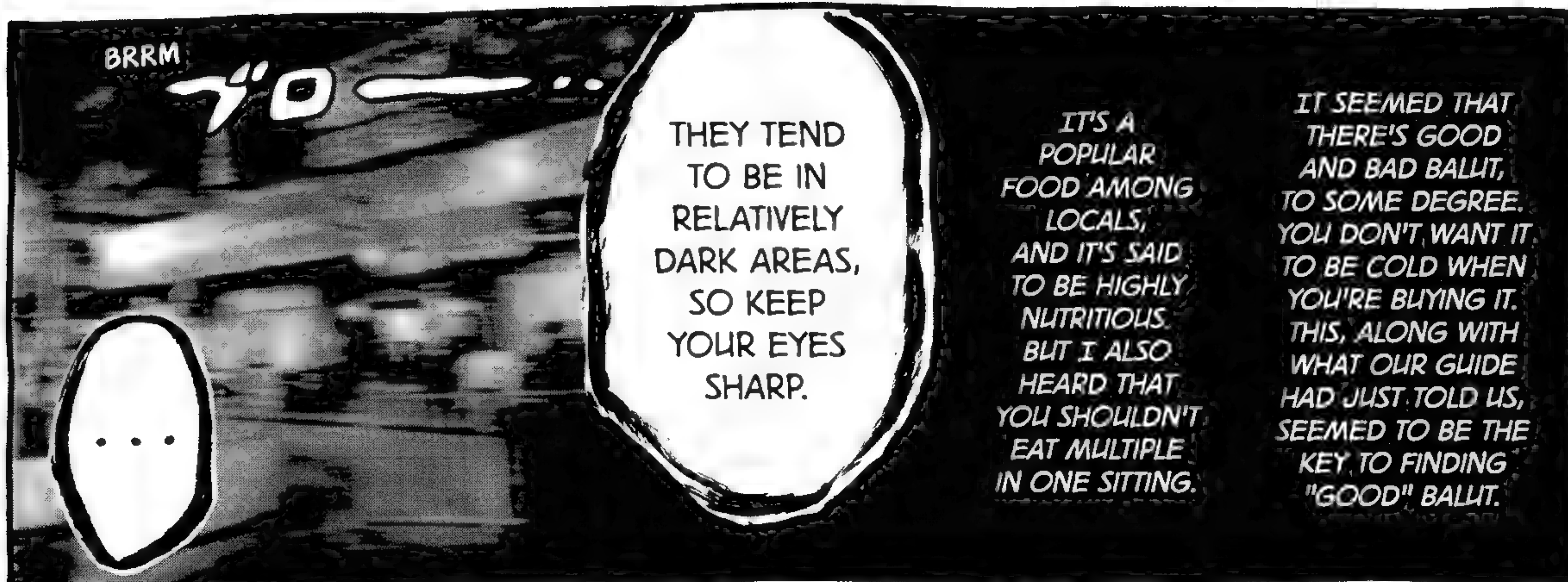
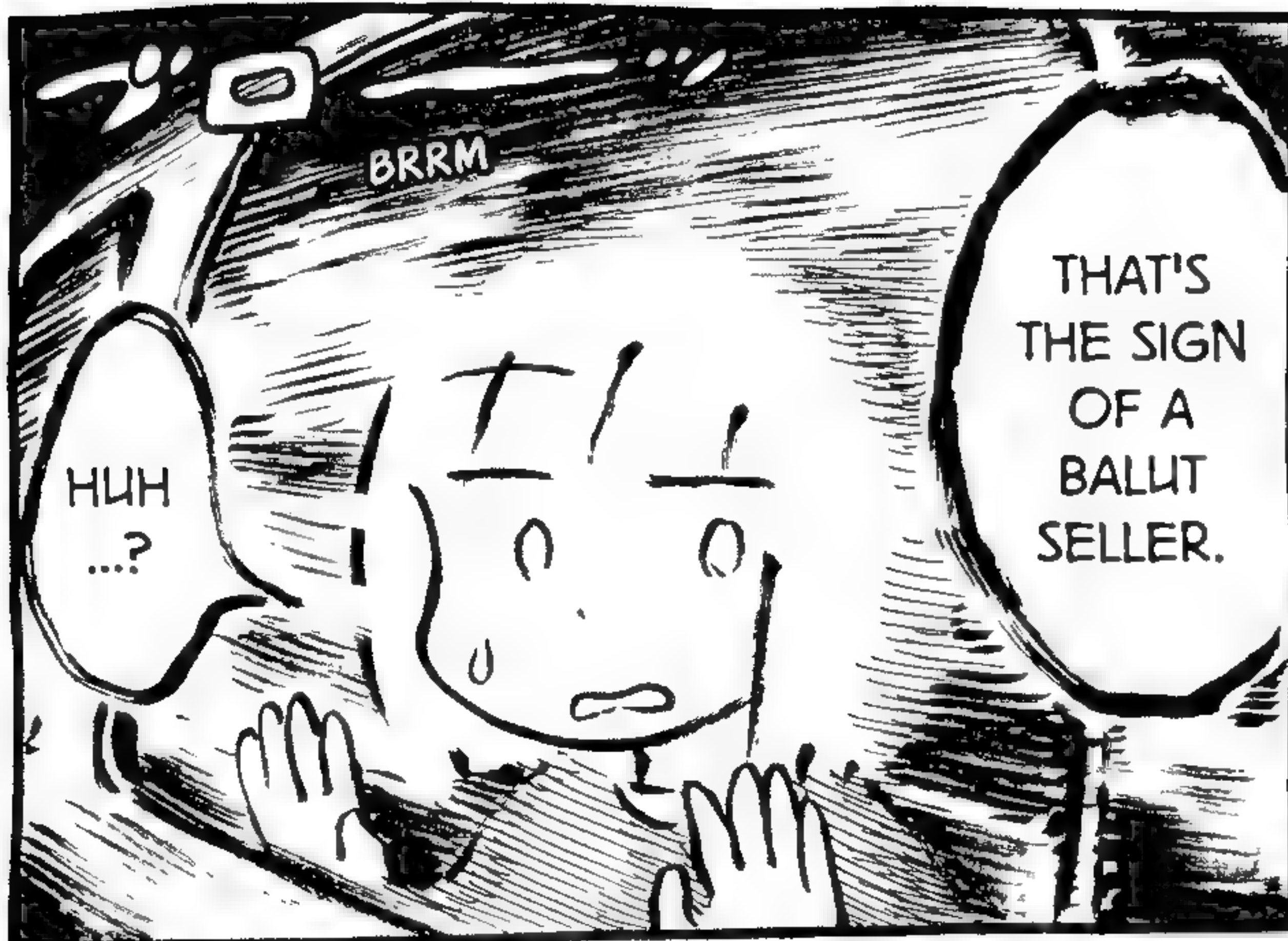


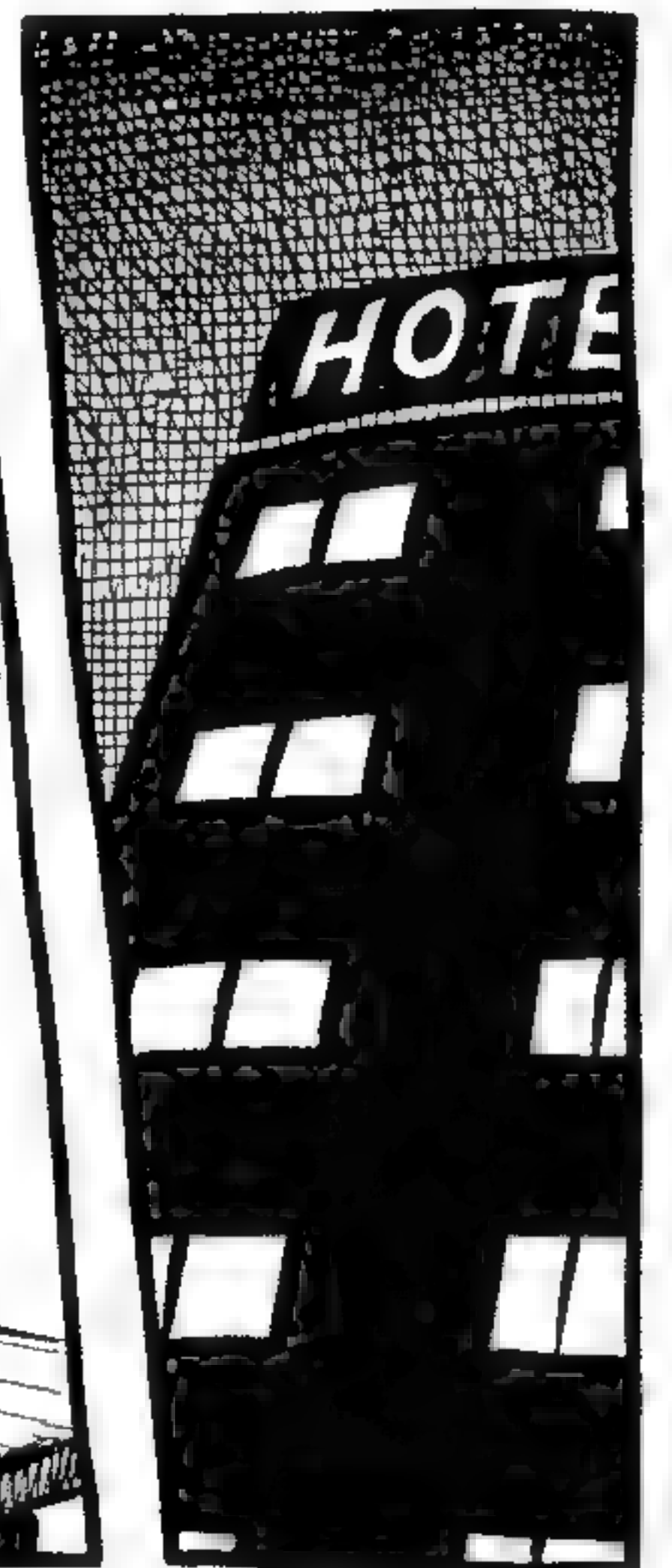
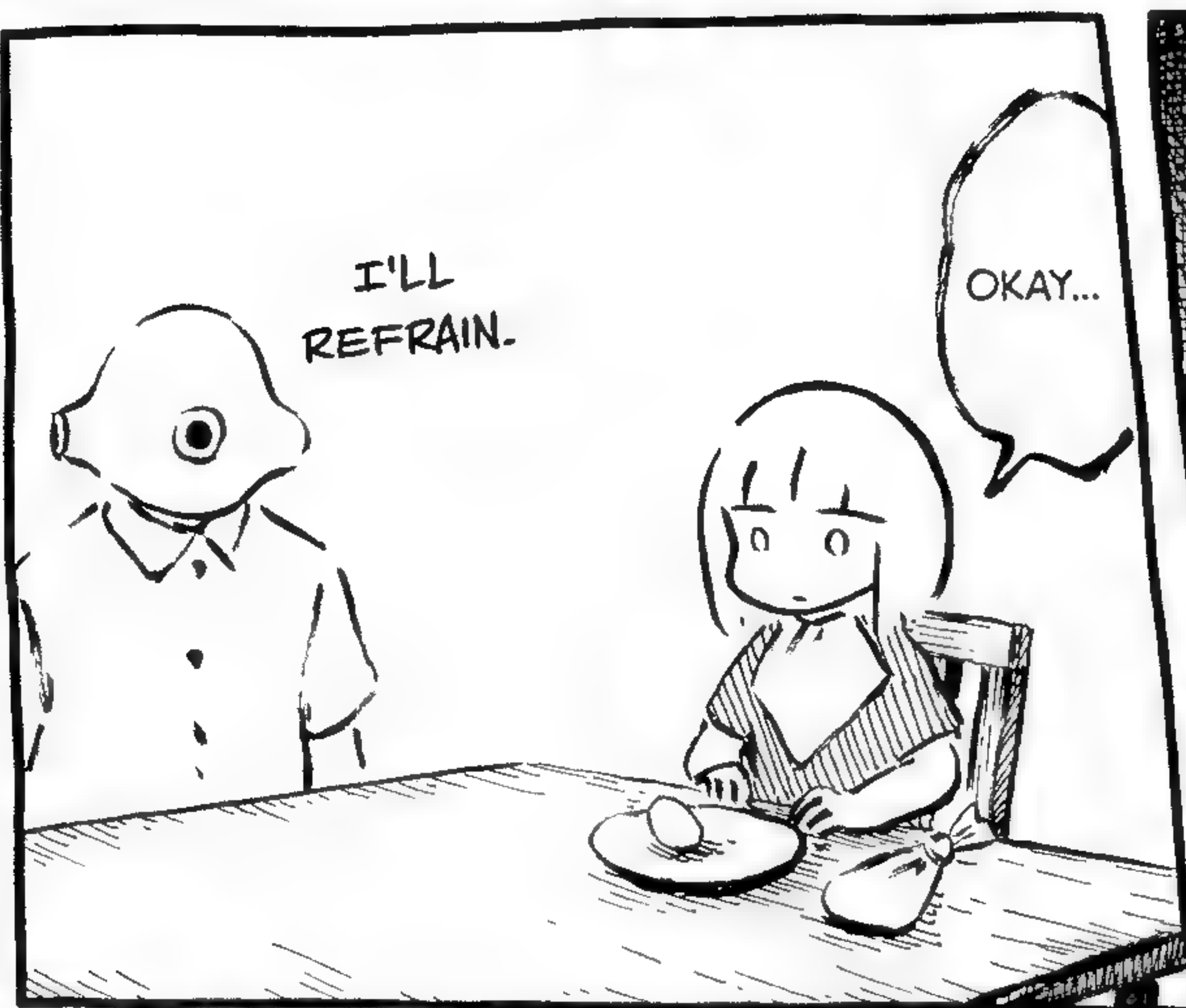
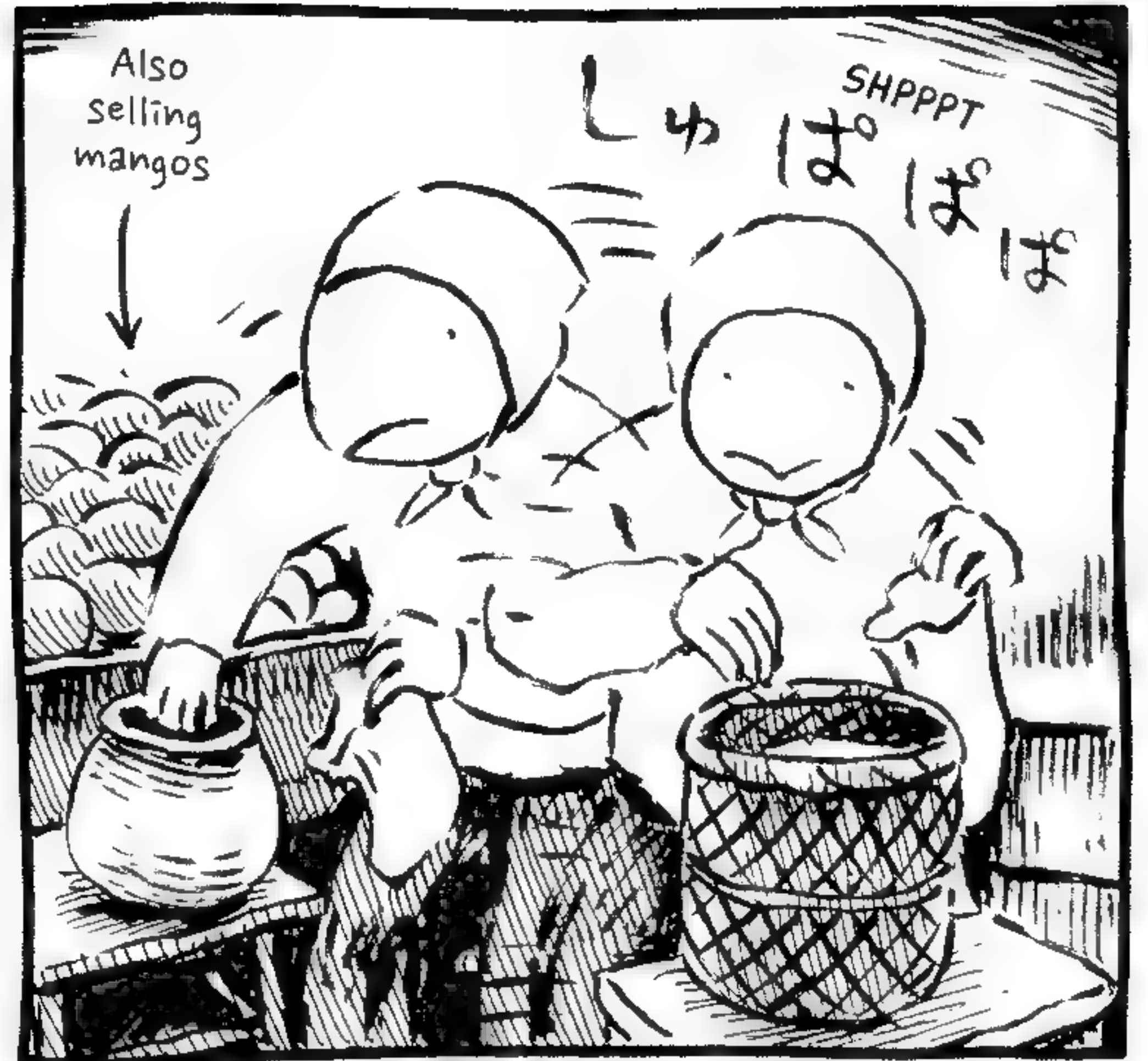
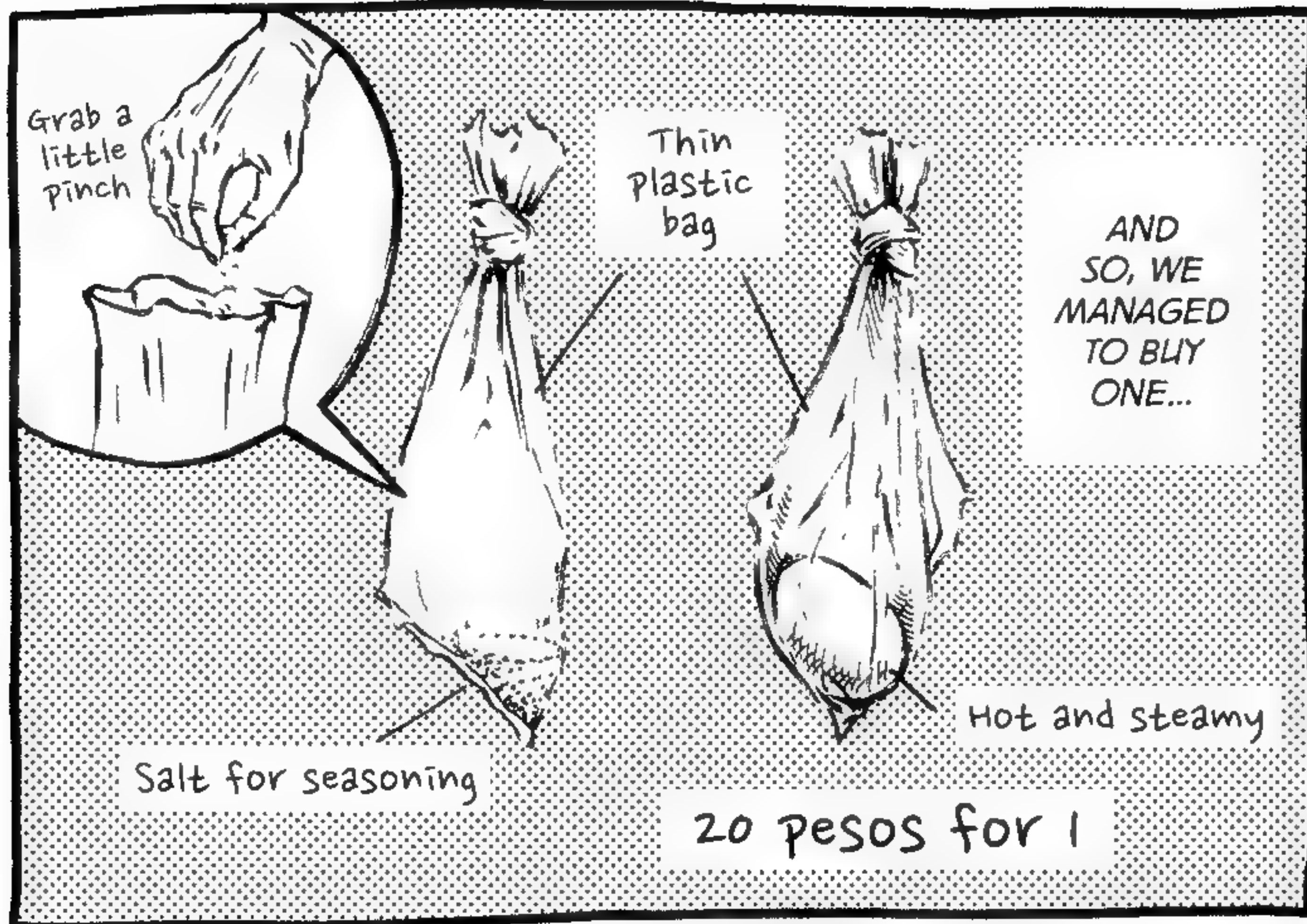


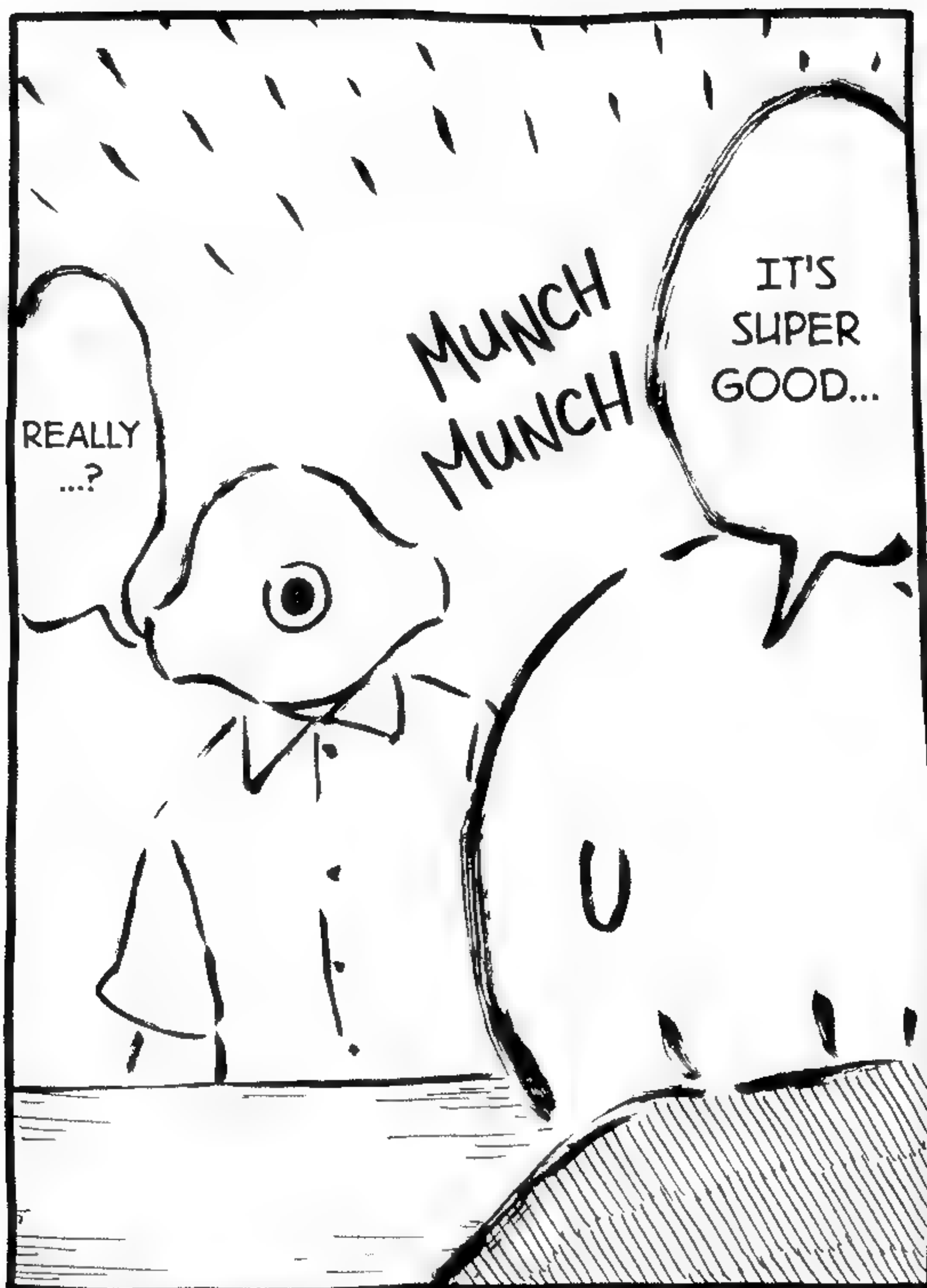


Guyabano Holiday: Sidebar 3

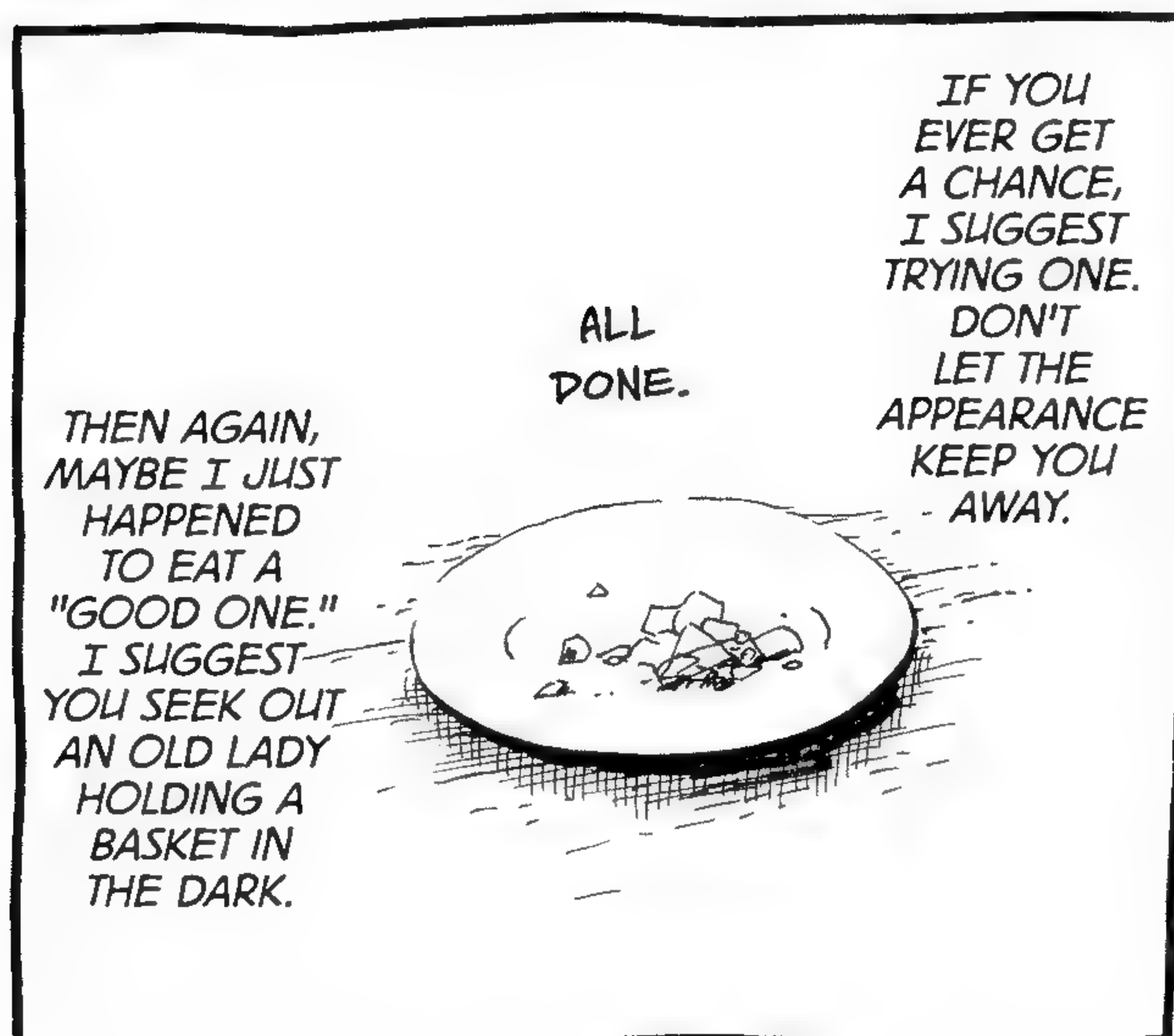


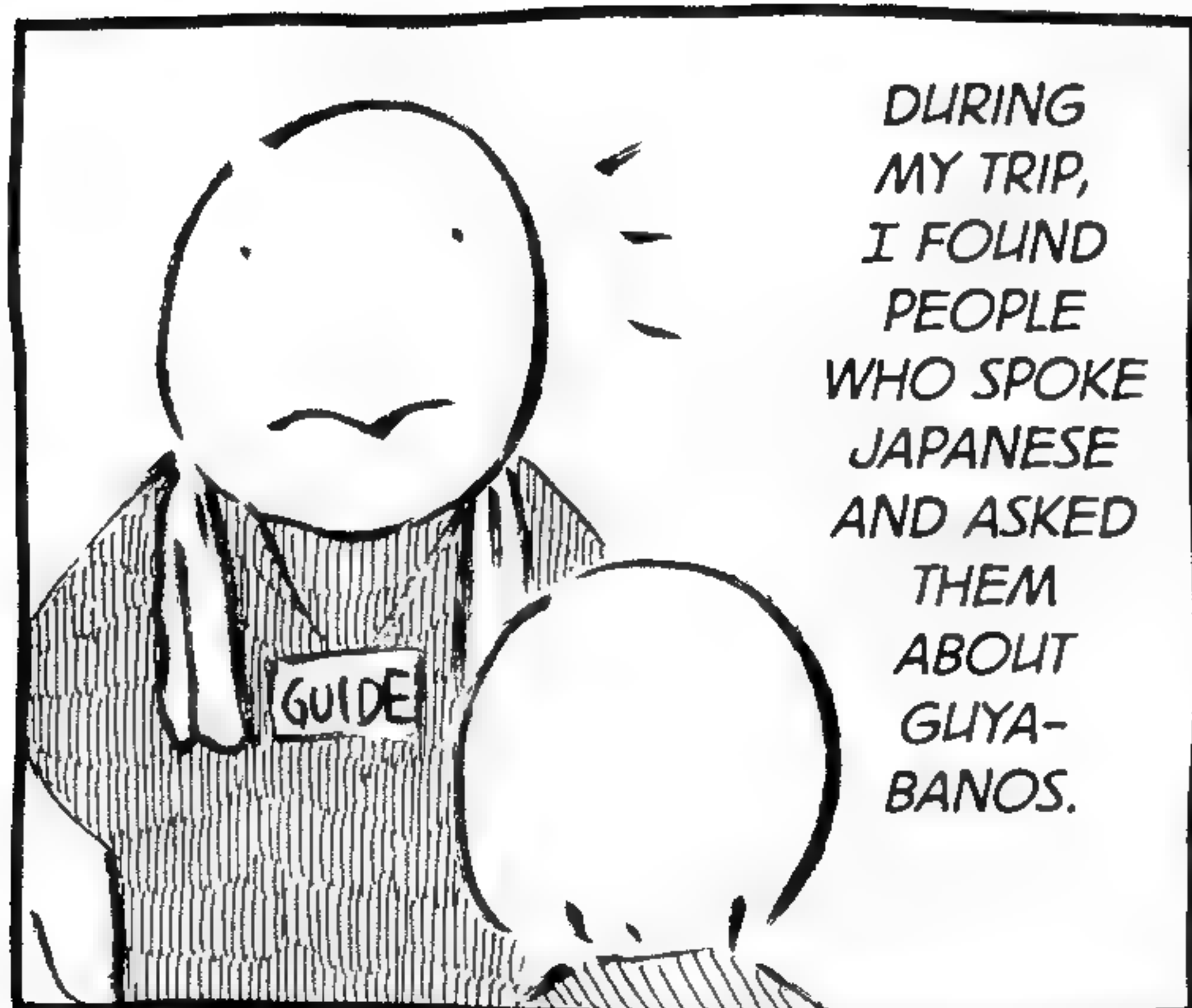






PEEL OFF THE SHELL AS YOU WOULD A BOILED EGG, THEN EAT AFTER SIMPLY SEASONING IT WITH THE SALT. THOUGH ITS GROTESQUE APPEARANCE MIGHT MAKE YOU THINK IT WILL TASTE ACRID OR RAW, THERE'S NOTHING AT ALL THAT'S HARD TO ENJOY ABOUT ITS FLAVOR. IT HAD A JUICY AND SUMPTUOUS TASTE, LIKE A RICH AND MELLOW BOILED EGG WITH CHICKEN STOCK ADDED. COMPARED TO A BOILED CHICKEN EGG, THE WHITES WERE A LITTLE HARDER, WITH A SILICONE-ISH TEXTURE. THE YOLK WAS ALSO FIRM. I COULD SEE SOMETHING RESEMBLING FEATHERS AND BONES, BUT I DIDN'T NOTICE THEM IN MY MOUTH. AS FAR AS OVERALL TEXTURE, IT WAS CLOSER TO A BOILED CHICKEN EGG THAN ANYTHING.





DURING MY TRIP, I FOUND PEOPLE WHO SPOKE JAPANESE AND ASKED THEM ABOUT GUYA-BANOS.



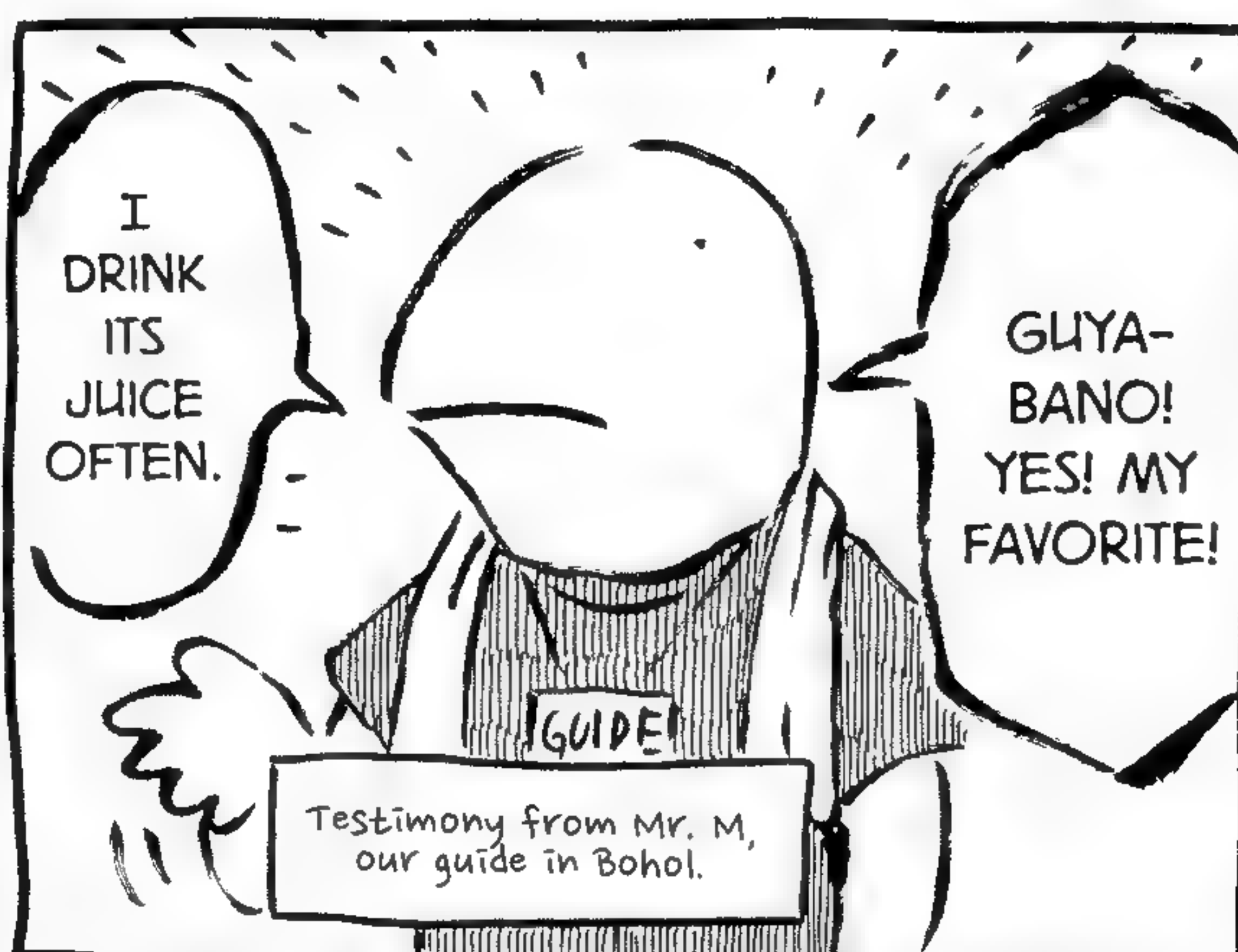
Guyabano Holiday: Part 5



MAYBE THEY HAVE THEM IN MINDANAOS?

GUYA-BANOS...? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT.

Testimony from a young woman (Japanese) who acted as our whale shark guide in Oslob.



I DRINK ITS JUICE OFTEN.

GUYA-BANO! YES! MY FAVORITE!

Testimony from Mr. M, our guide in Bohol.



TO SUMMARIZE...



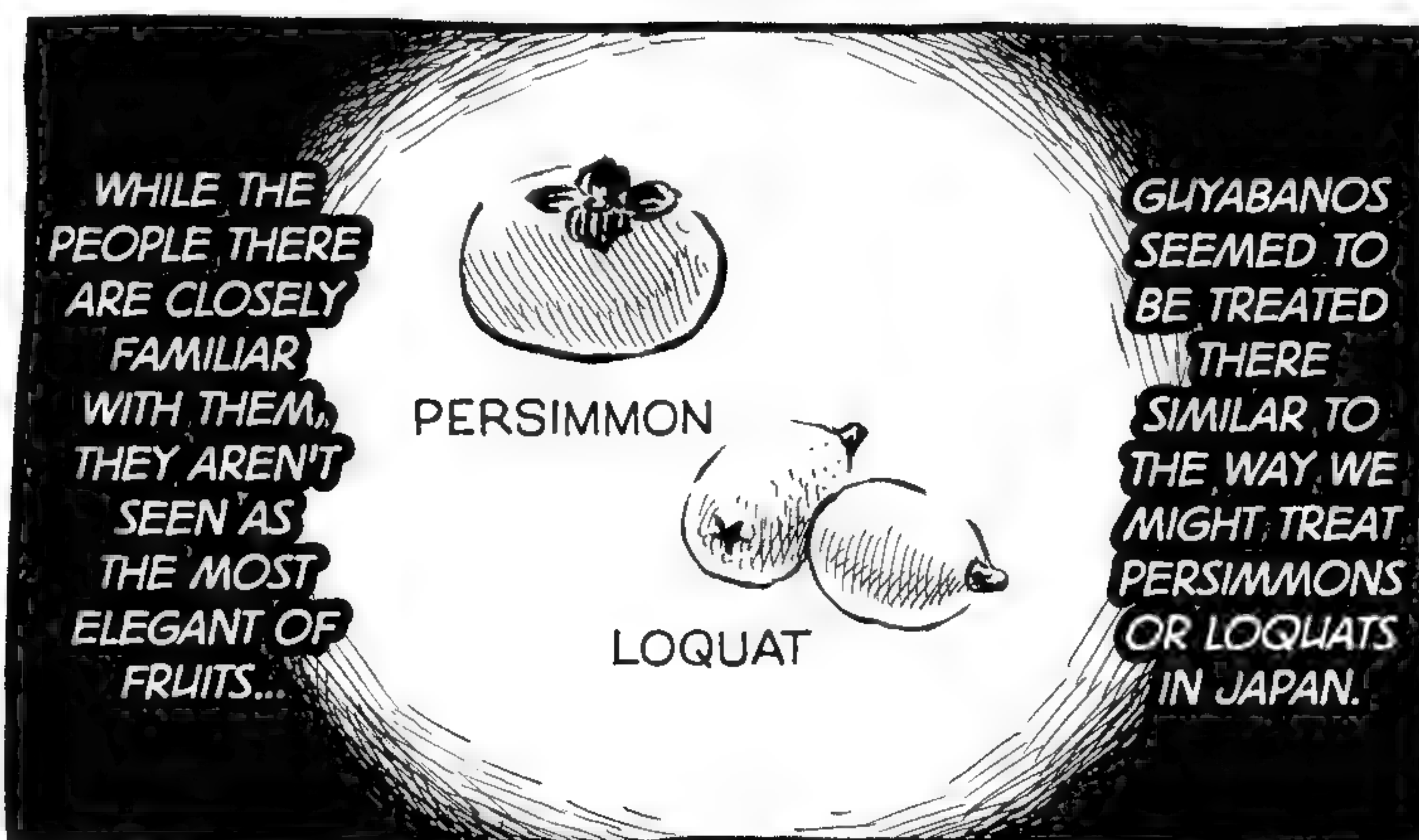
TASTY, AREN'T THEY?

WE HAD A TREE BACK AT MY FAMILY'S HOME AND ATE THEM ALL THE TIME.

Testimony from Mr. E, our guide in Cebu.



I ALSO HAD ONE OTHER PLAN.



WHILE THE PEOPLE THERE ARE CLOSELY FAMILIAR WITH THEM, THEY AREN'T SEEN AS THE MOST ELEGANT OF FRUITS...

PERSIMMON

LOQUAT

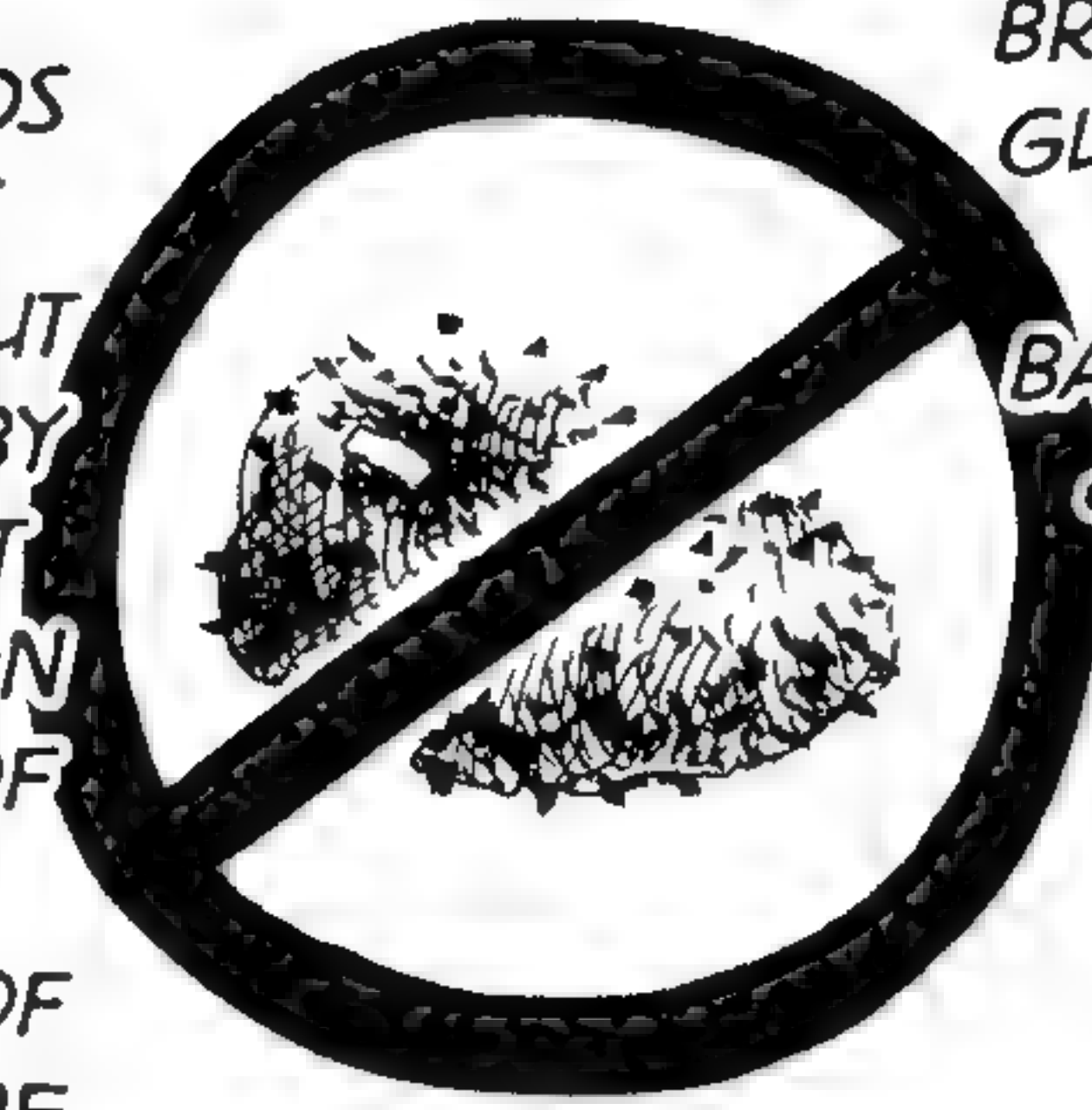
GUYABANOS SEEMED TO BE TREATED THERE SIMILAR TO THE WAY WE MIGHT TREAT PERSIMMONS OR LOQUATS IN JAPAN.

MY PLAN WAS TO BRING DRIED GUYABANO, NO LONGER AVAILABLE IN THE COUNTRY, BACK WITH ME.



HOWEVER, THERE IS AN EXCEPTION FOR DRIED FRUIT.


THESE KINDS OF RULES ARE SET OUT IN DETAIL BY THE PLANT PROTECTION DIVISION OF JAPAN'S MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE.



YOU CAN'T BRING RAW GUYABANO FRUITS BACK INTO JAPAN.

I SEE...

I'VE NEVER SEEN THOSE BEFORE.




I KNOW THEY DO EXIST, THOUGH... (SEE PART 1)

IT WAS POSSIBLE THAT THE DEMAND FOR DRIED GUYABANOS WAS LOW SINCE IT WAS SO EASY TO GET A RAW ONE LOCALLY. CONSIDERING THAT EVEN MAJOR DRIED FRUITS LIKE MANGOES ARE PRIMARILY SOLD AS PRESENTS AND EXPORTS, THE GUYABANO, LITTLE KNOWN TO OUTSIDERS, COULD EASILY HAVE HAD A WEAK PRESENCE IN DRIED FORM.

BRRM

DRIED GUYABANO?

YOU SURE NOT DRIED MANGO?

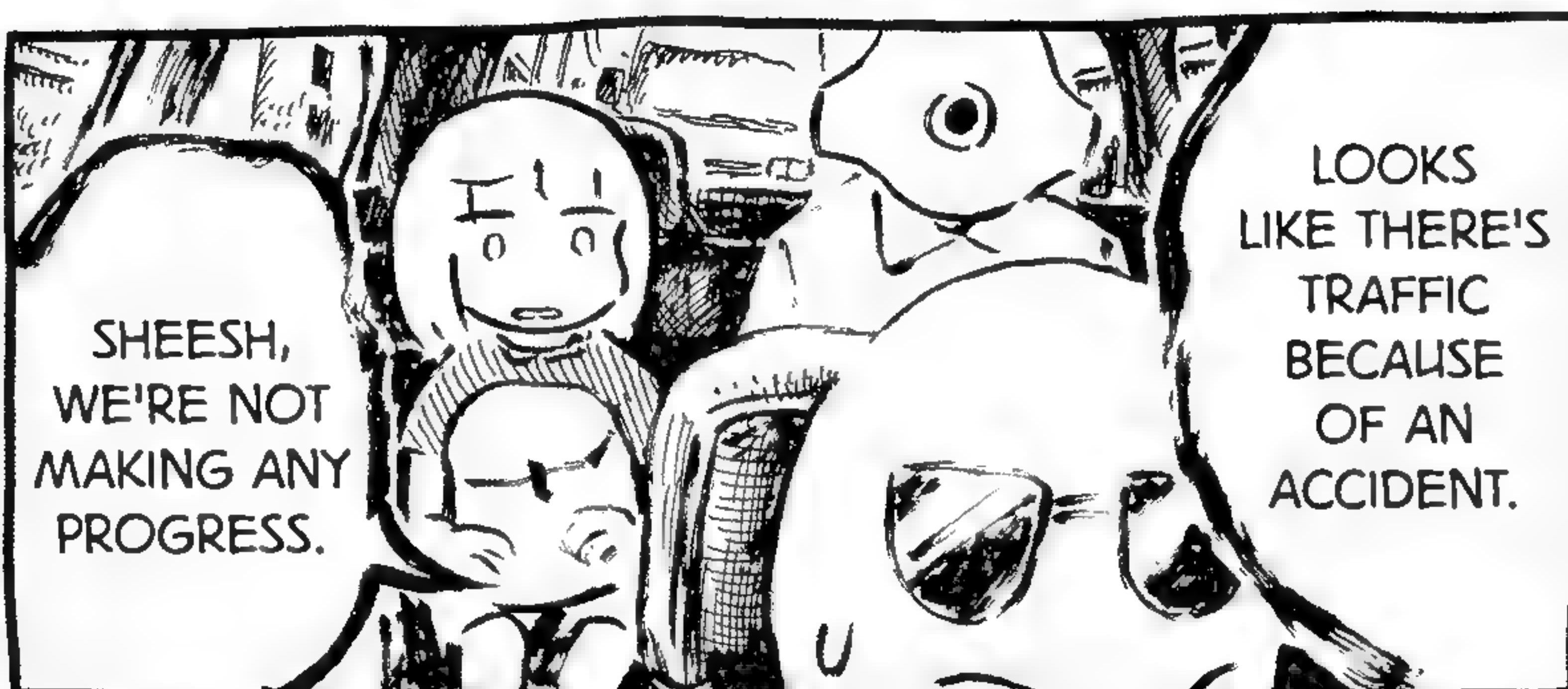
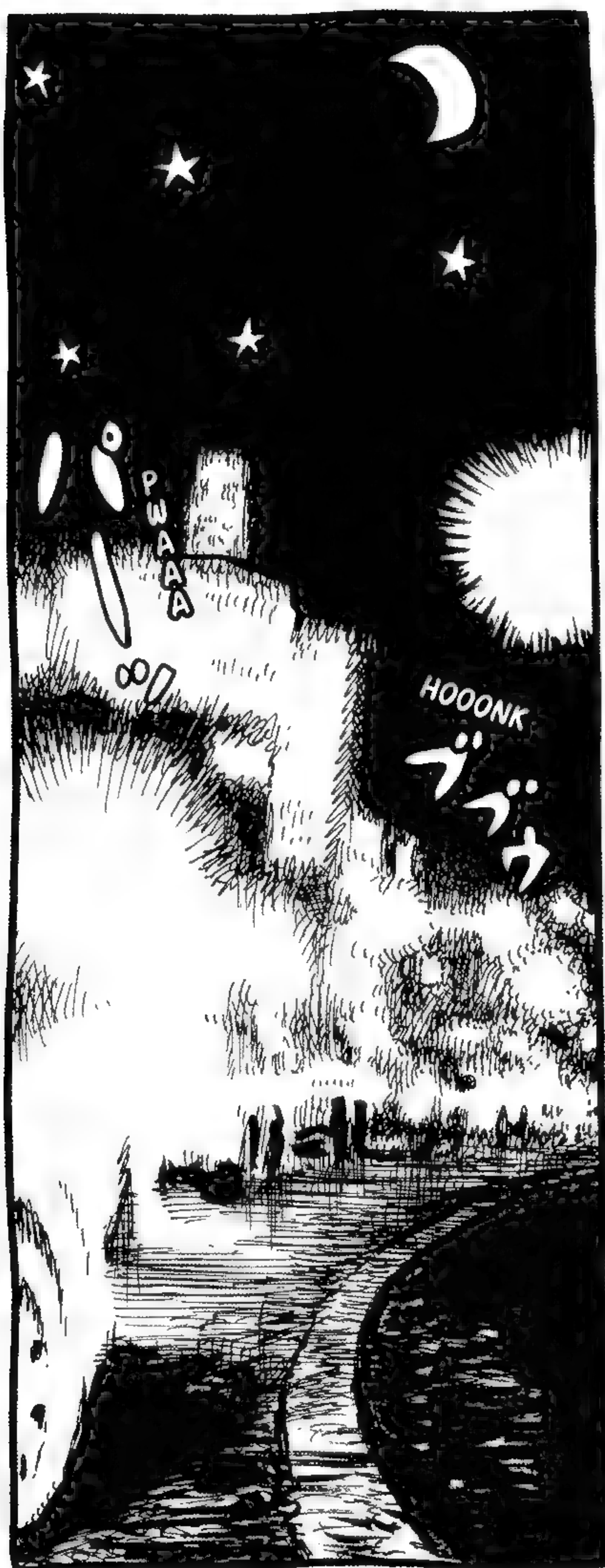
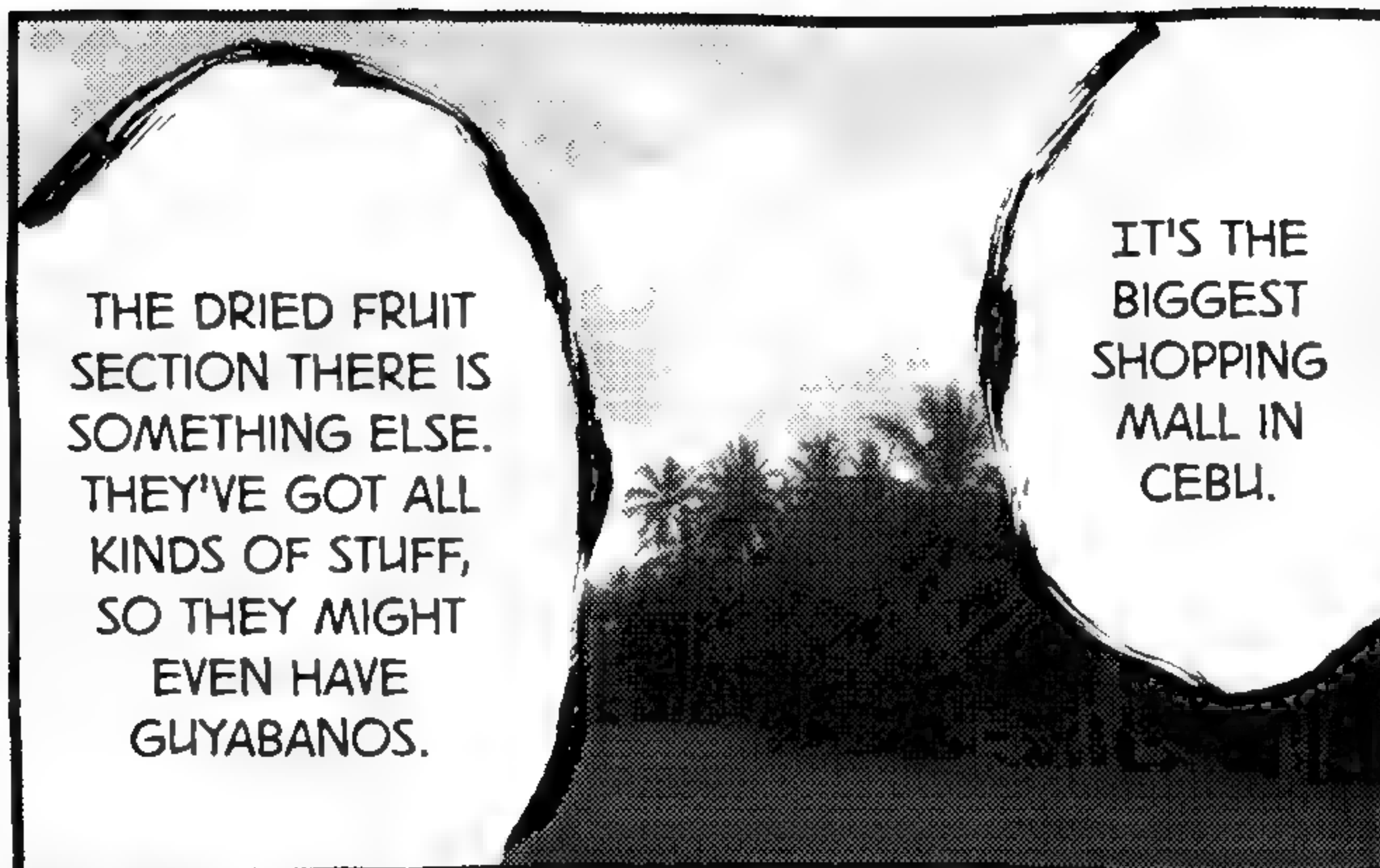


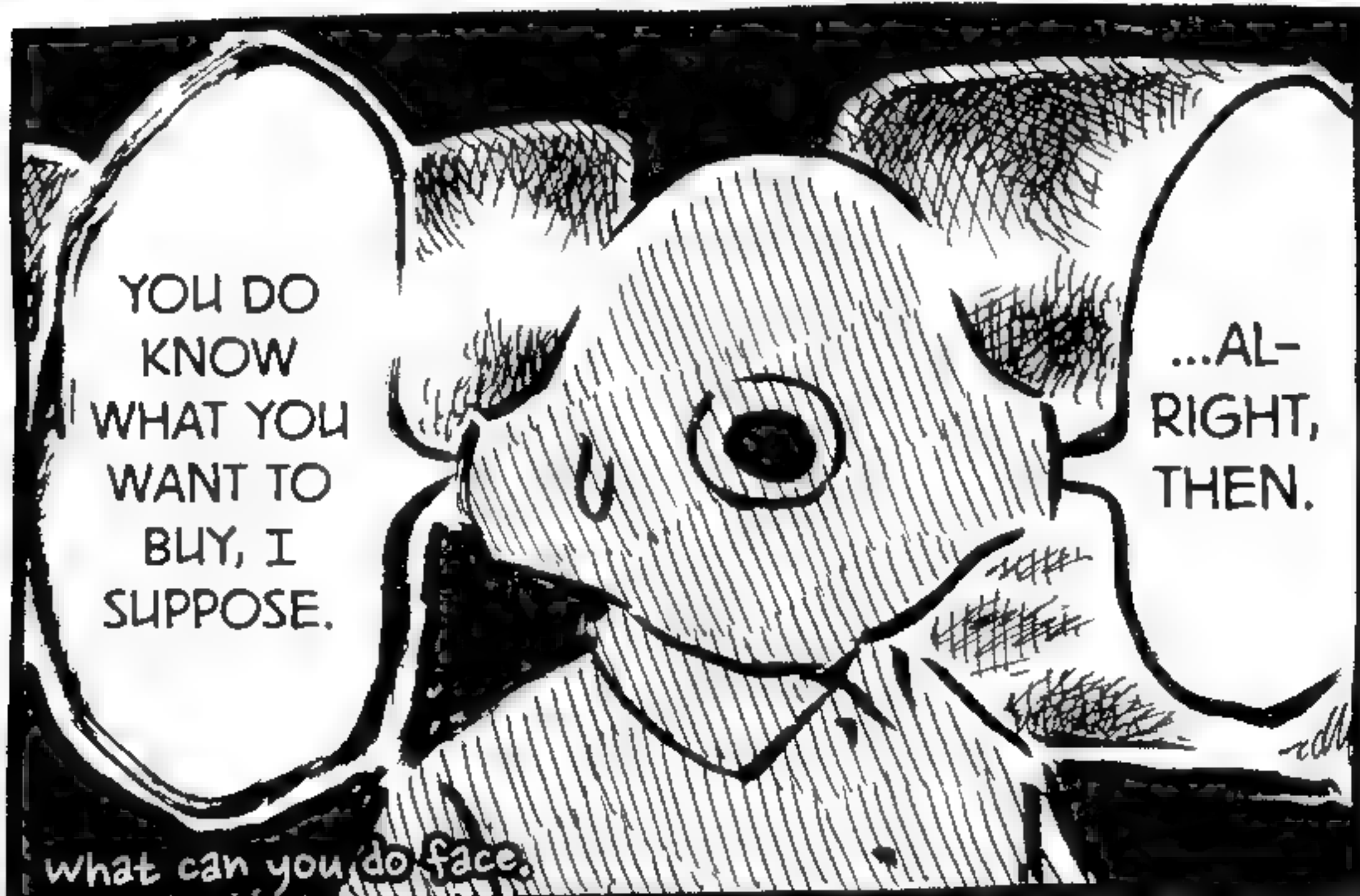
BRRM

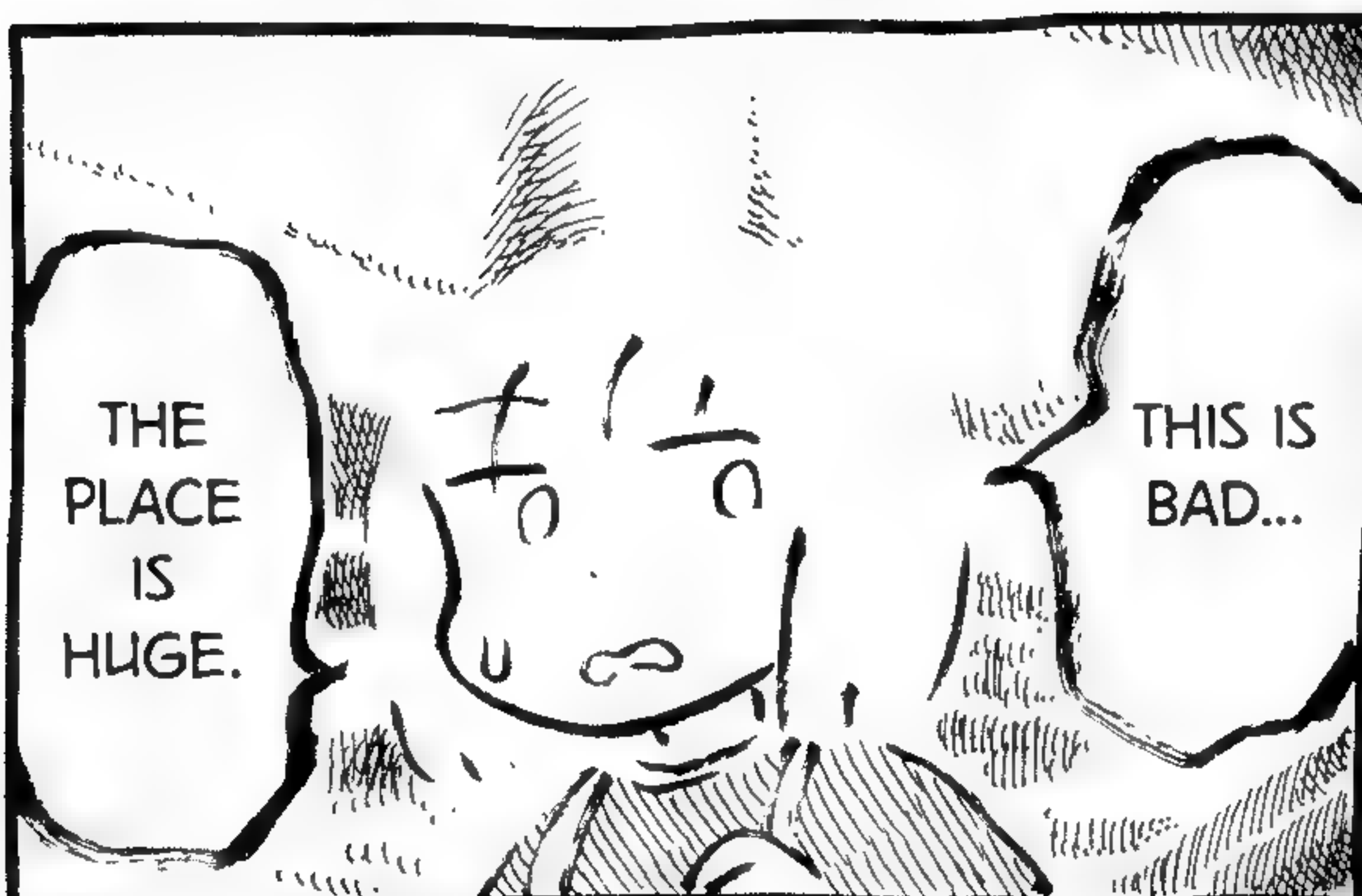
?!

BUT THEY MIGHT SELL THEM AT THE SM STORE!



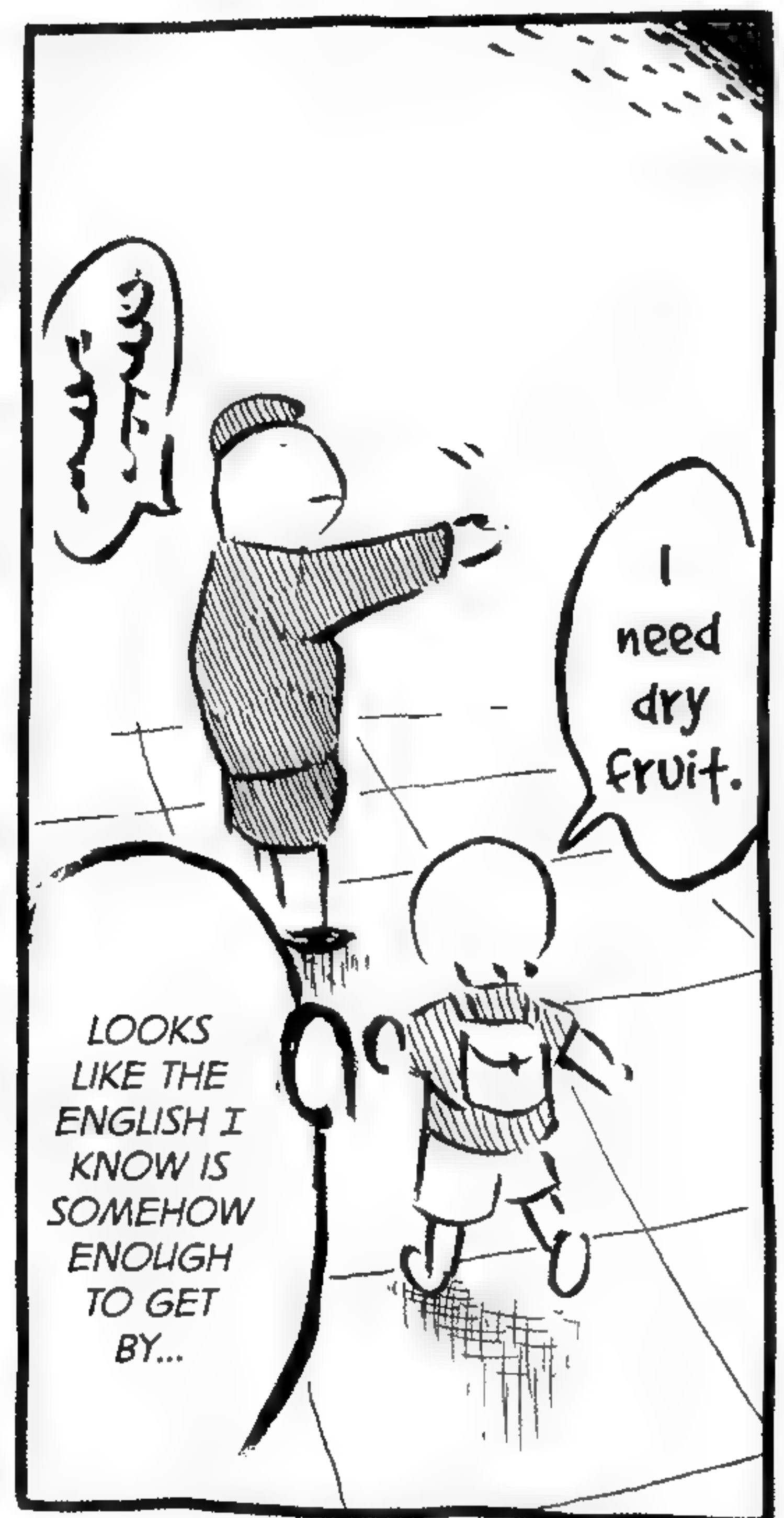
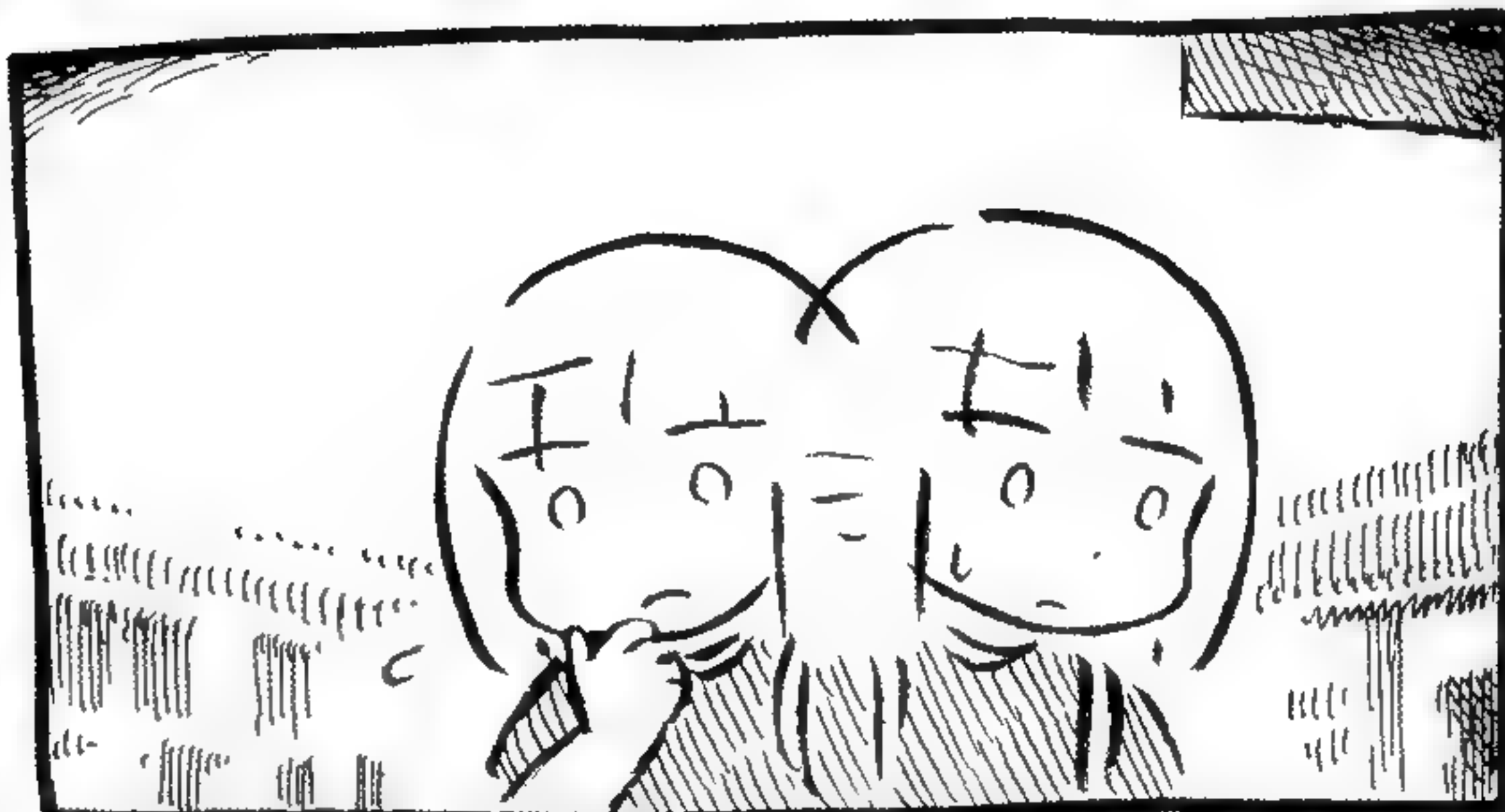
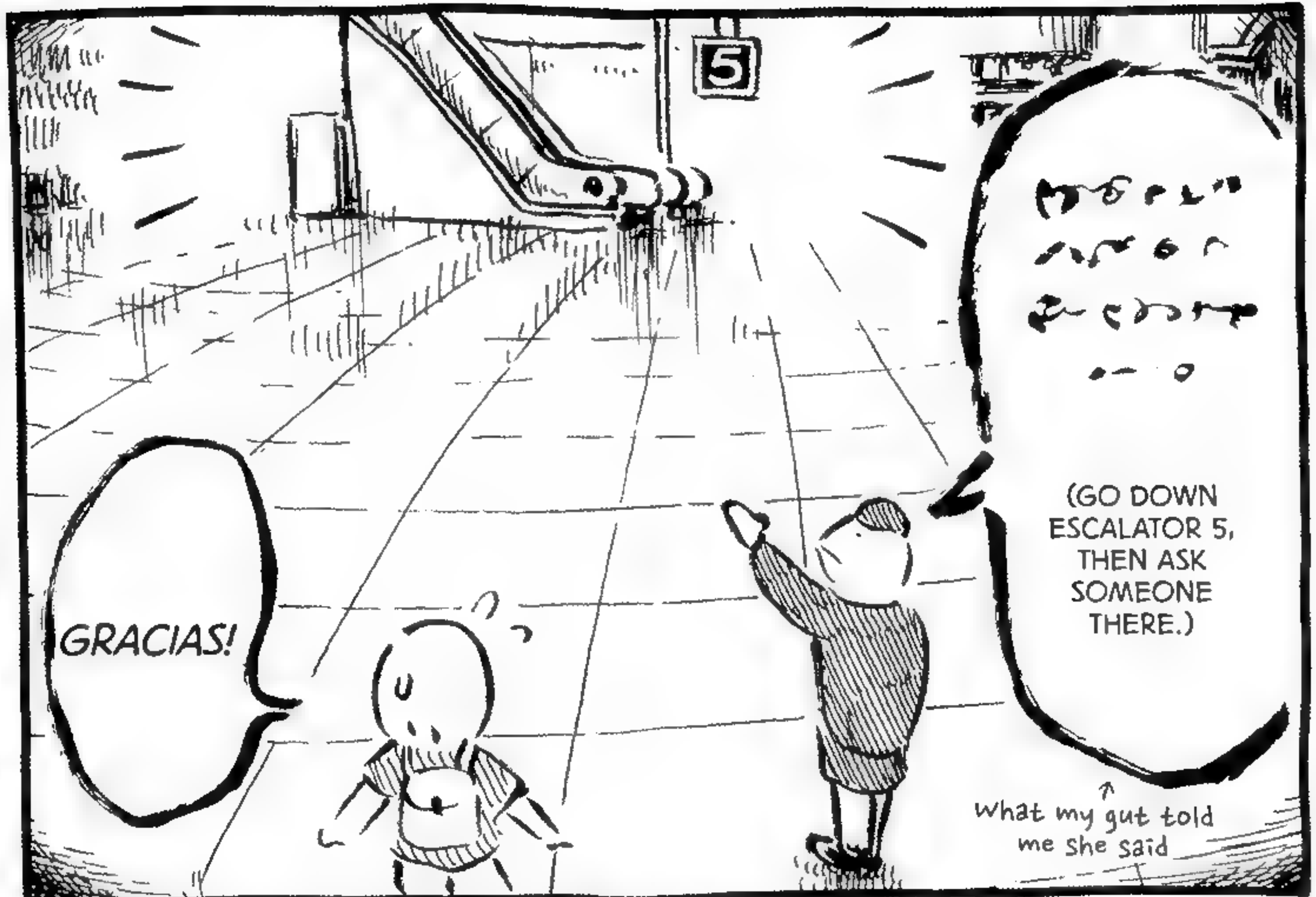







I MAY HAVE RUN OFF WITH CONFIDENCE, BUT THIS WOULD BE MY FIRST TIME ACTING ALONE ON THIS TRIP, WHICH IS TO SAY MY FIRST TIME ALONE OUTSIDE OF JAPAN. NOT ONLY THAT, I HAD A TIME LIMIT TO GET TO MY DRIED FRUIT STAND. I WAS IN NO PLACE TO CARE ABOUT APPEARANCES. THE SM STORE APPEARED TO BE A RETAIL COMPLEX, SIMILAR TO AN AEON MALL IN JAPAN, MAKING IT TOO BIG TO FULLY GRASP IN A SHORT PERIOD OF TIME.








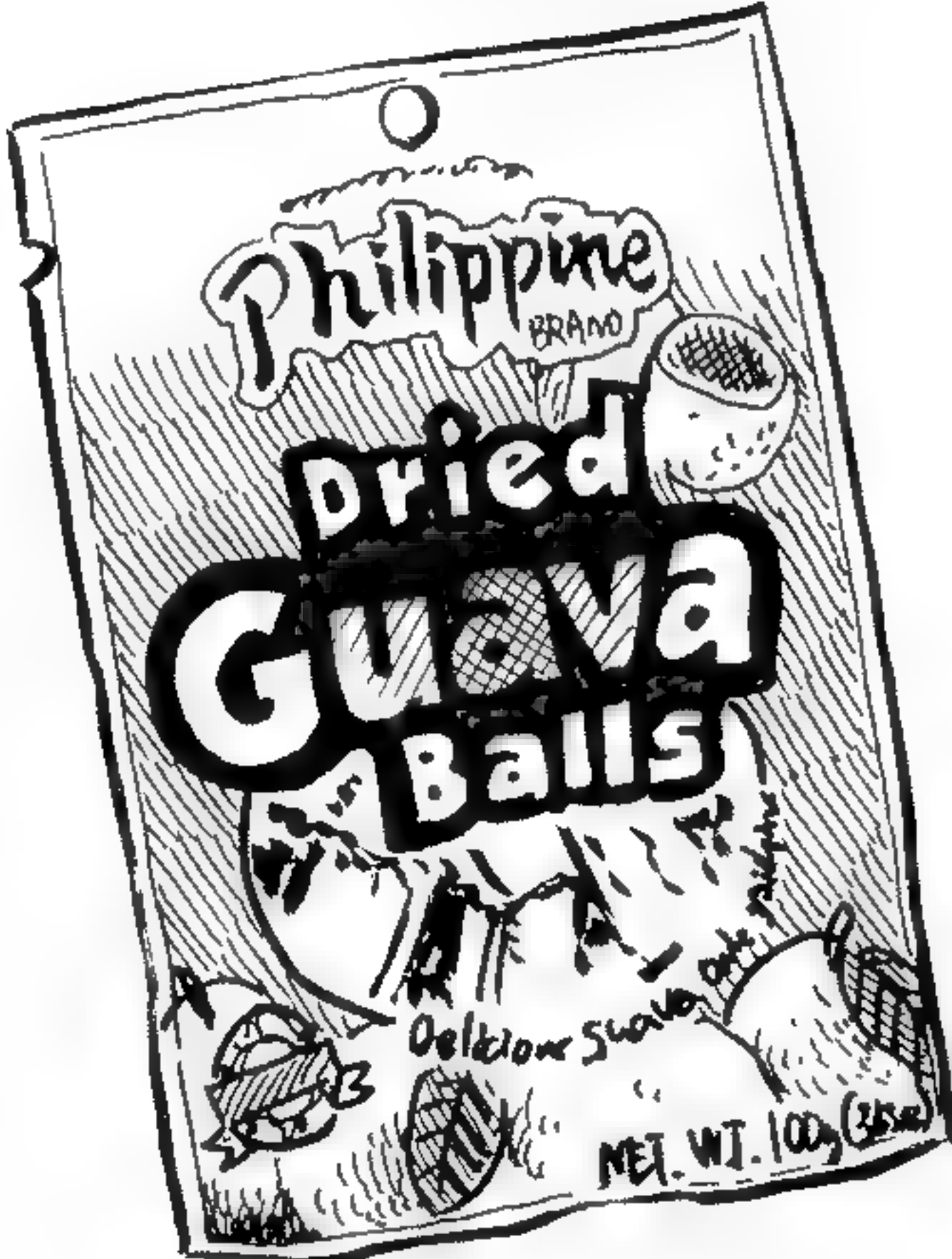
What I bought:




©Dried jackfruit:
I'd never seen these before, so I bought it. It has a sticky-sweet flavor, as well as a unique funky smell to it. I ate the whole pack, but I never really warmed up to it. I looked up more information about it later, and it seems that the big fruit growing directly from a tree trunk I saw from the car in Part 2 was this.



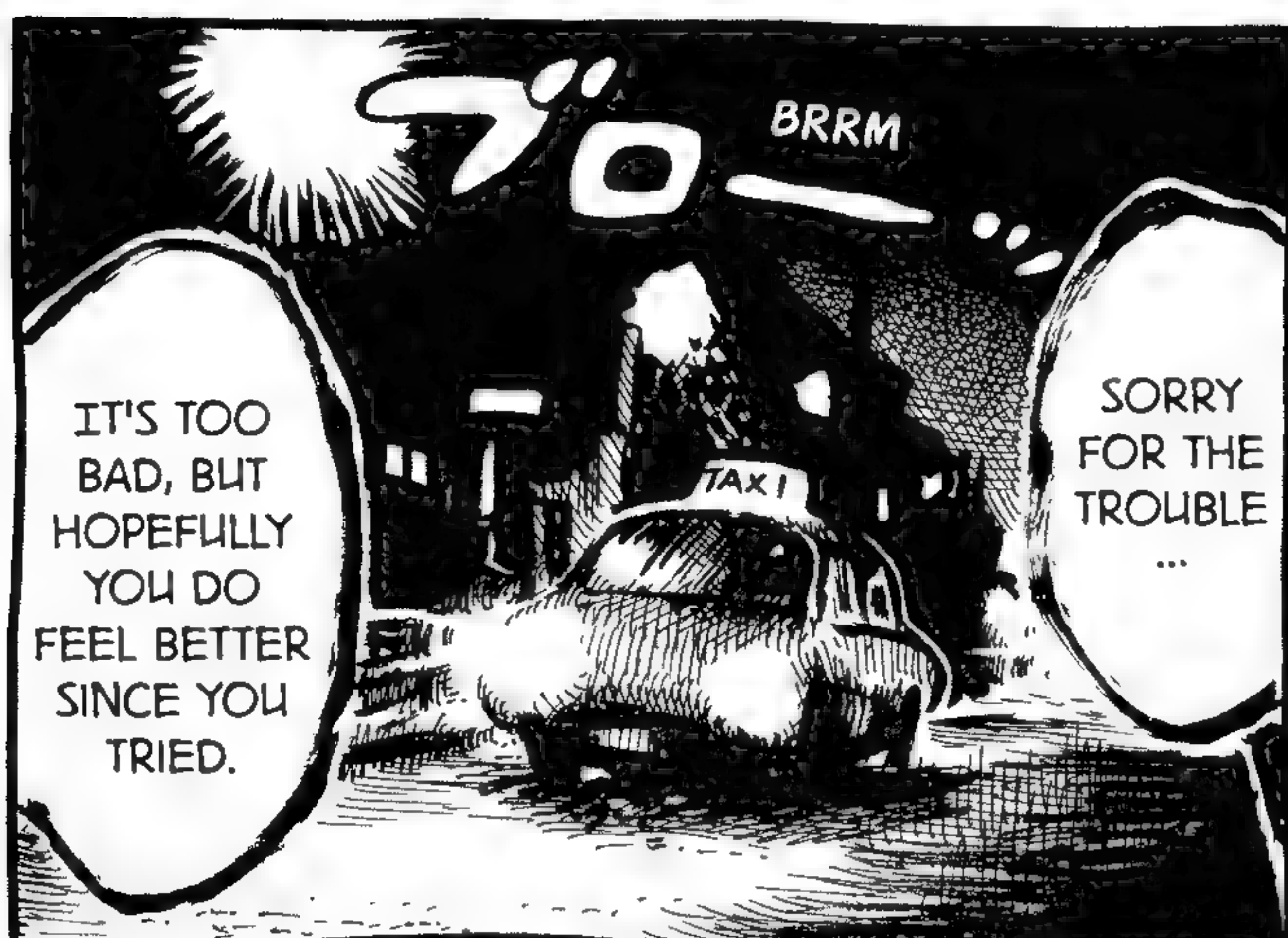
©Dried green mango:
I thought these might be unripe mangos, but apparently these are a different type of mango entirely.



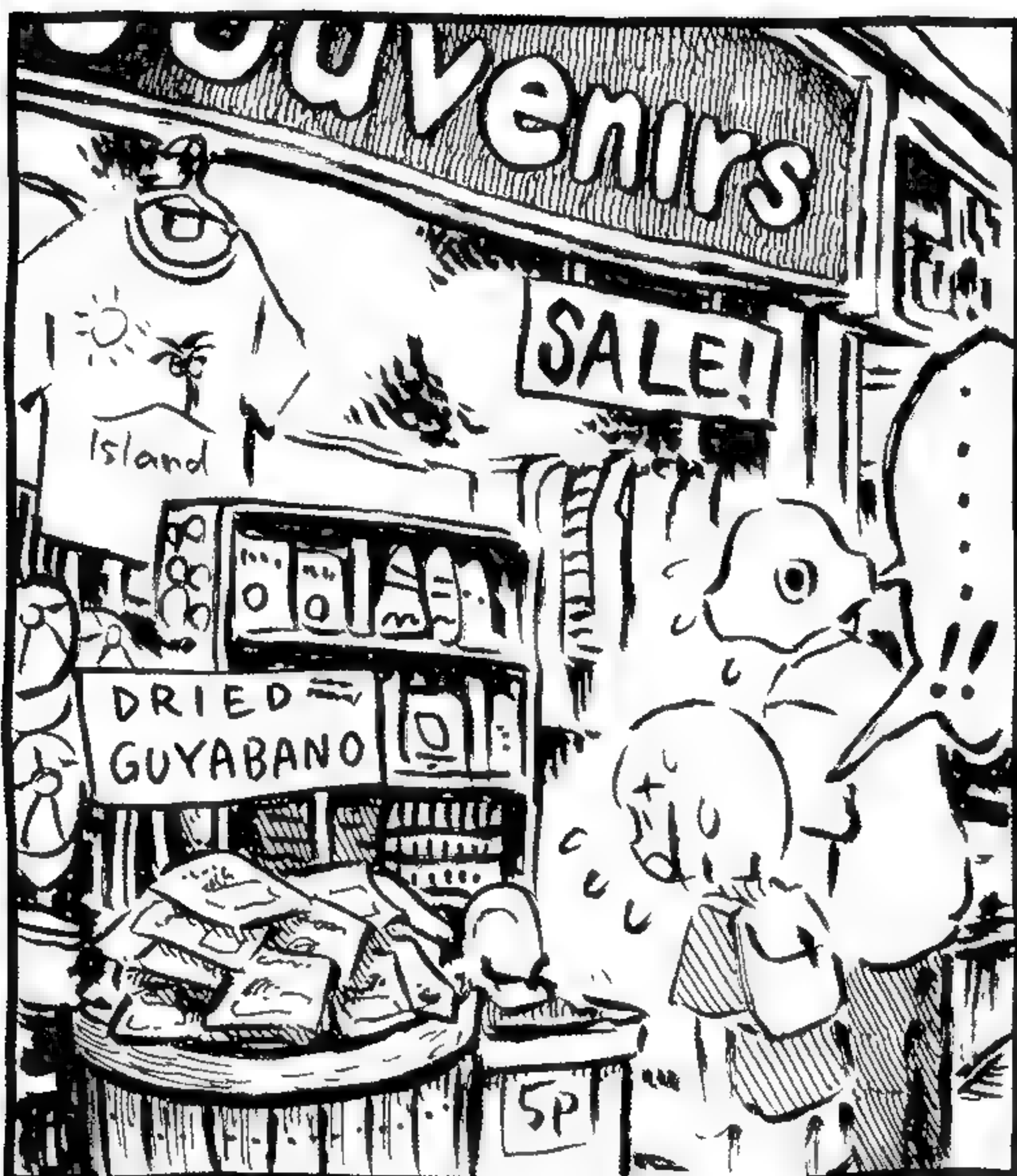
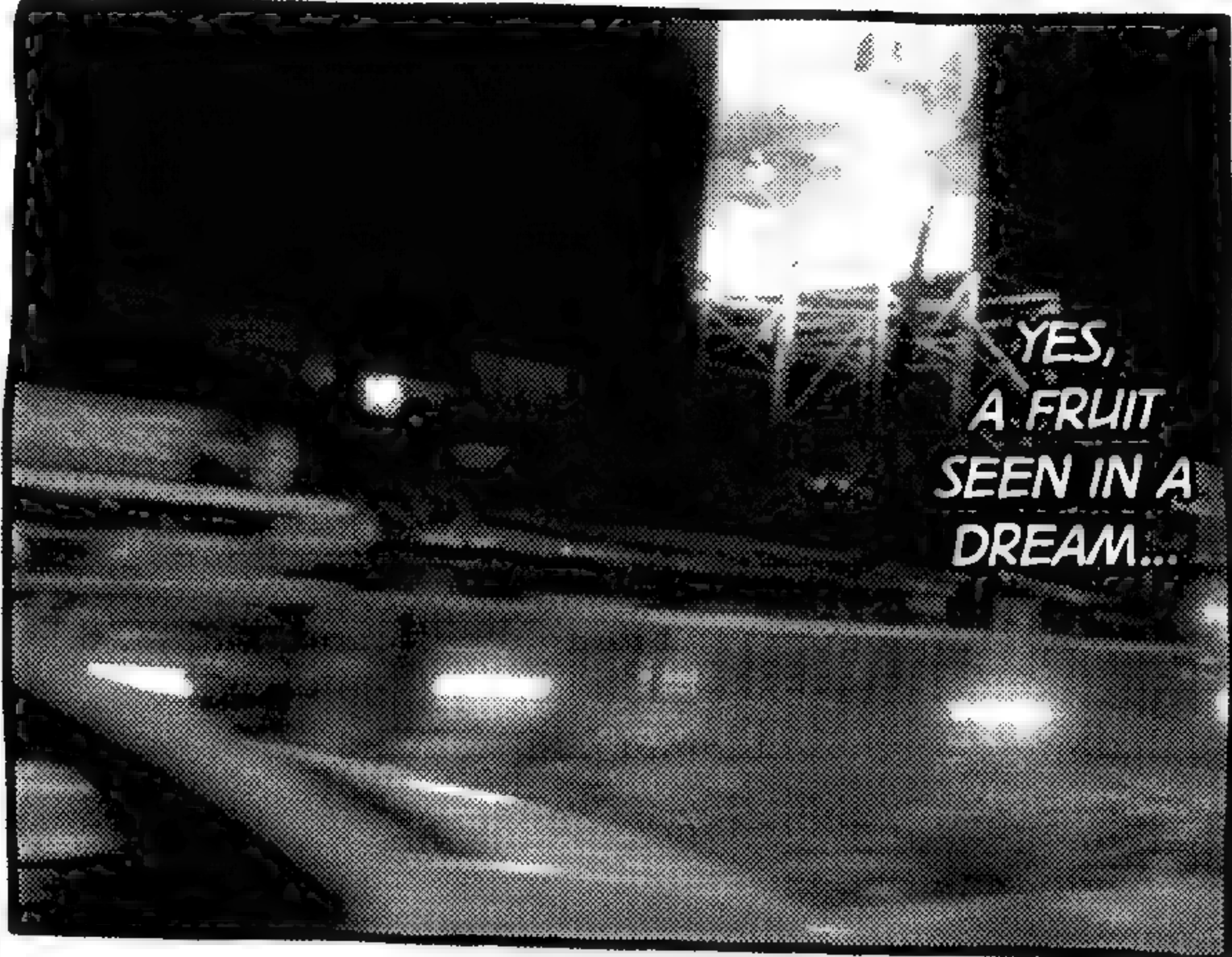
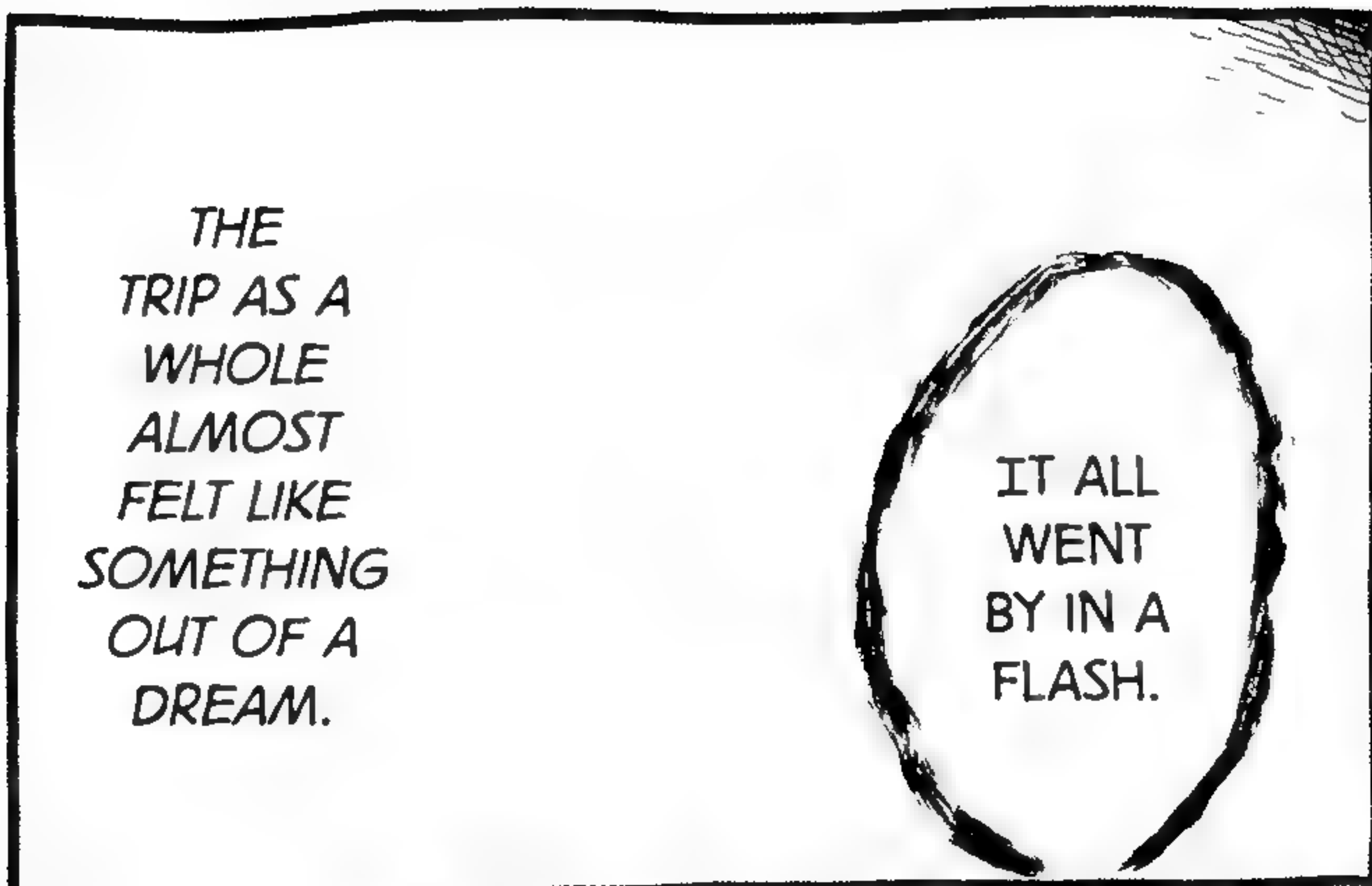
©Dried guava balls:
These might be guava fruit kneaded into balls? They're individually packaged, like candies. These were good, tasting more like guava than the regular dried guava I've had in the past.



©Dried mango:
I figured I might as well...



I MADE IT TO AN AREA FULL OF PRODUCTS SOLD AS GIFTS, SO THERE WAS THE POSSIBILITY THAT DRIED GUYABANOS WERE SOLD IN ANOTHER PART OF THE STORE, GIVEN HOW BIG IT WAS. BETWEEN MY SEARCHING ABILITIES AND THE LACK OF TIME, THOUGH, I GAVE UP ON LOOKING ANY FURTHER. I ENDED UP NOT FINDING ANY DRIED GUYABANO, BUT THE EXPERIENCE OF WANDERING AROUND ALONE IN SEARCH OF GUYABANOS WHILE POWERLESS IN A FOREIGN LAND WAS A RARE AND VALUABLE ONE. AND WHILE I DIDN'T END UP WITH WHAT I WENT THERE FOR, WHAT I RETURNED WITH WAS WORTHWHILE ON ITS OWN.



THUD



They had two types

©Half-raw: Moist with a good mix of sweet and sour. Doesn't feel much like eating guyabano.

©Fully dried: Both the fibrousness and flavor are very much like the real thing.

I BOUGHT AS MUCH AS I COULD STUFF INTO MY BAG.





I'LL GO TO THE EX-CHANGE!

I USED UP ALL MY PESOS!

SO OF COURSE, THEY WERE SELLING A MOUNTAIN OF THEM AT THE AIRPORT GIFT STAND...


I'M WRITING THIS JOURNAL AS I EAT DRIED GUYABANO, THE FRUIT OF MY LABOR.

YUM

AND SO, THAT BROUGHT AN END TO MY GUYABANO JOURNEY.

IN ANY CASE, I SINCERELY HOPE THAT A DAY COMES WHEN THEY BY SOME CHANCE SPREAD THROUGHOUT JAPAN.



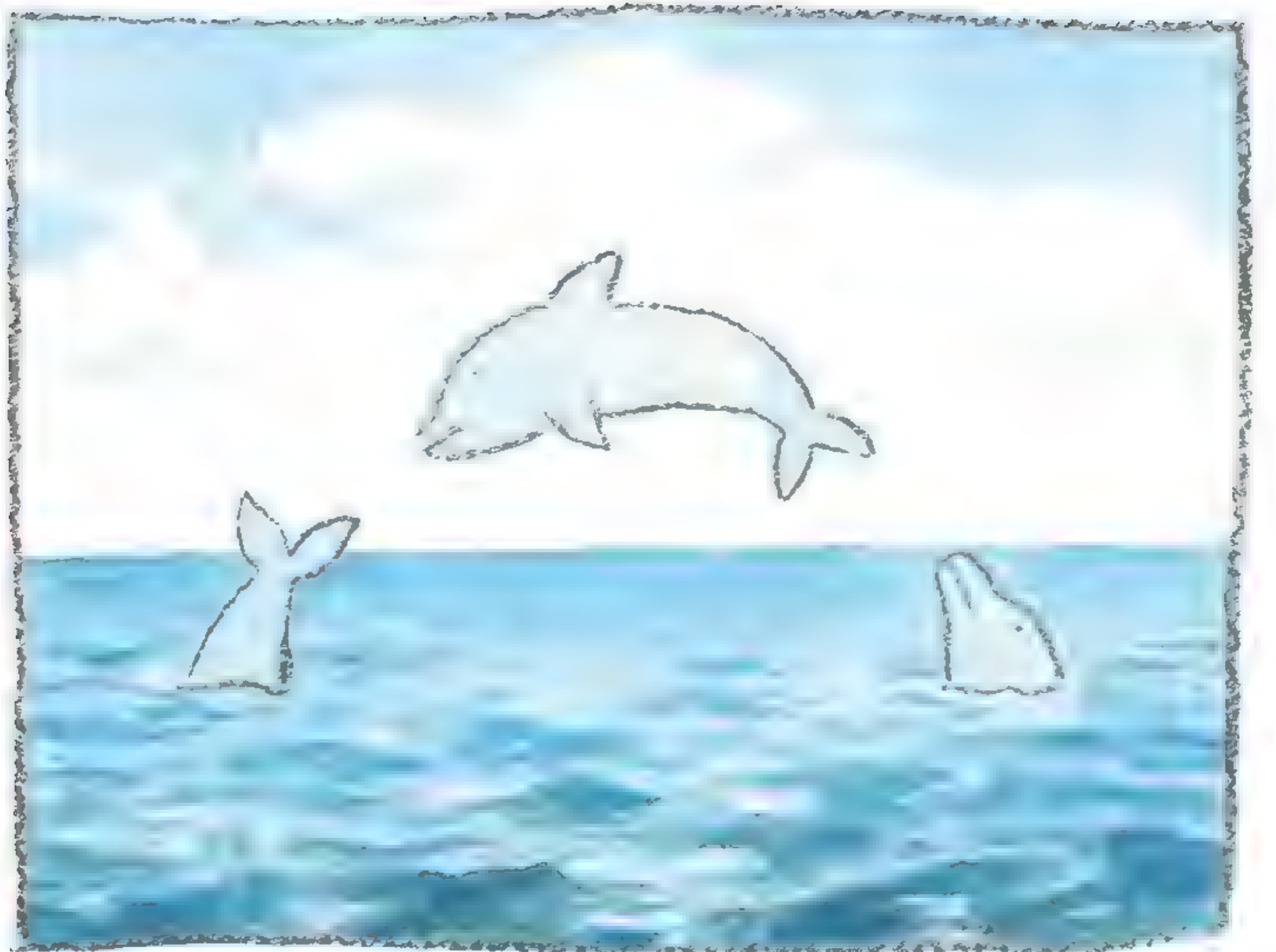
THE CALL OF GUYABANOS, THAT FASCINATING FRUIT...

IT ALSO MADE ME REALIZE THAT THE WHOLE WORLD IS FULL OF COUNTLESS MYSTERIES.

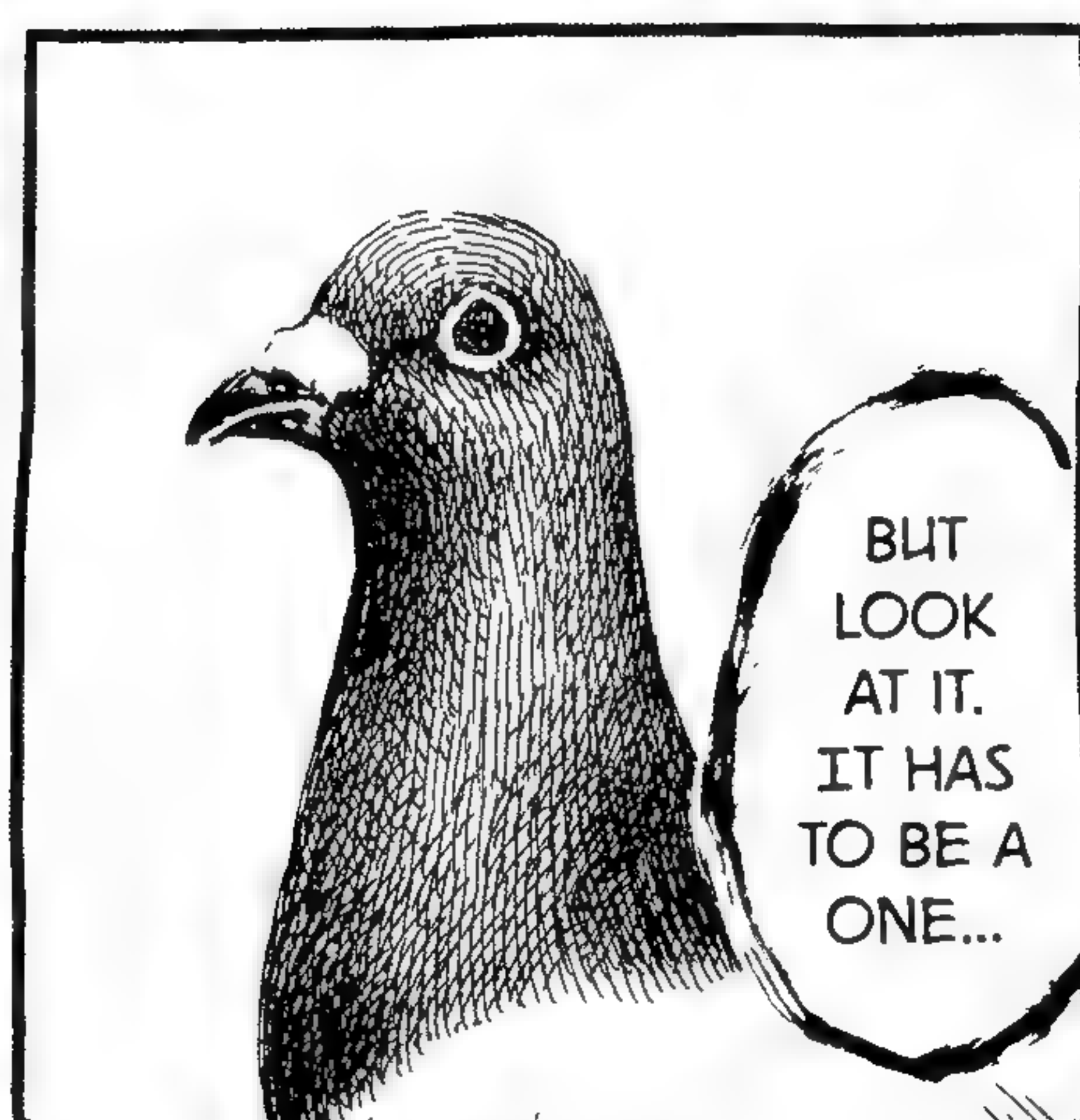
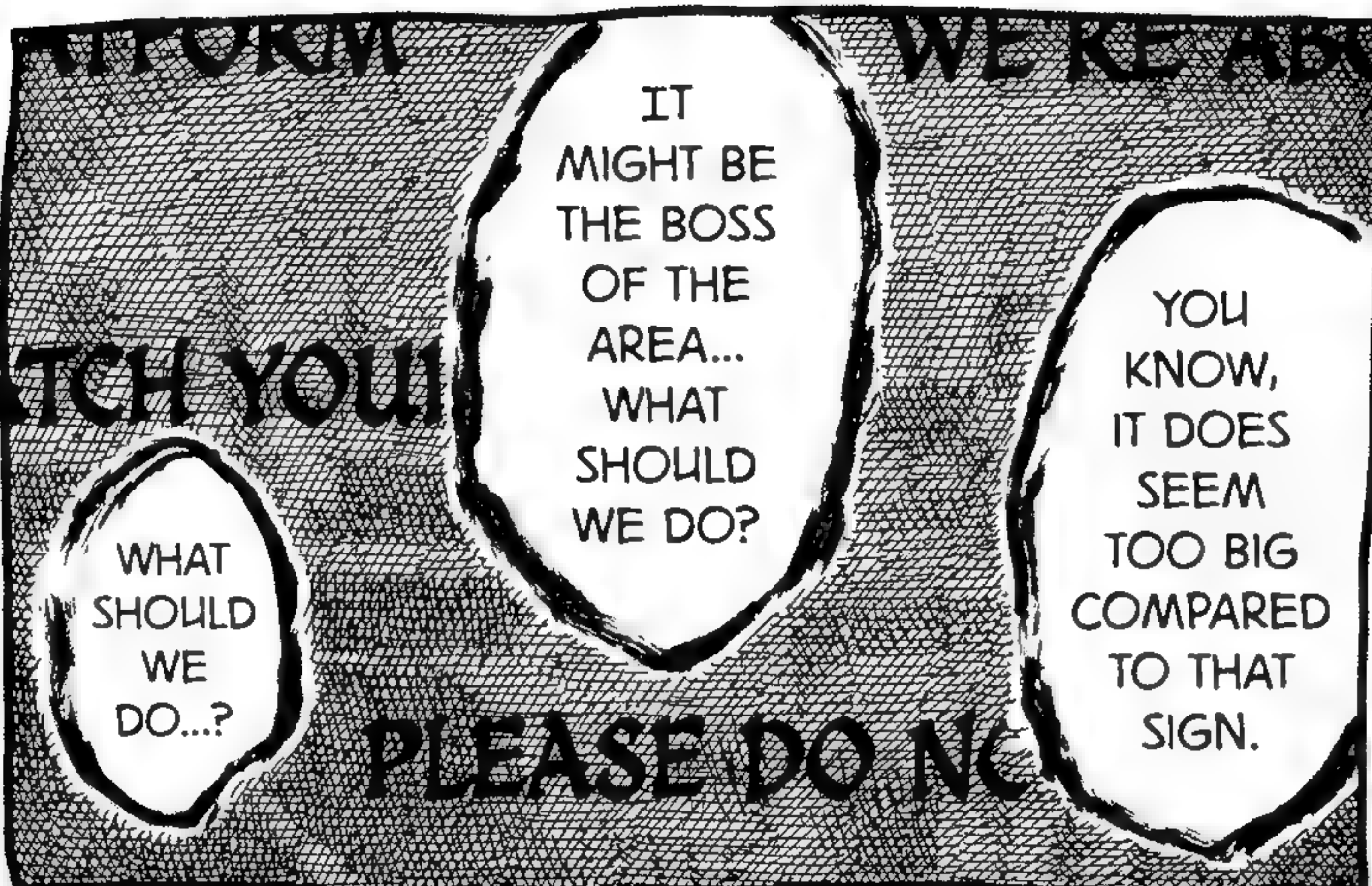
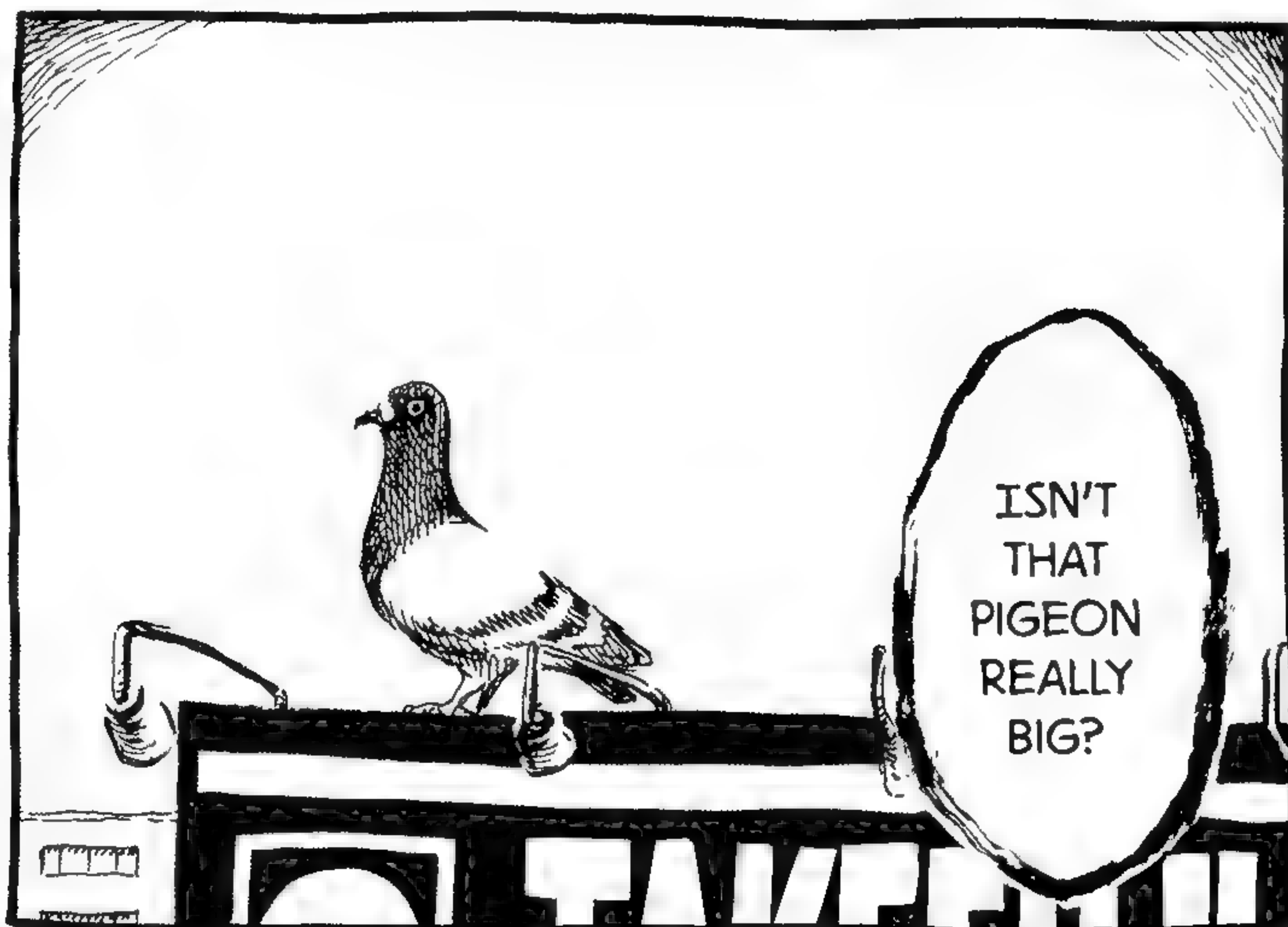
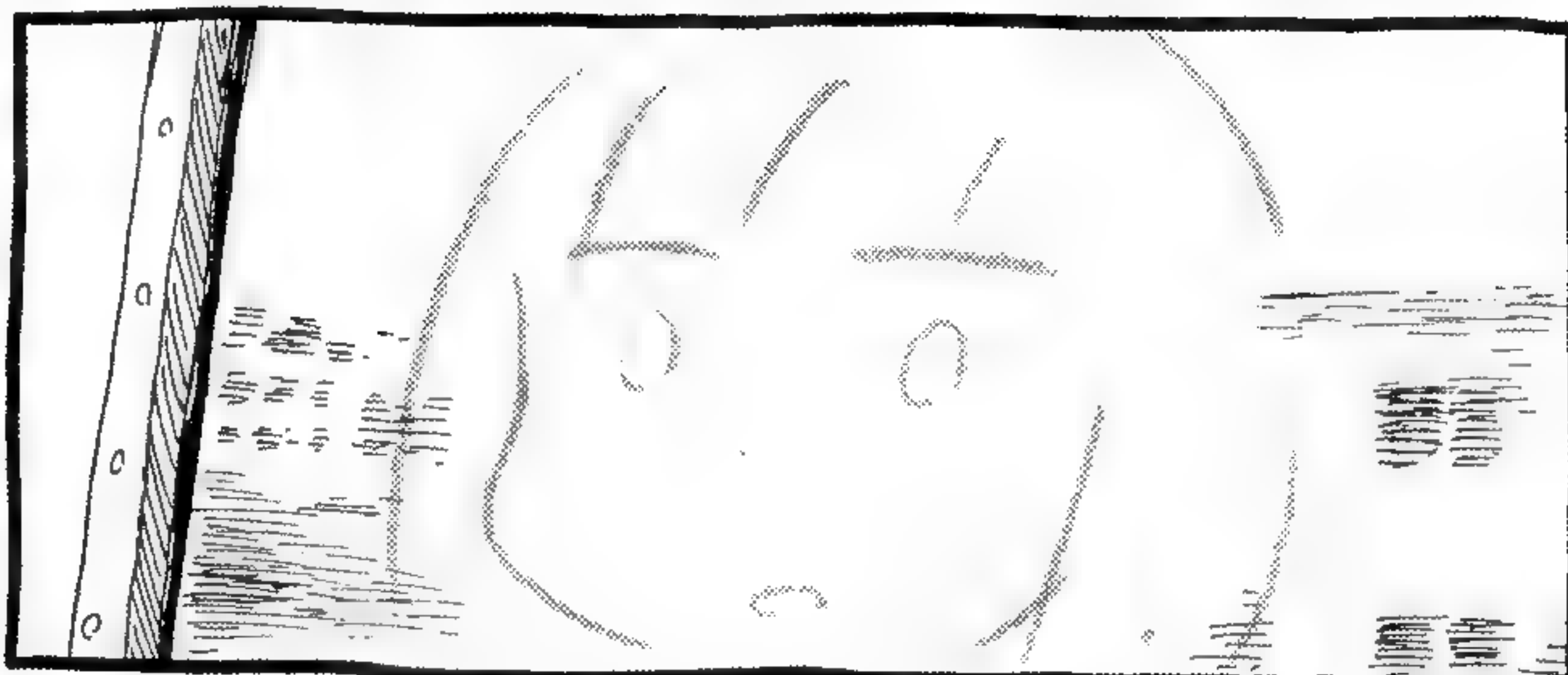
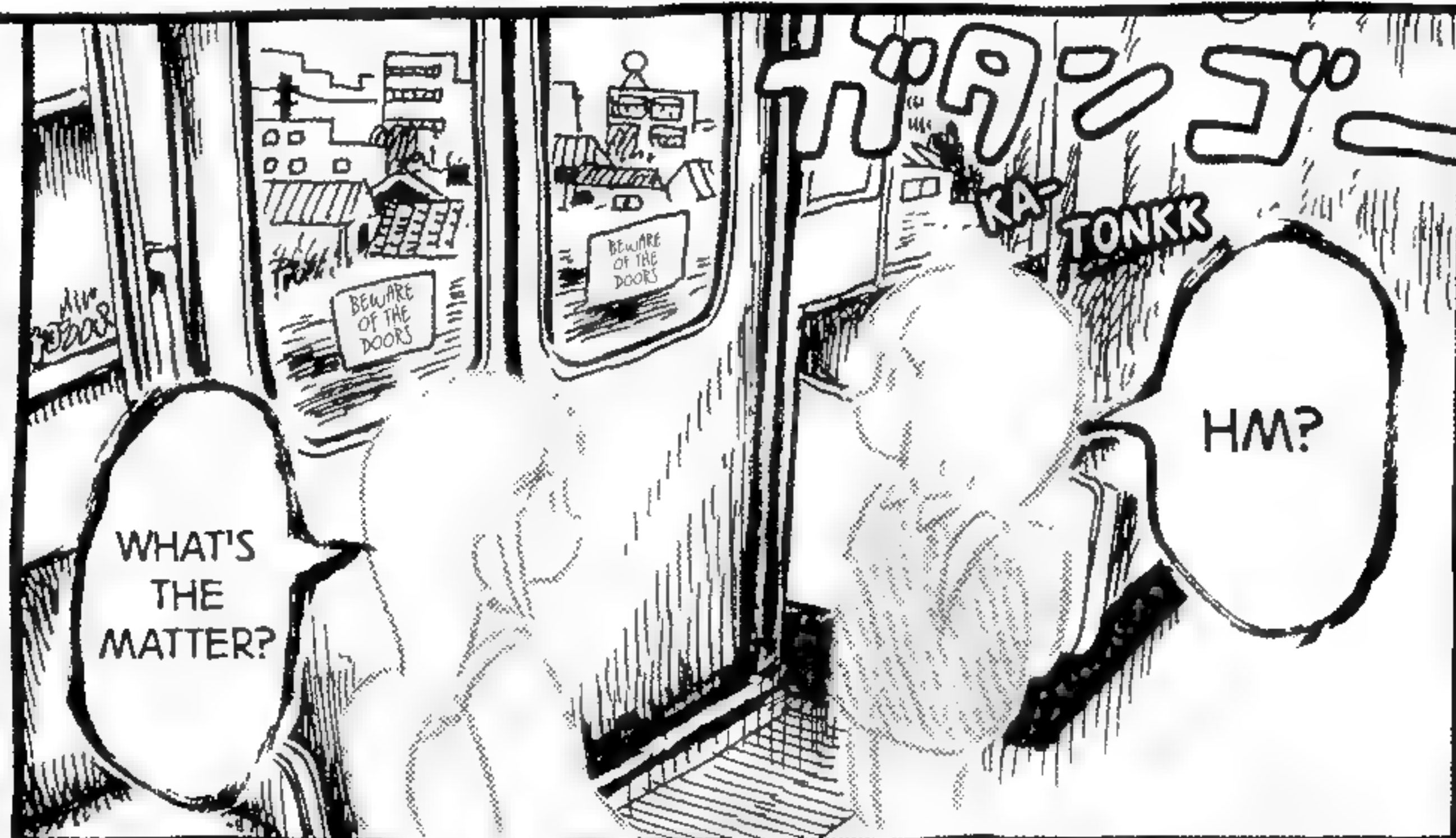
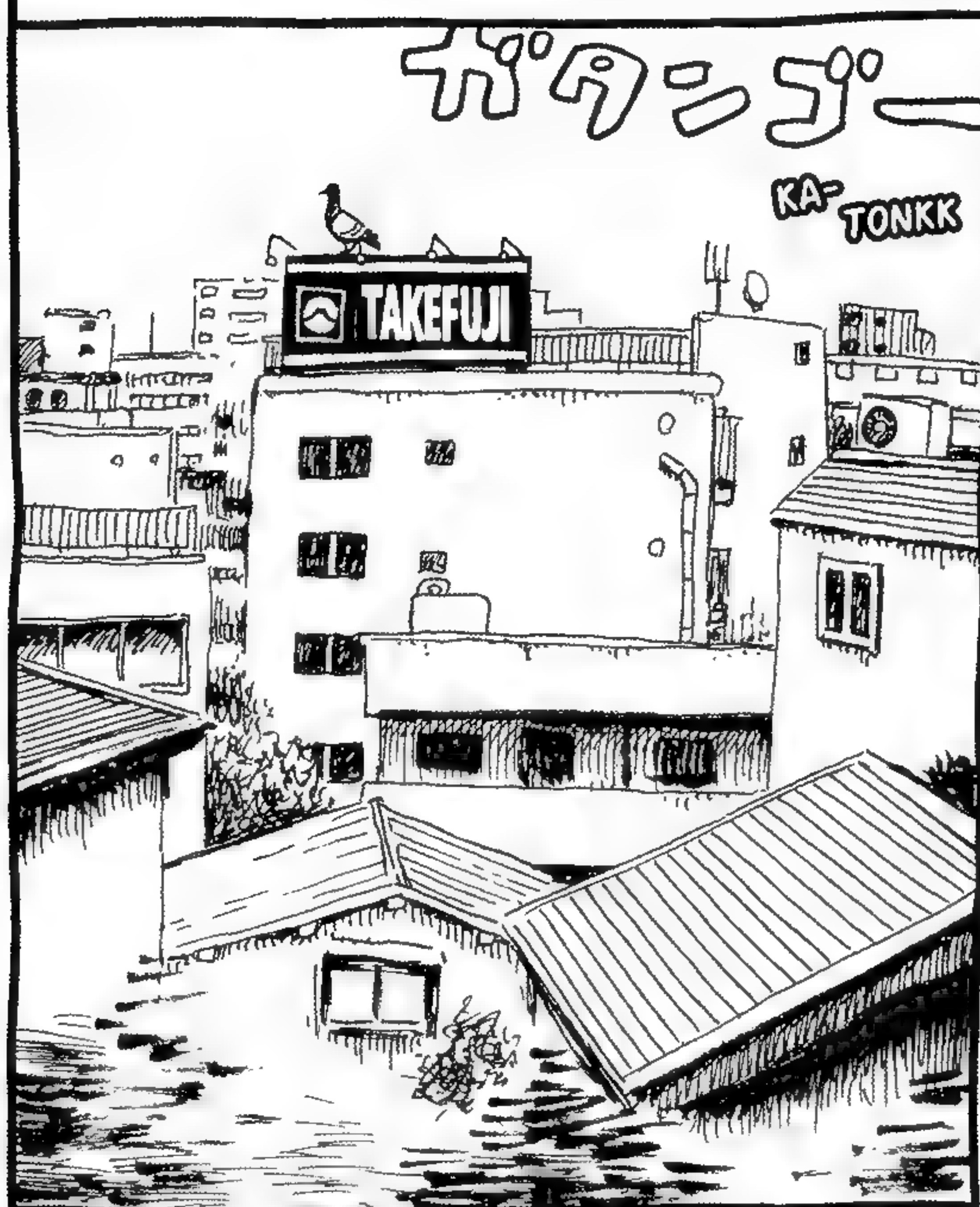


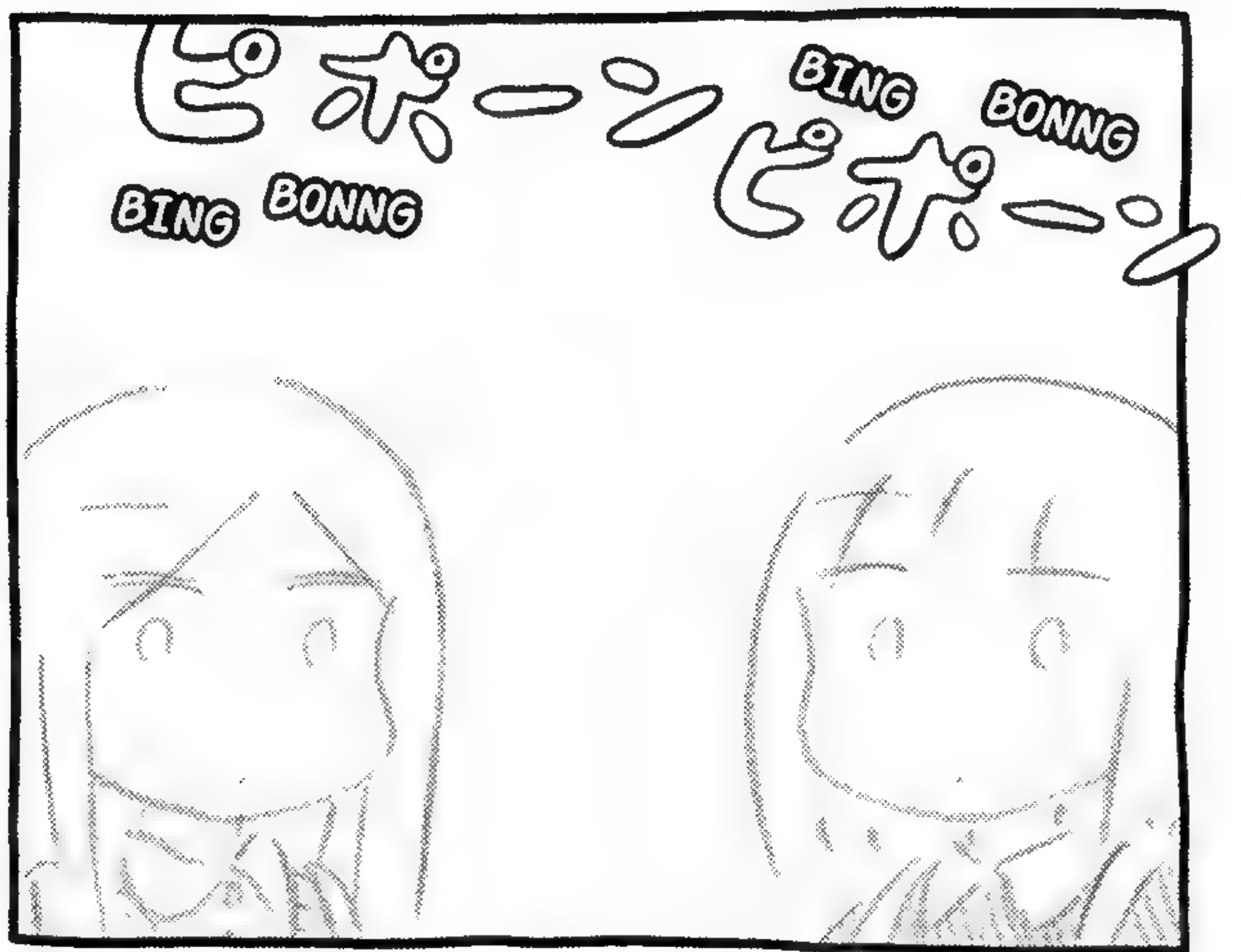
THE TRIP CAME ABOUT BY A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, BUT THE EXCITEMENT OF HUNTING FOR GUYABANOS, AS WELL AS THEIR TASTE, IS SOMETHING I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER.

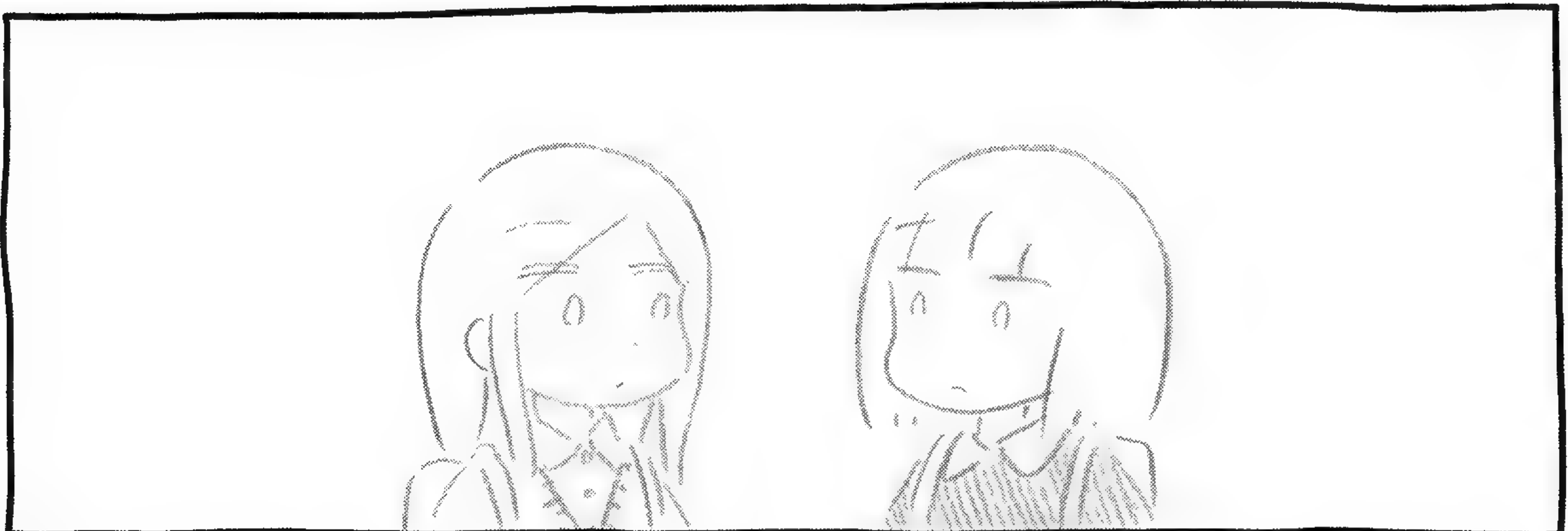
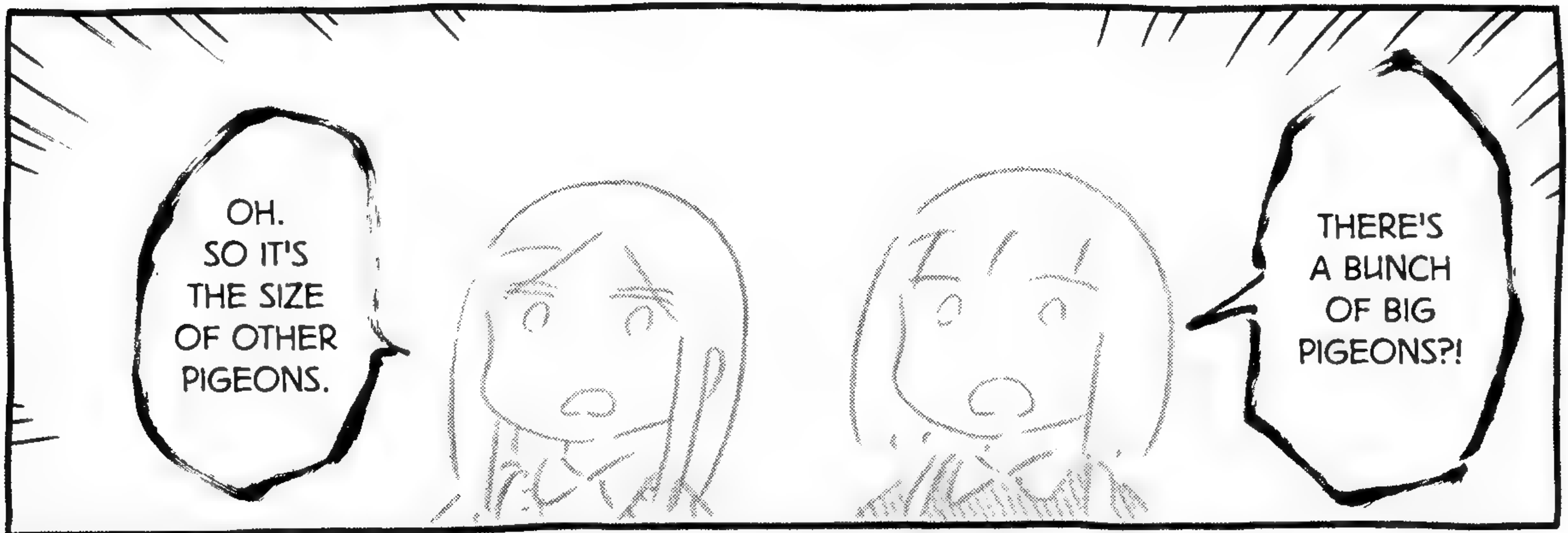
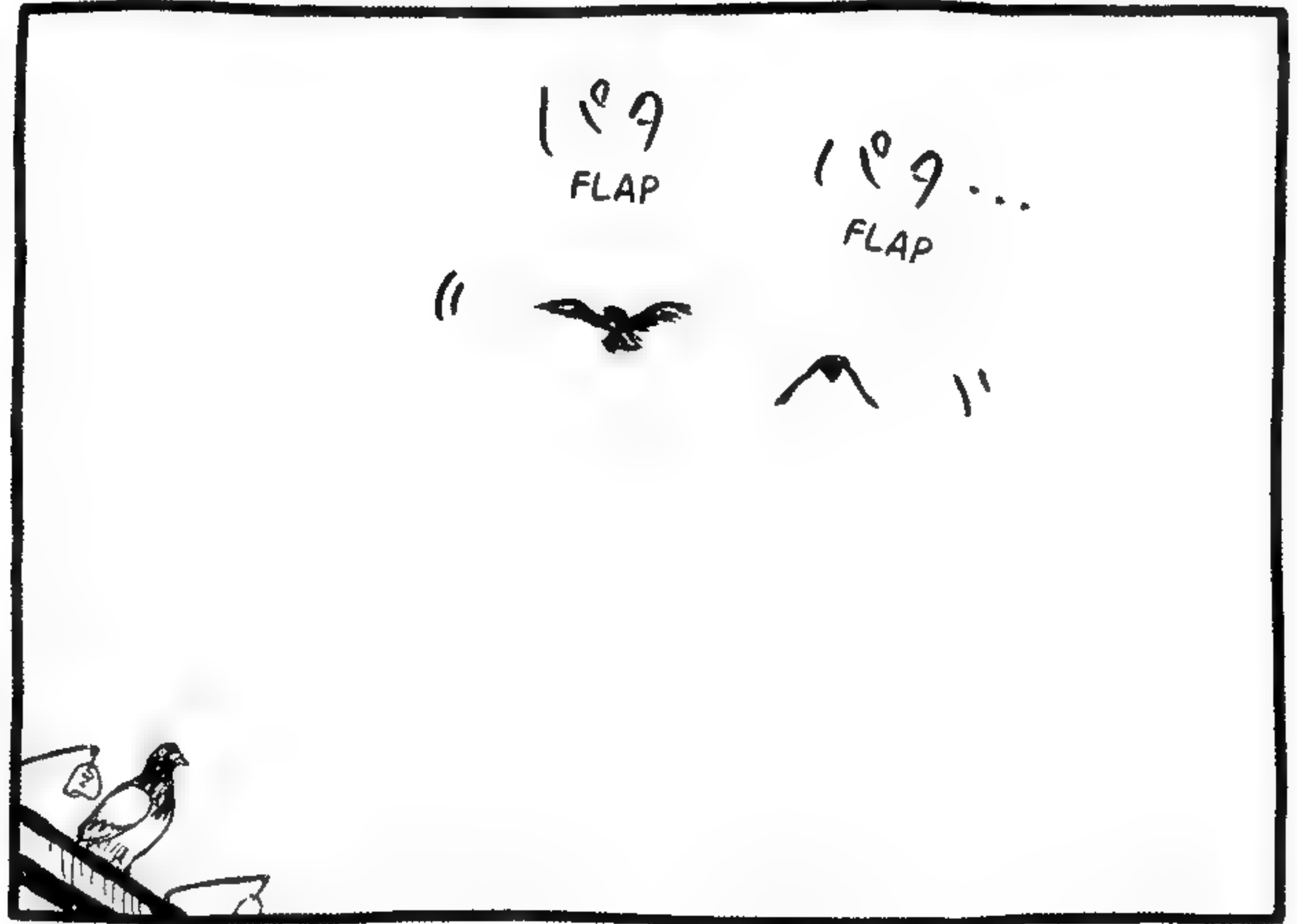
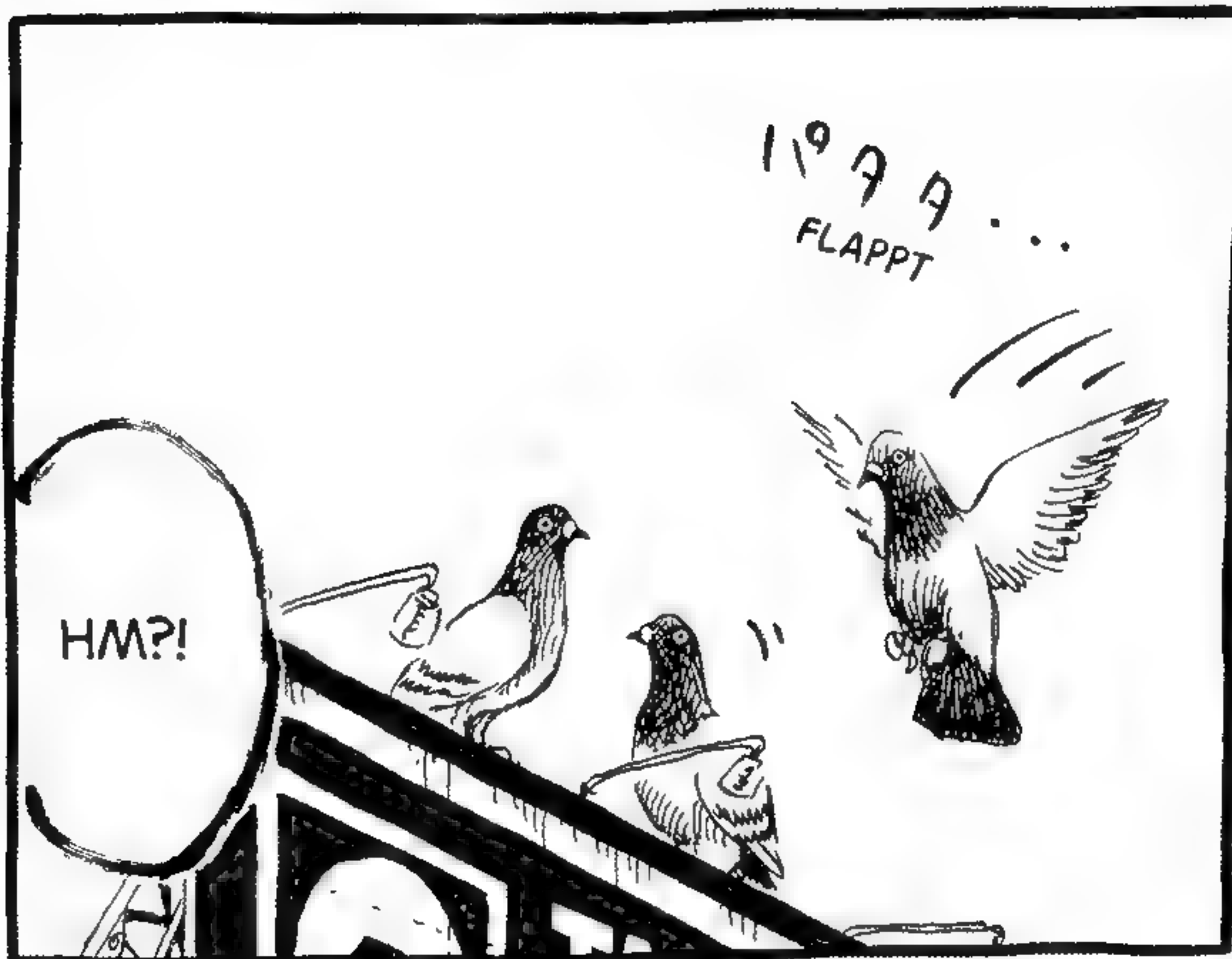
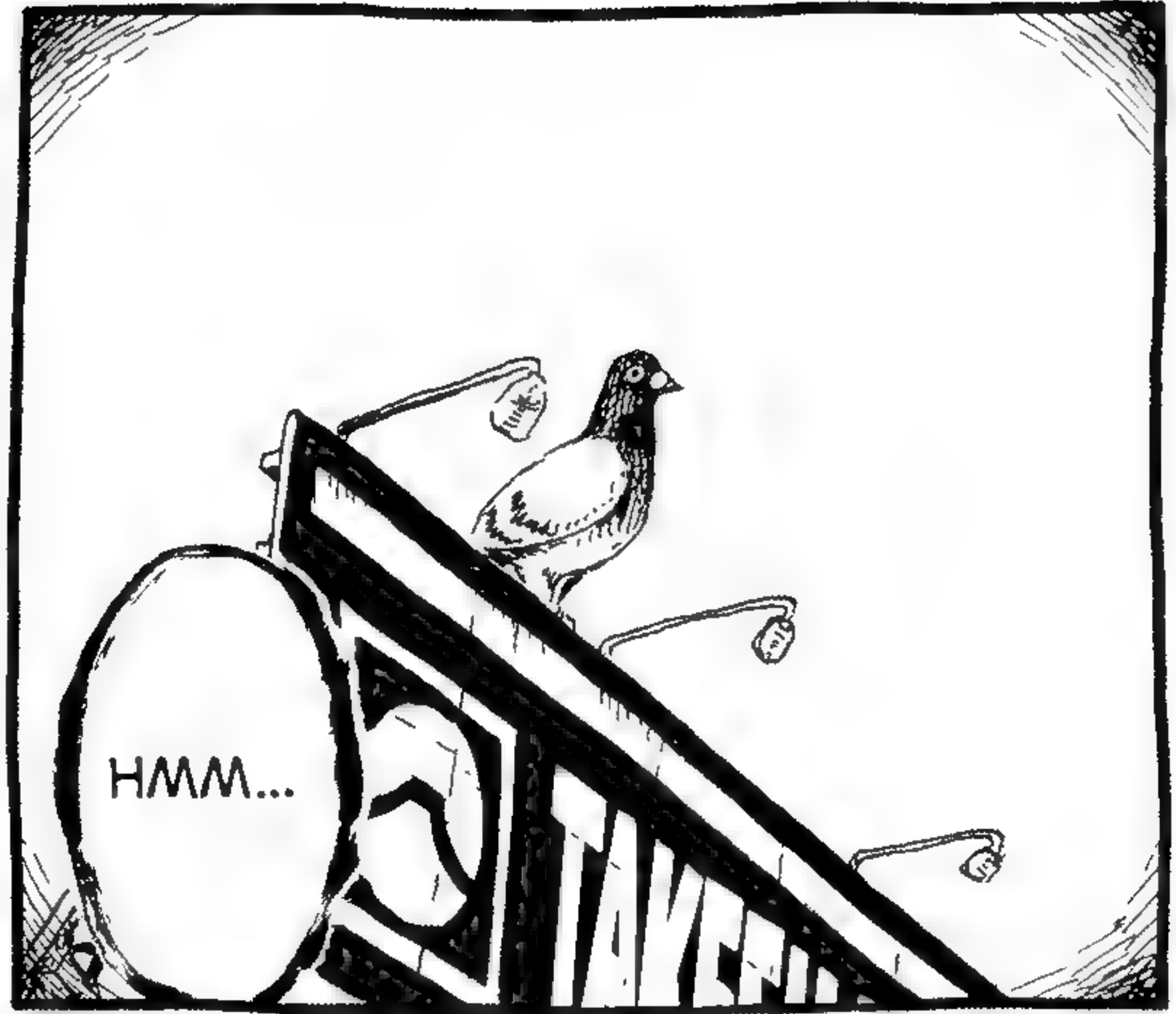
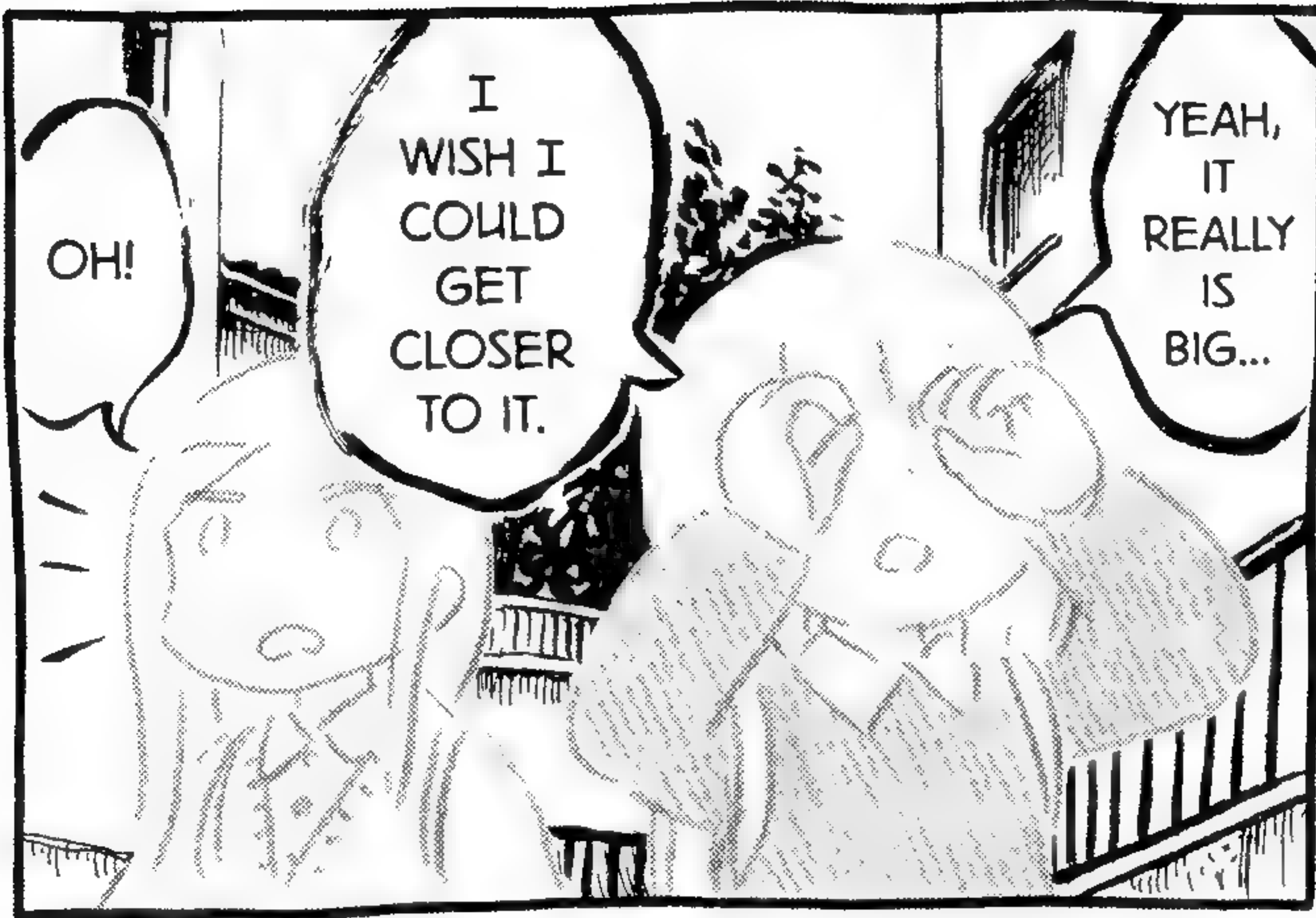


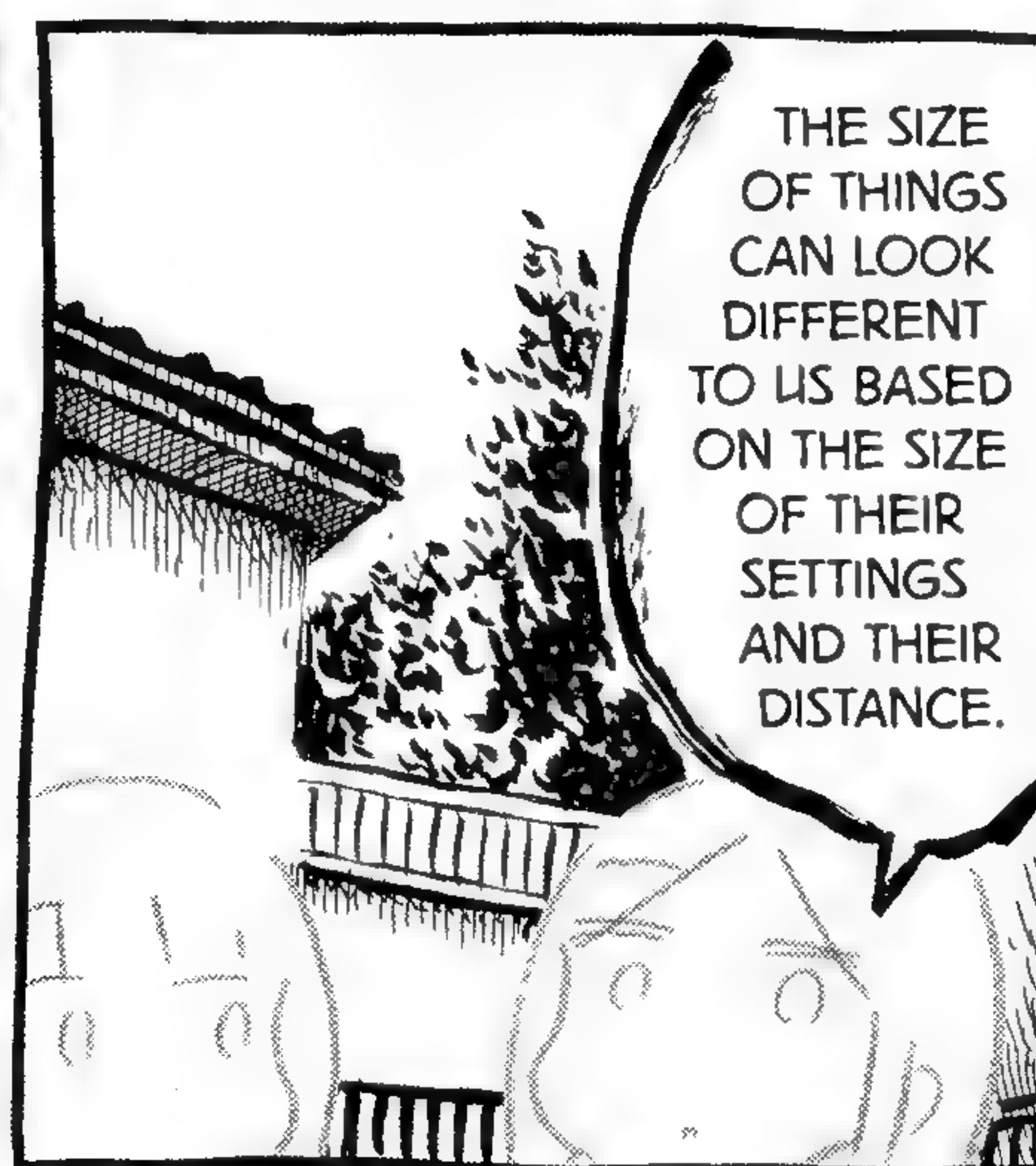
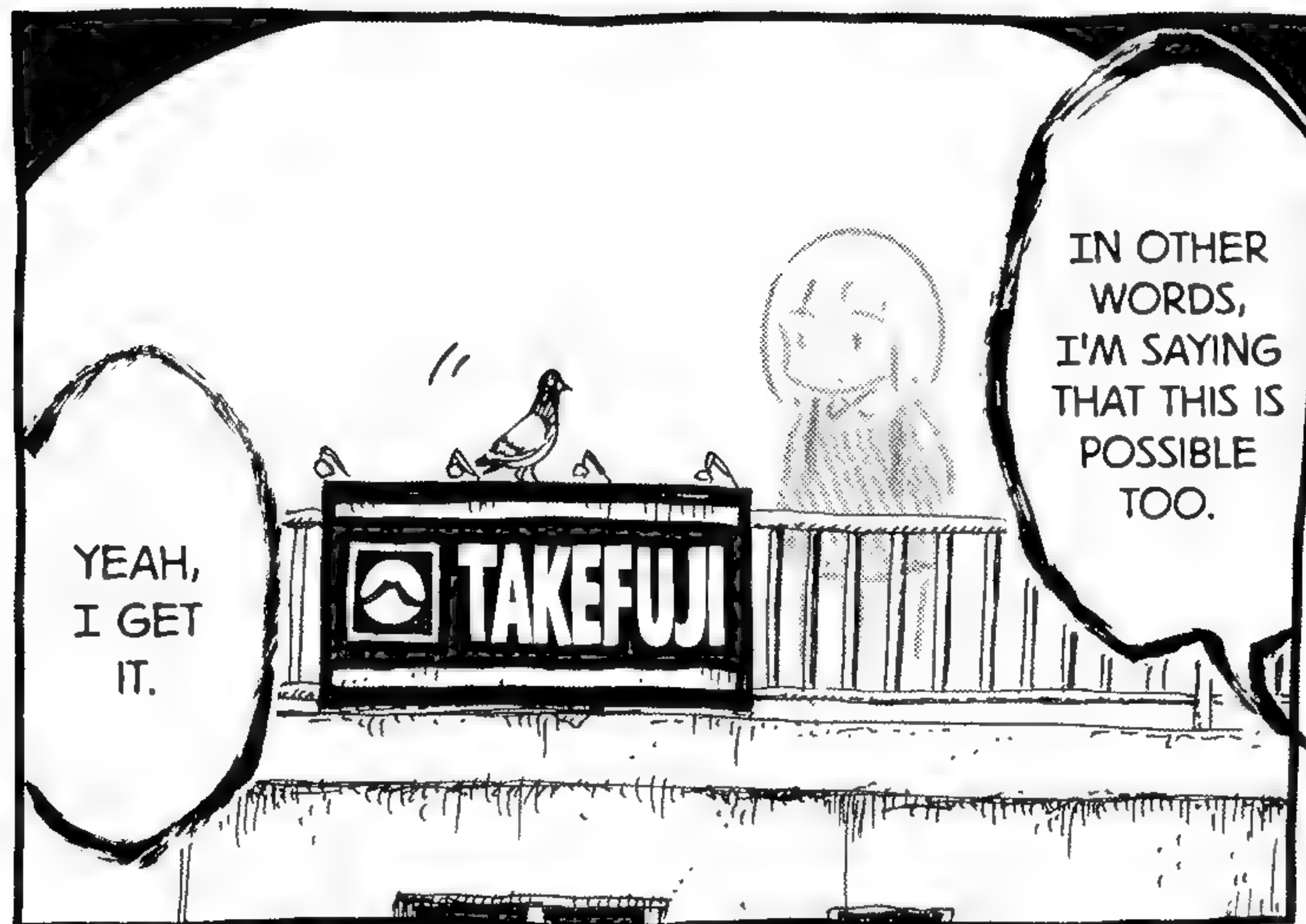
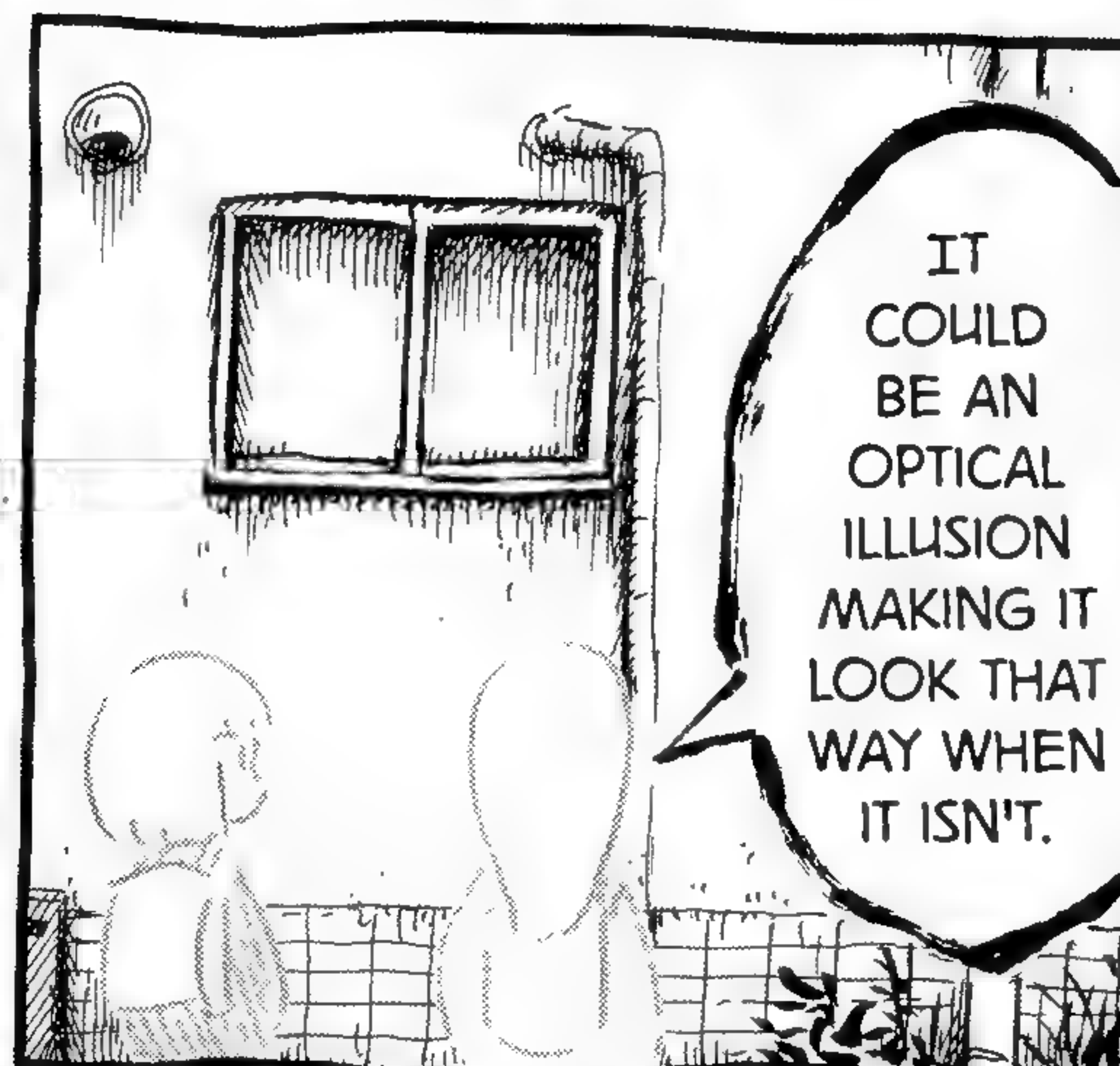
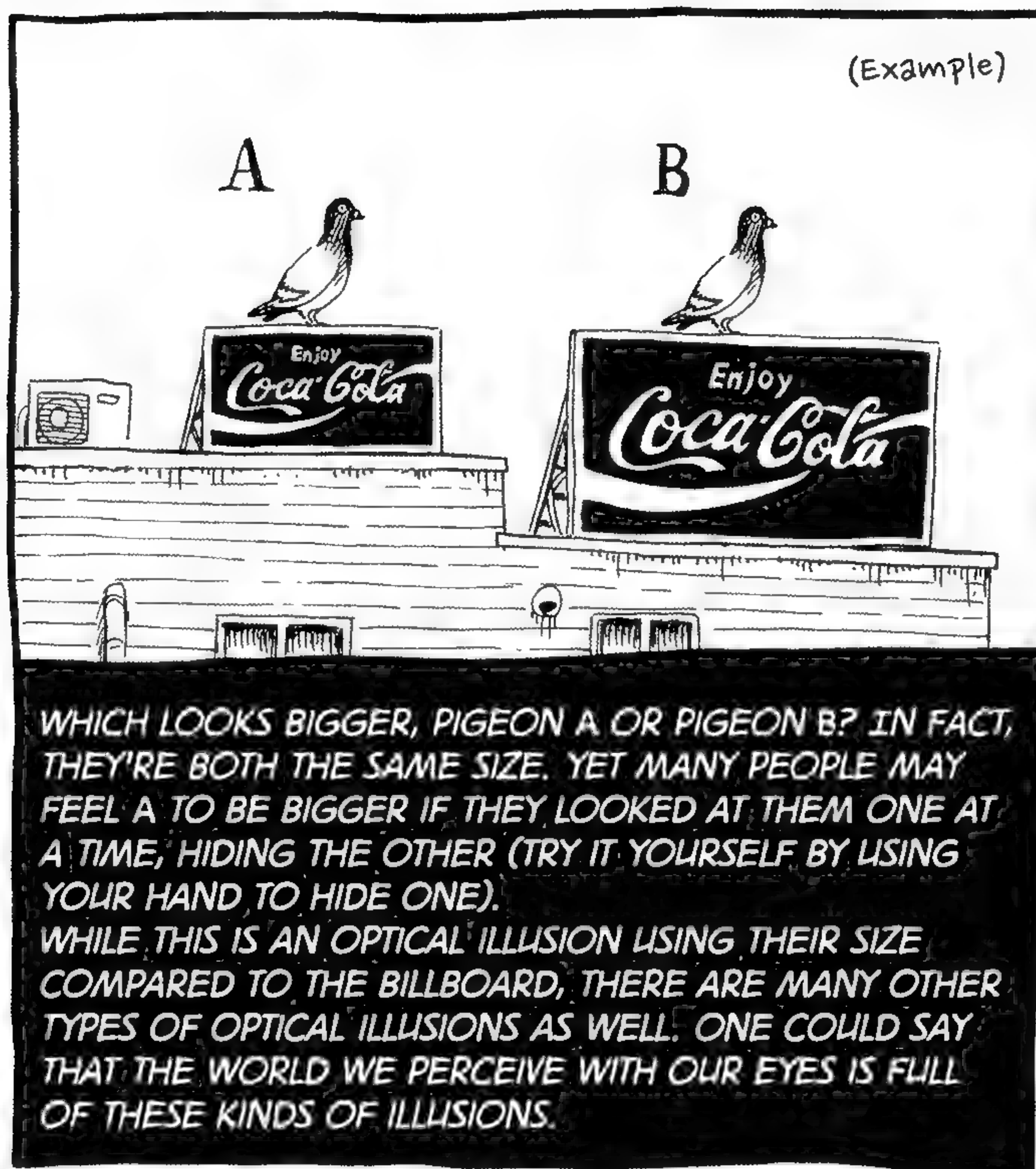
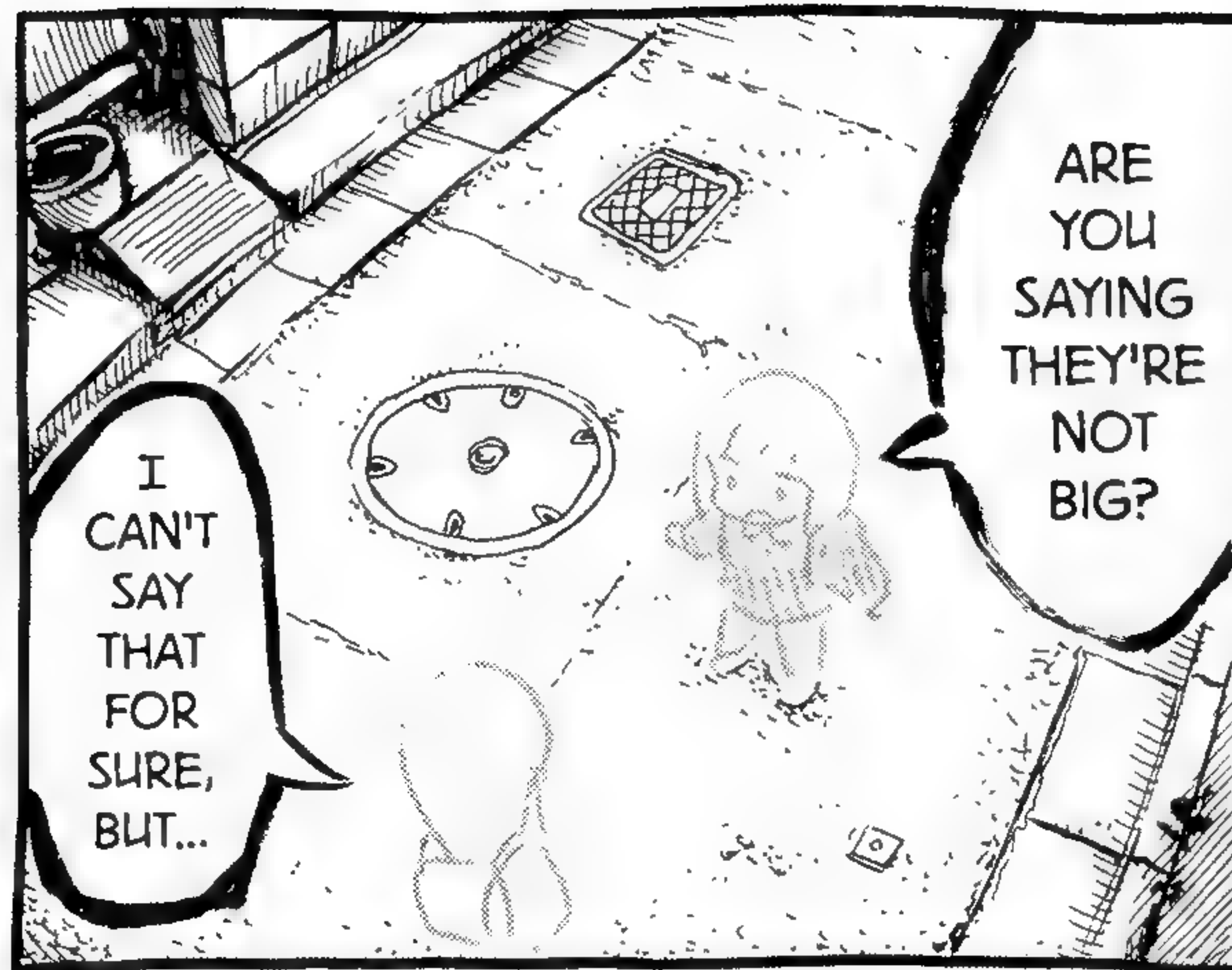


INTRODUCTION TO COMPARATIVE PIGEON STUDIES



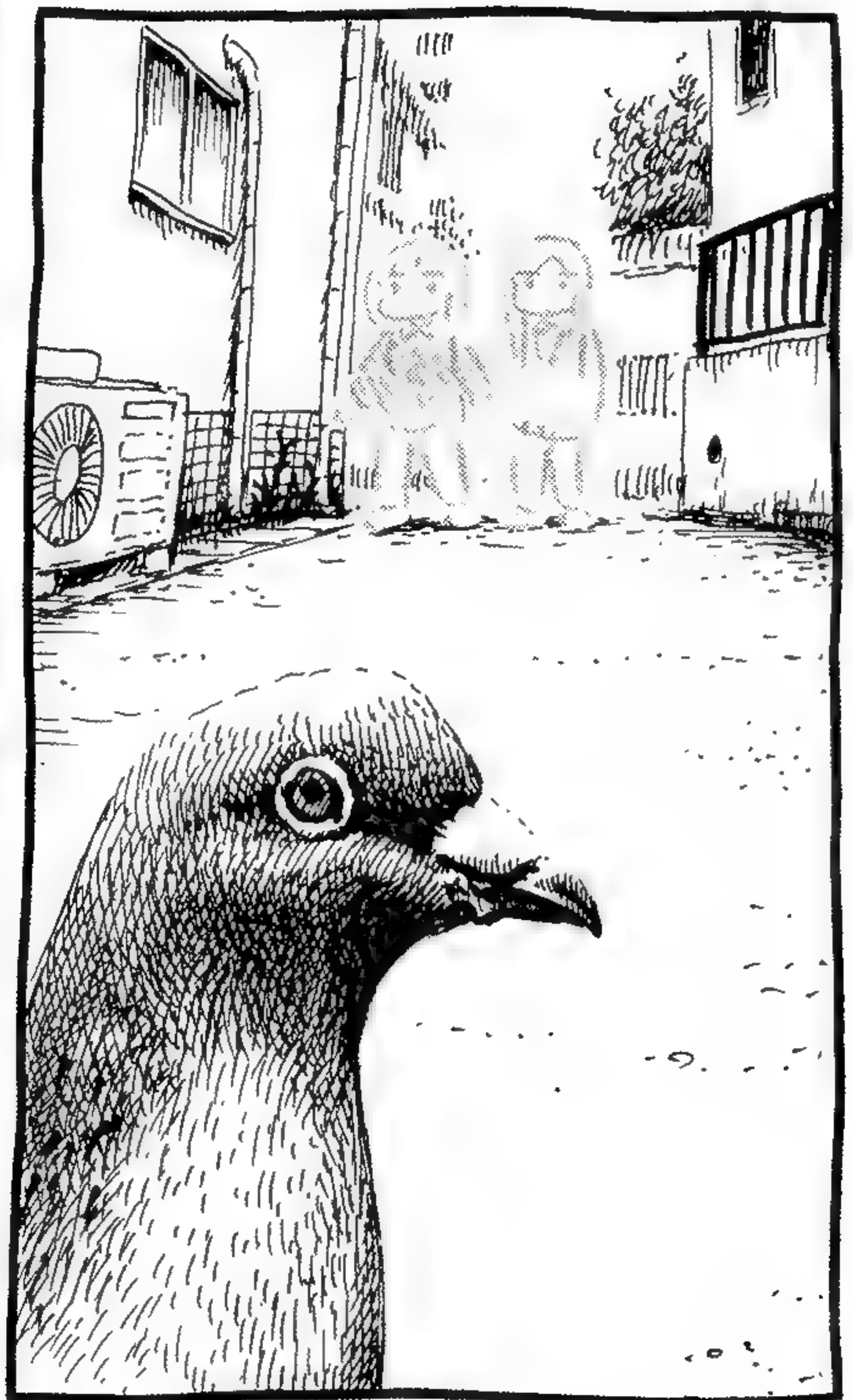
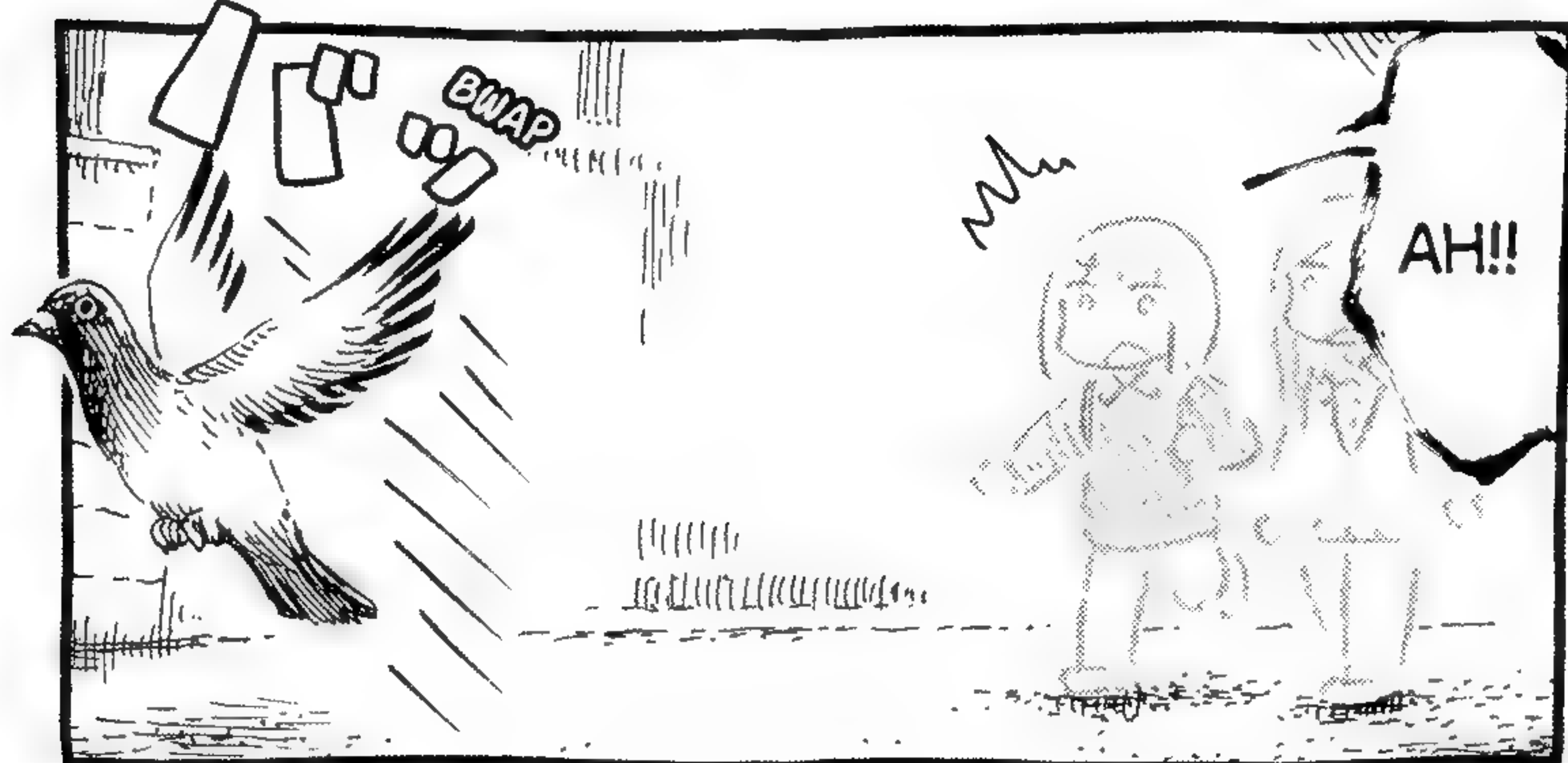
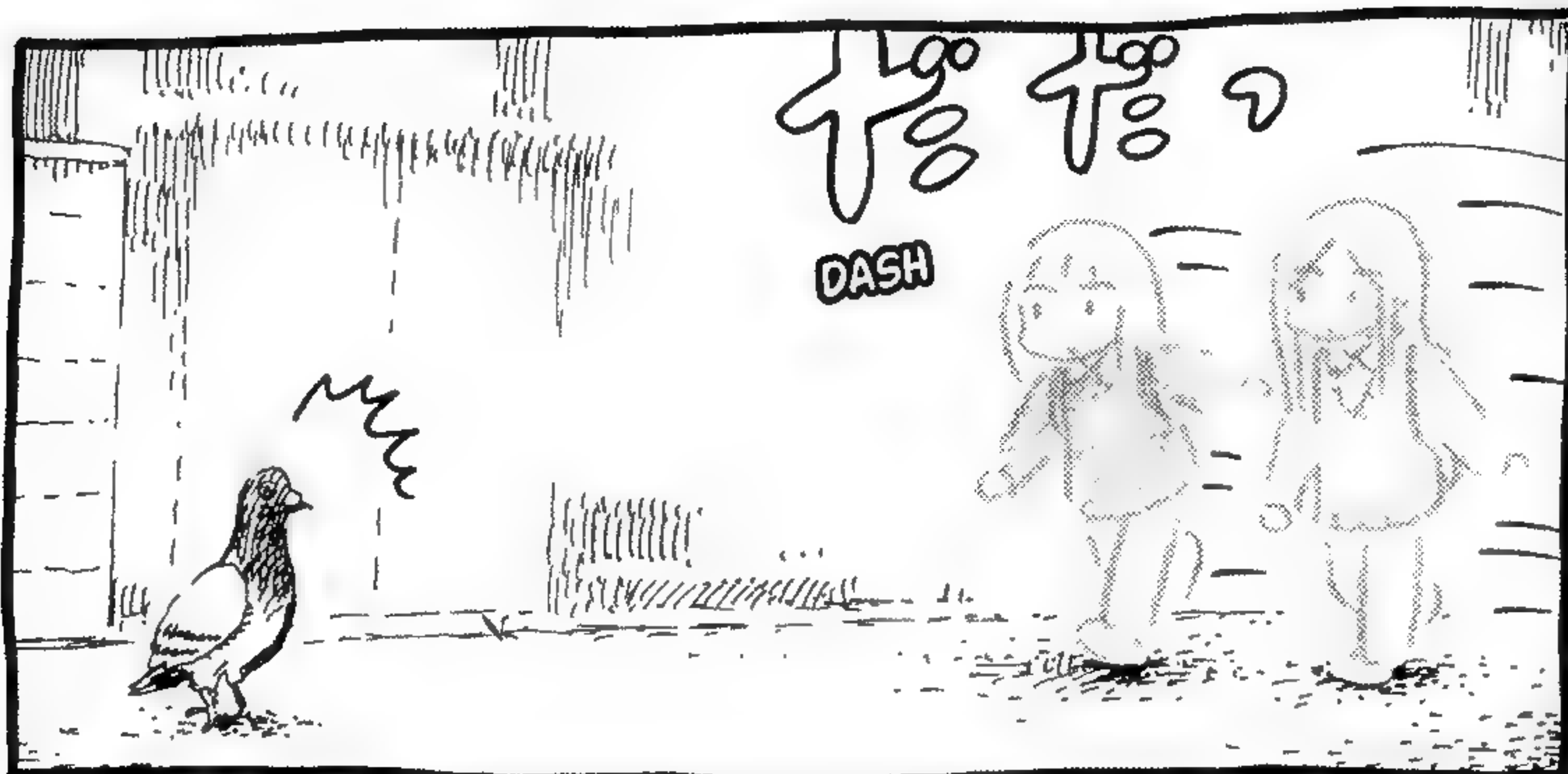
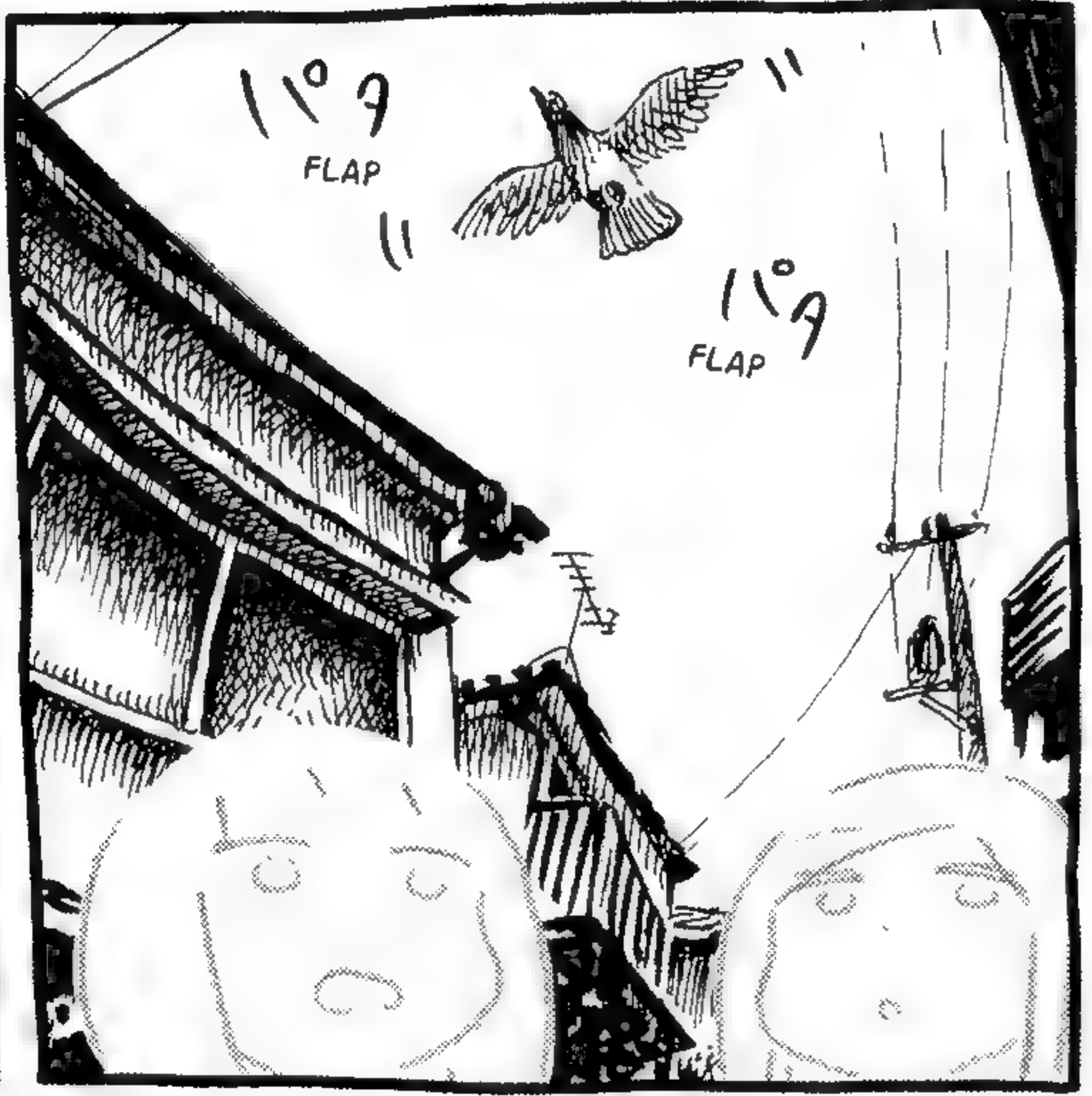
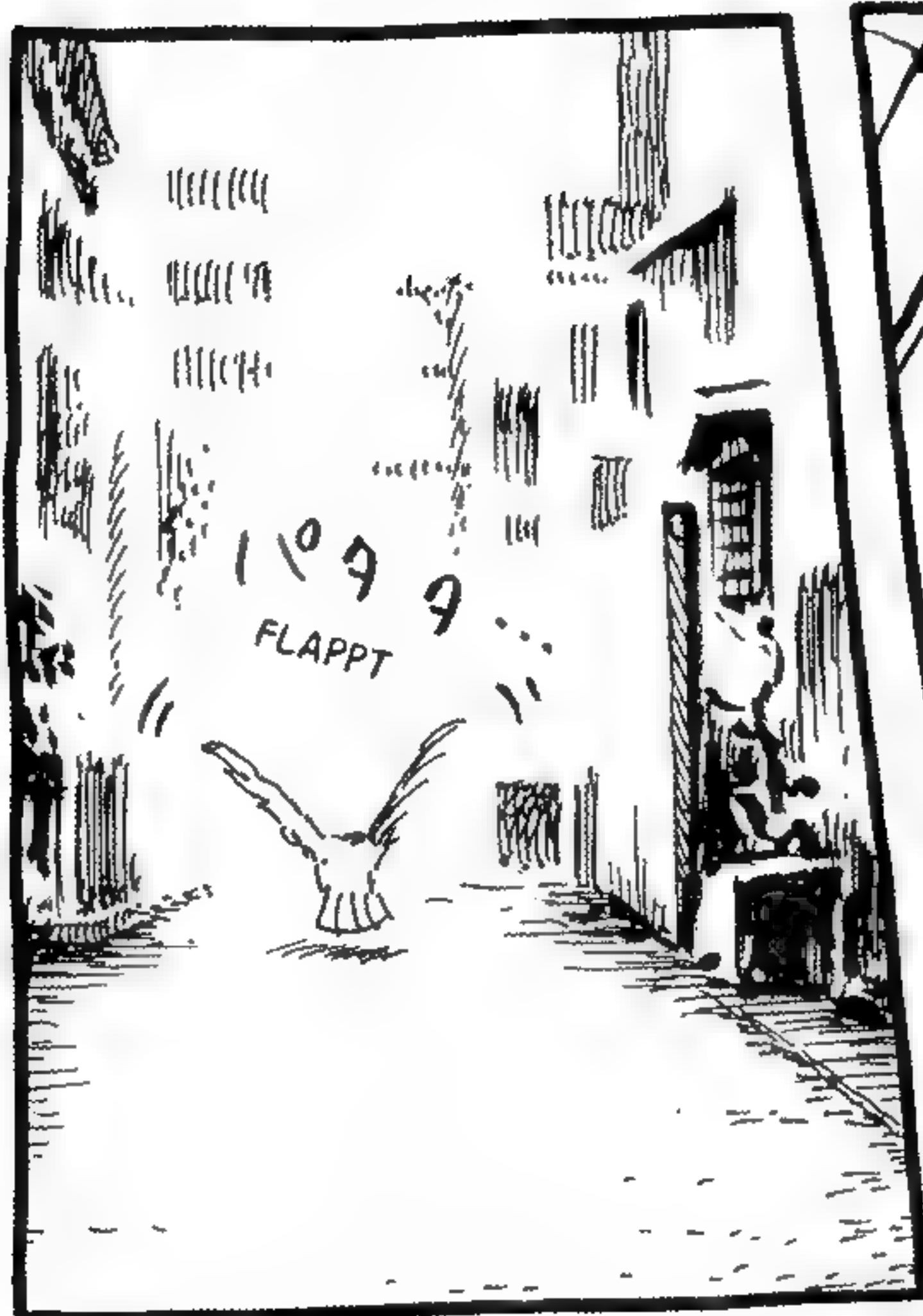
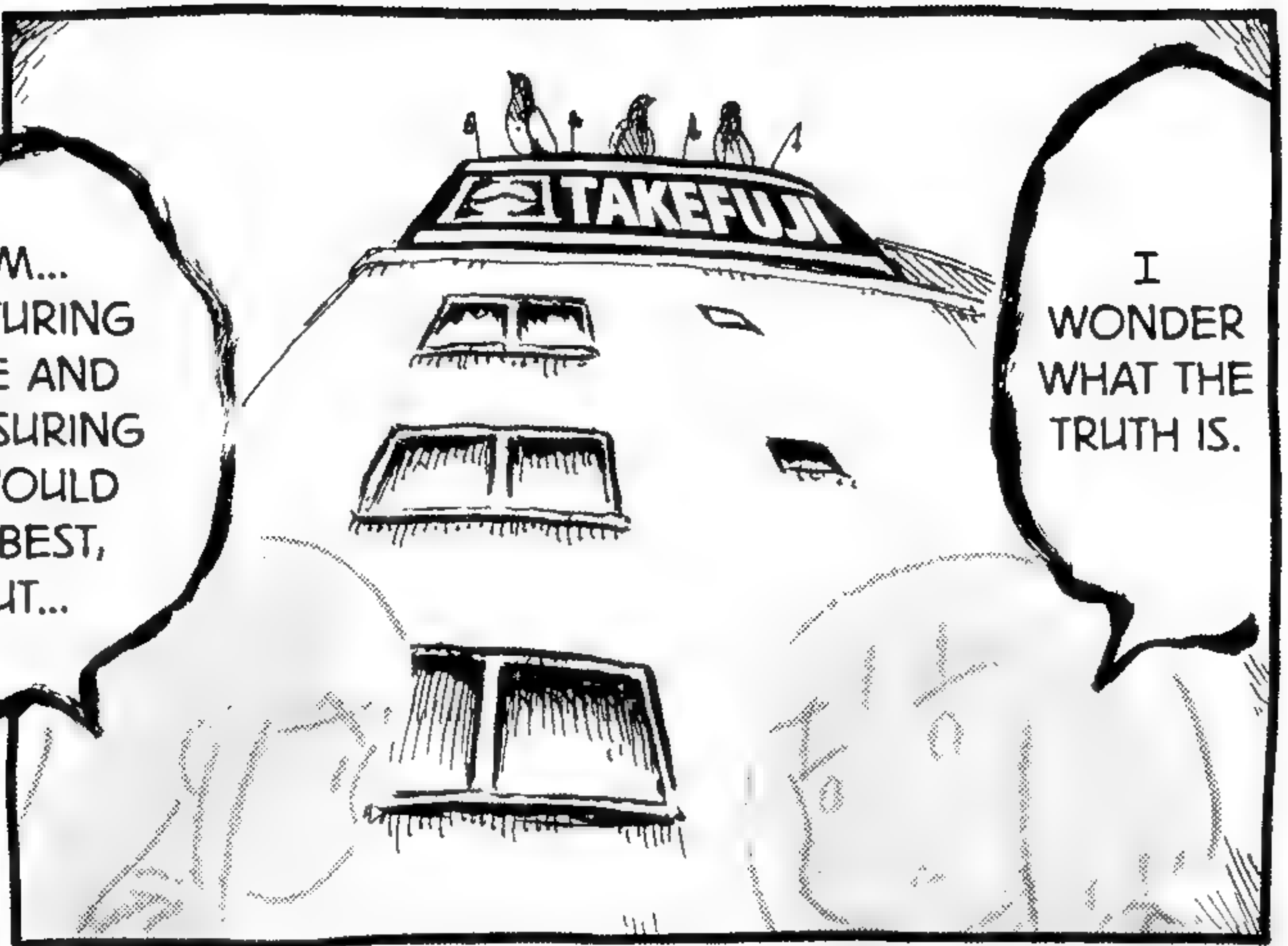


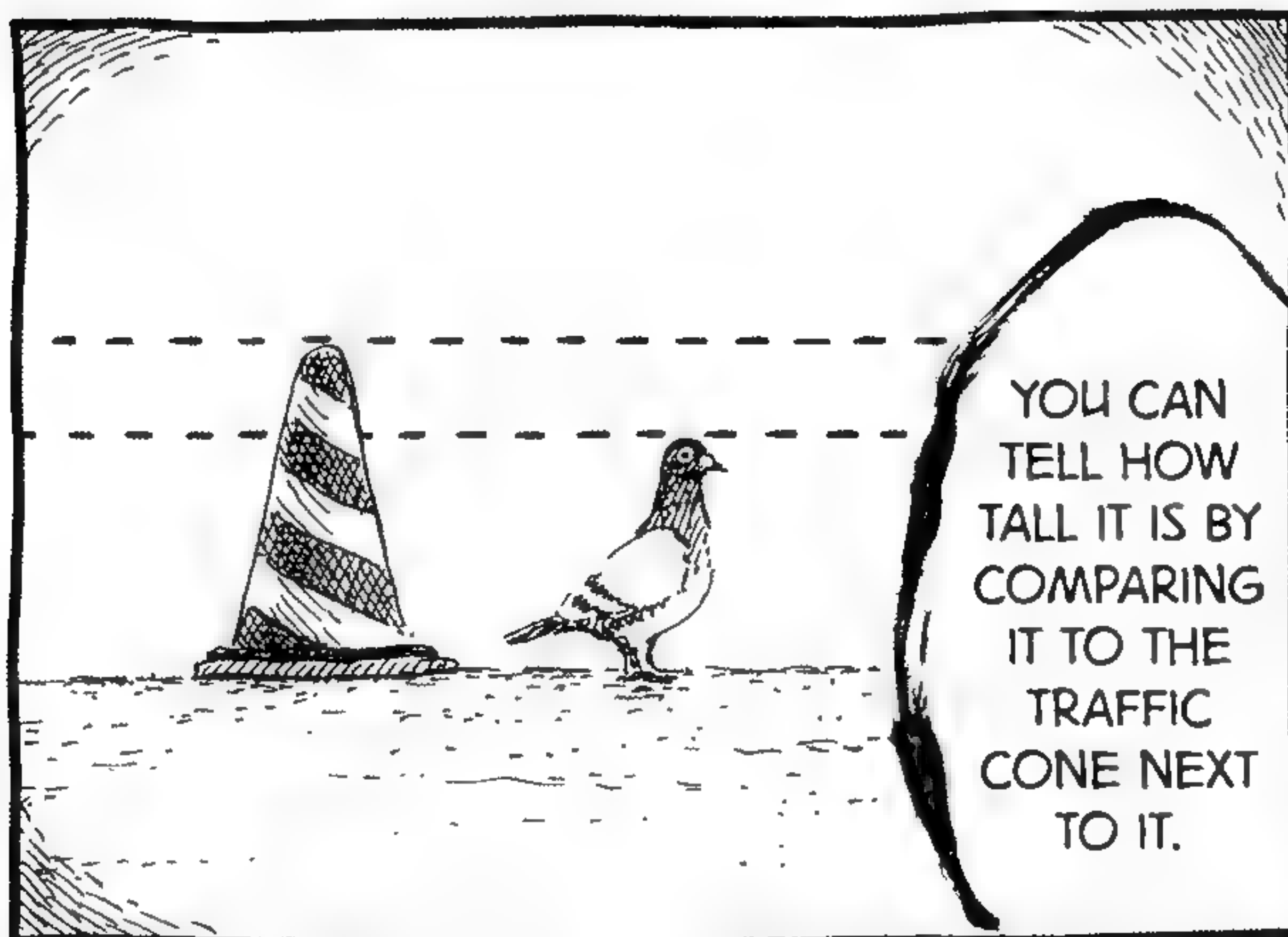
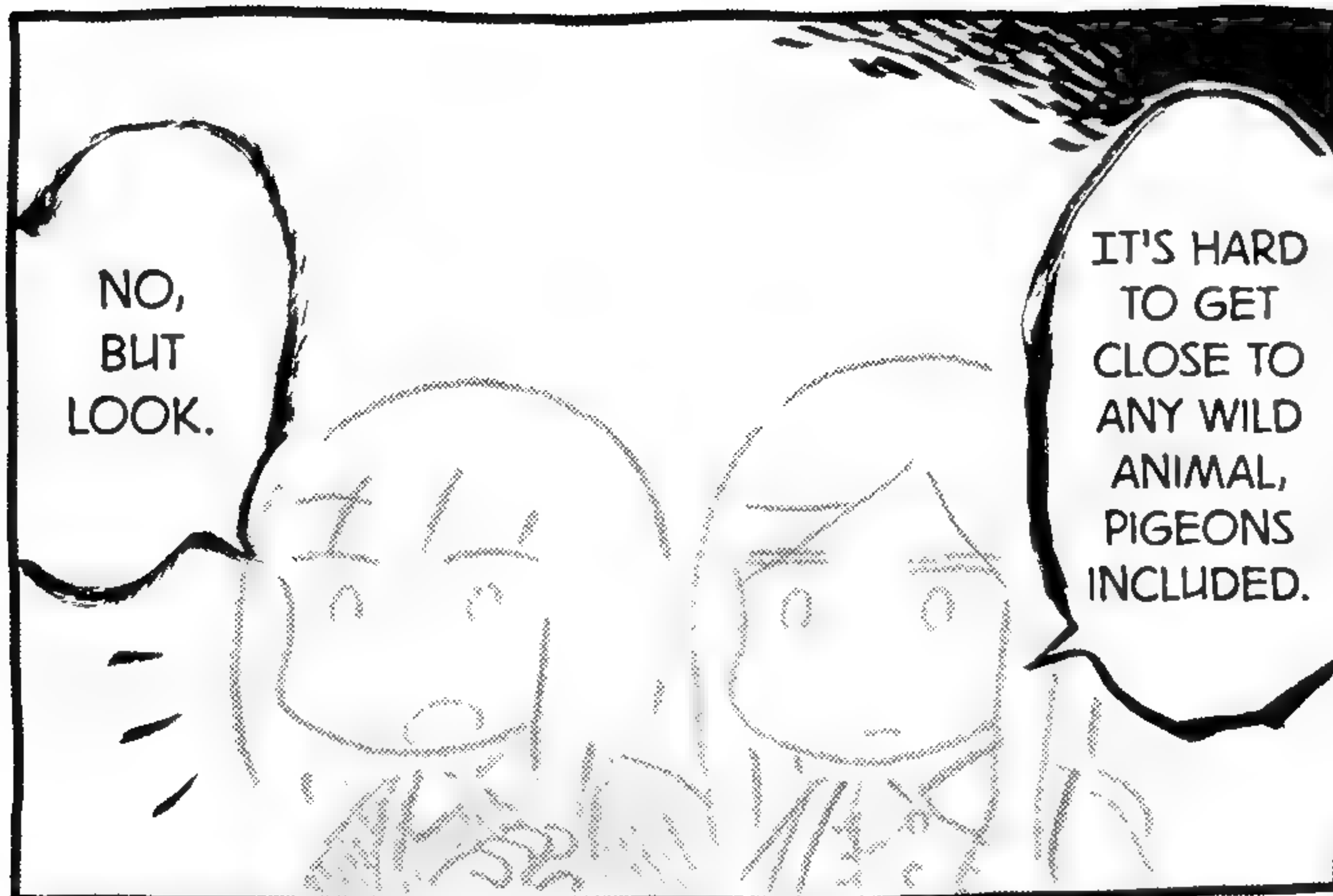


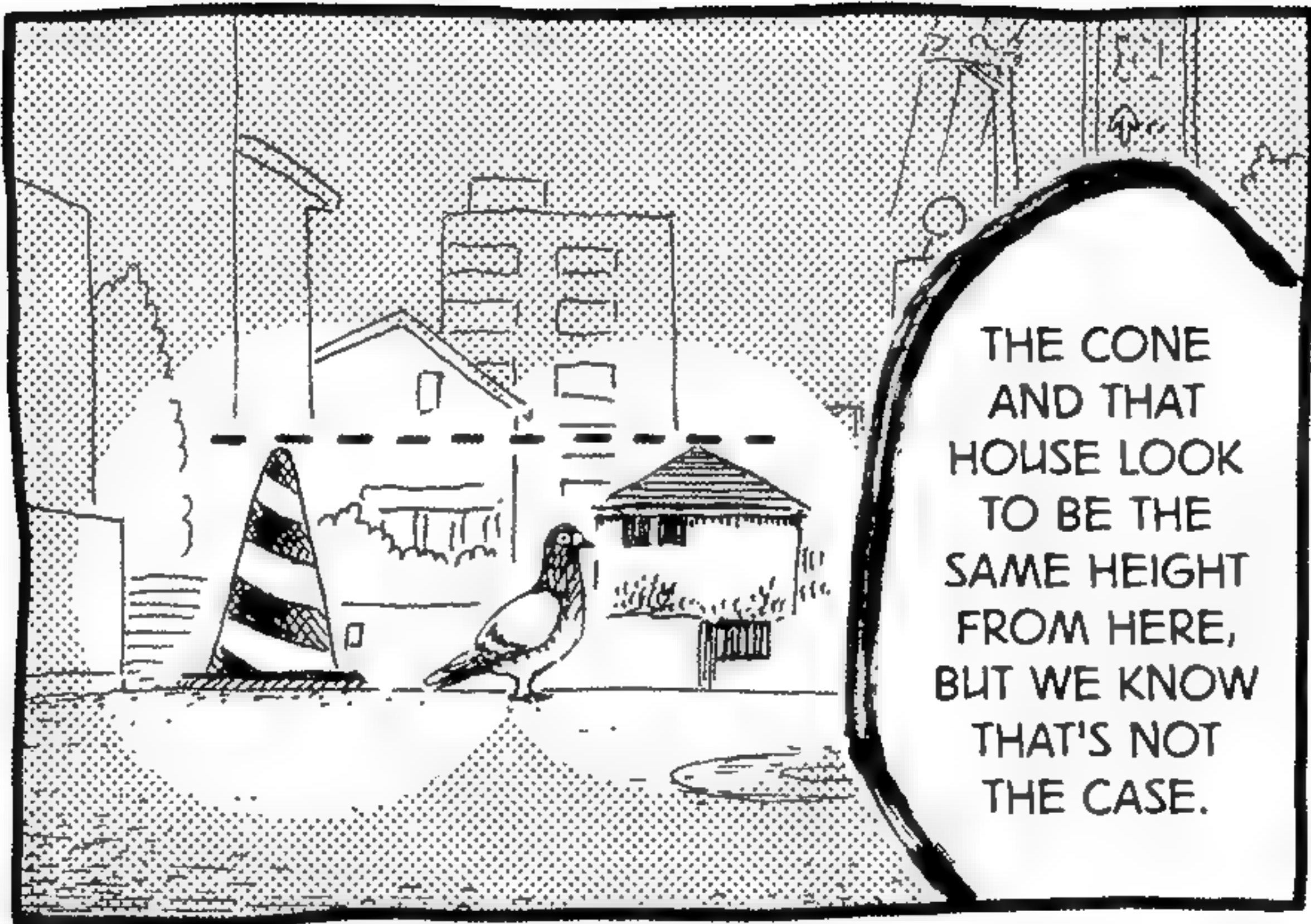




HM...
CAPTURING
ONE AND
MEASURING
IT WOULD
BE BEST,
BUT...



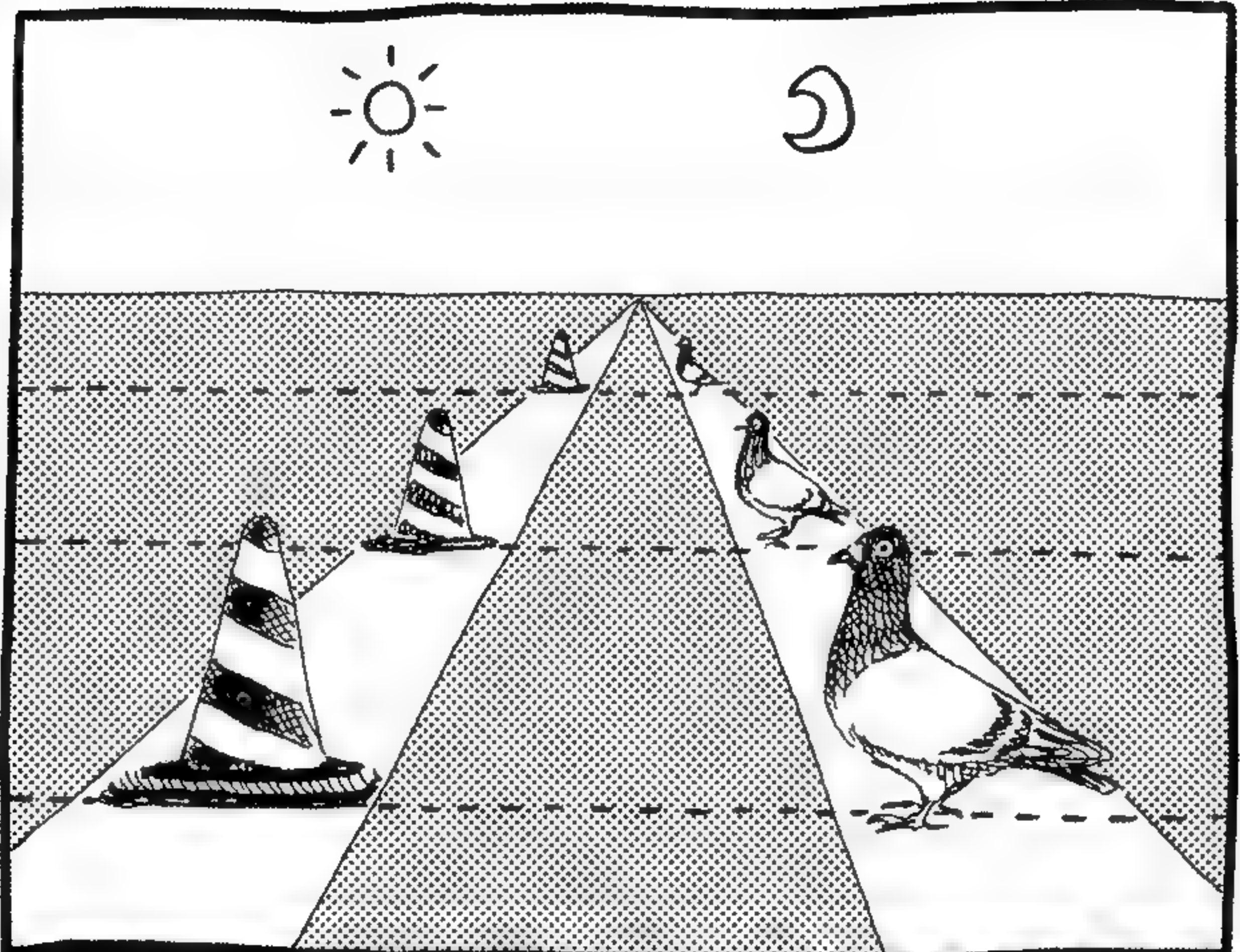




THE CONE AND THAT HOUSE LOOK TO BE THE SAME HEIGHT FROM HERE, BUT WE KNOW THAT'S NOT THE CASE.

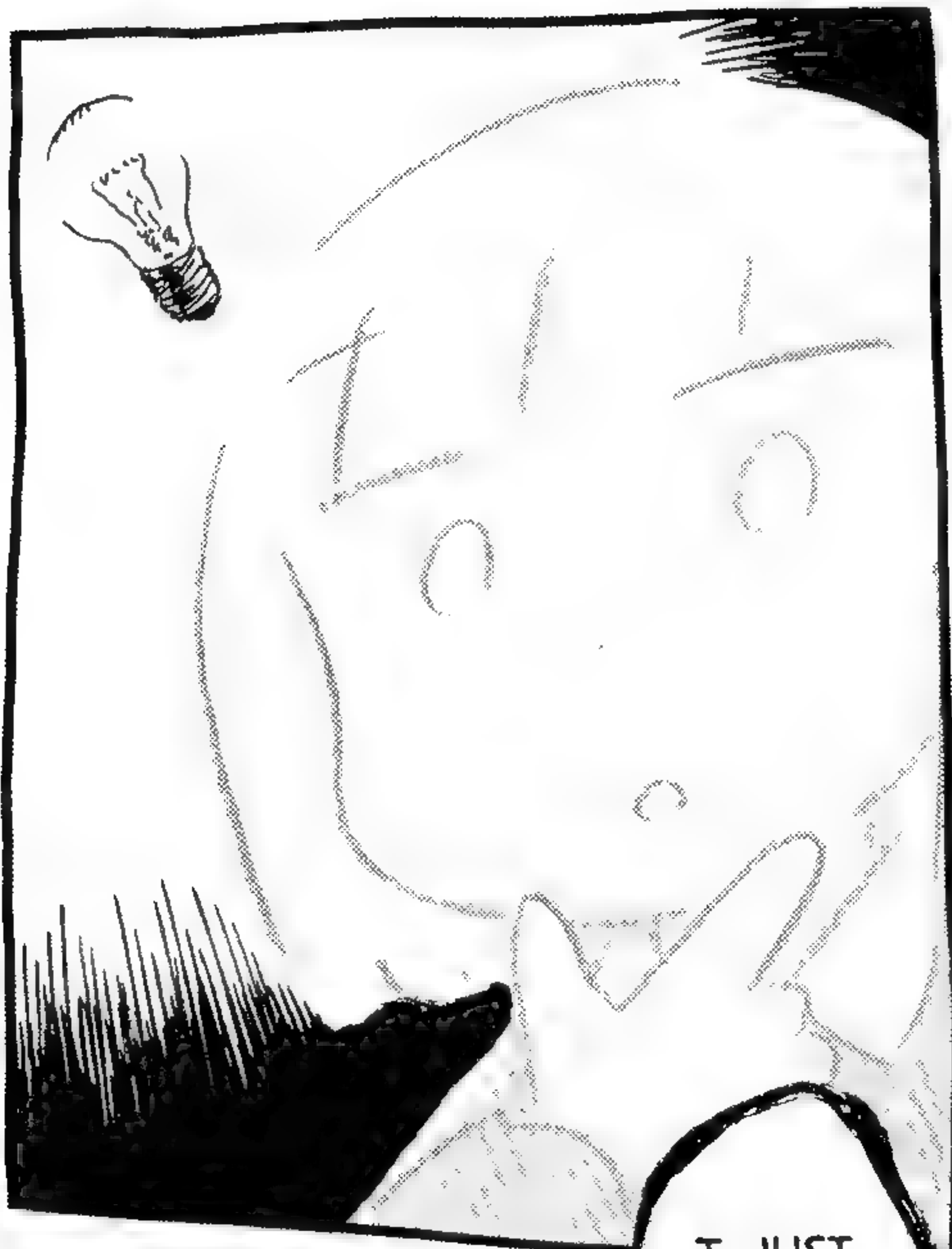


AND SO THE PIGEON AND THE CAR AREN'T THE SAME HEIGHT EITHER.

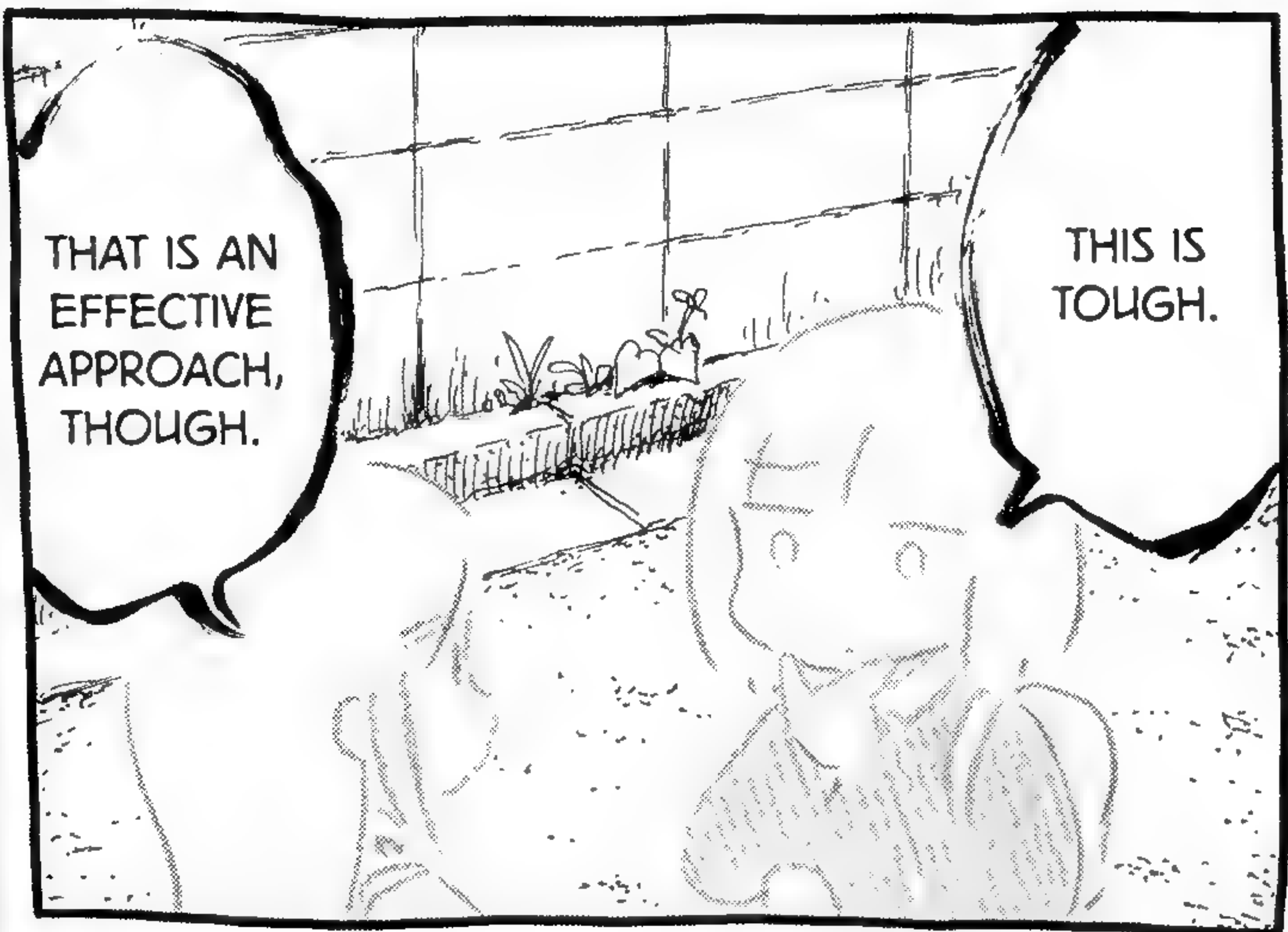


■ On Perspective ■

When we see or photograph objects, they appear smaller to us the farther away they are. Because of this, it's important to know whether or not two far objects are the same distance away if we want to compare them in size. This is because we cannot simply compare them based on appearance if they are different distances away from one another. For example, the Moon and the Sun are in fact two different sizes, but they appear to us as similar in size. This is because the Sun is a farther distance away from us.

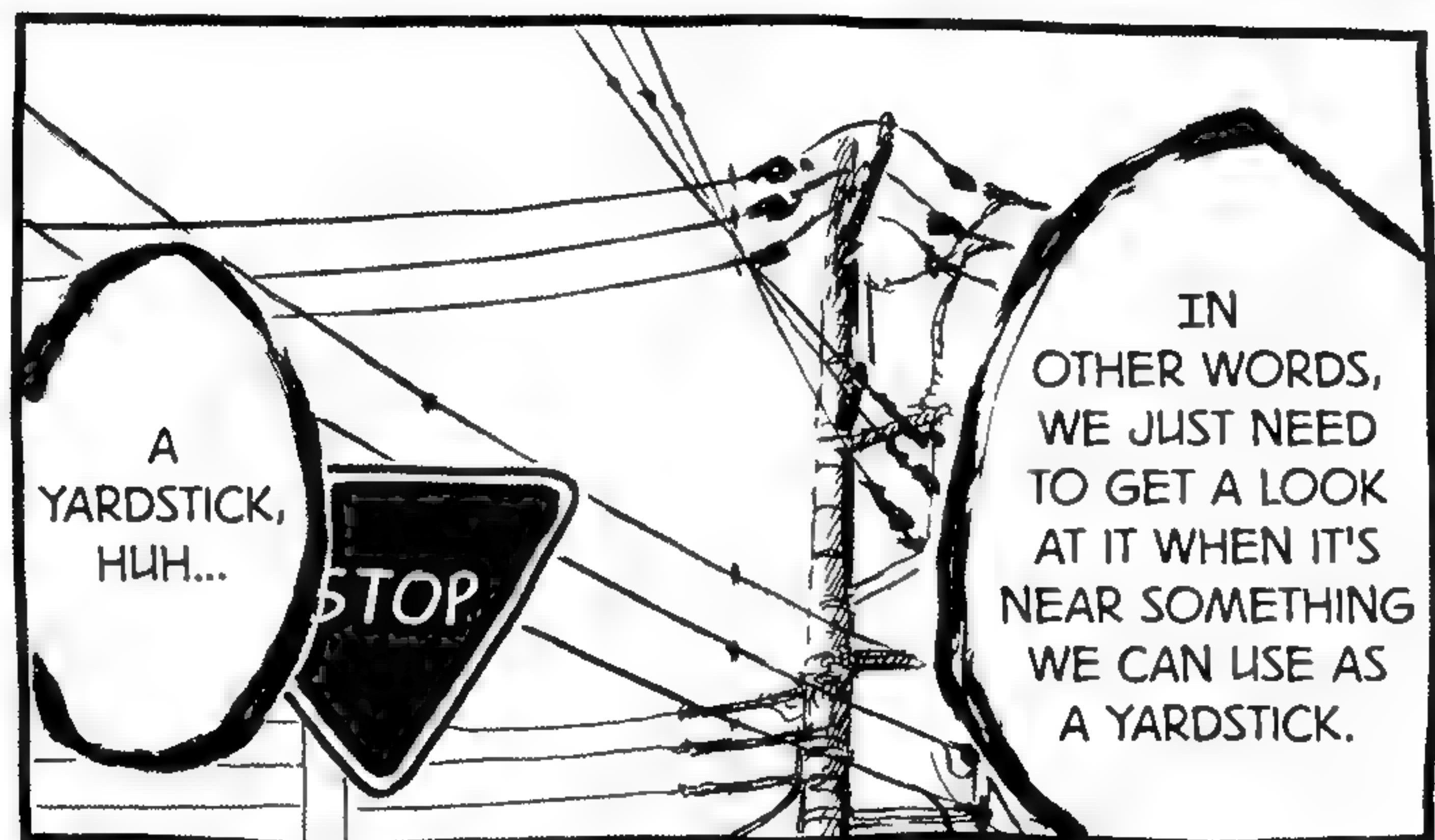


I JUST HAD A GOOD IDEA.



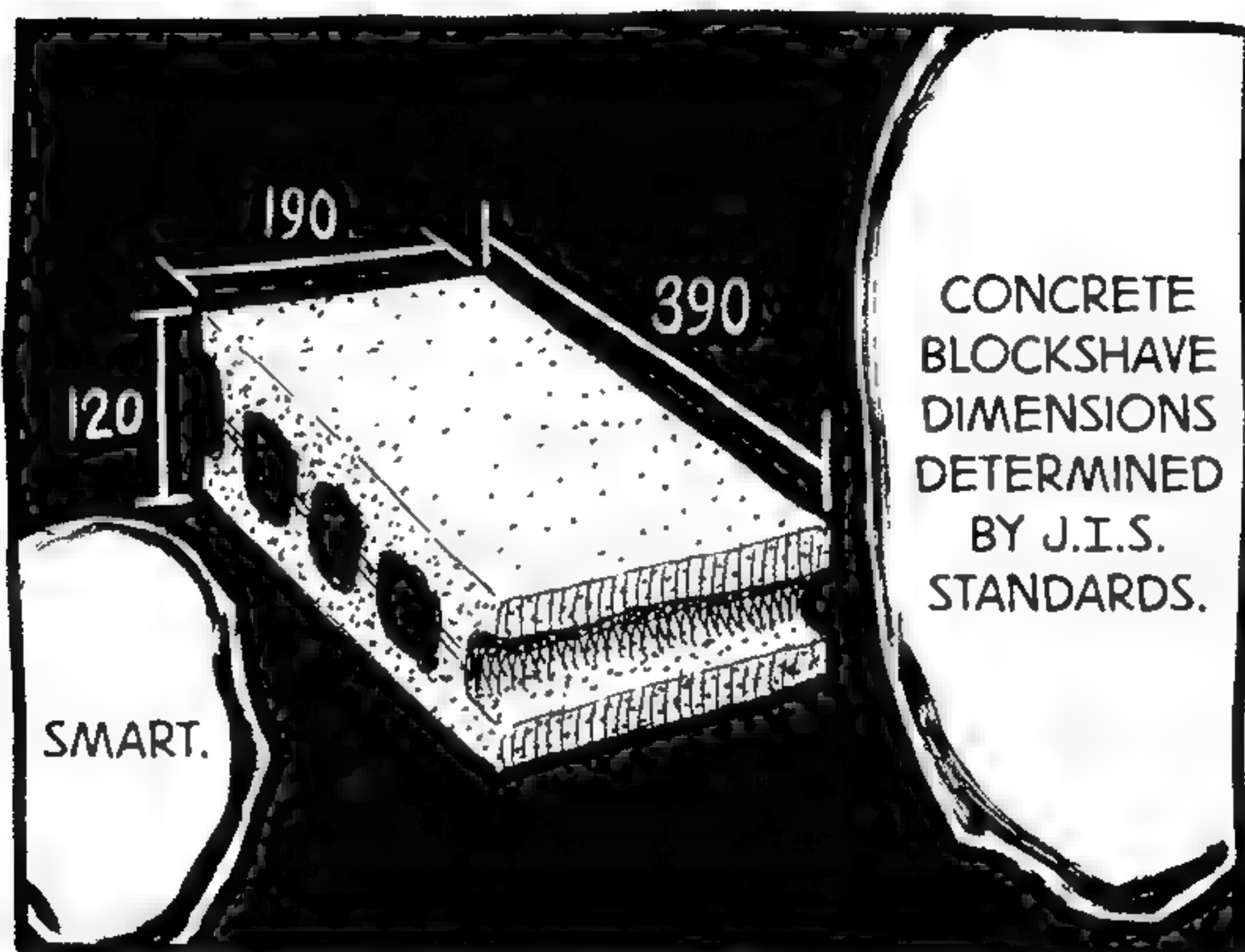
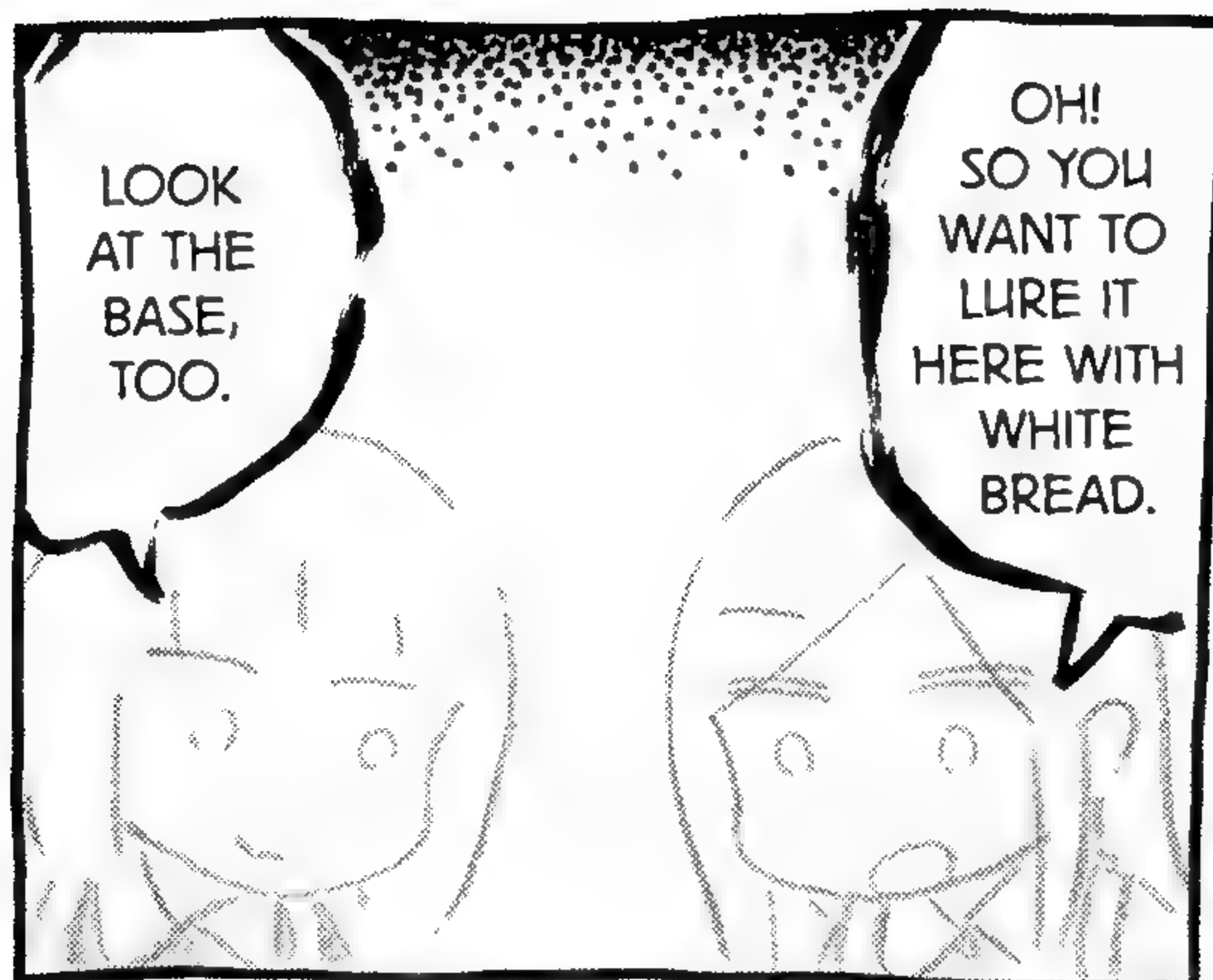
THAT IS AN EFFECTIVE APPROACH, THOUGH.

THIS IS TOUGH.

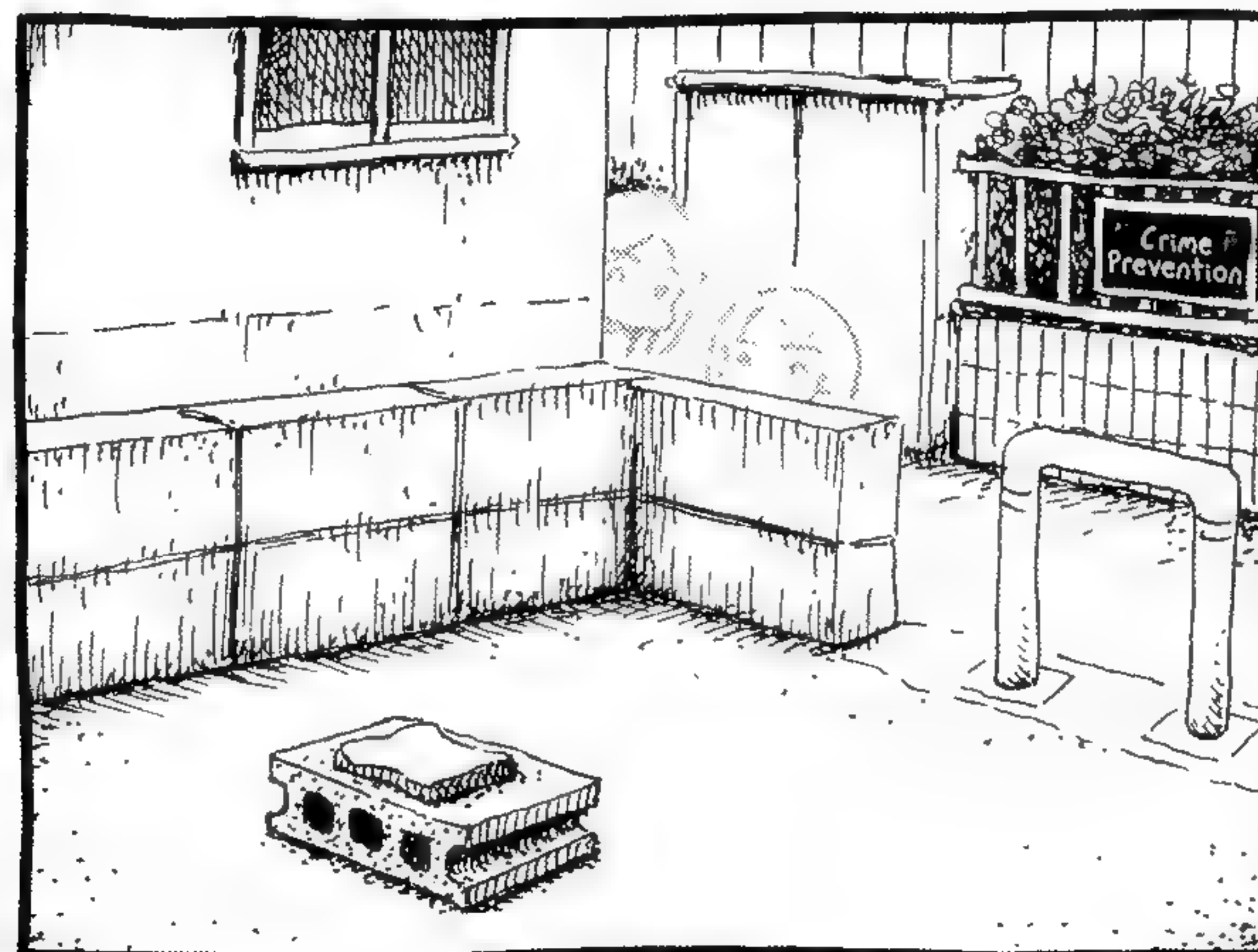
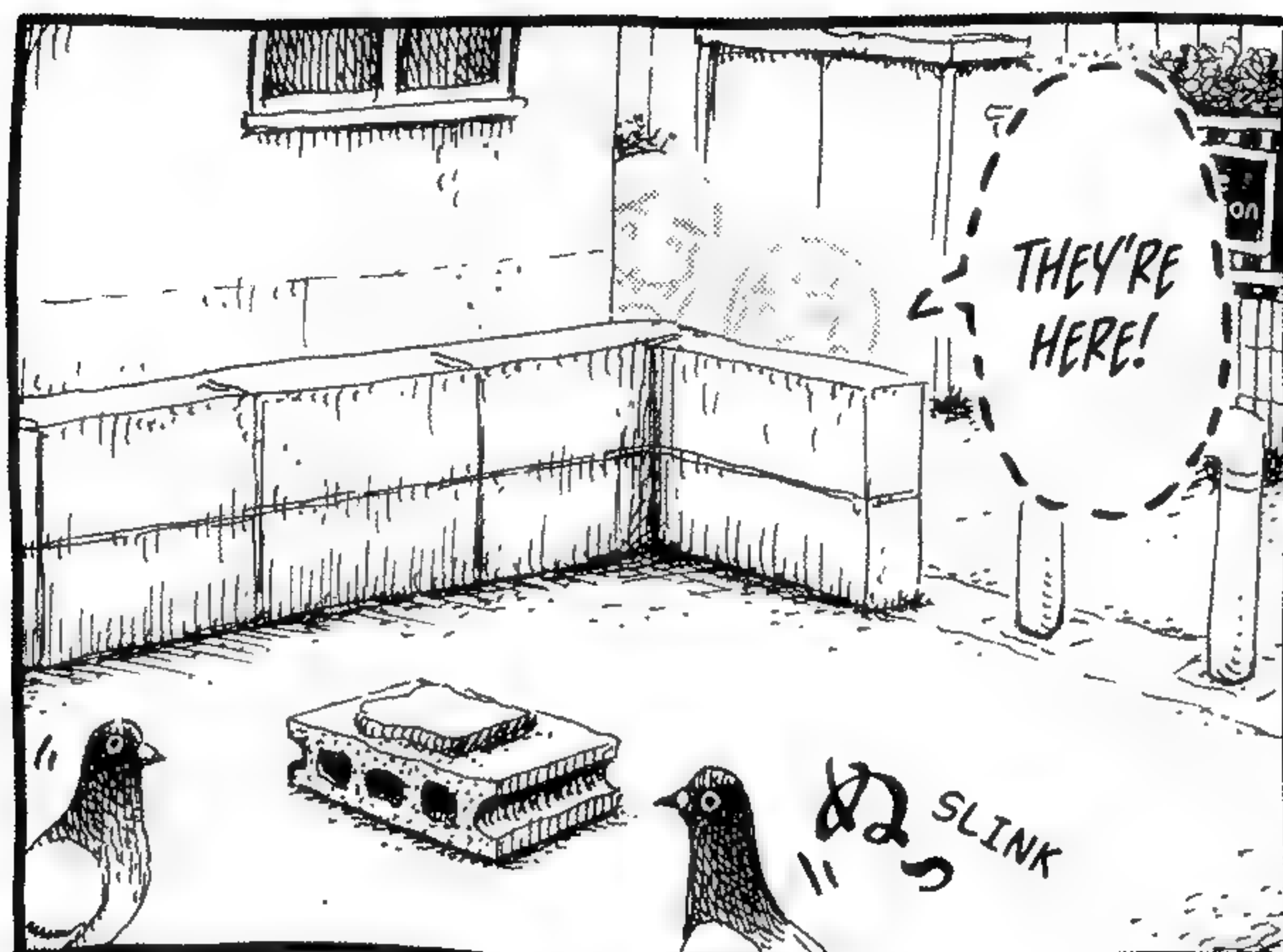
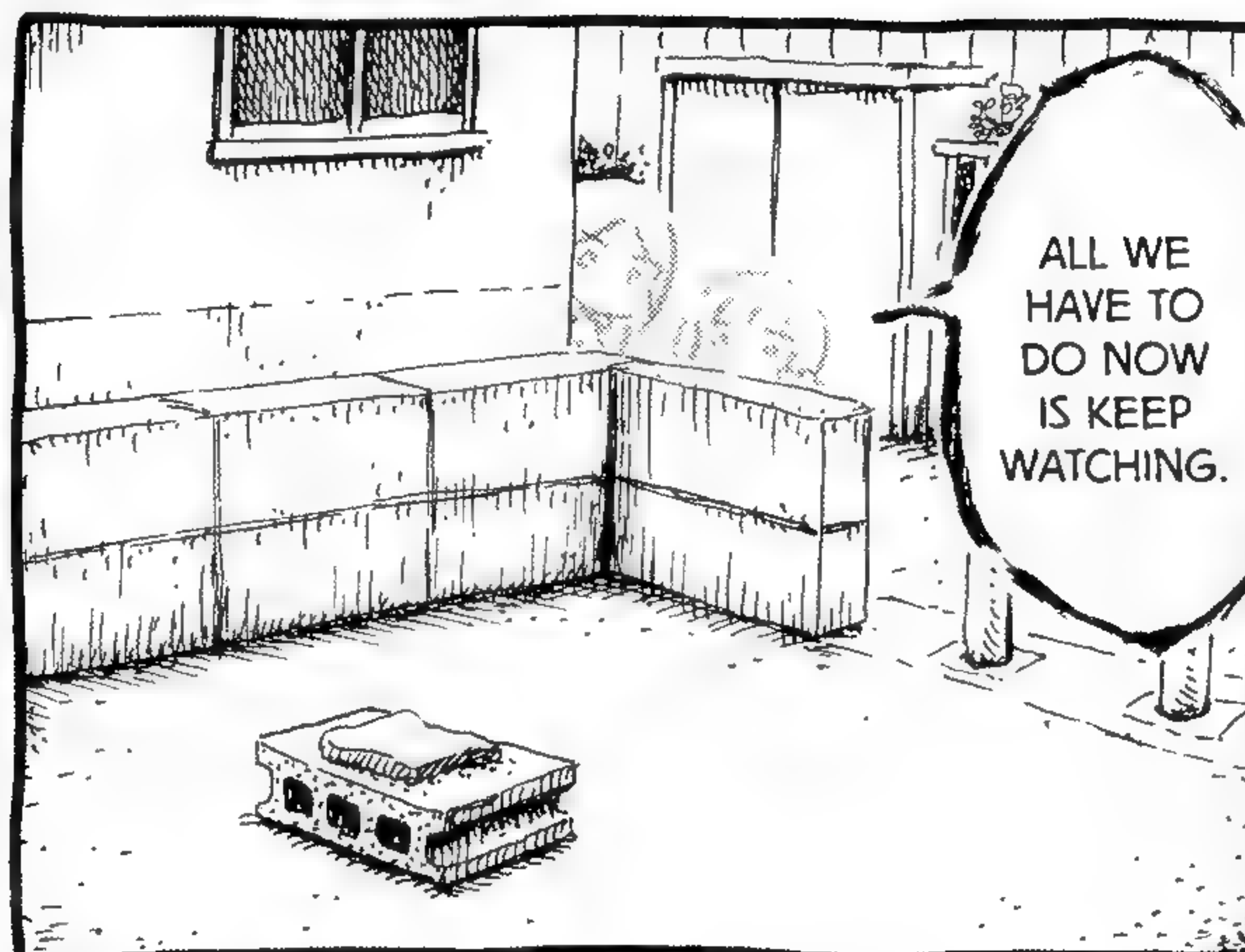
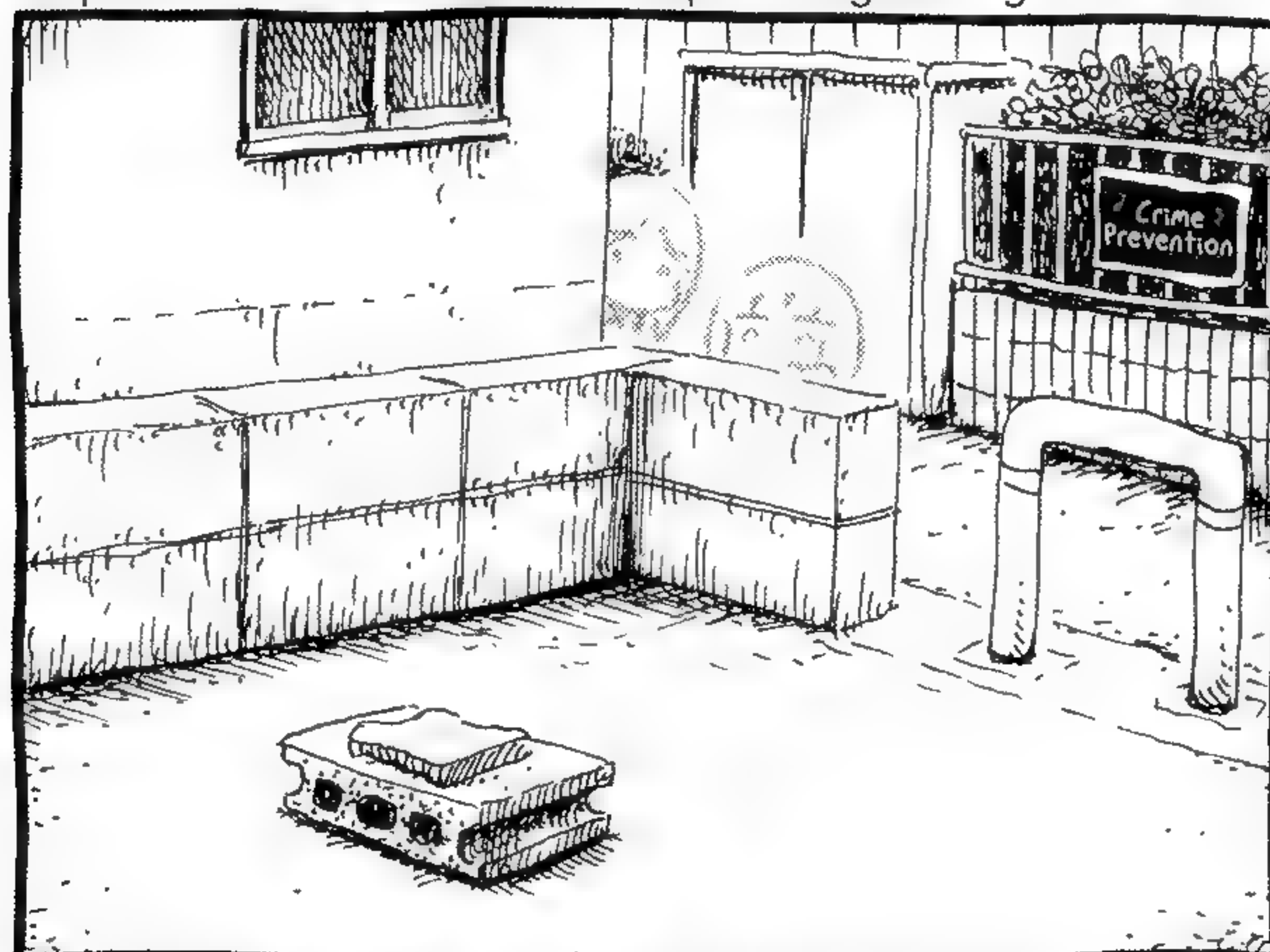


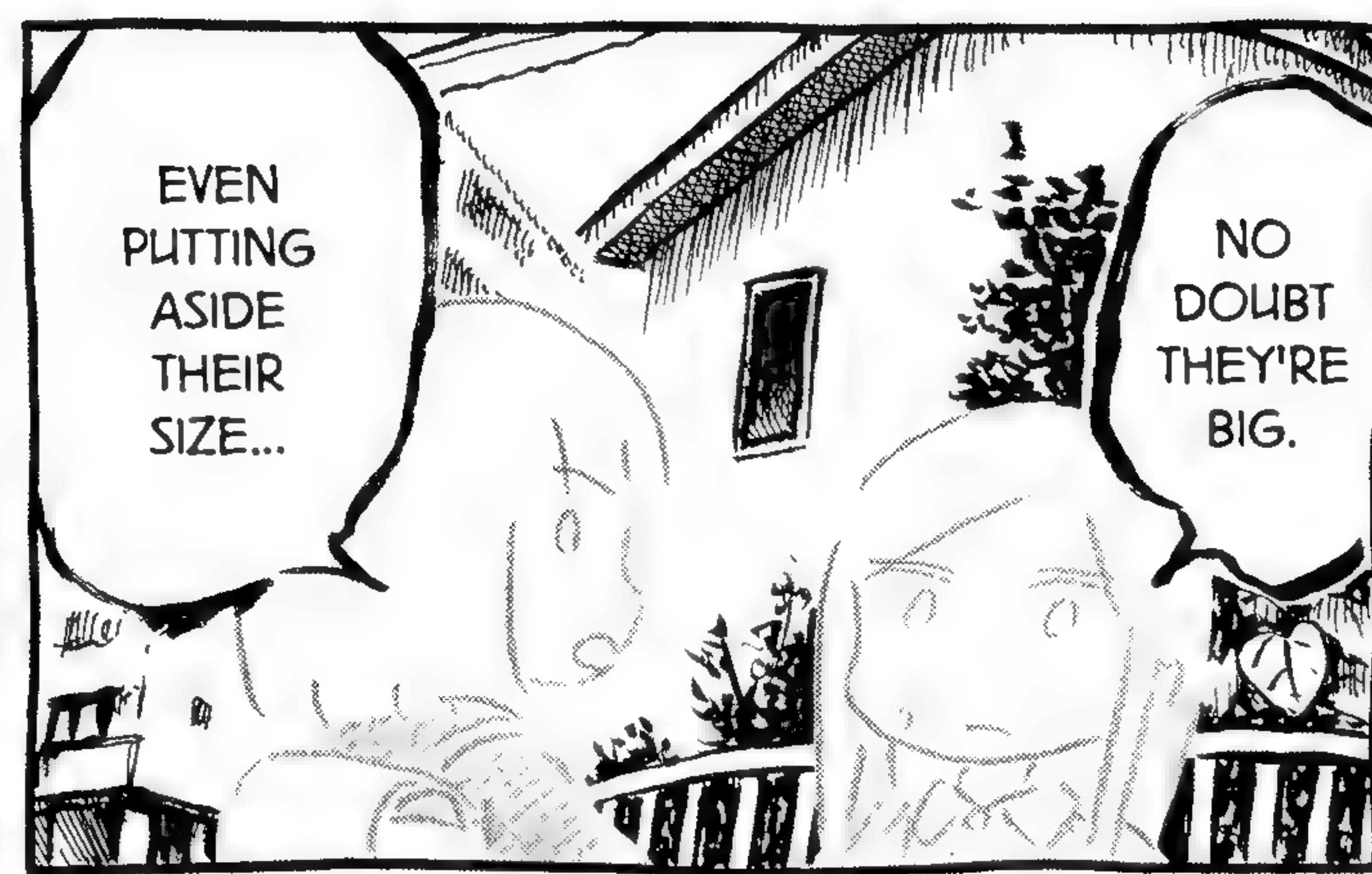
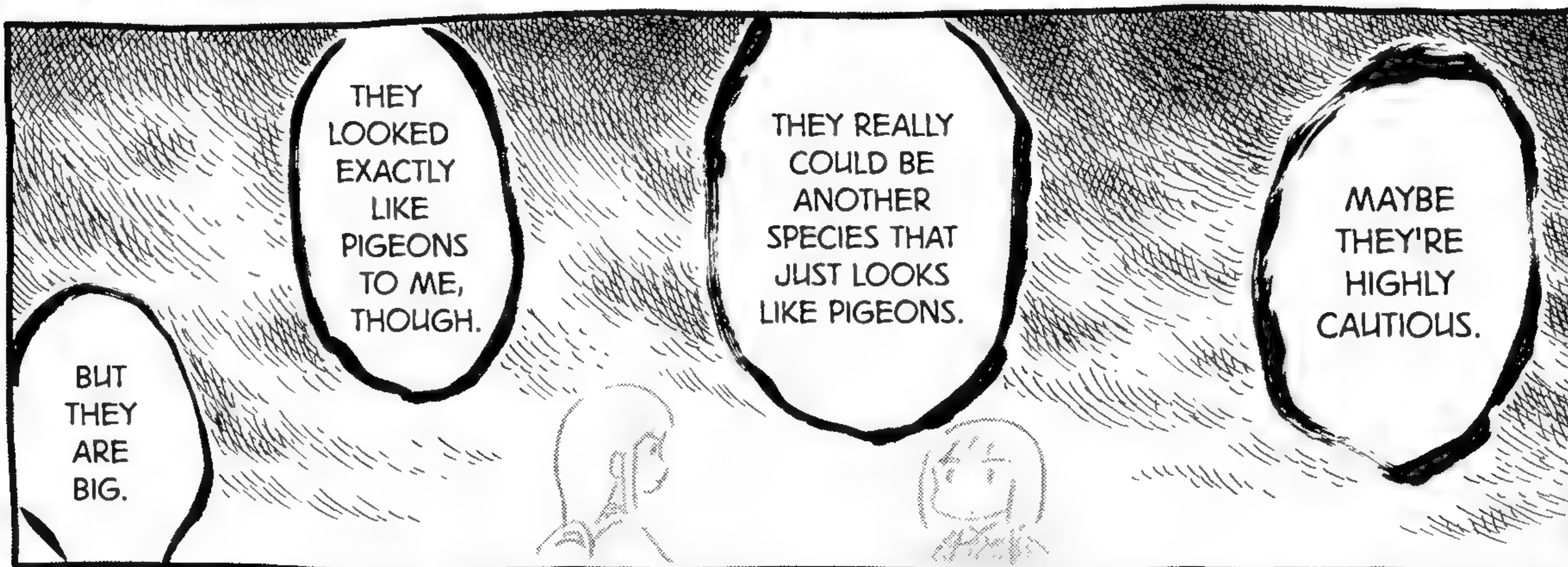
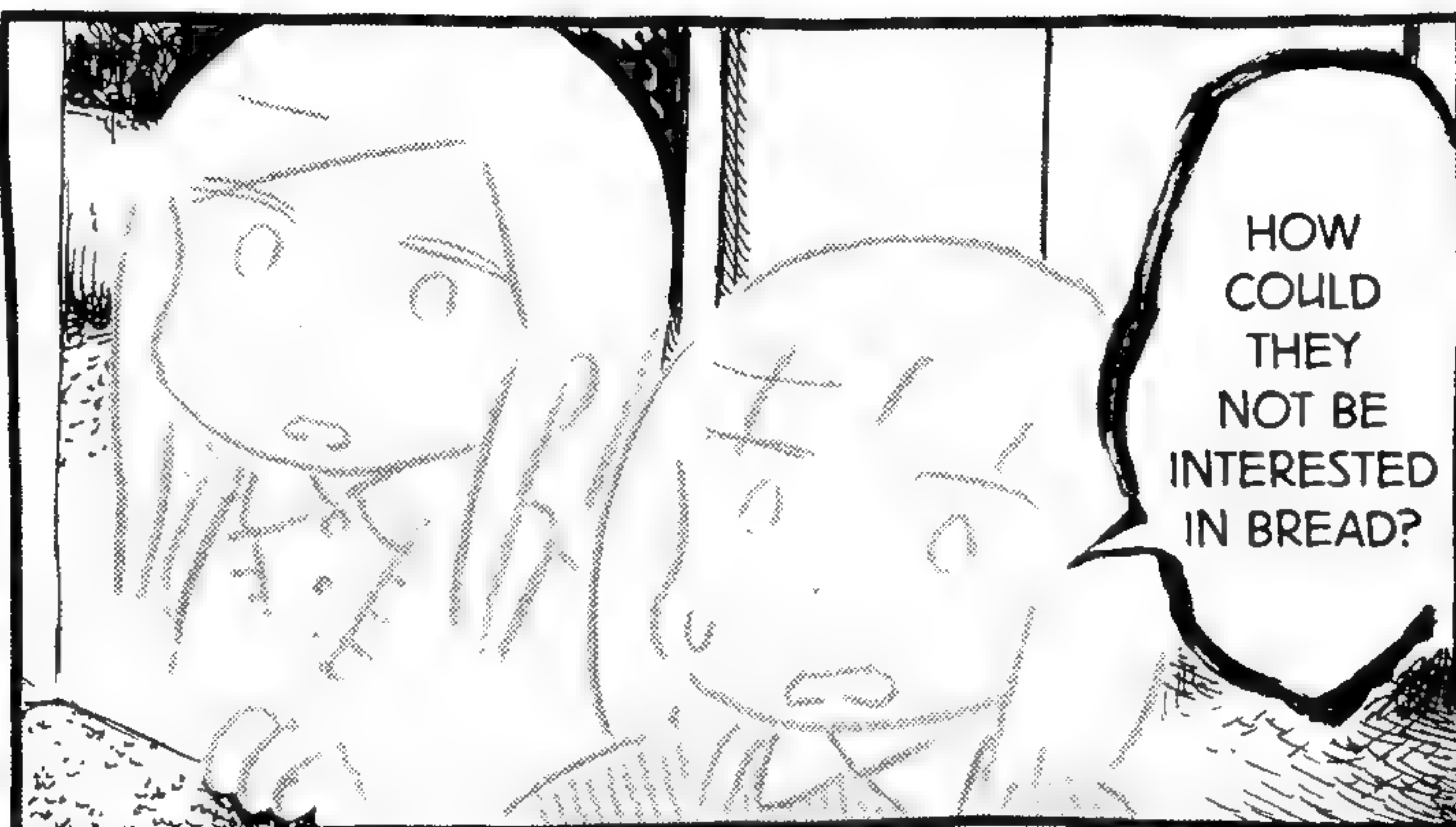
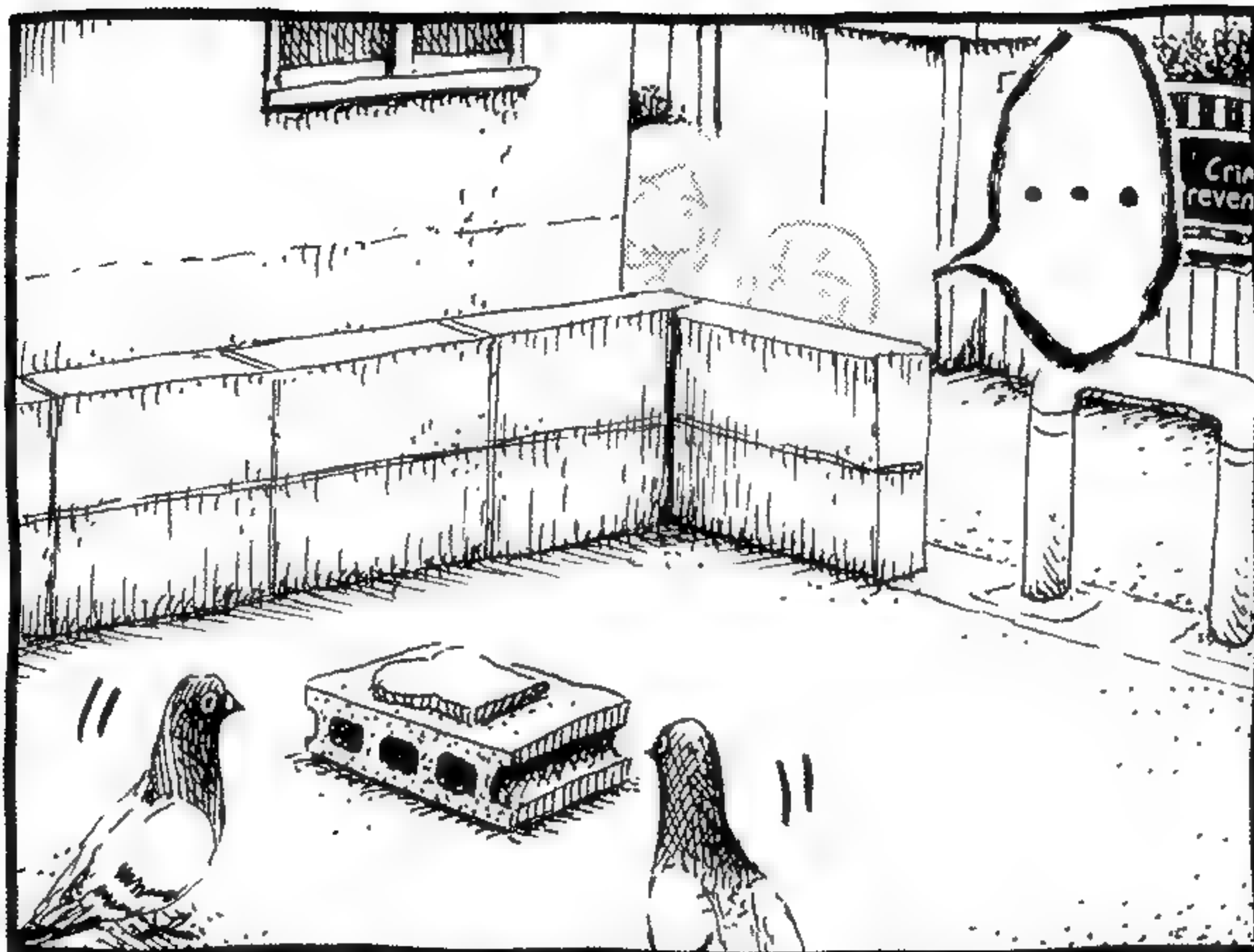
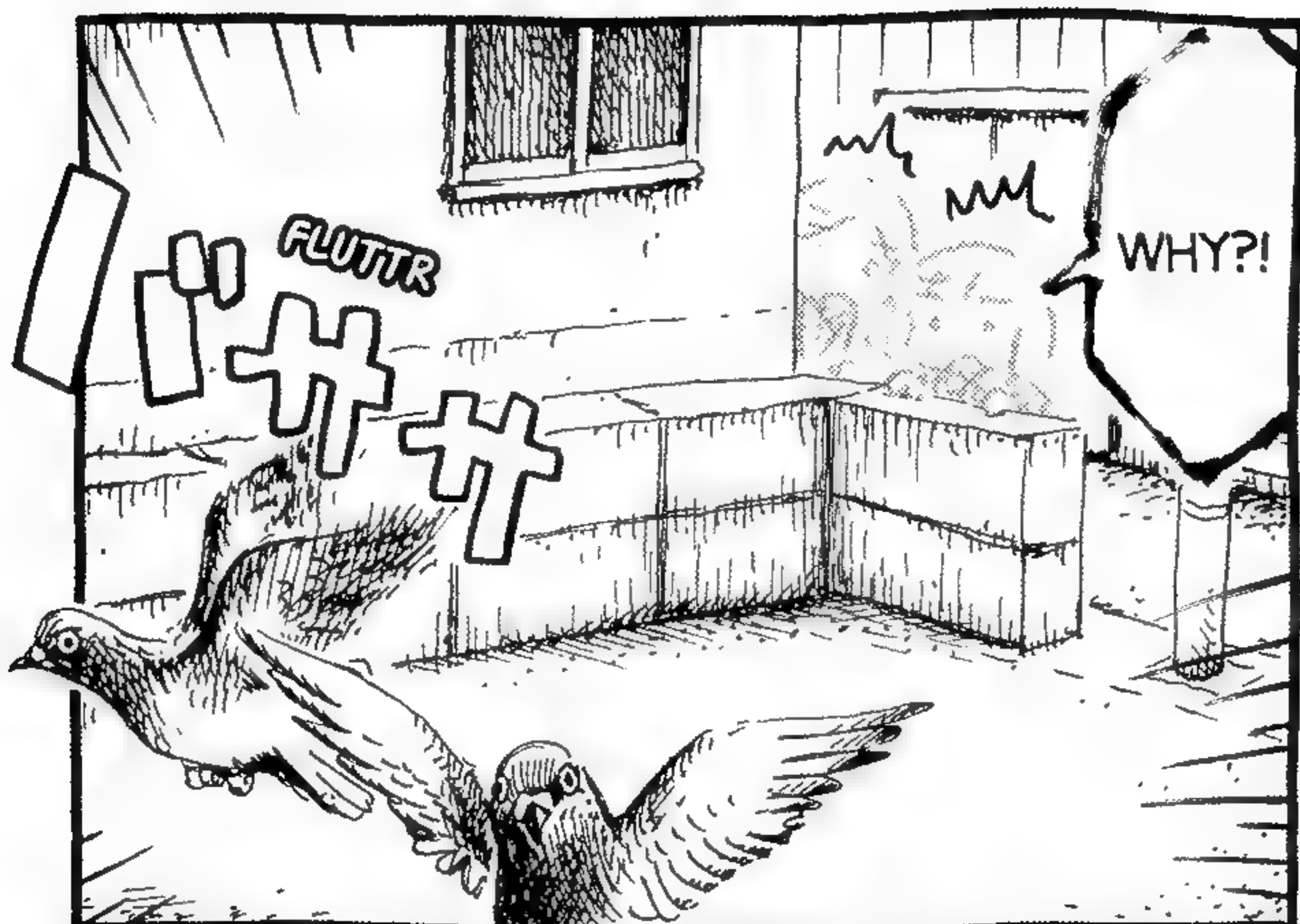
A YARDSTICK, HUH...

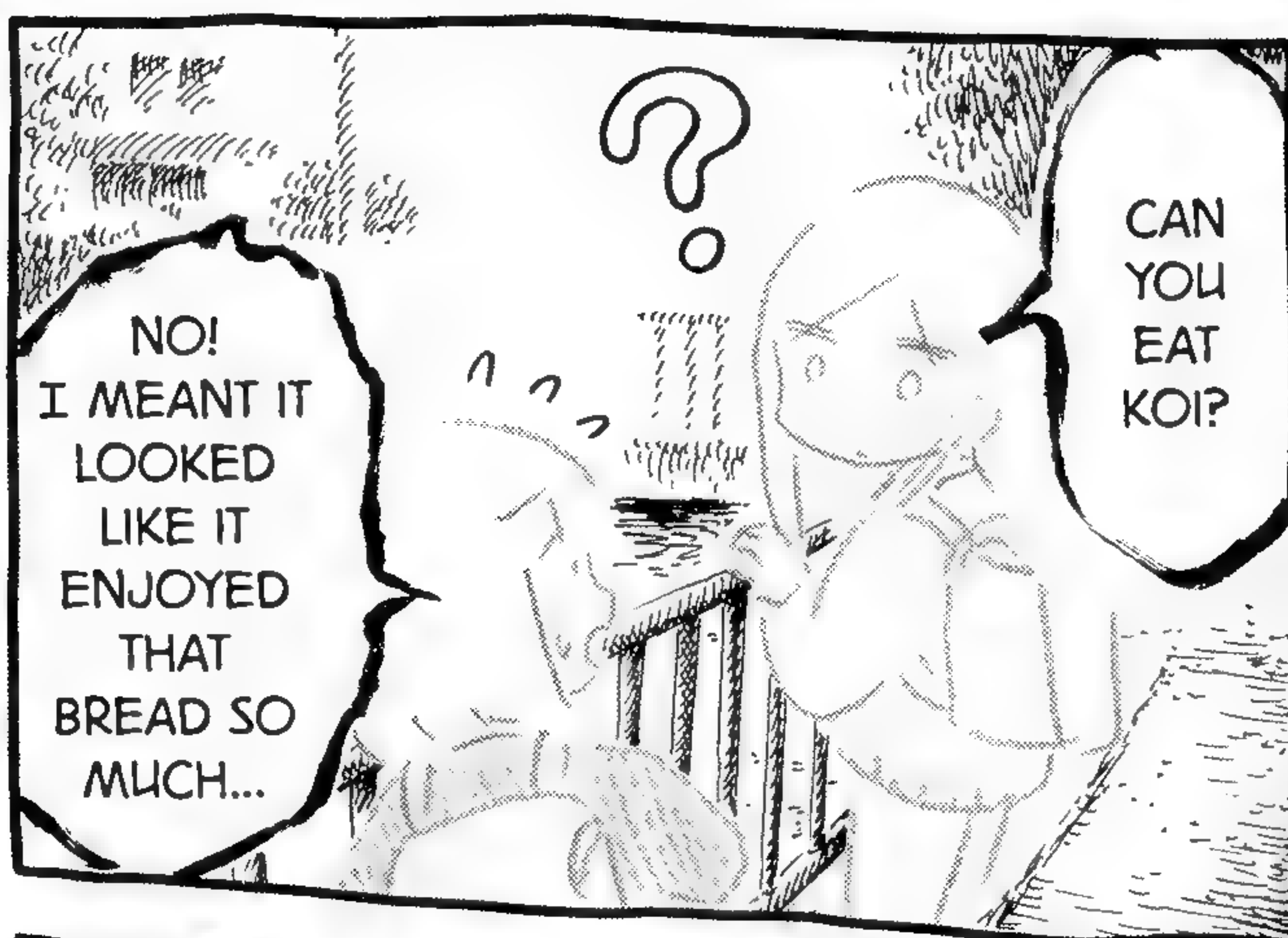
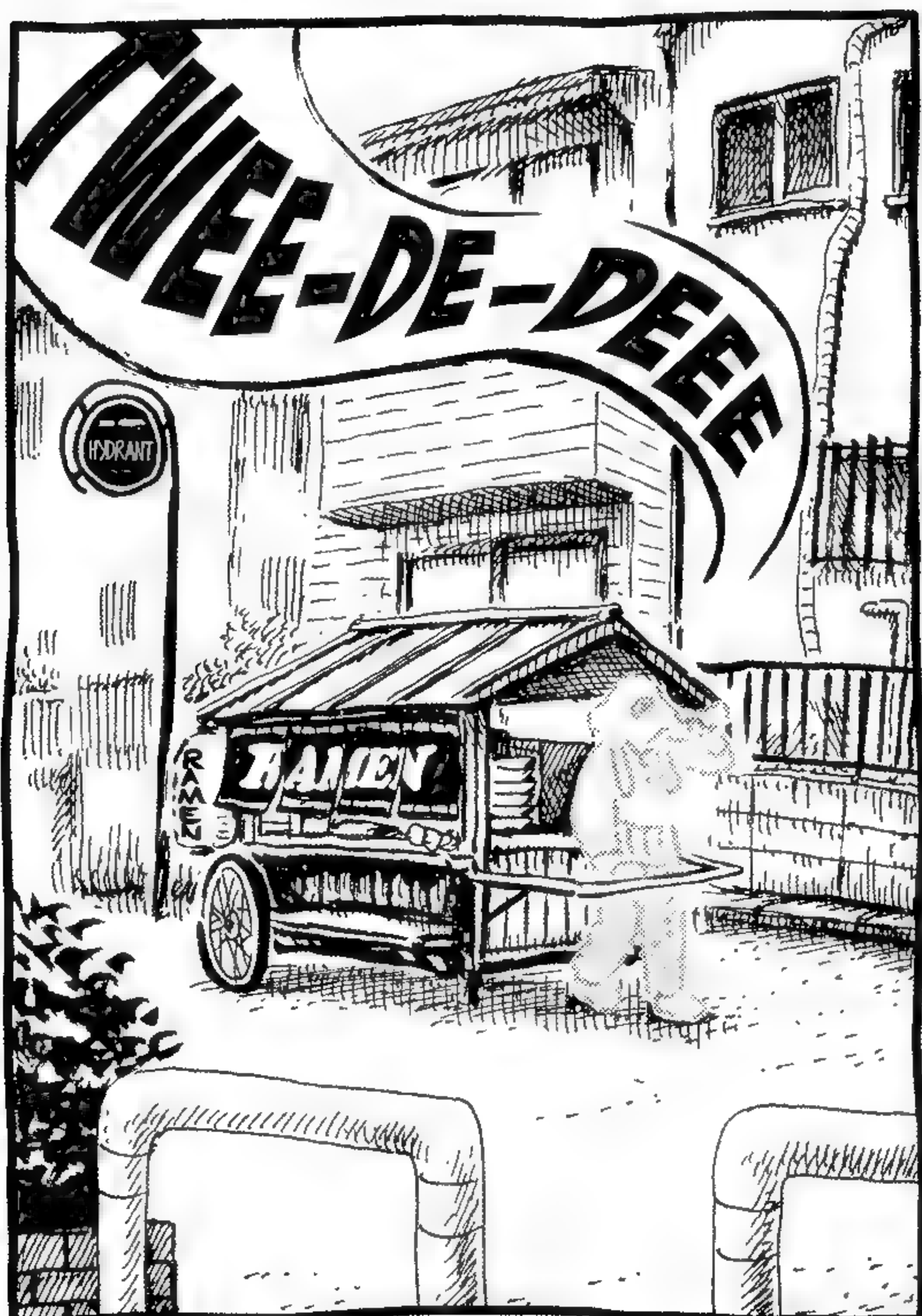
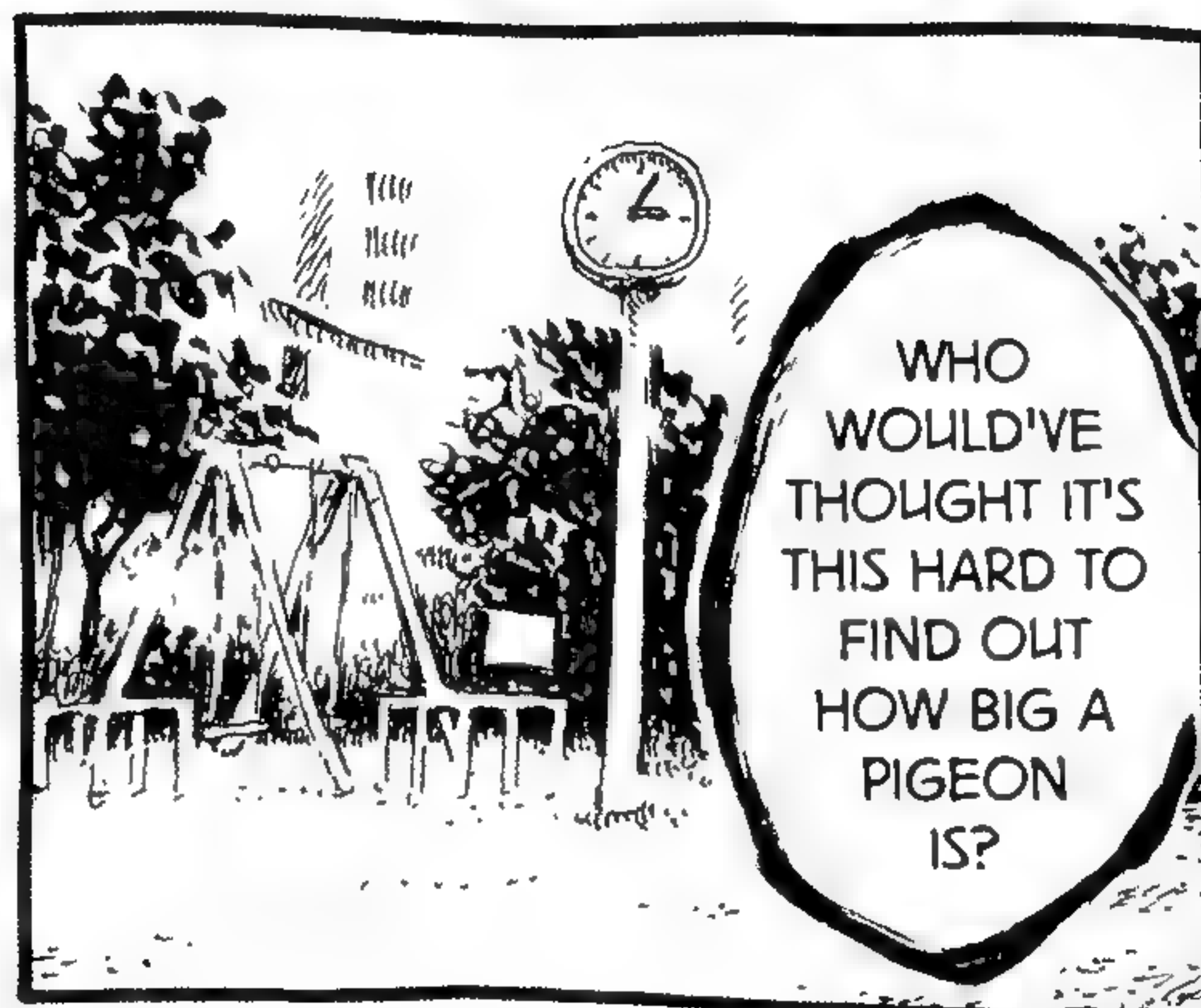
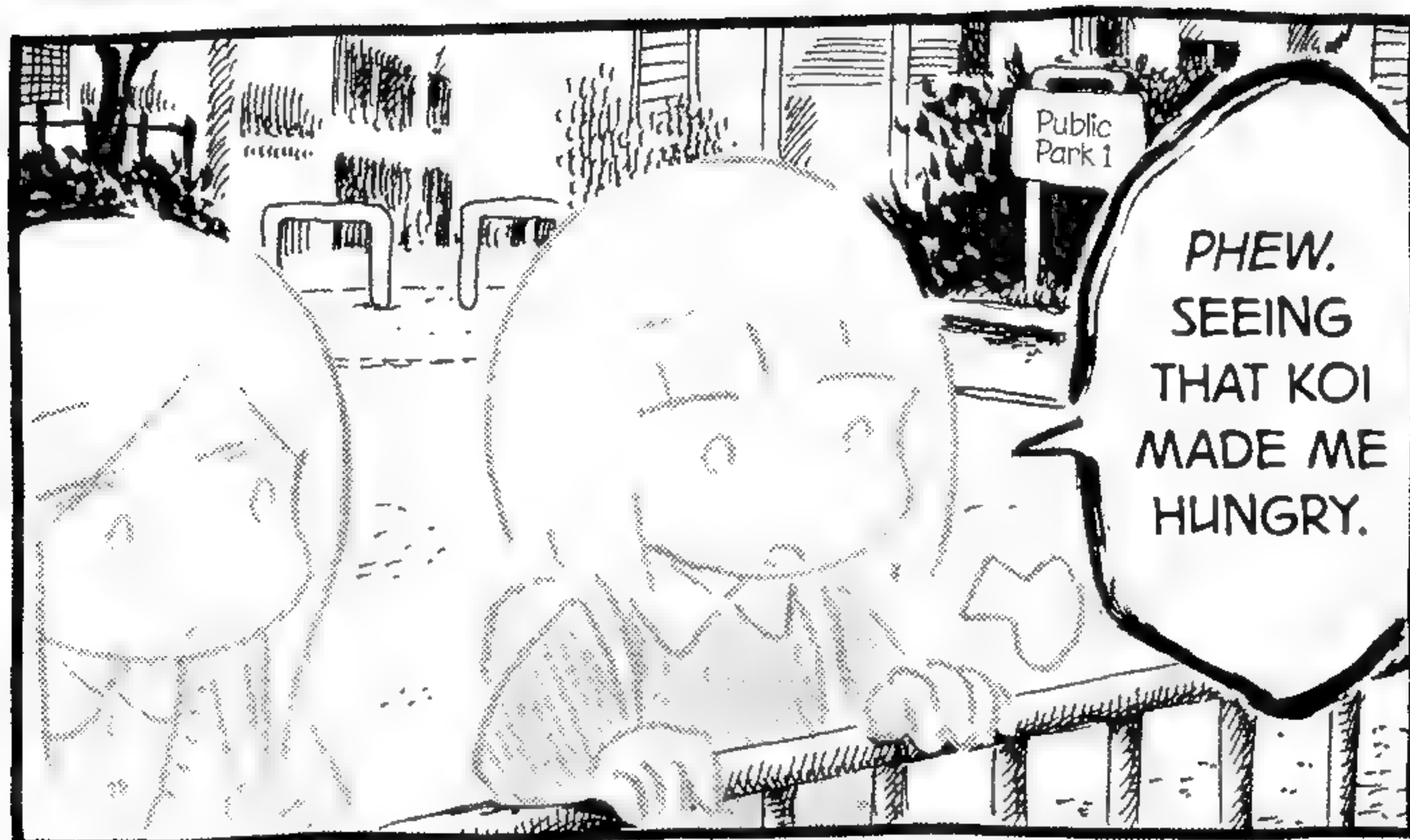
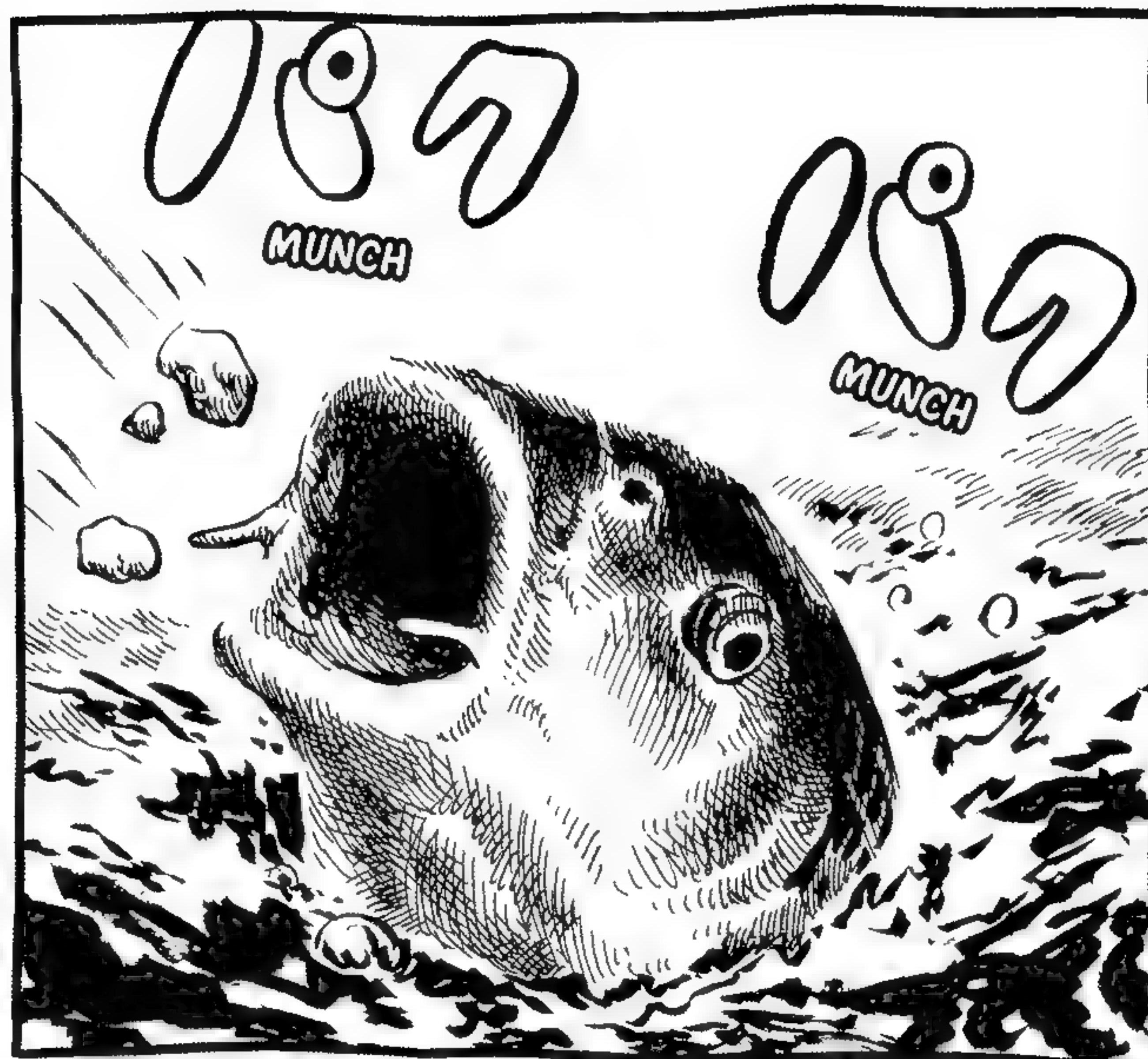
IN OTHER WORDS, WE JUST NEED TO GET A LOOK AT IT WHEN IT'S NEAR SOMETHING WE CAN USE AS A YARDSTICK.

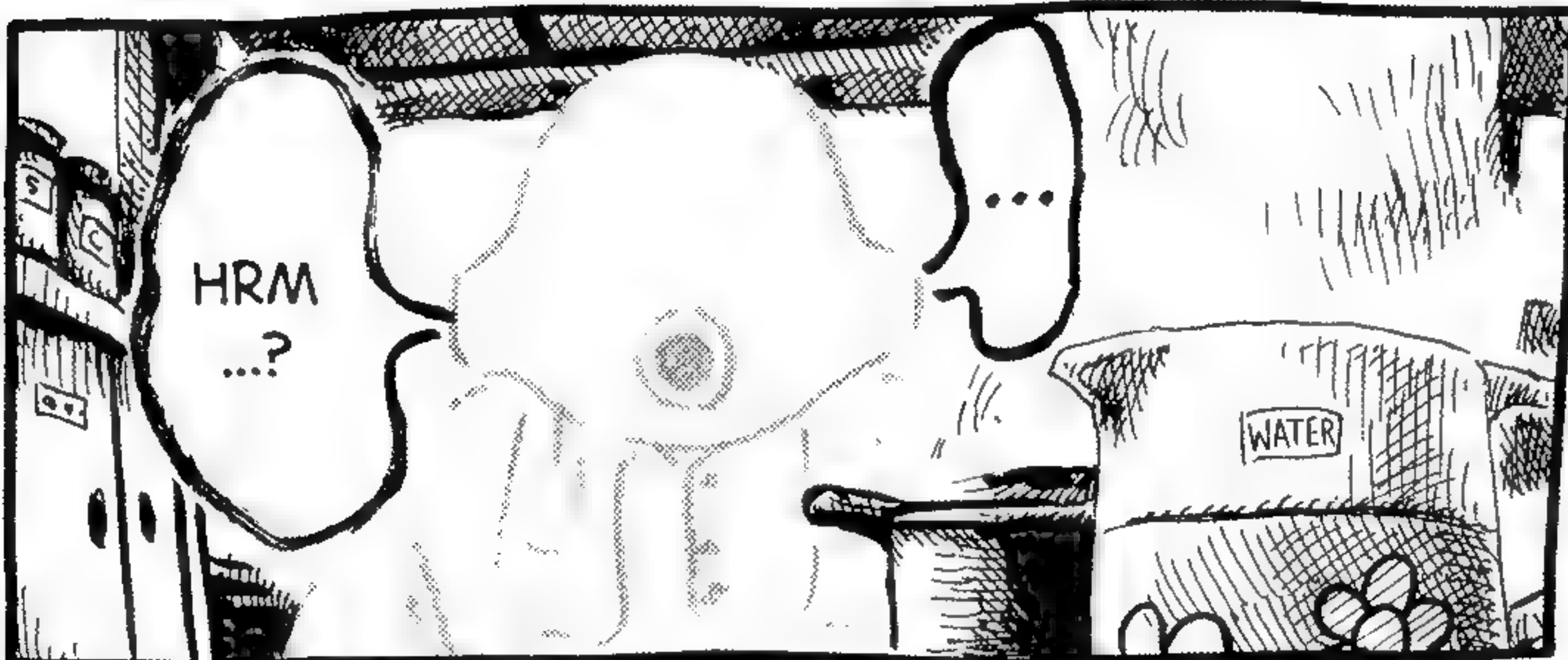
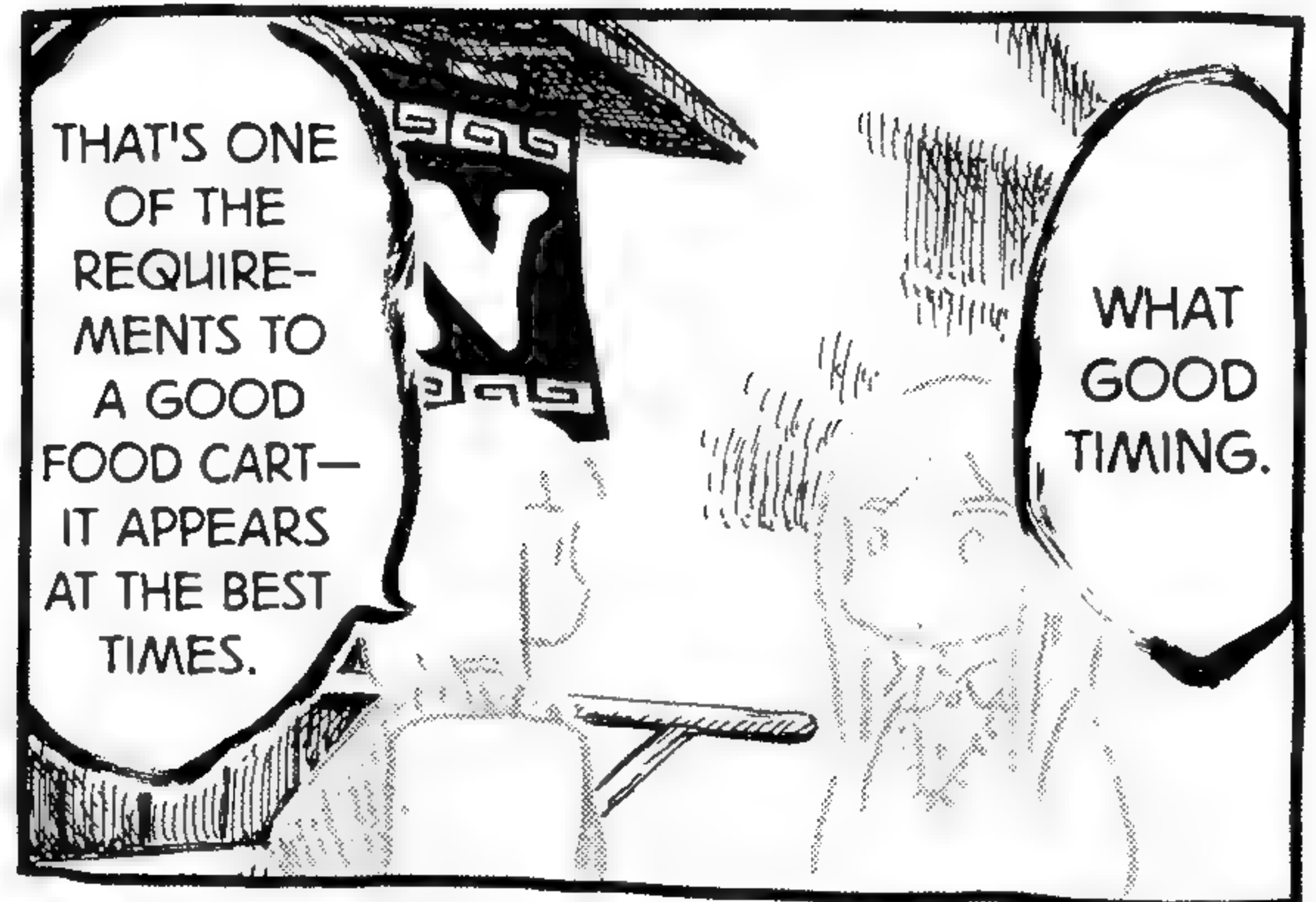
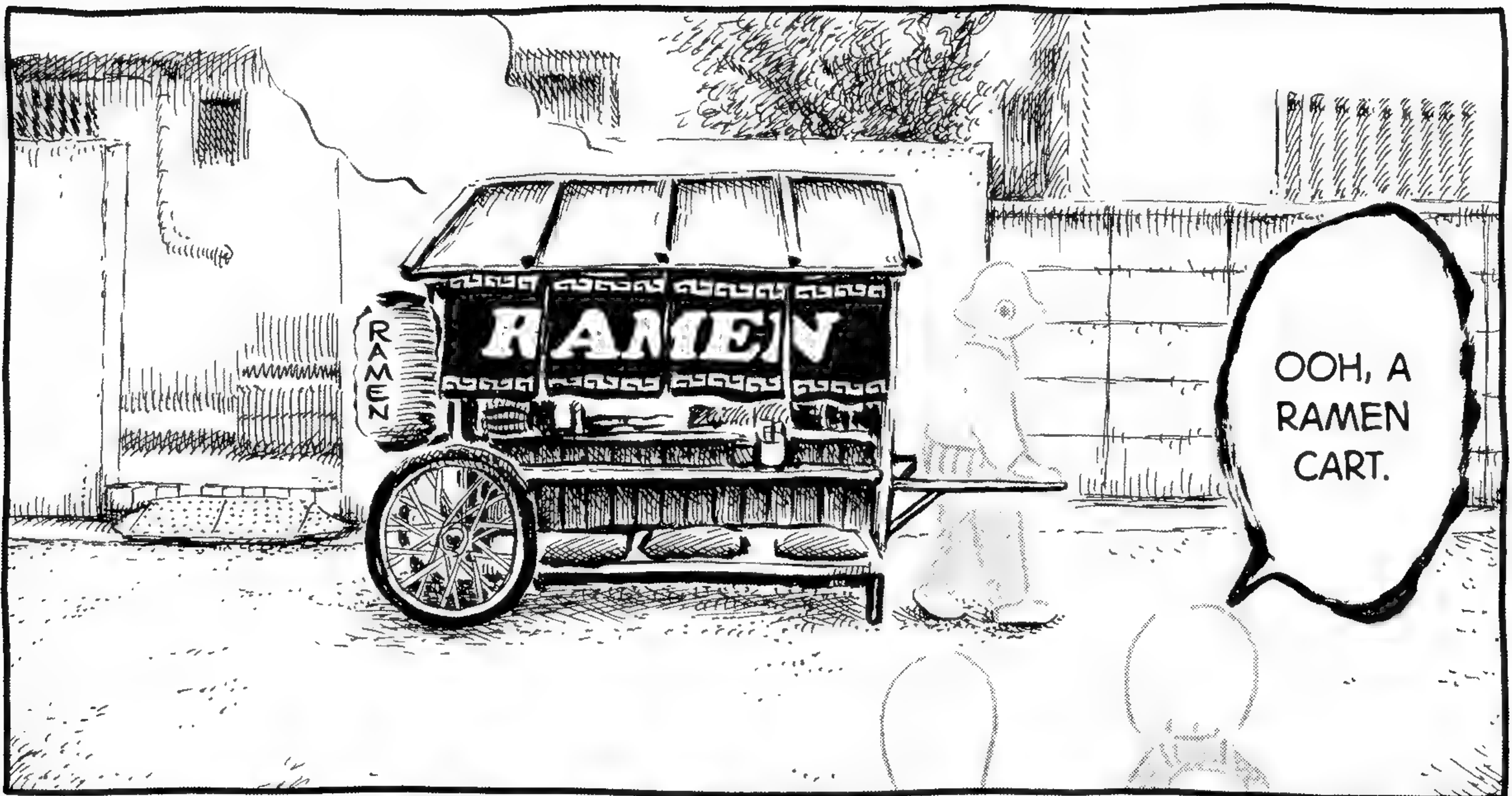


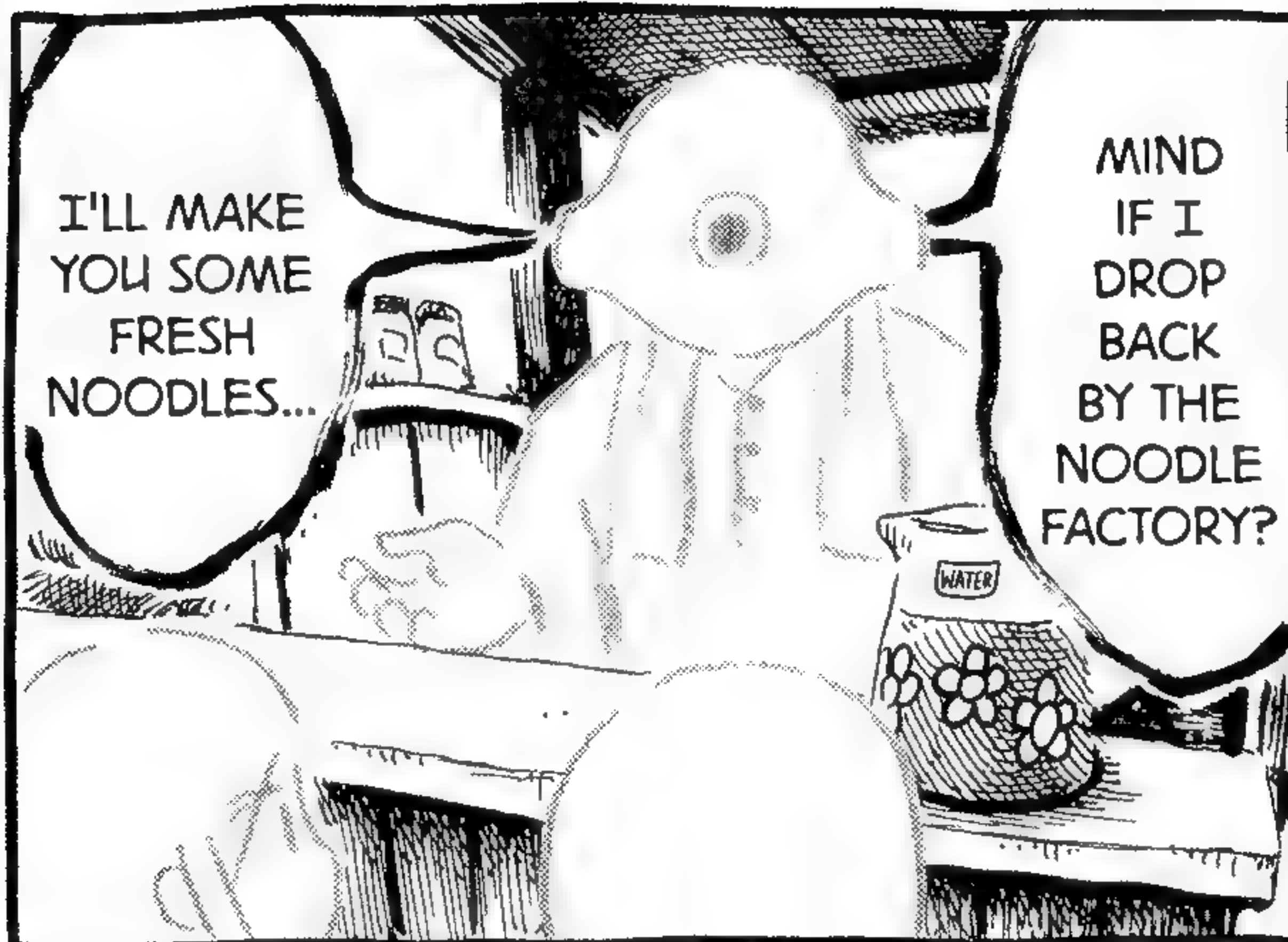
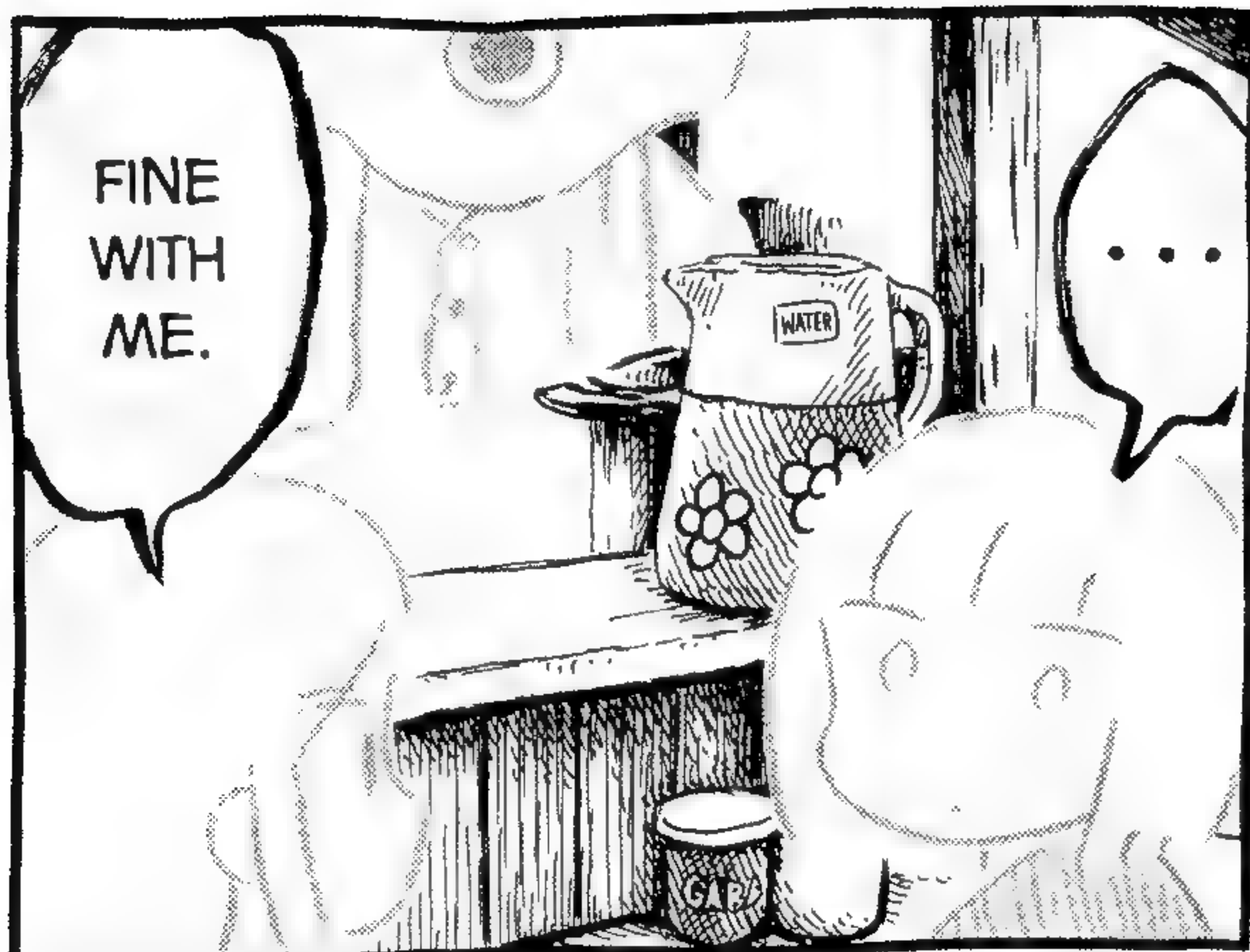
*Japanese Industrial Standards: Japan's engineering and industrial standardization association

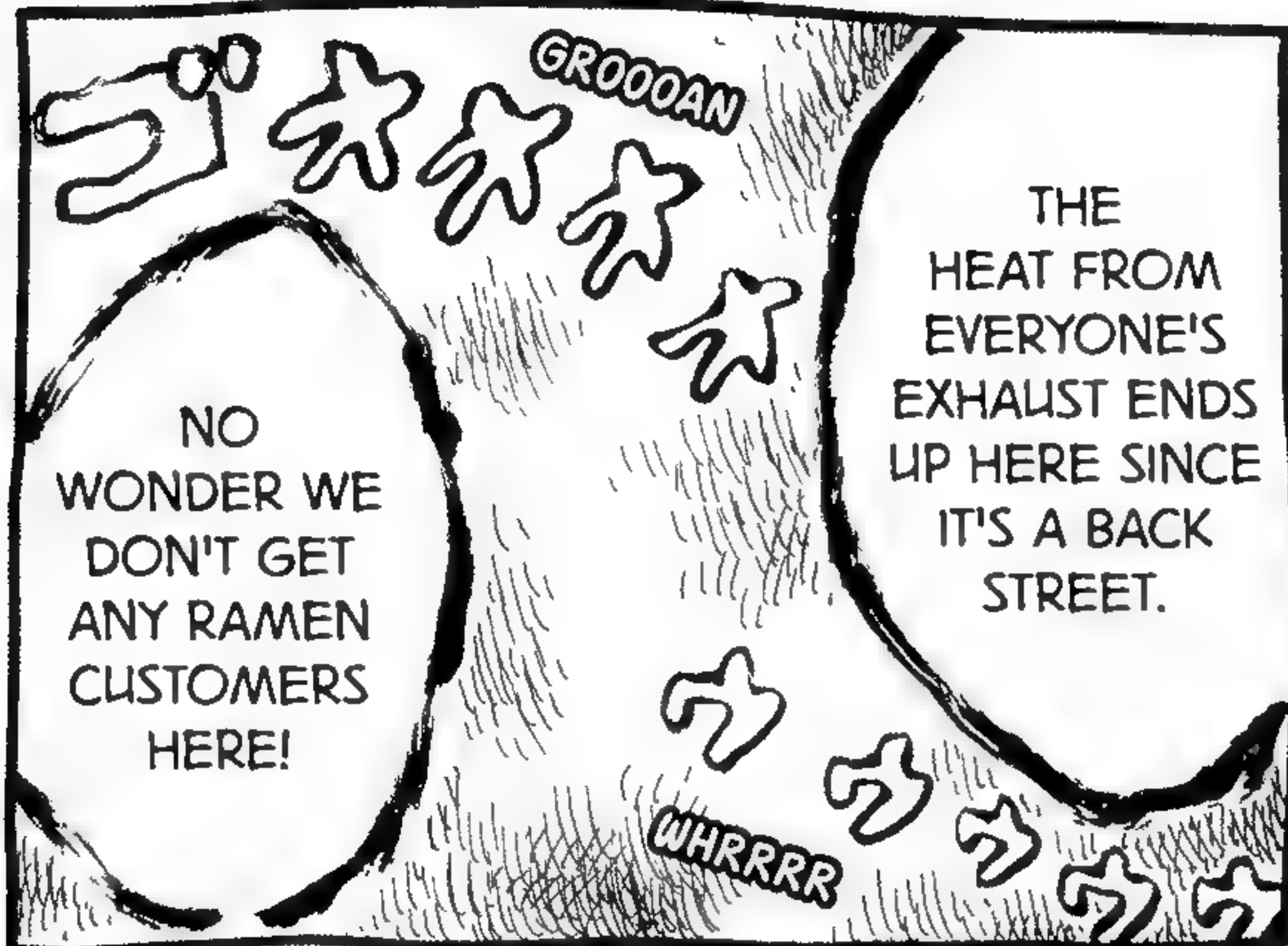
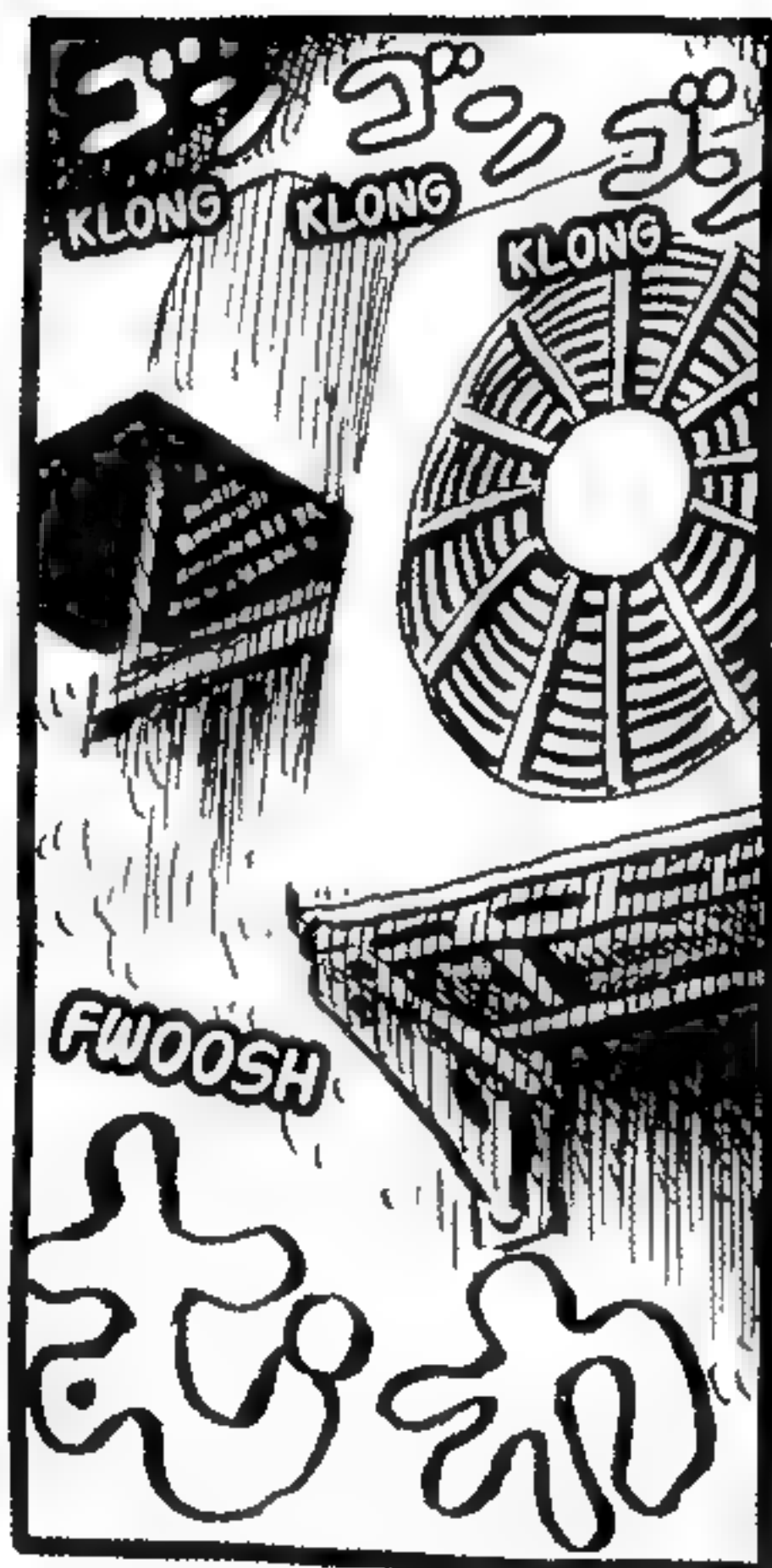
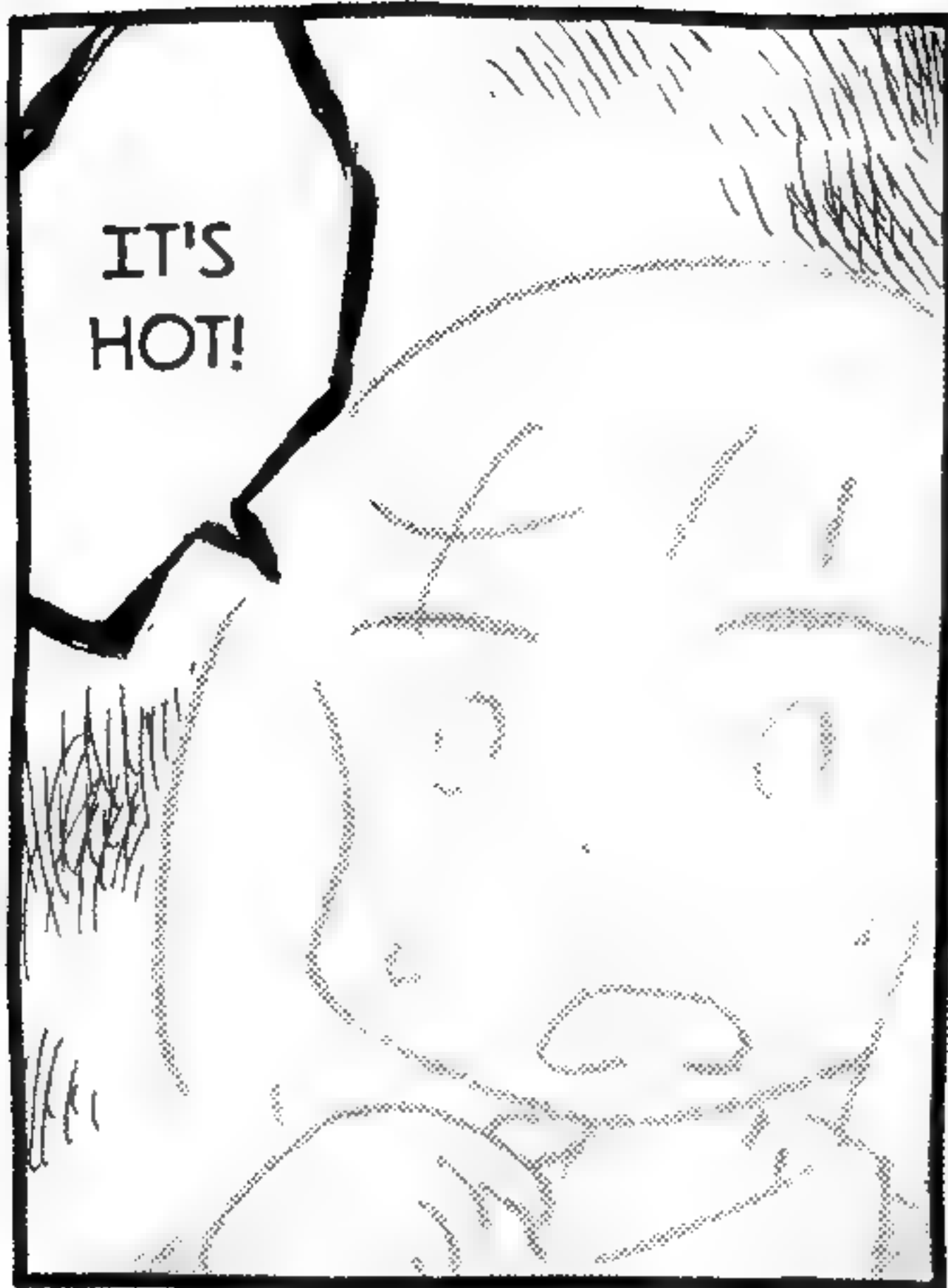


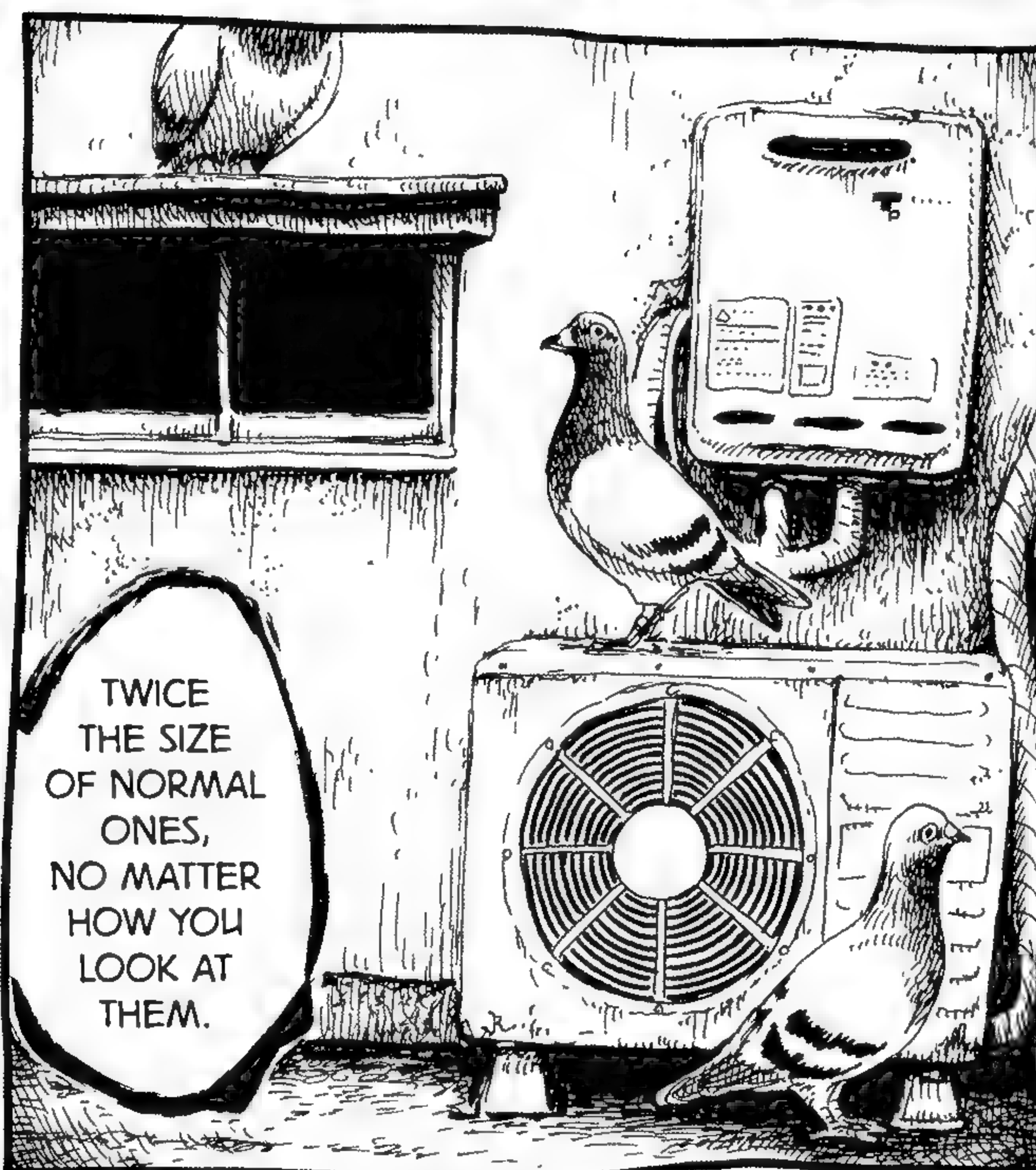
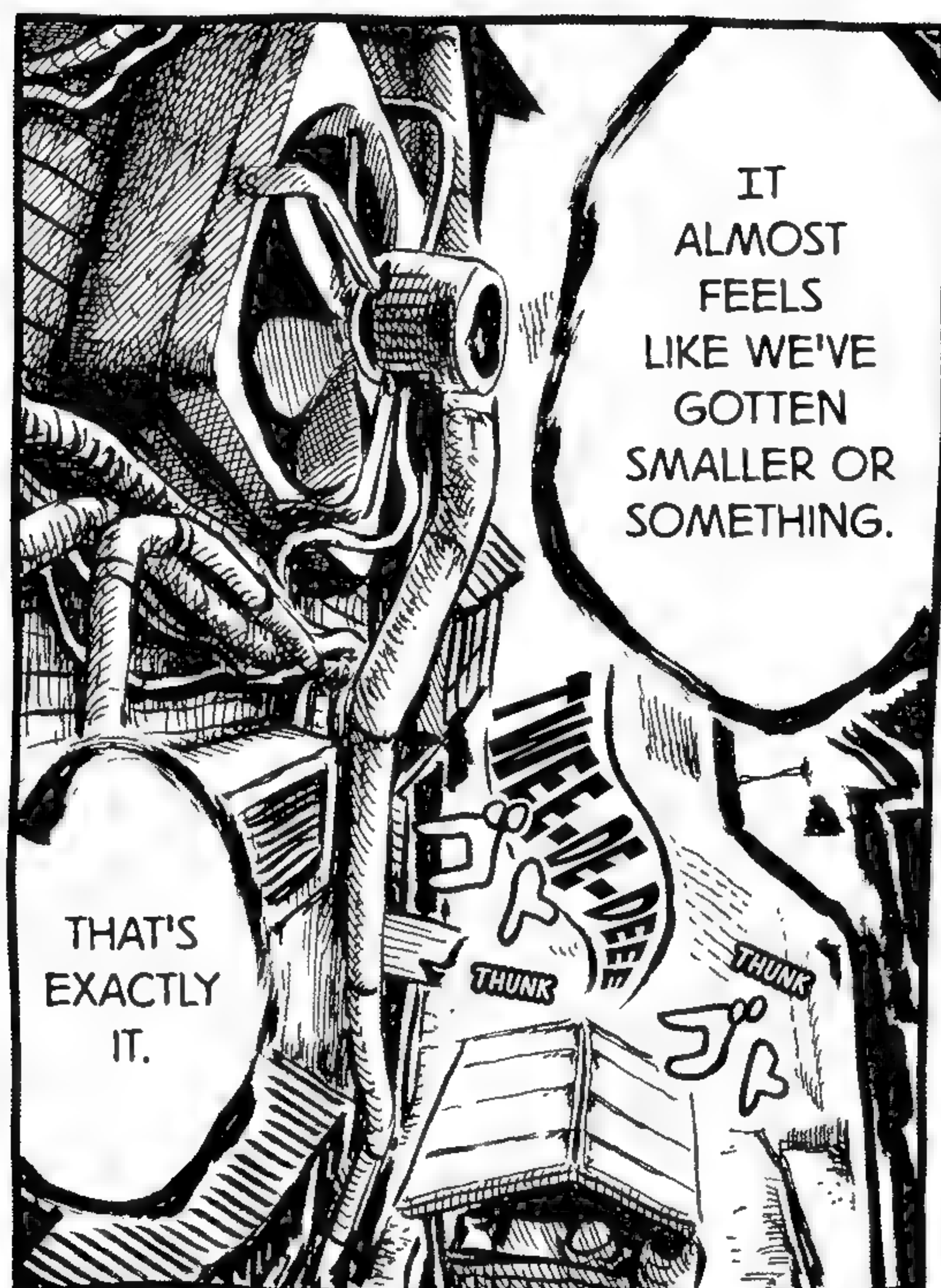


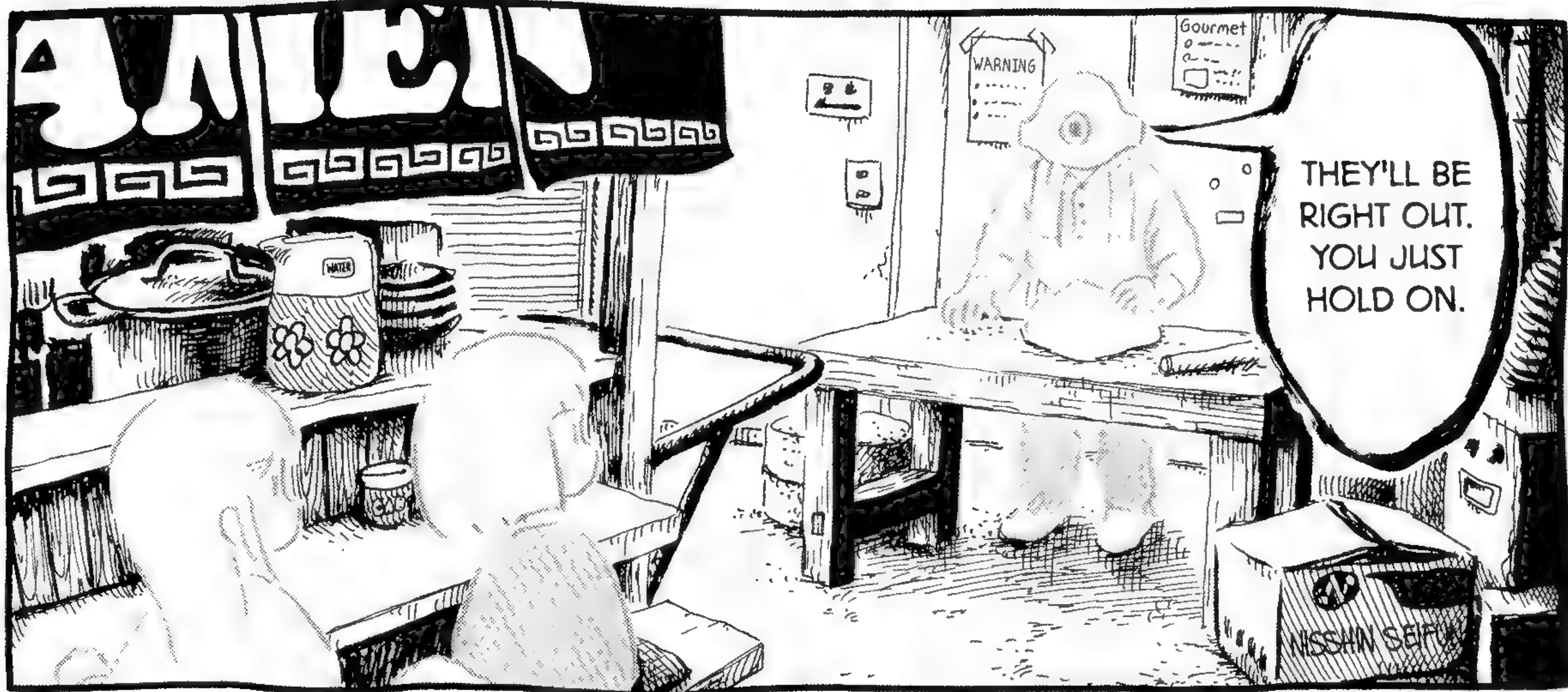
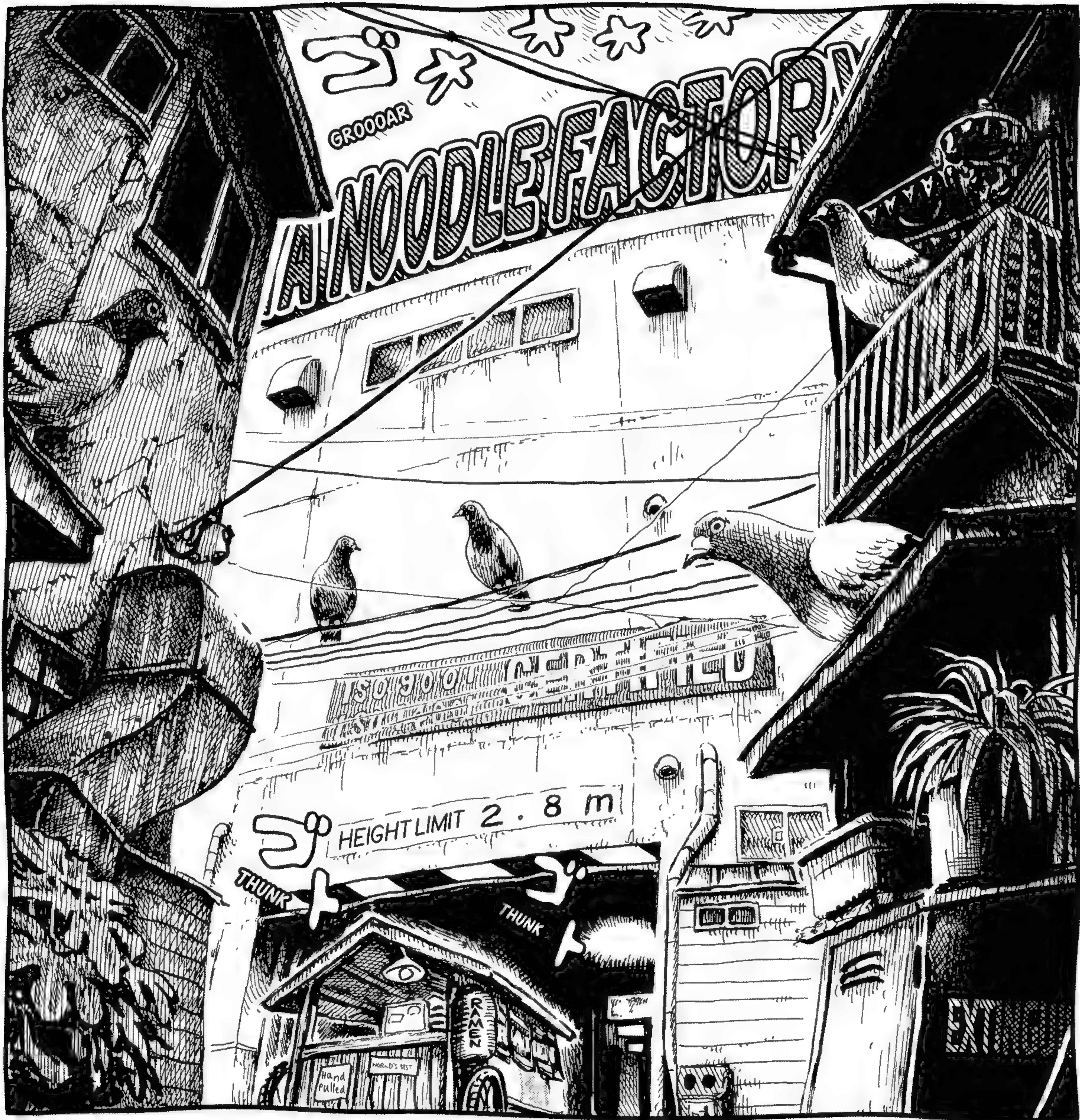


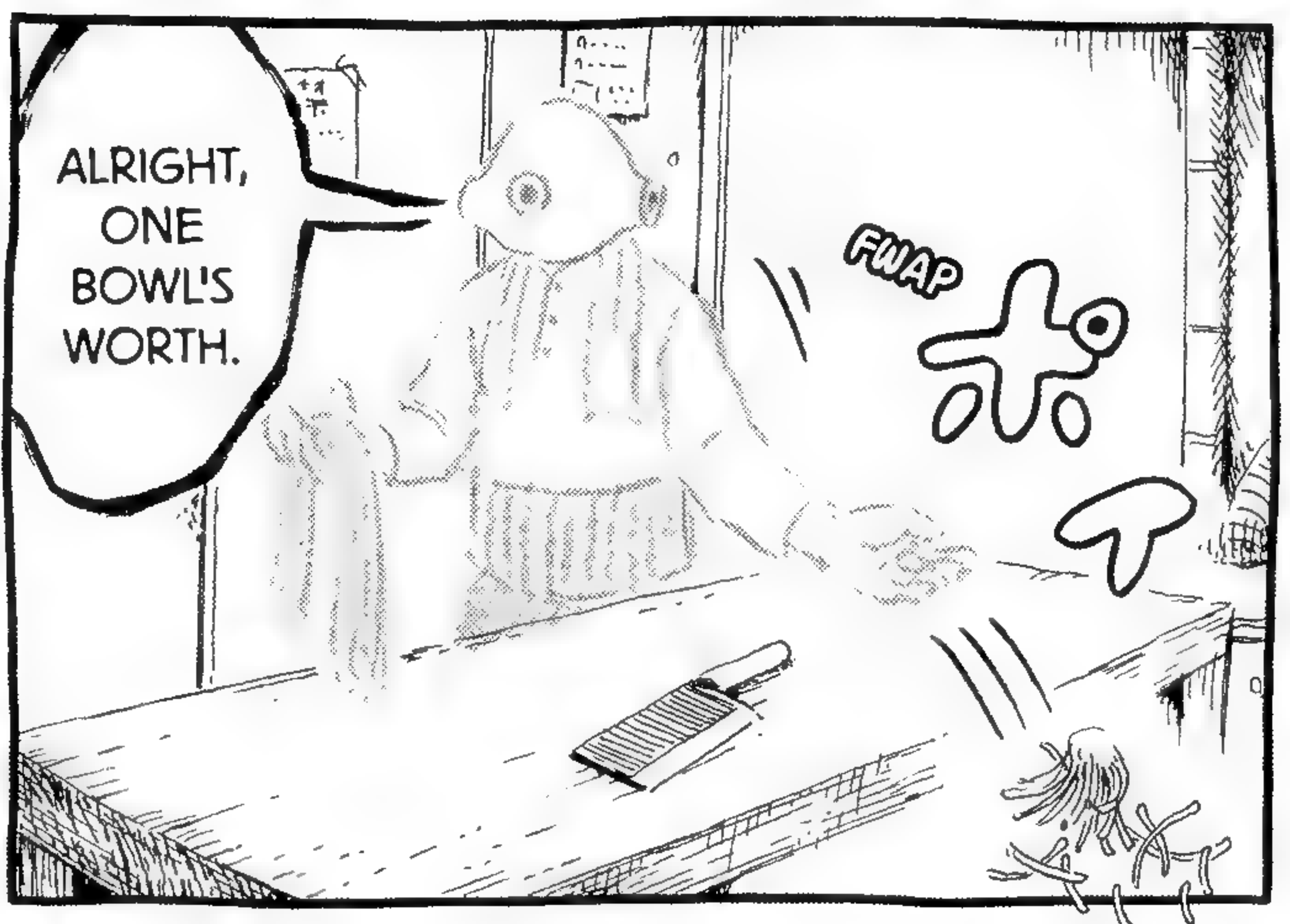
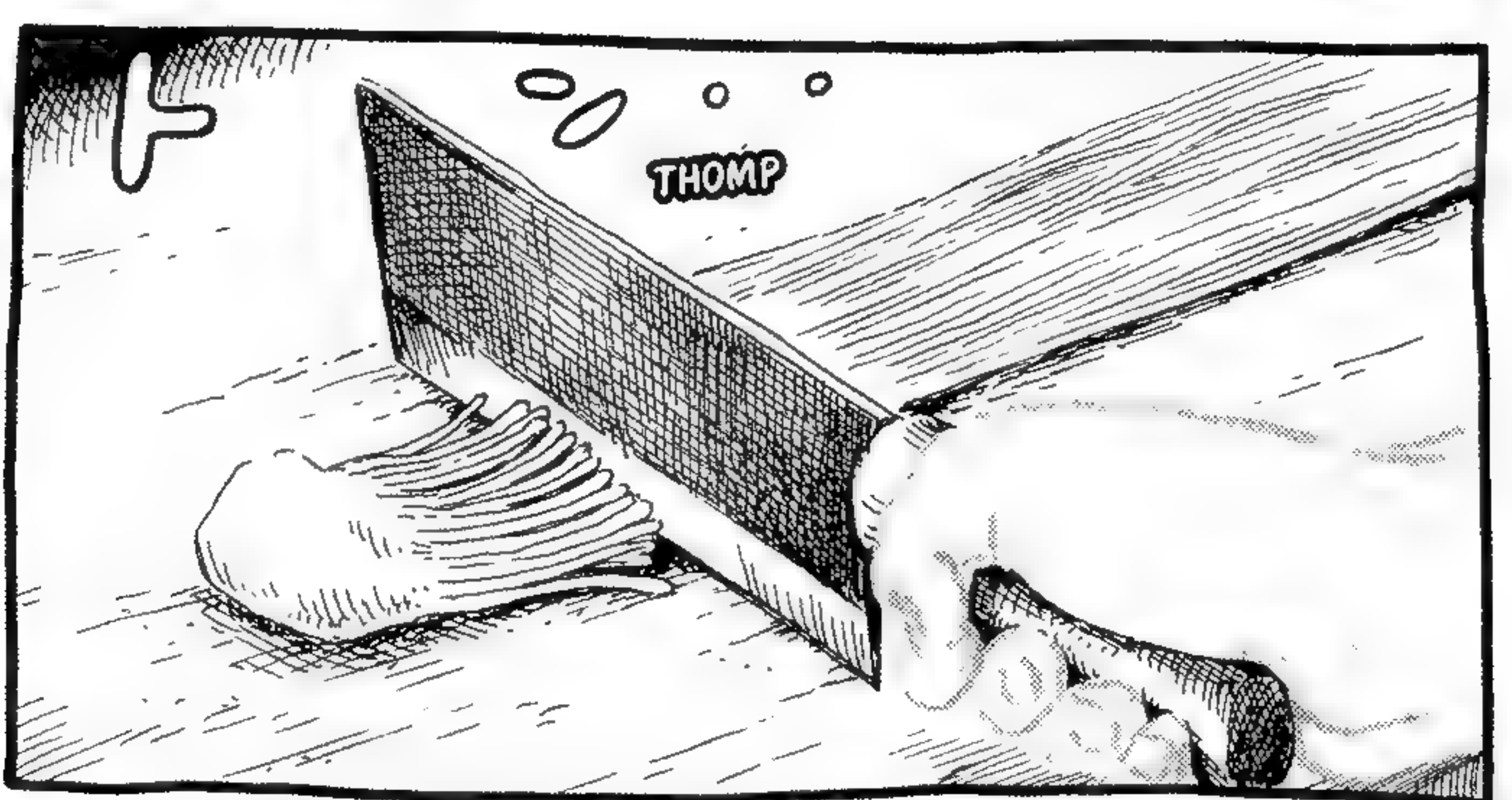
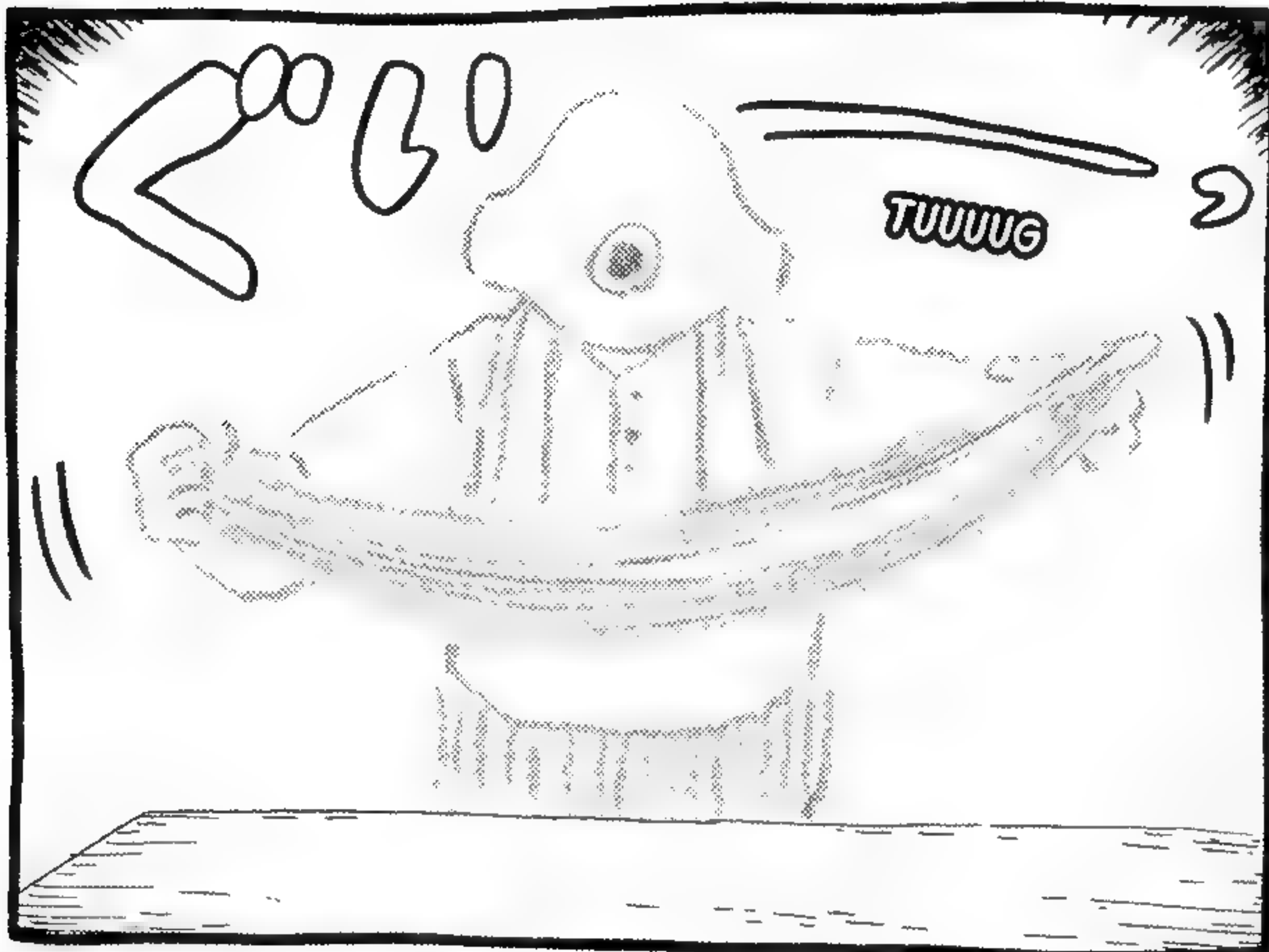
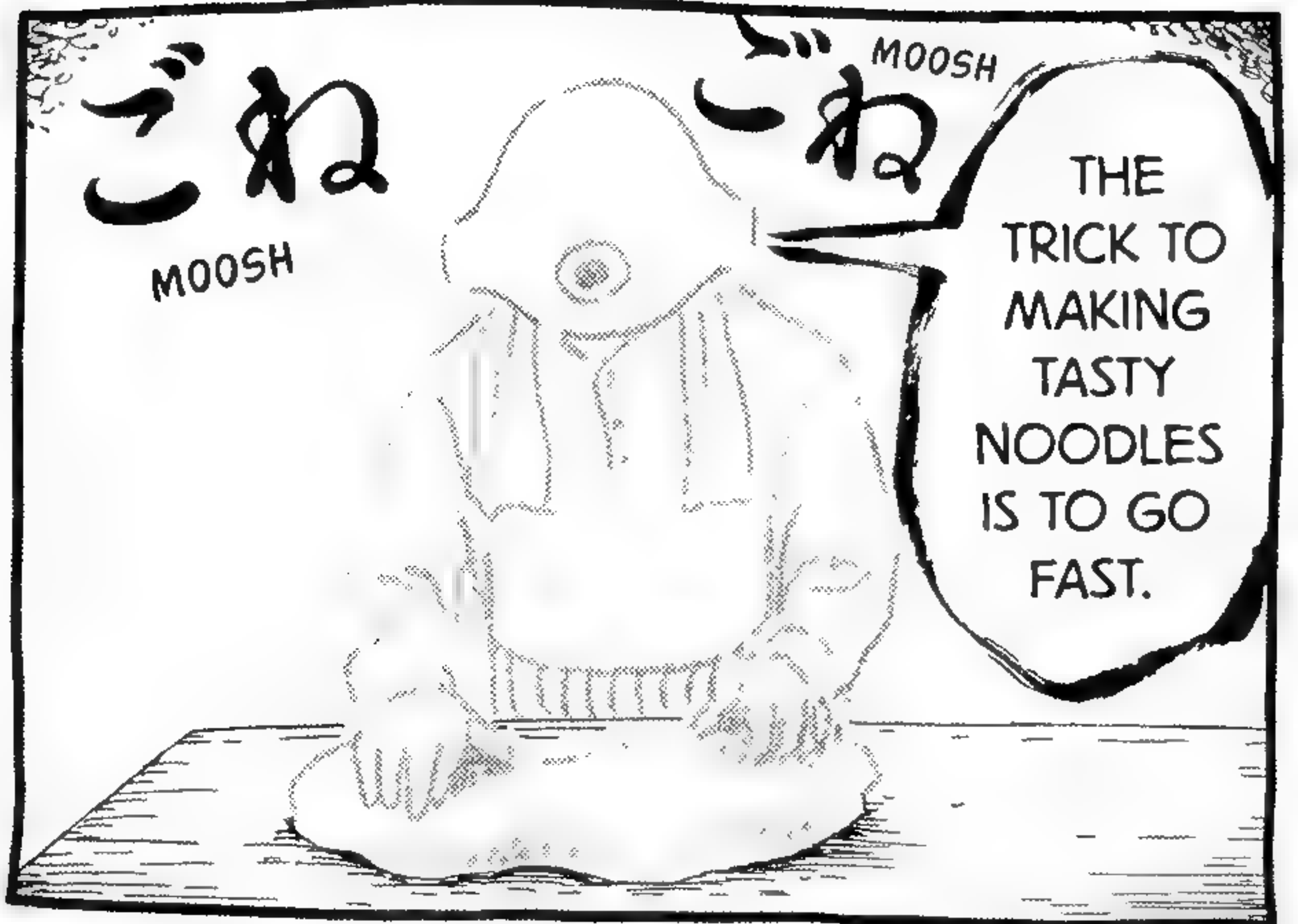
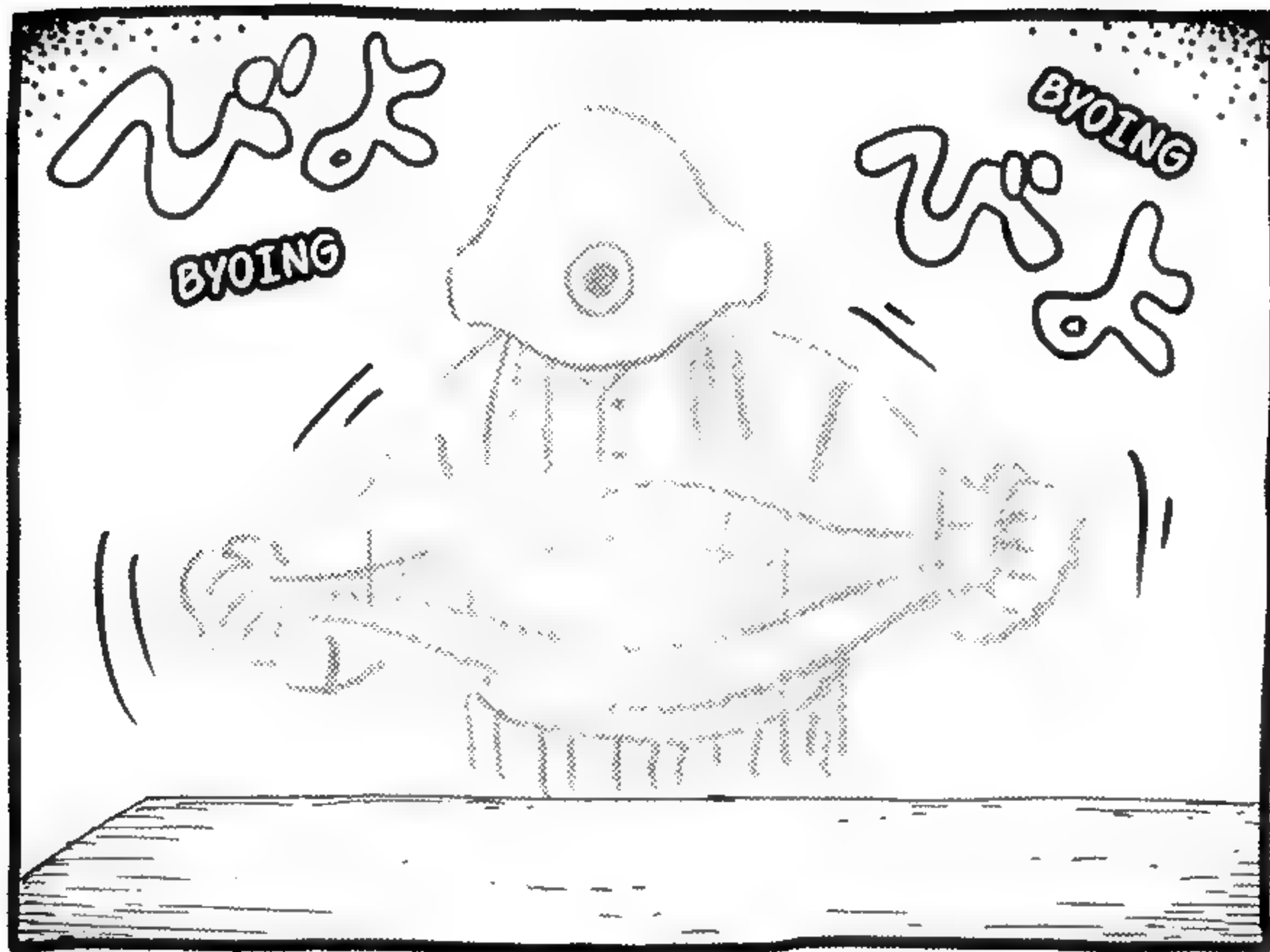


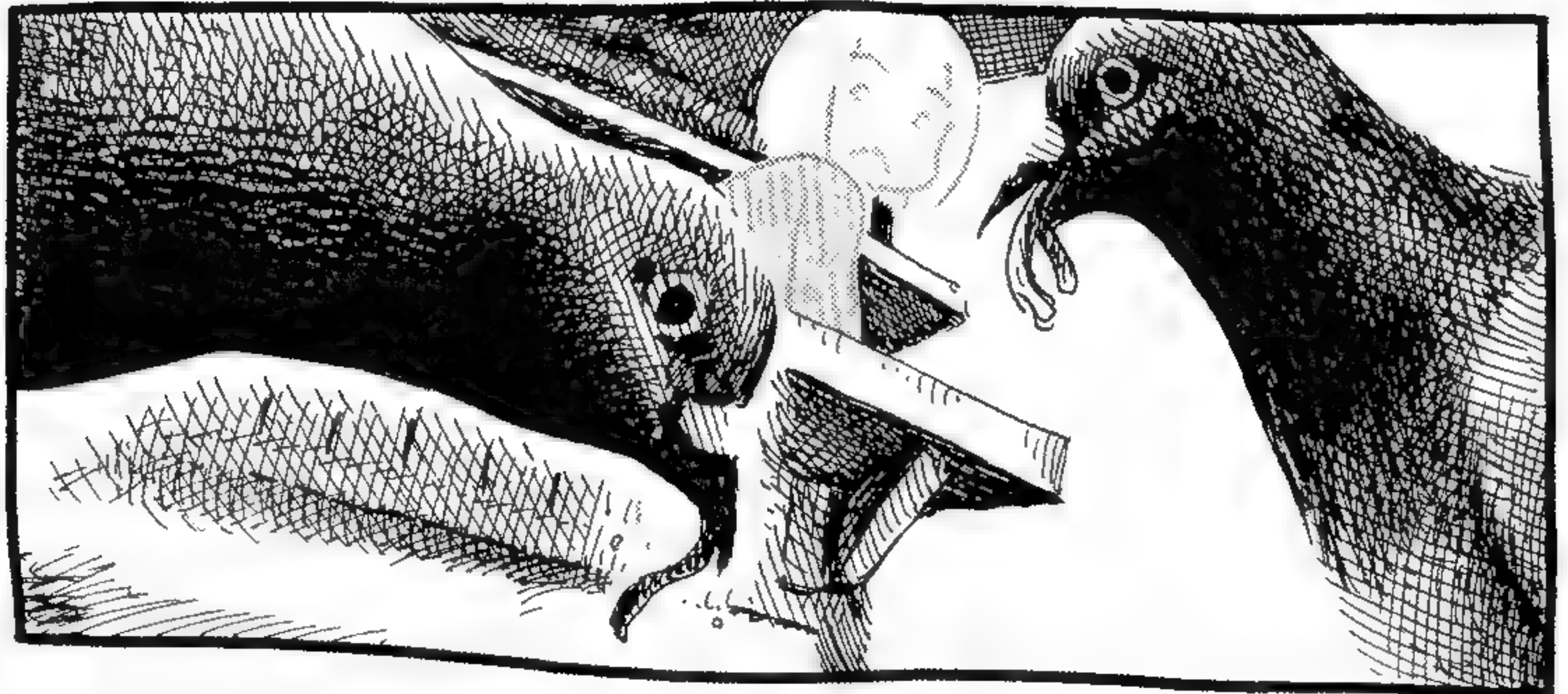
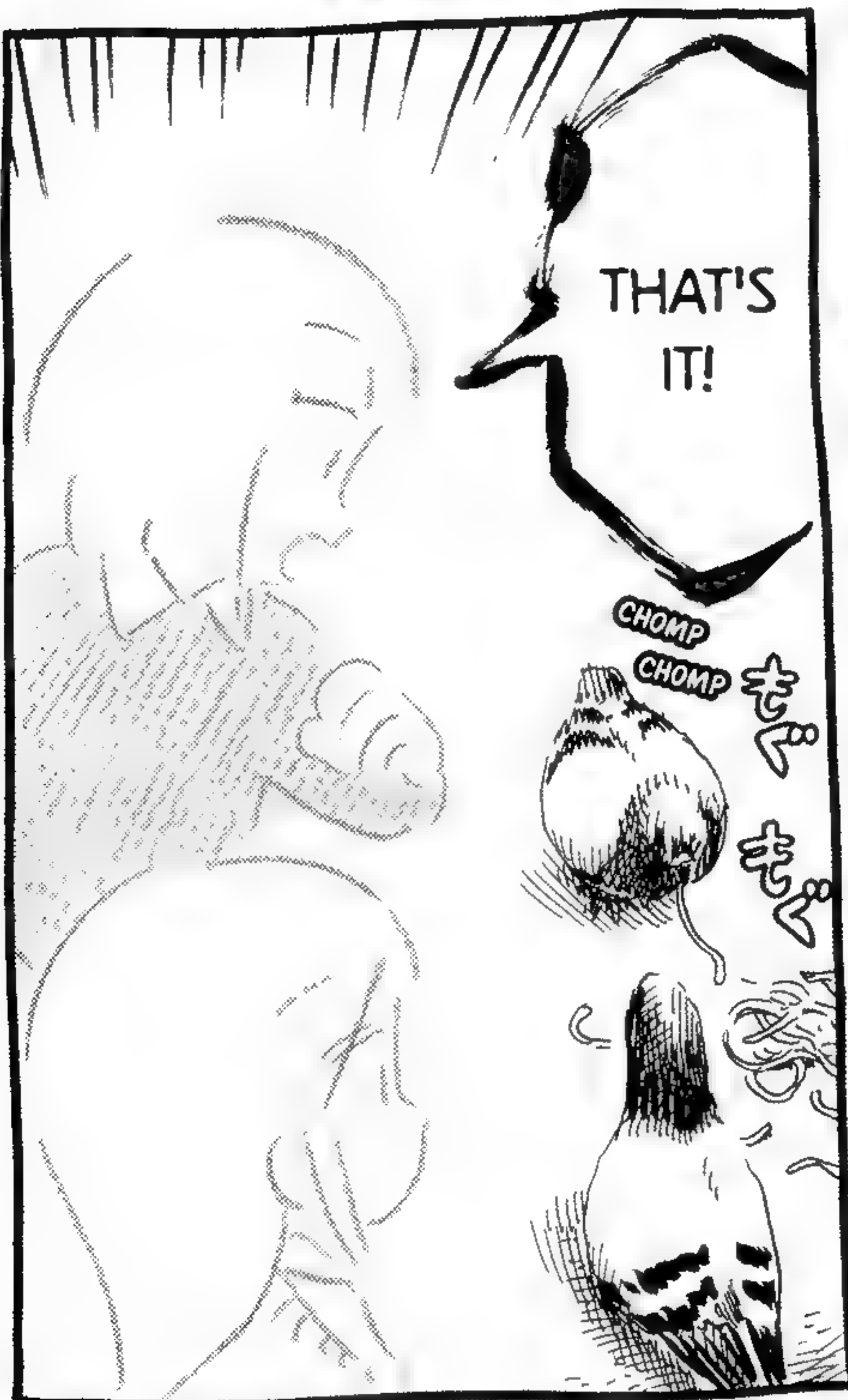
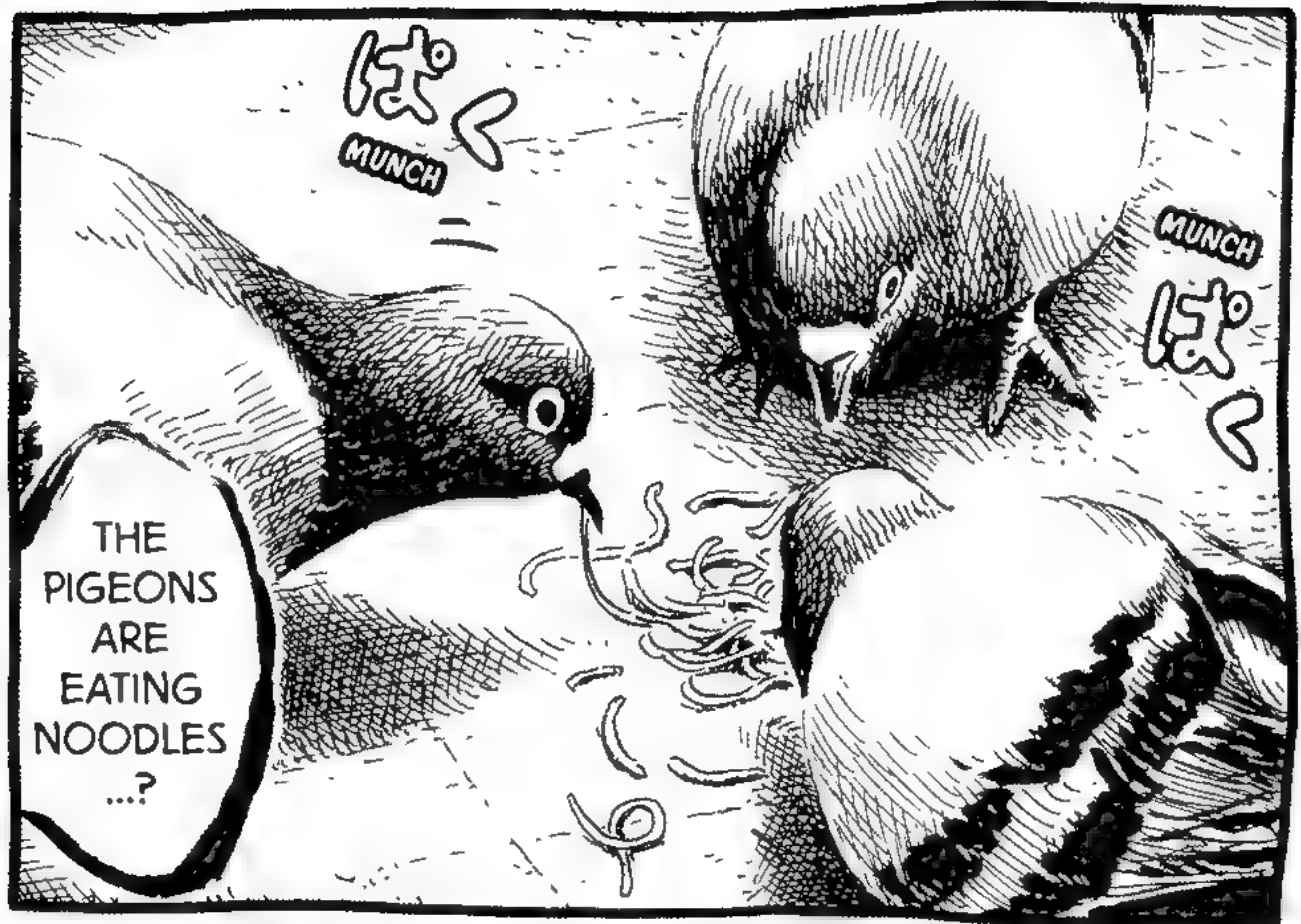
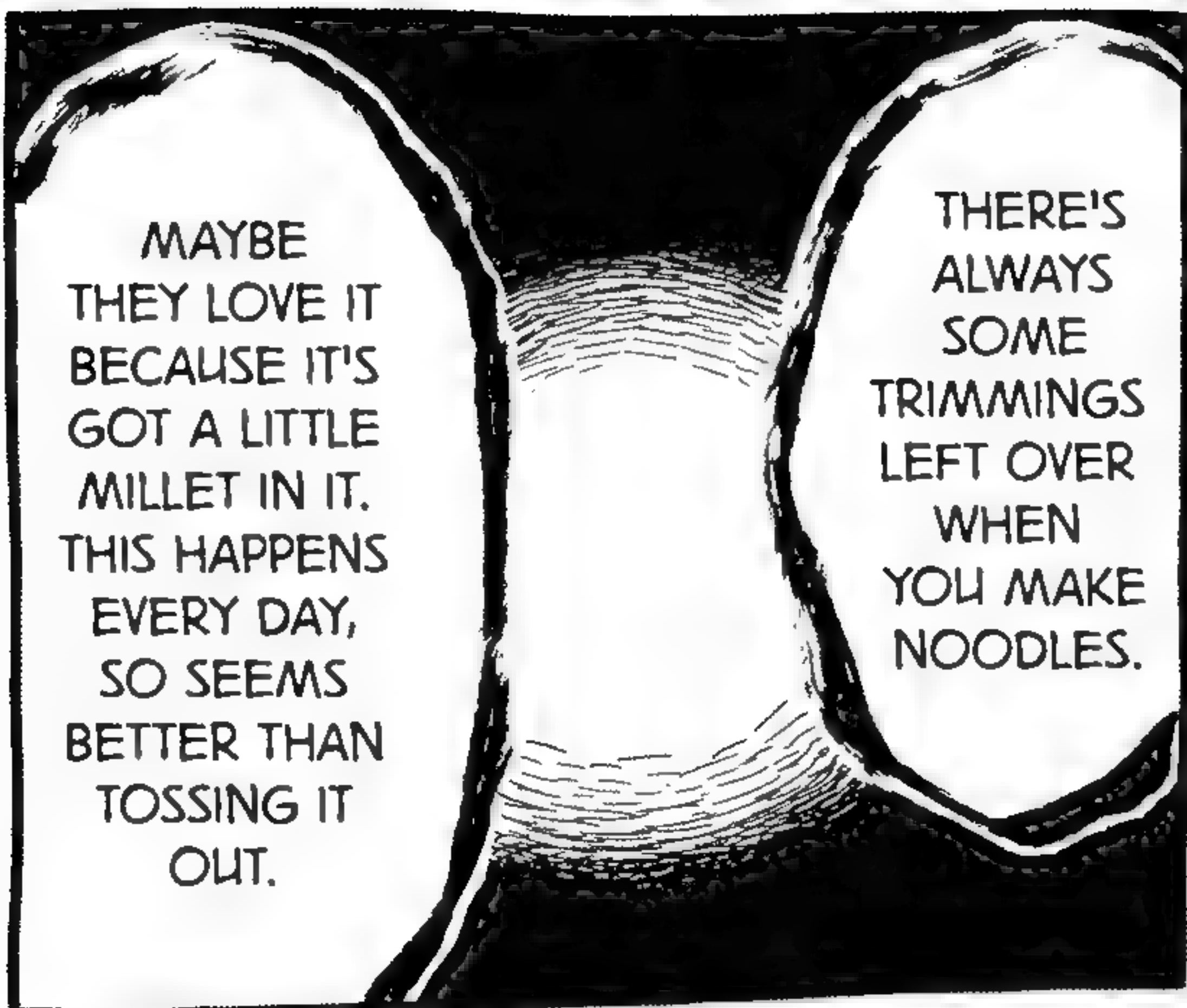






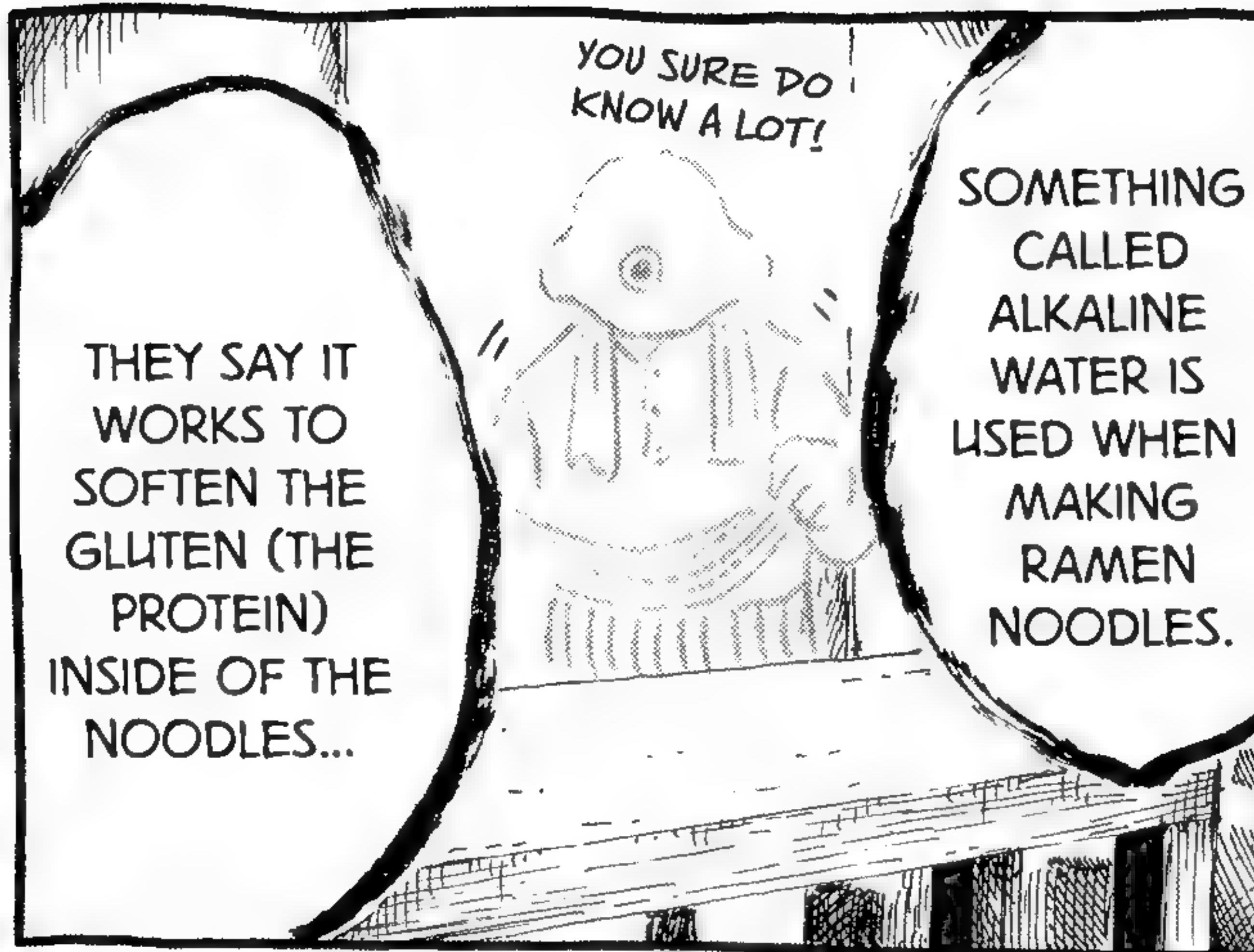






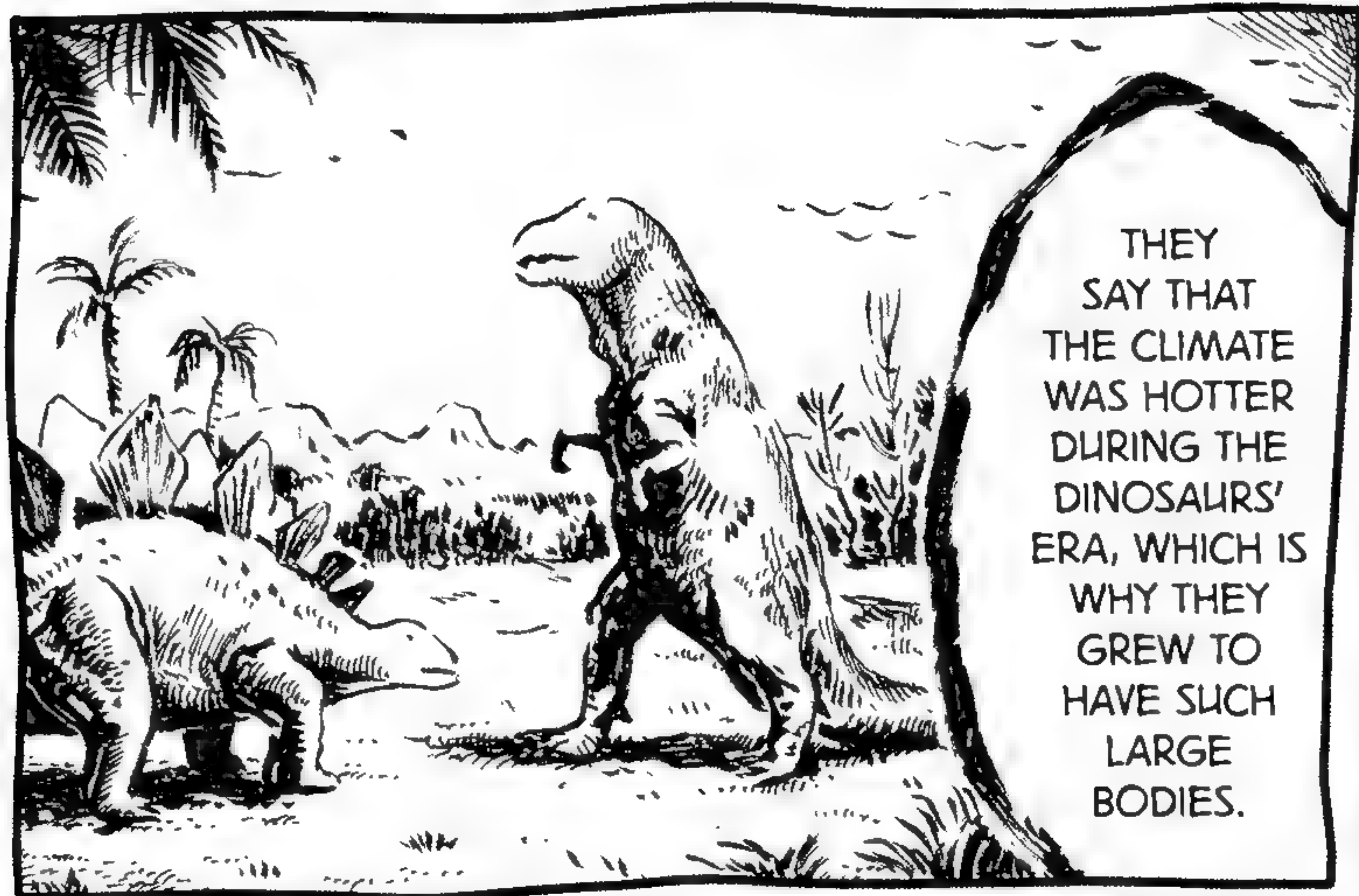
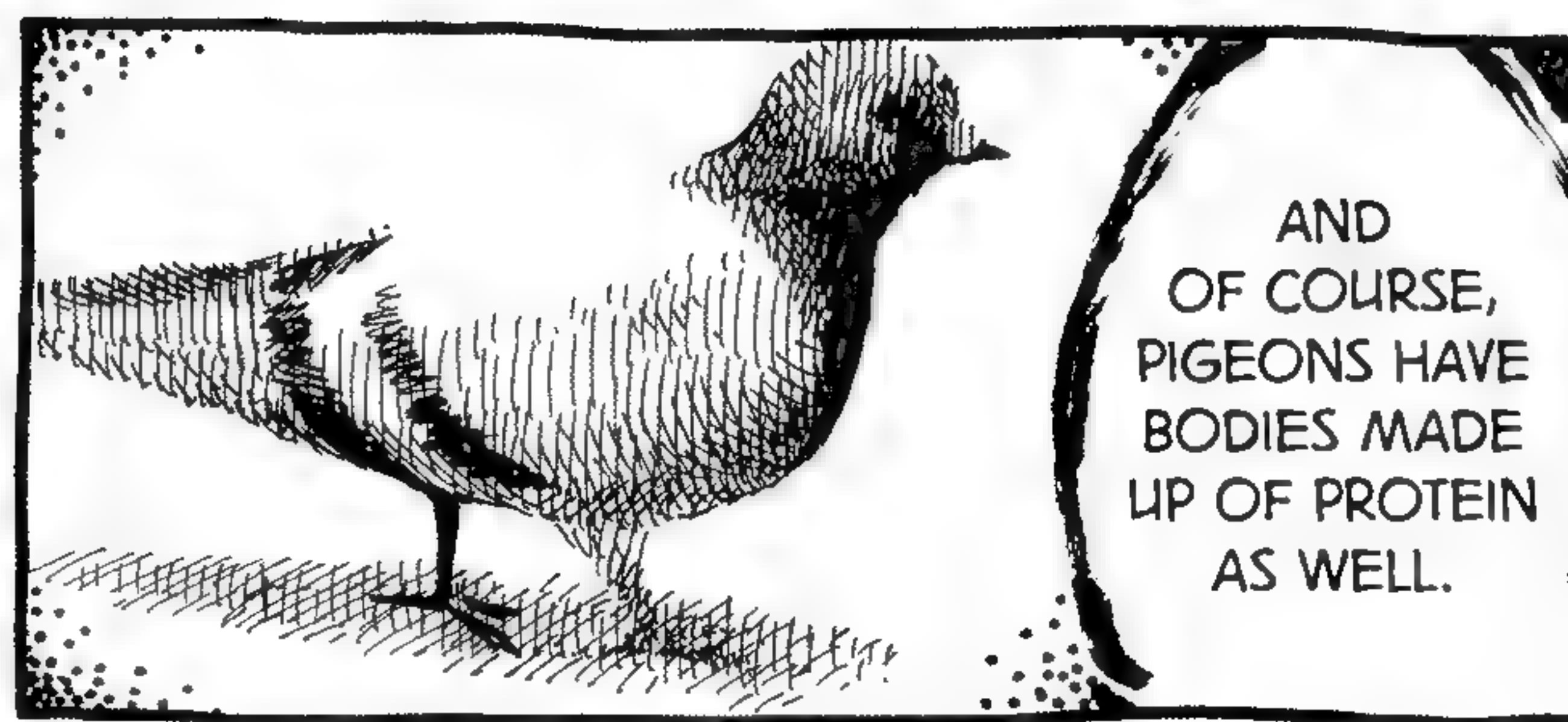


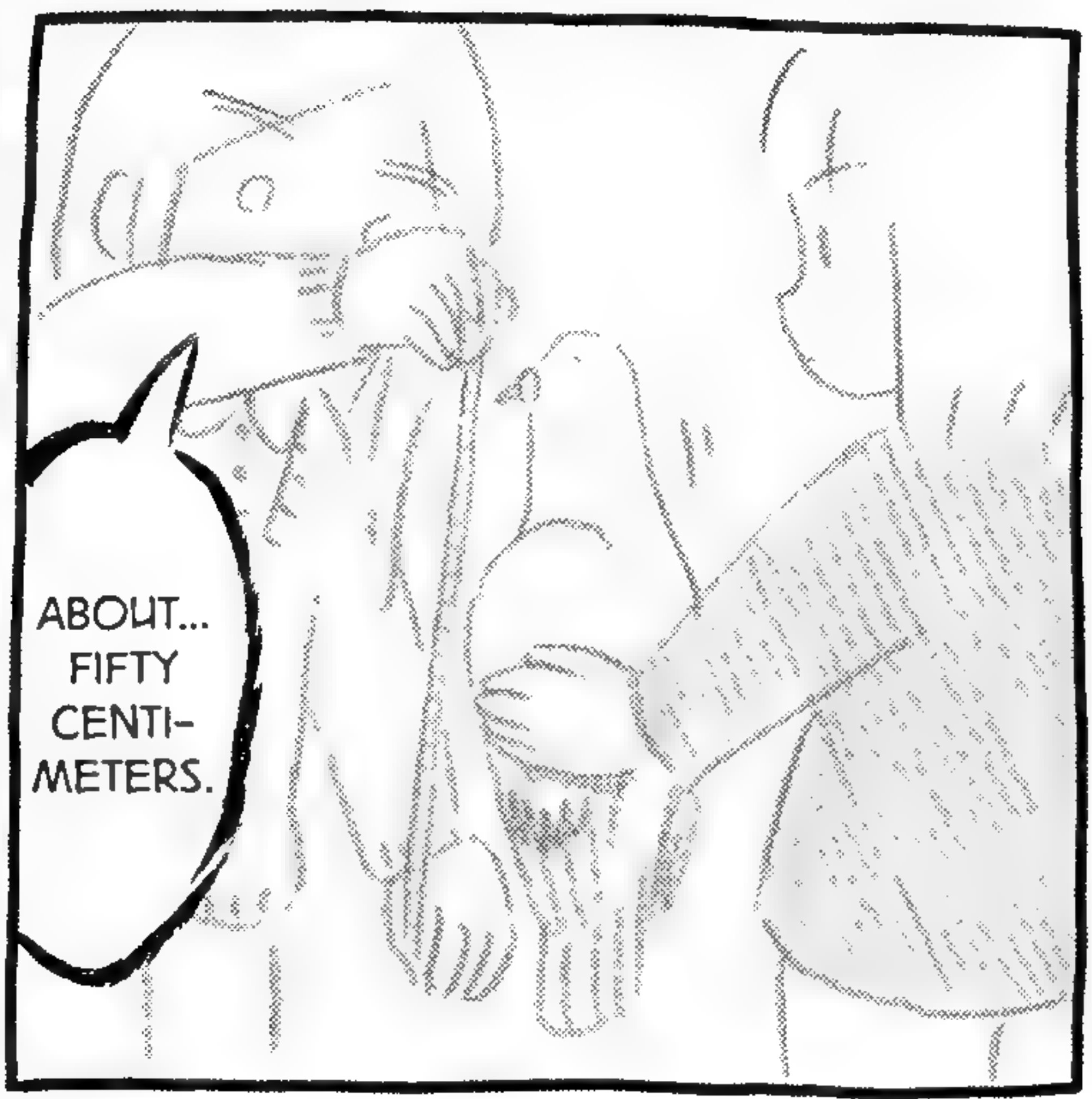
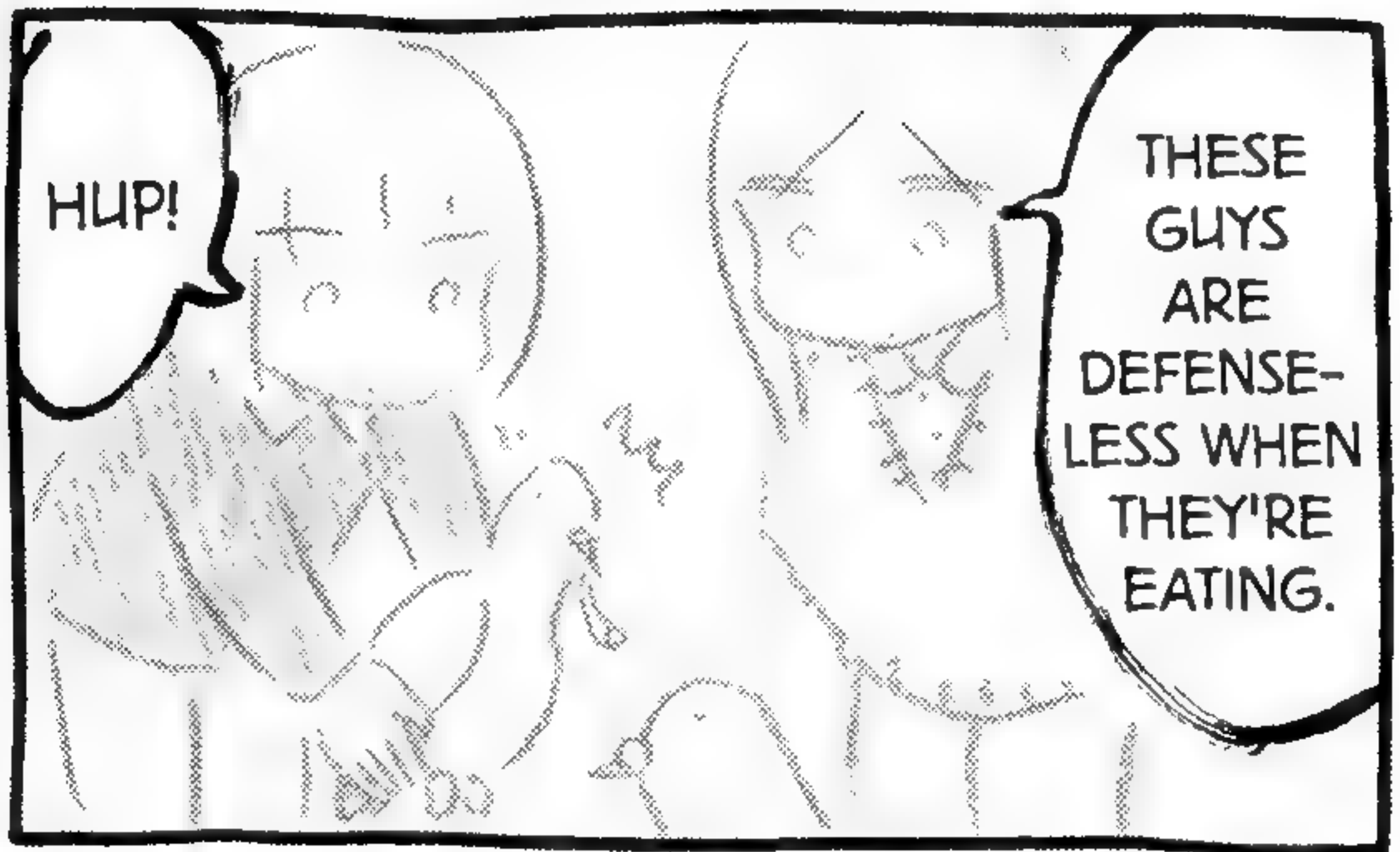
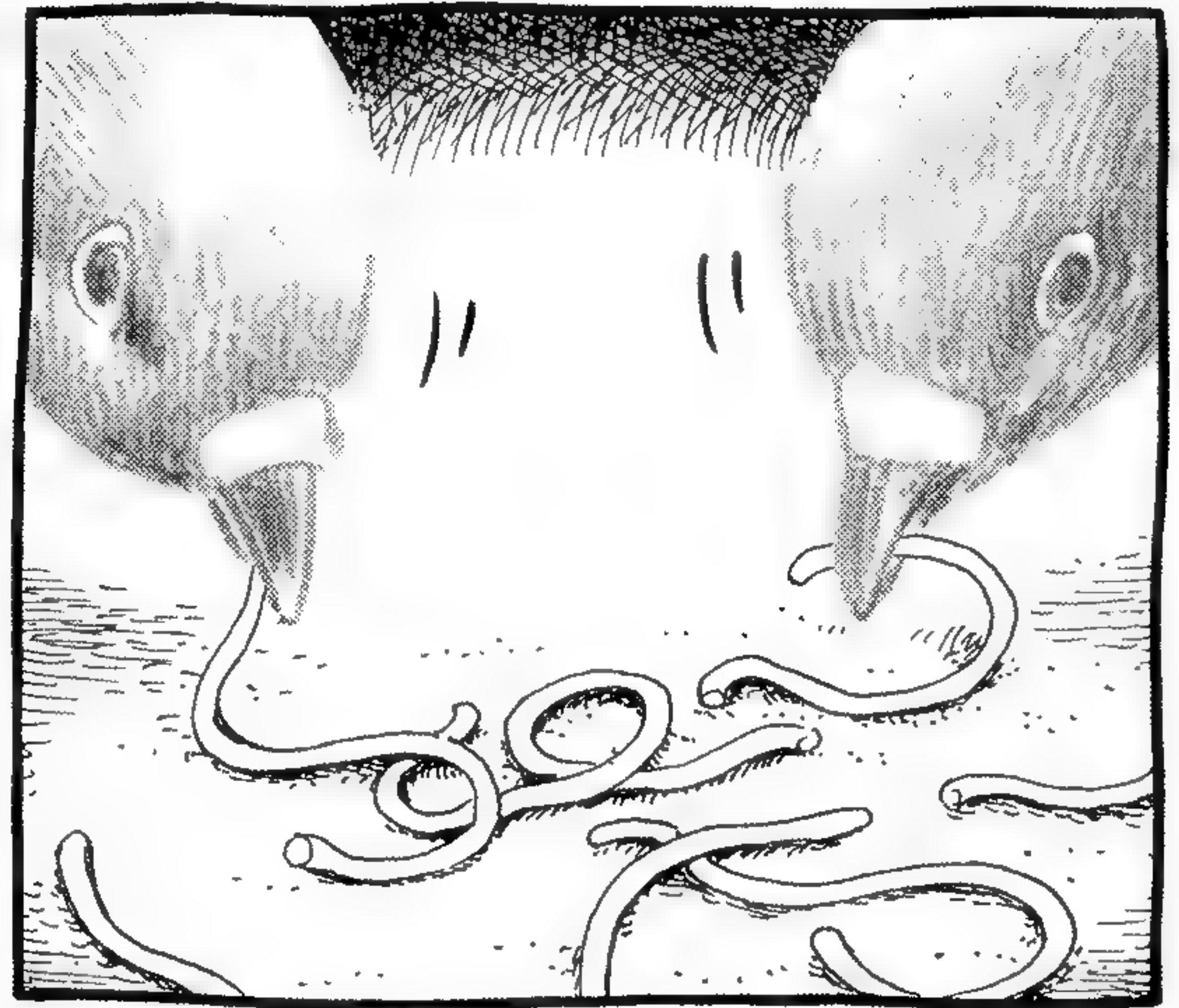
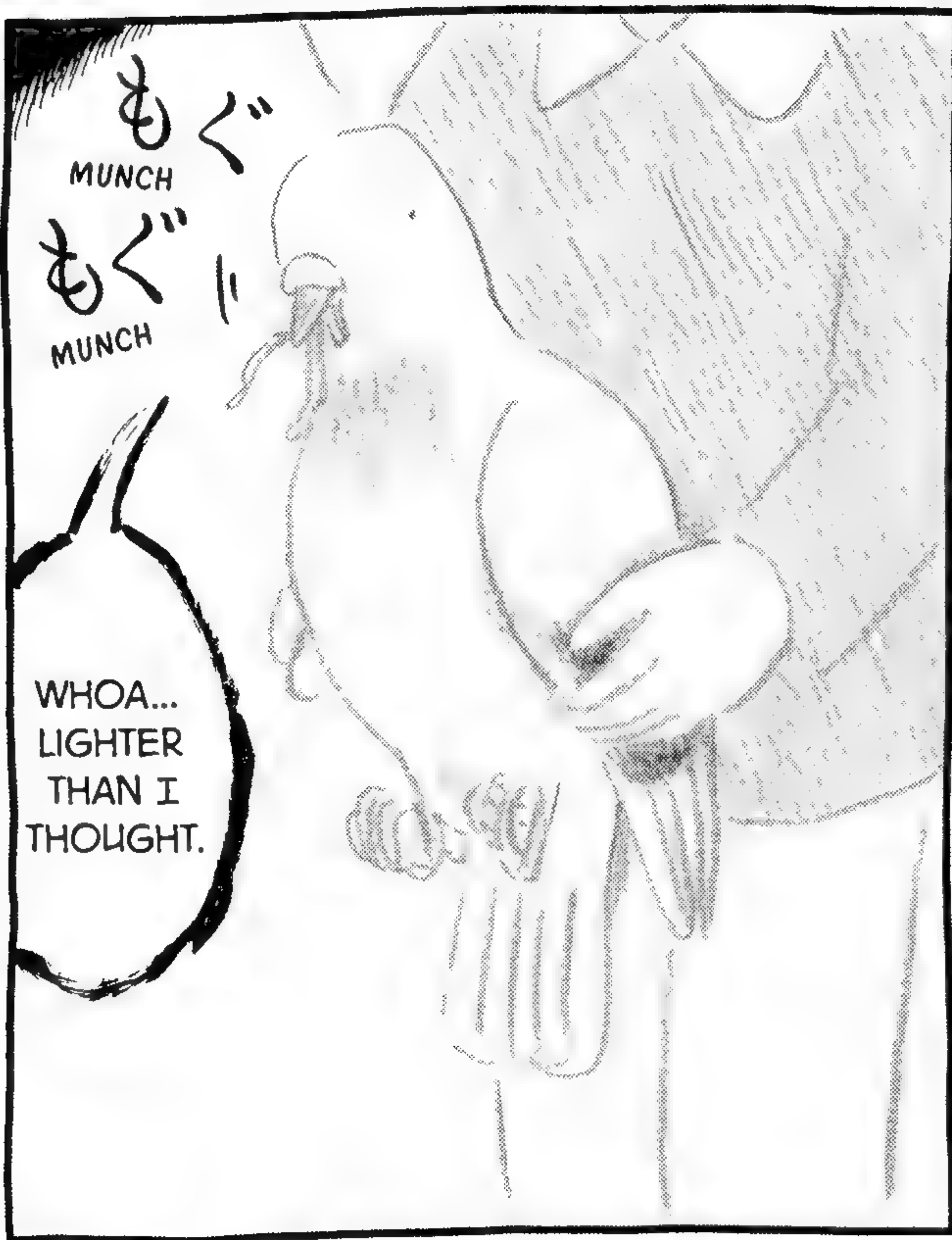
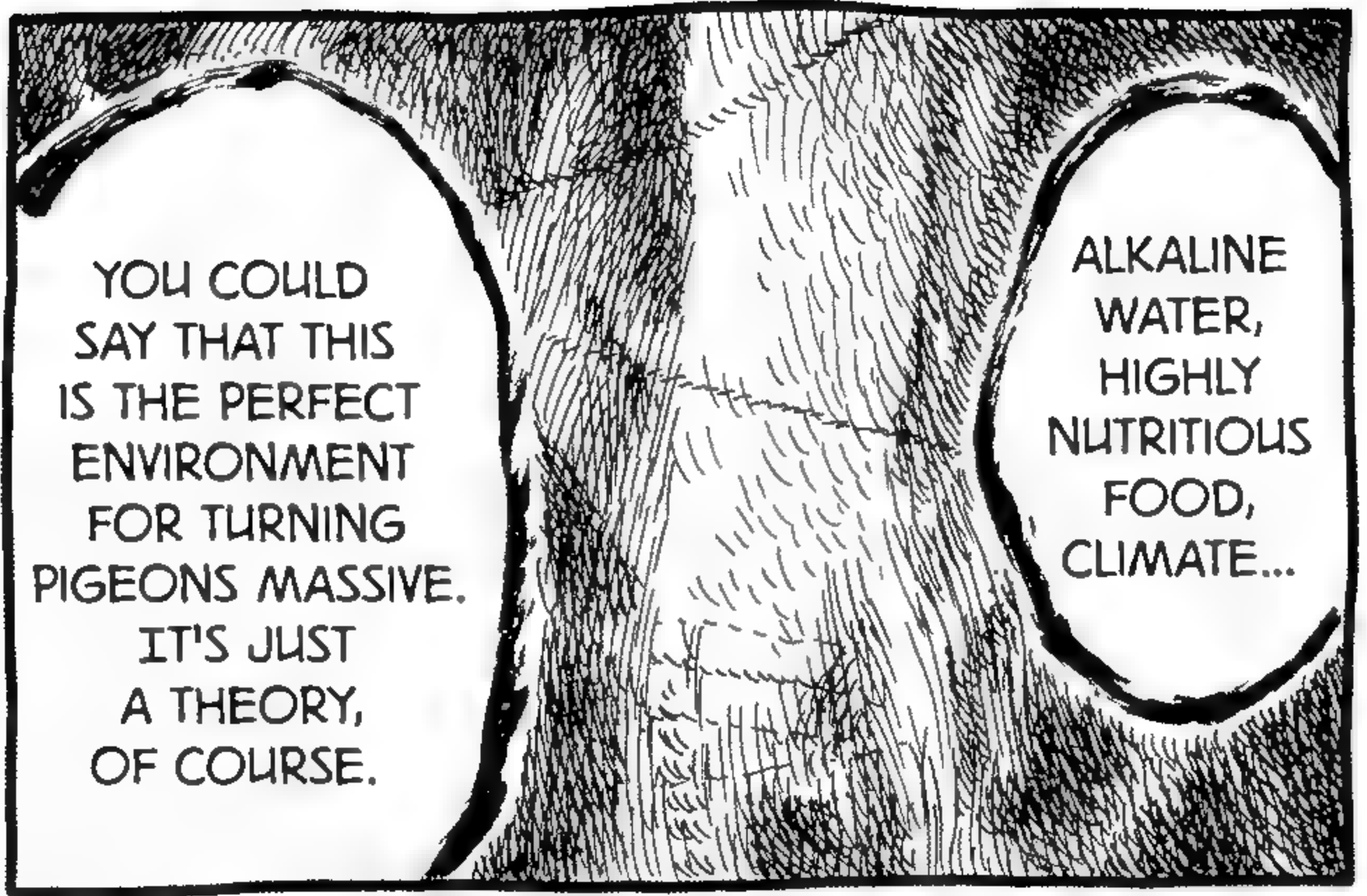
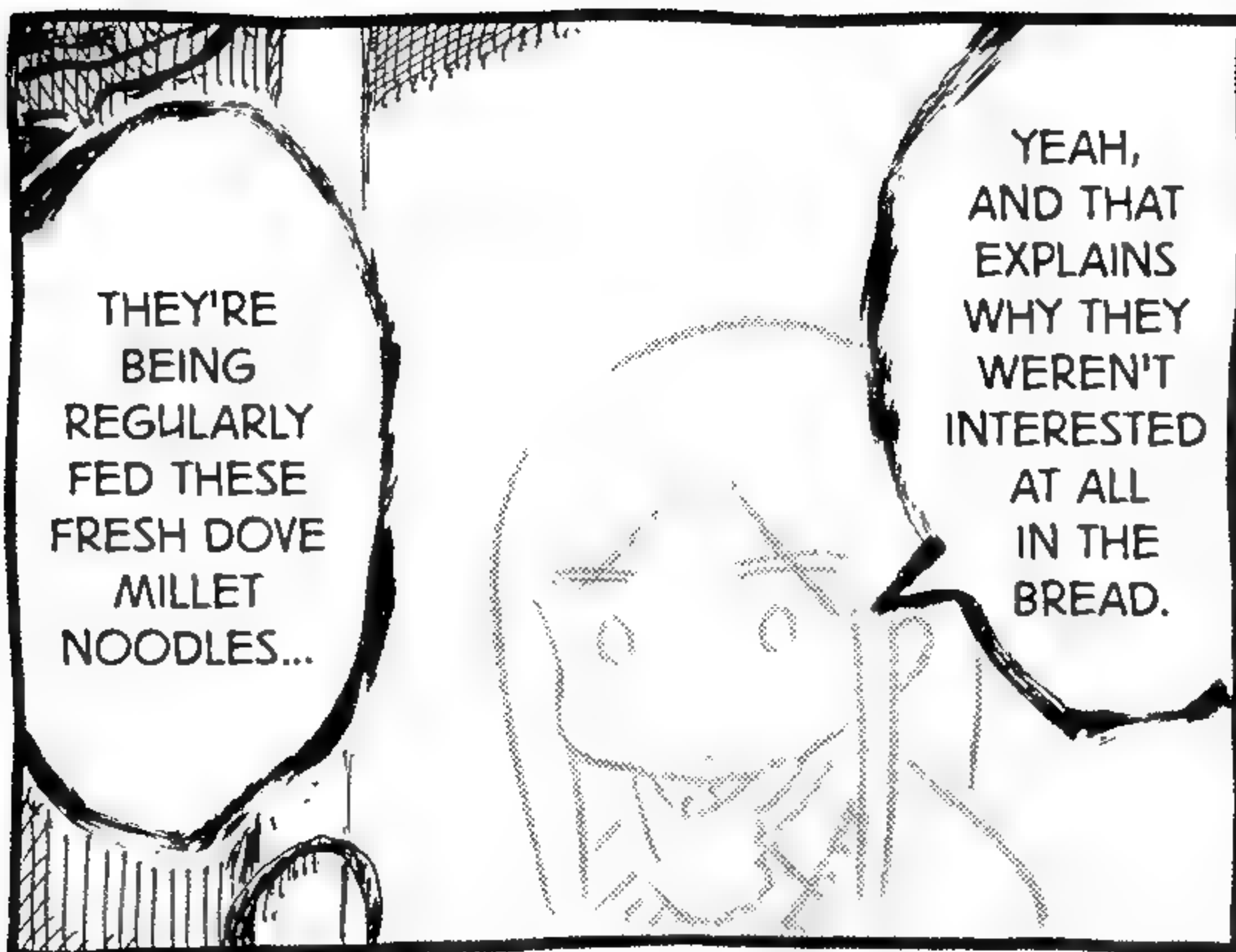
IN OTHER WORDS, WE COULD SAY THAT PIGEONS WHO INGEST ALKALINE WATER ON A REGULAR BASIS HAVE SOFTER BODIES.

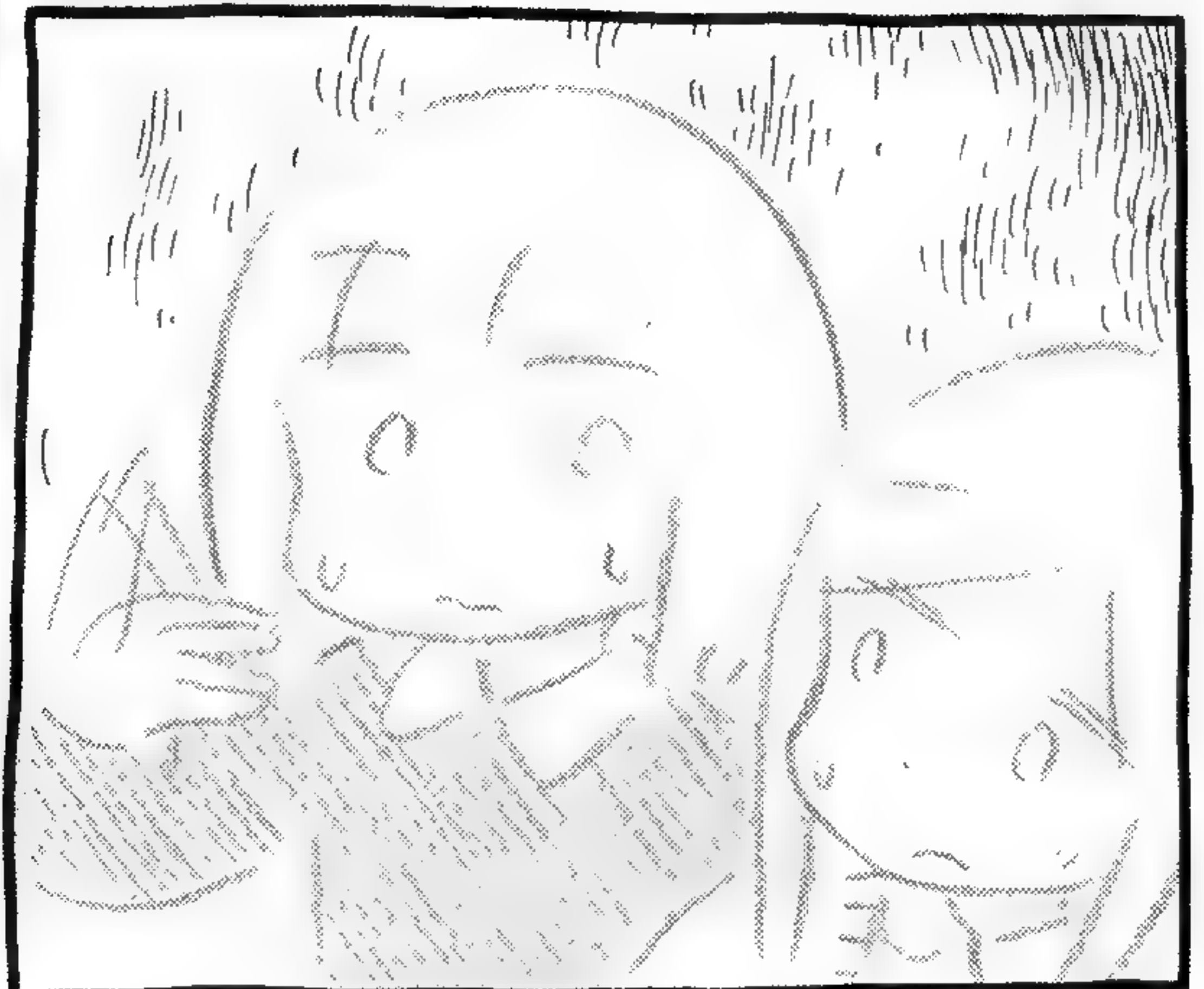
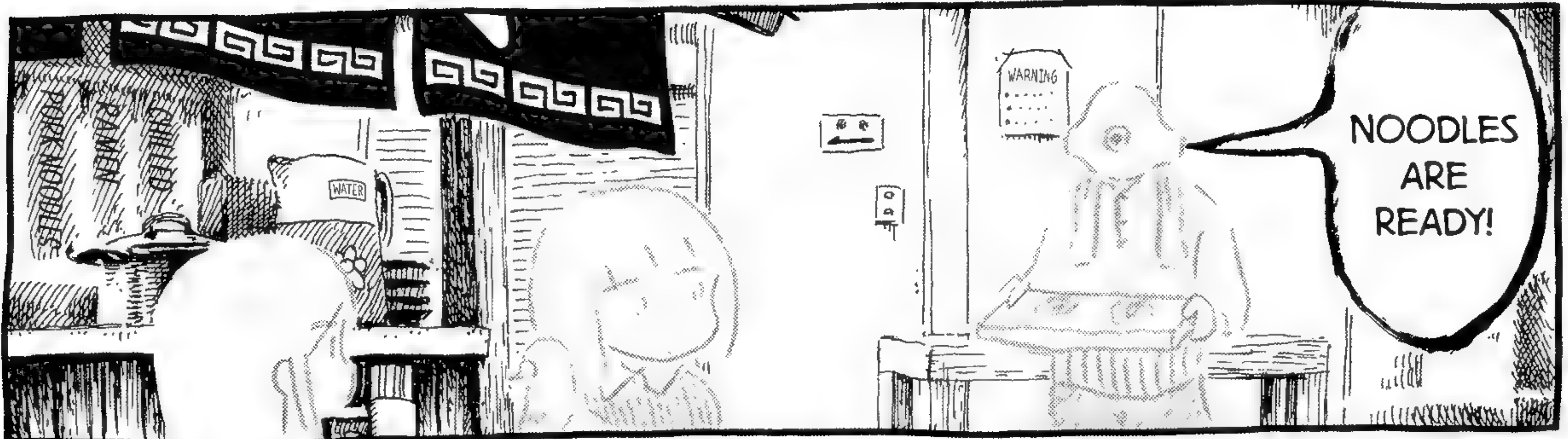
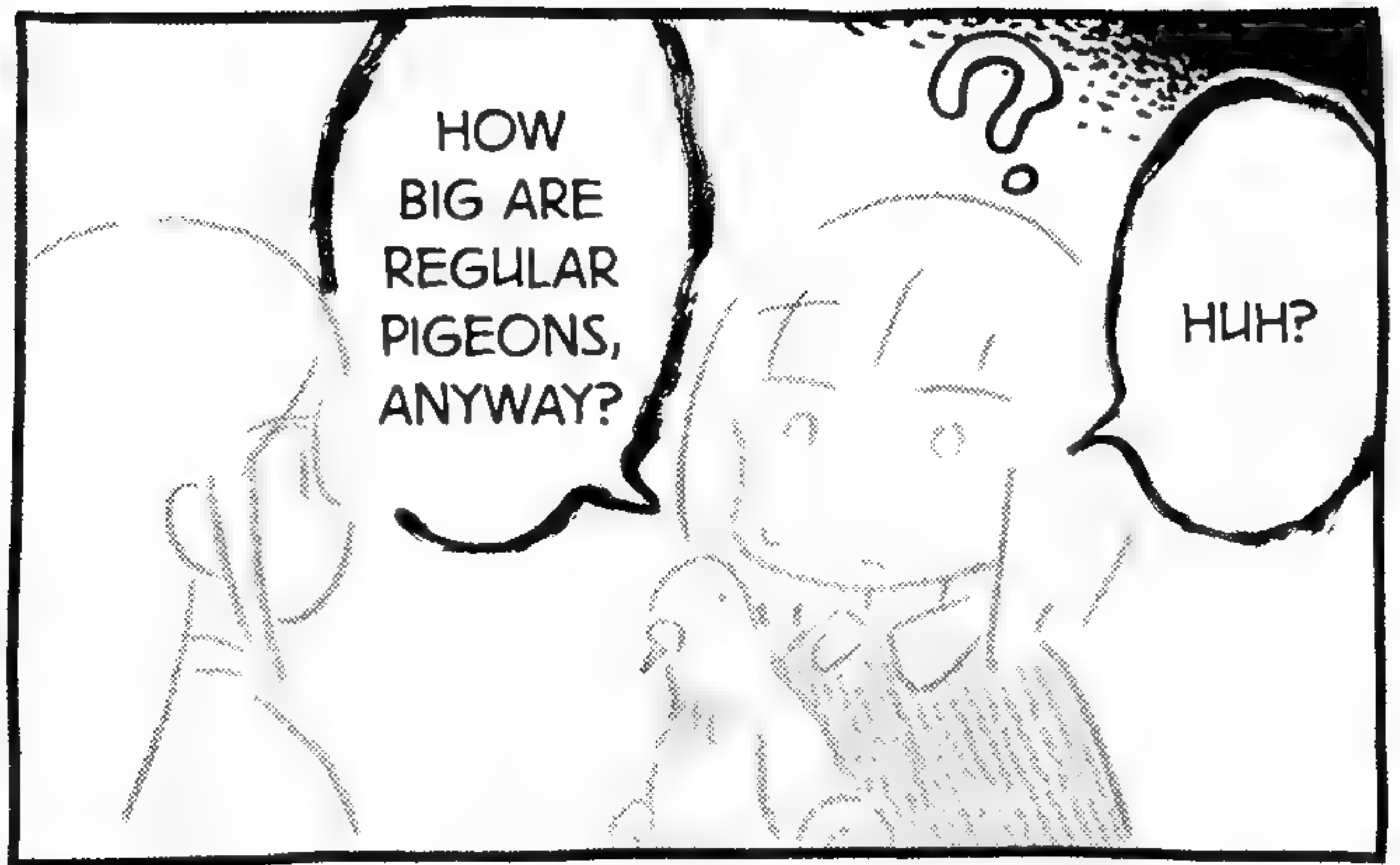


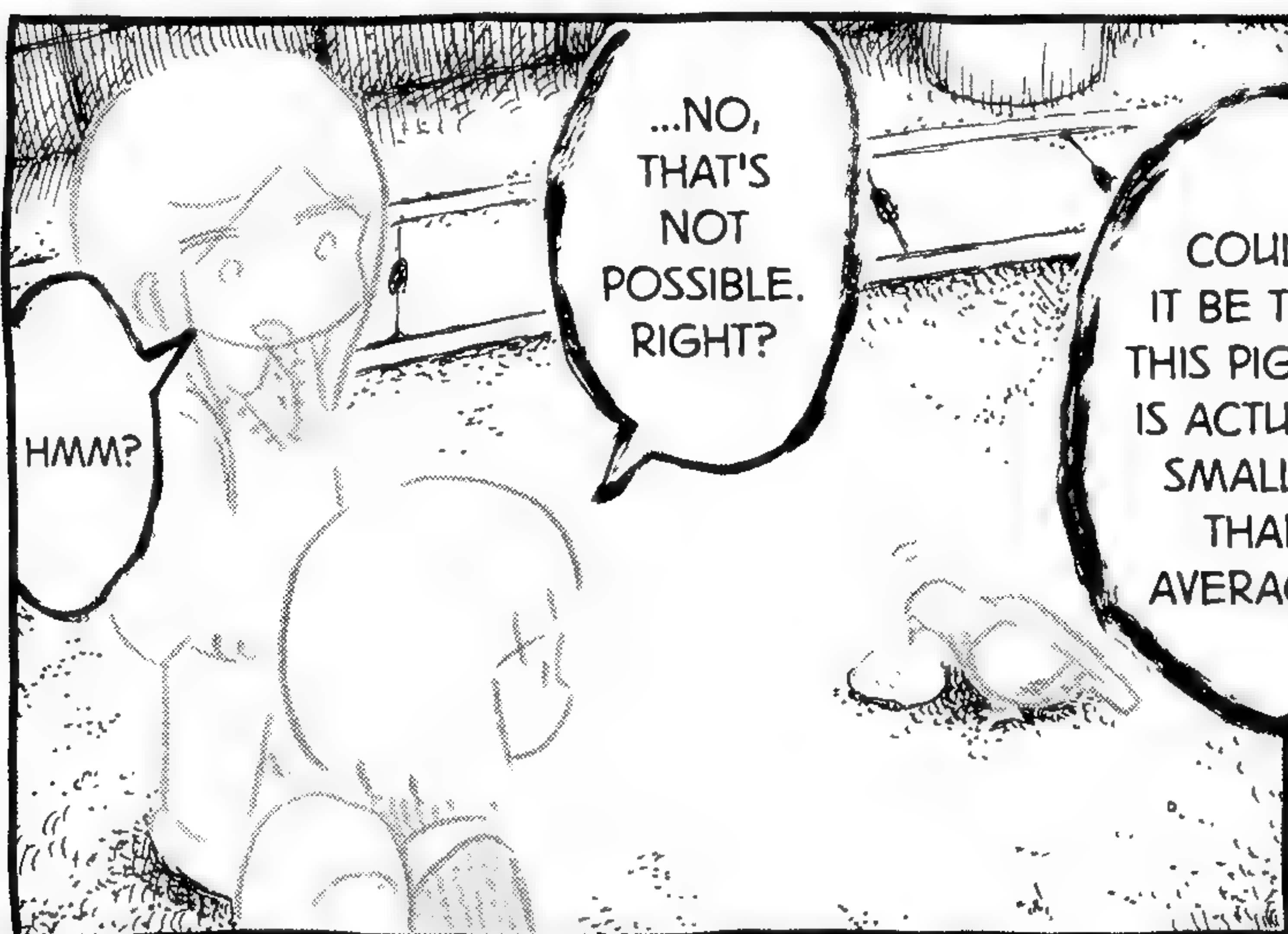
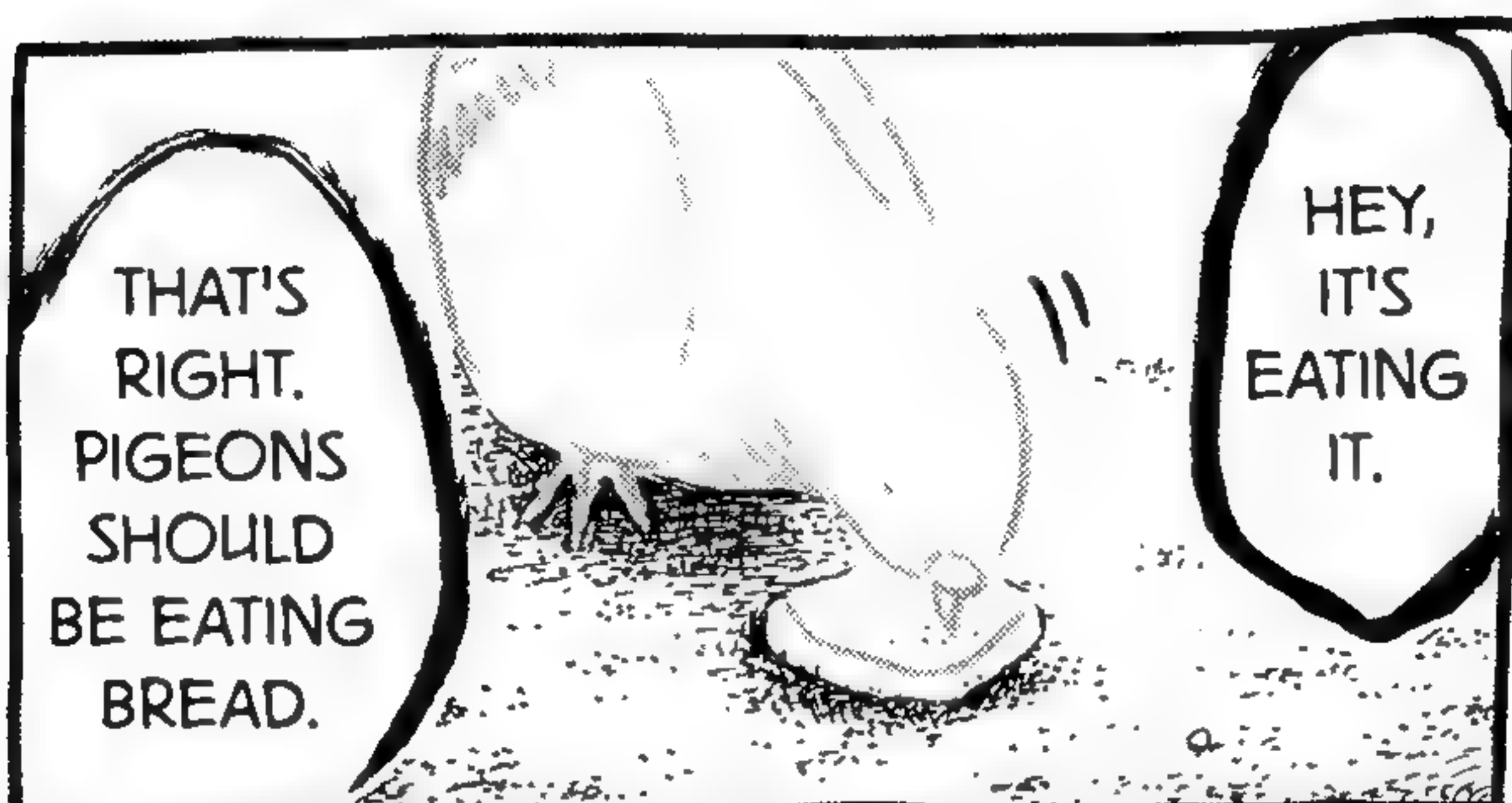
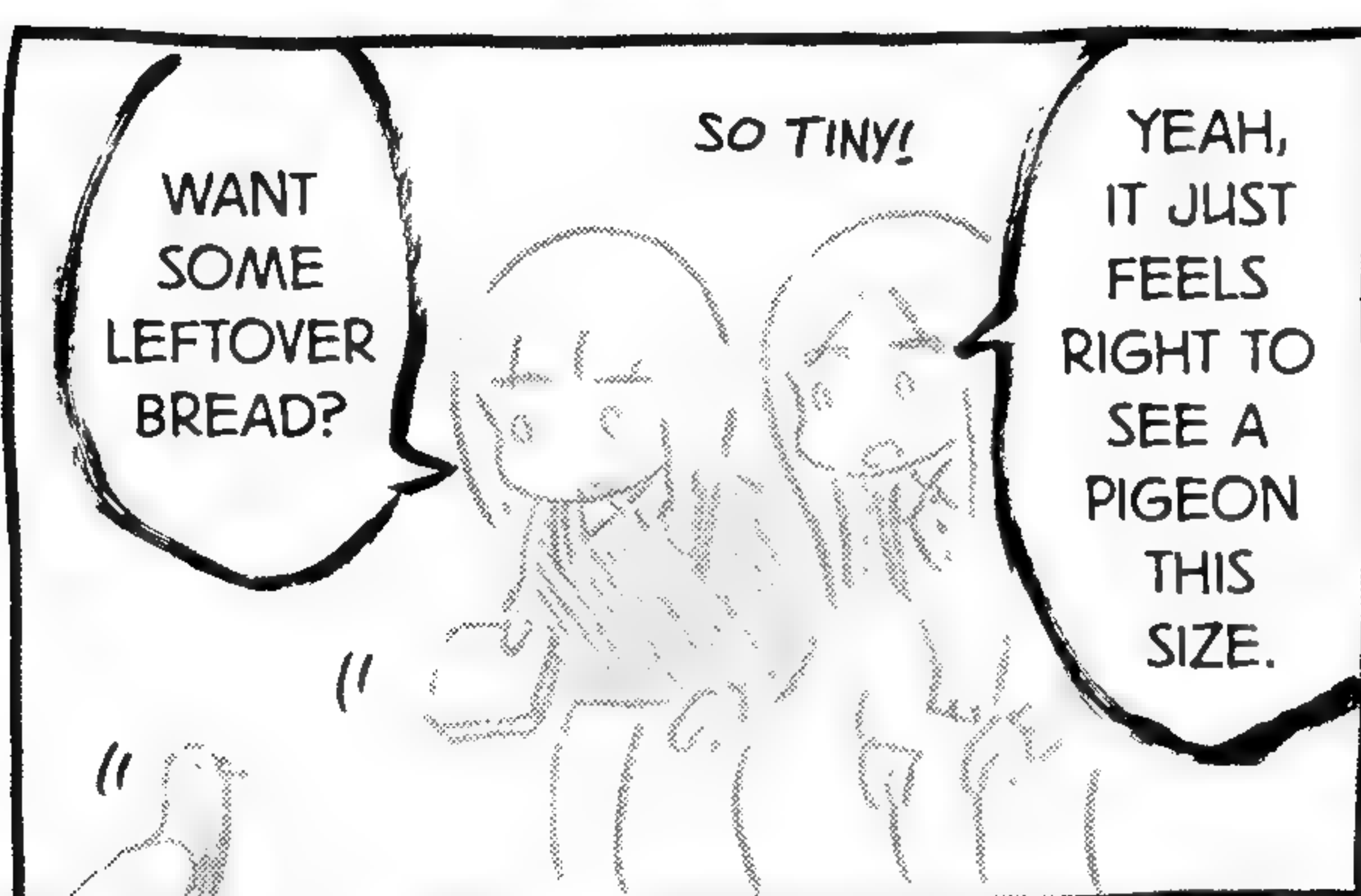
THEY SAY IT WORKS TO SOFTEN THE GLUTEN (THE PROTEIN) INSIDE OF THE NOODLES...

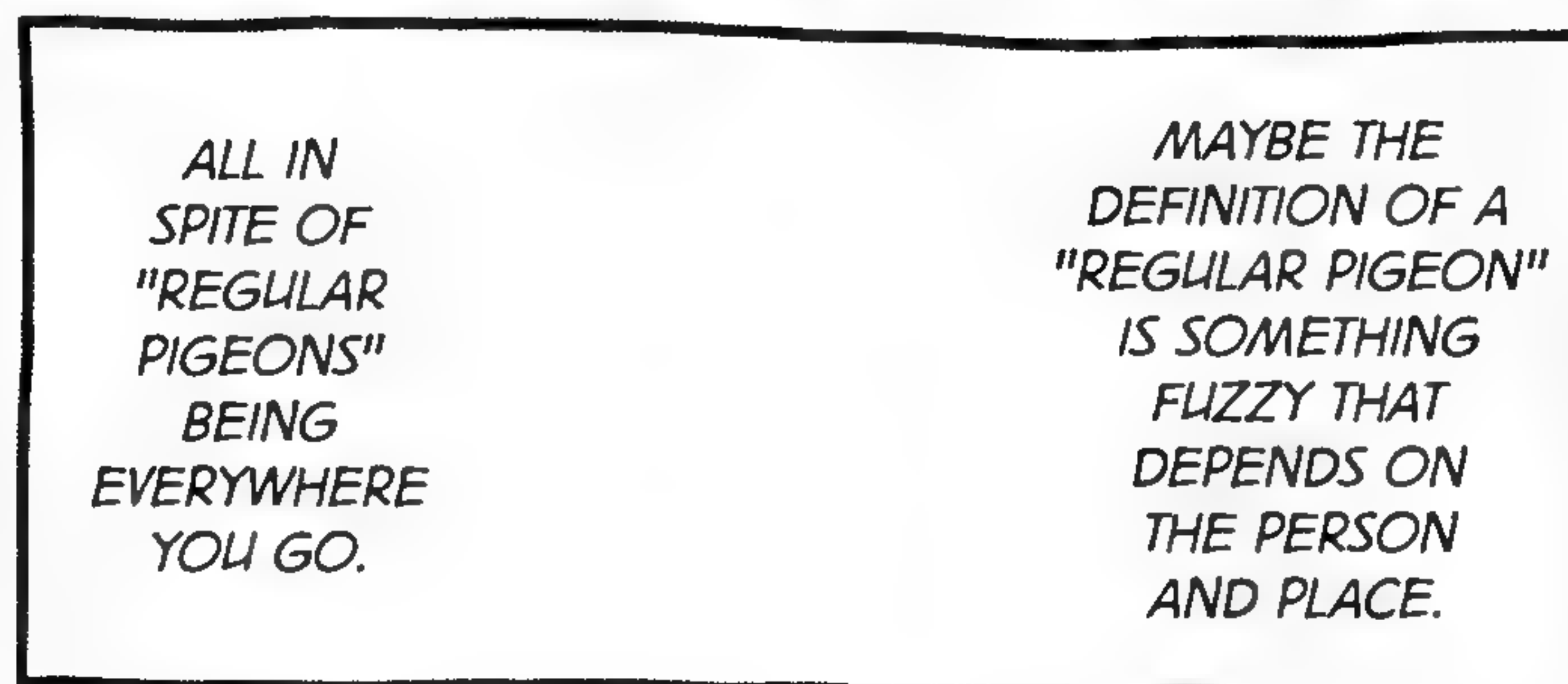
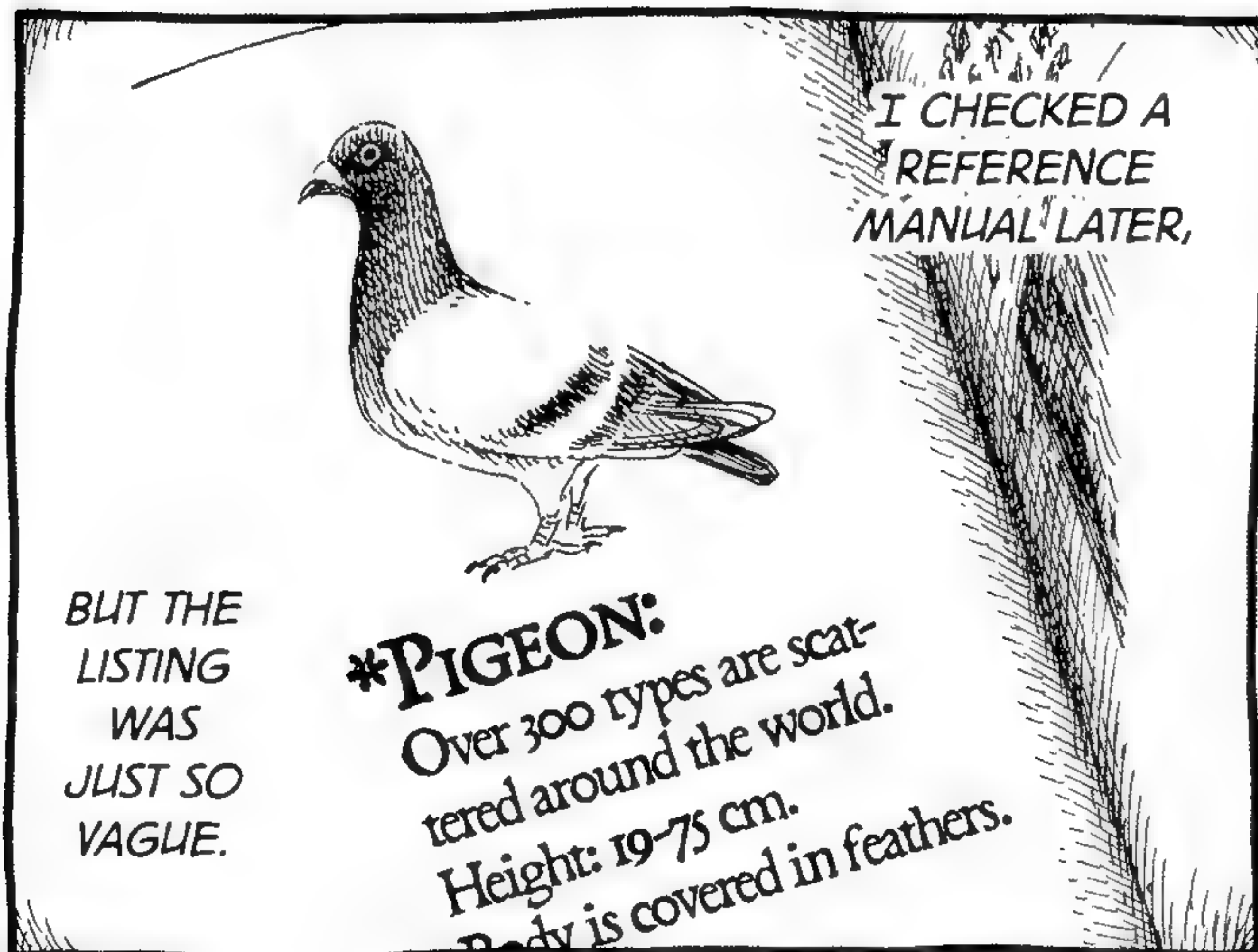
SOMETHING CALLED ALKALINE WATER IS USED WHEN MAKING RAMEN NOODLES.











The Boo Pigeon

I suddenly recalled a pigeon I called the Boo Pigeon because of the way it let out a "boo" whenever it took flight. The Boo Pigeon would sometimes fly into our yard, and I'd occasionally feed it snacks or bread scraps when I saw it. There was also the Foot Pigeon. I called it that because it was missing a toe or two on one of its feet. I wondered where it got injured, and I fed it scraps too because I felt bad for it.

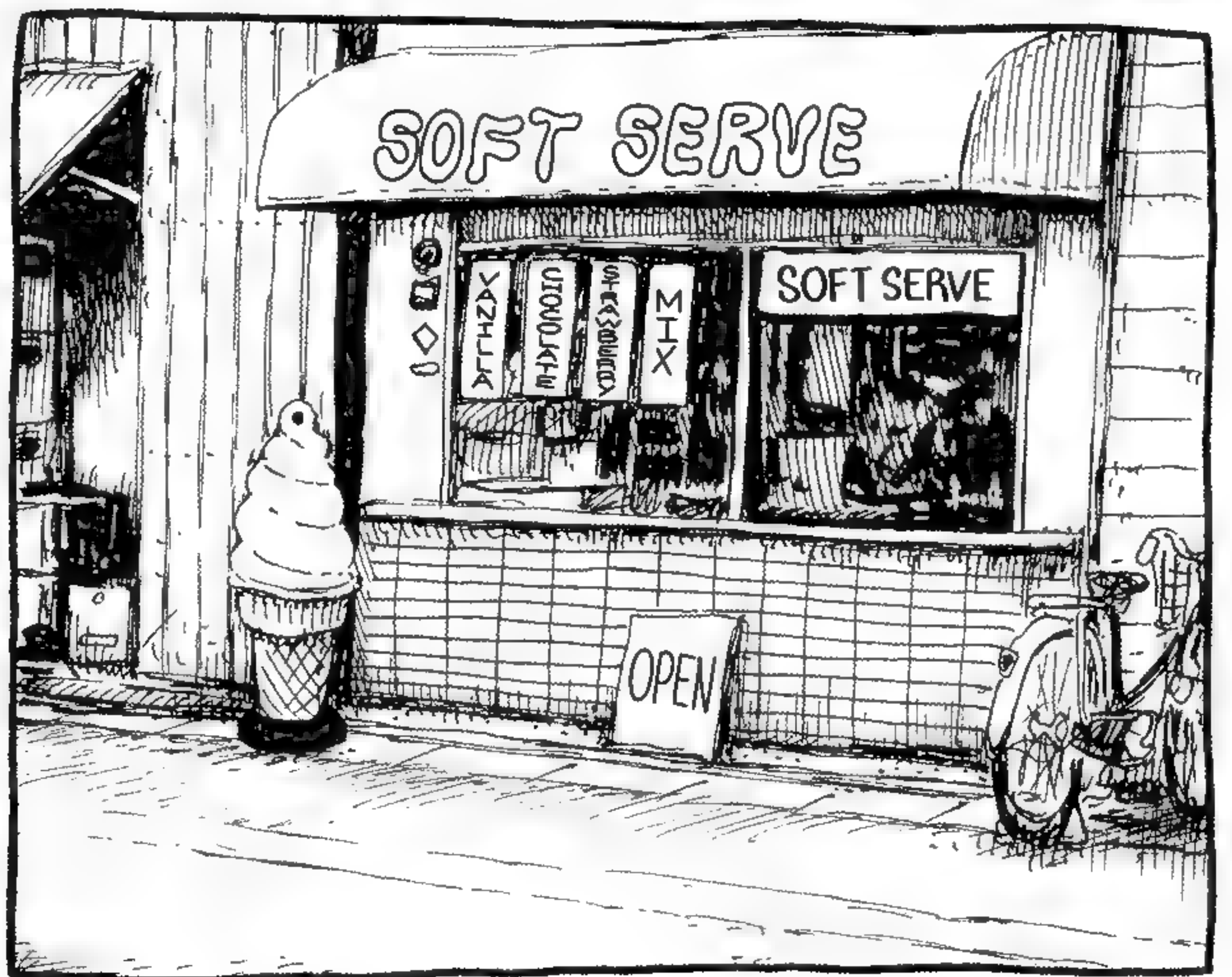
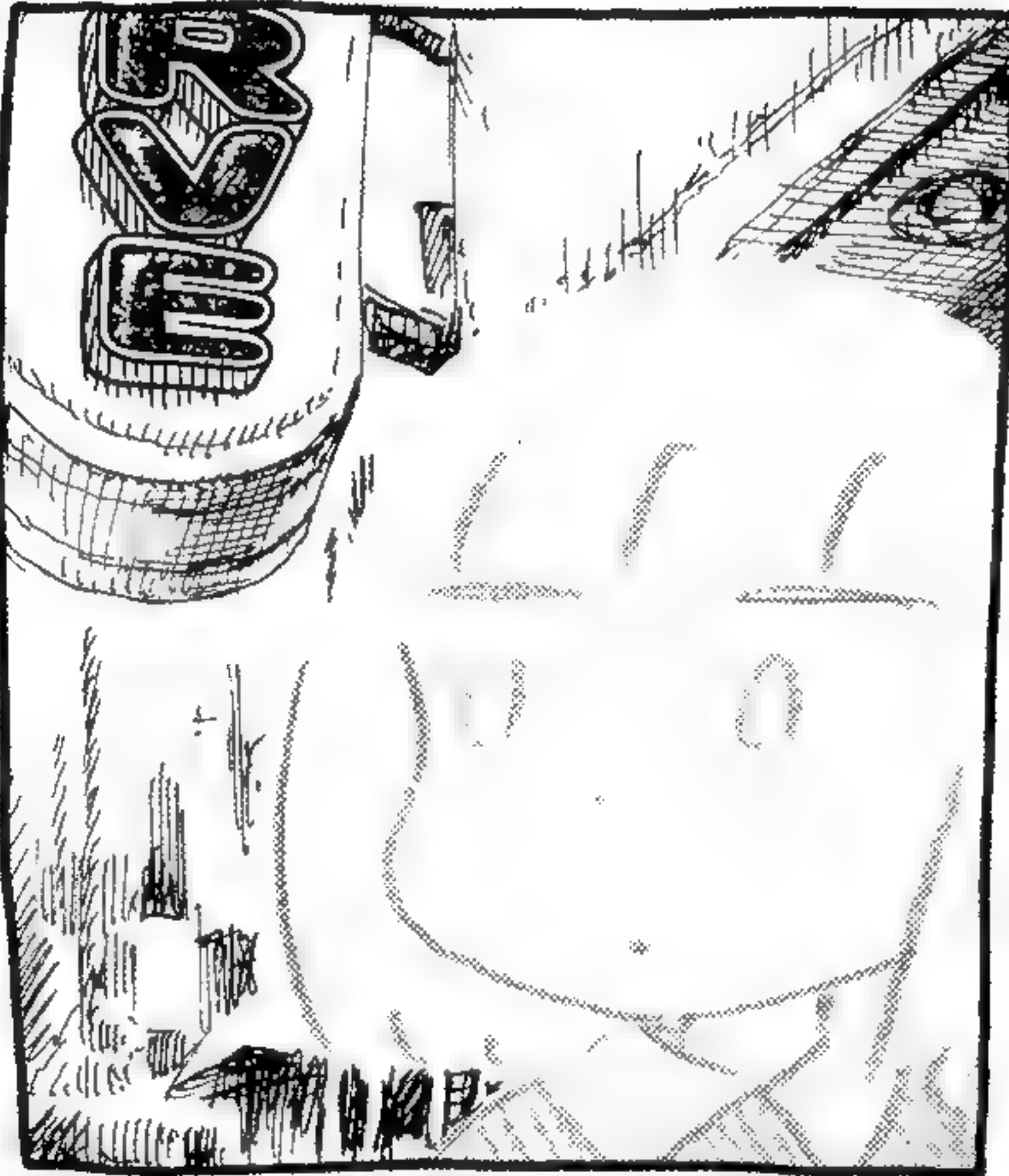
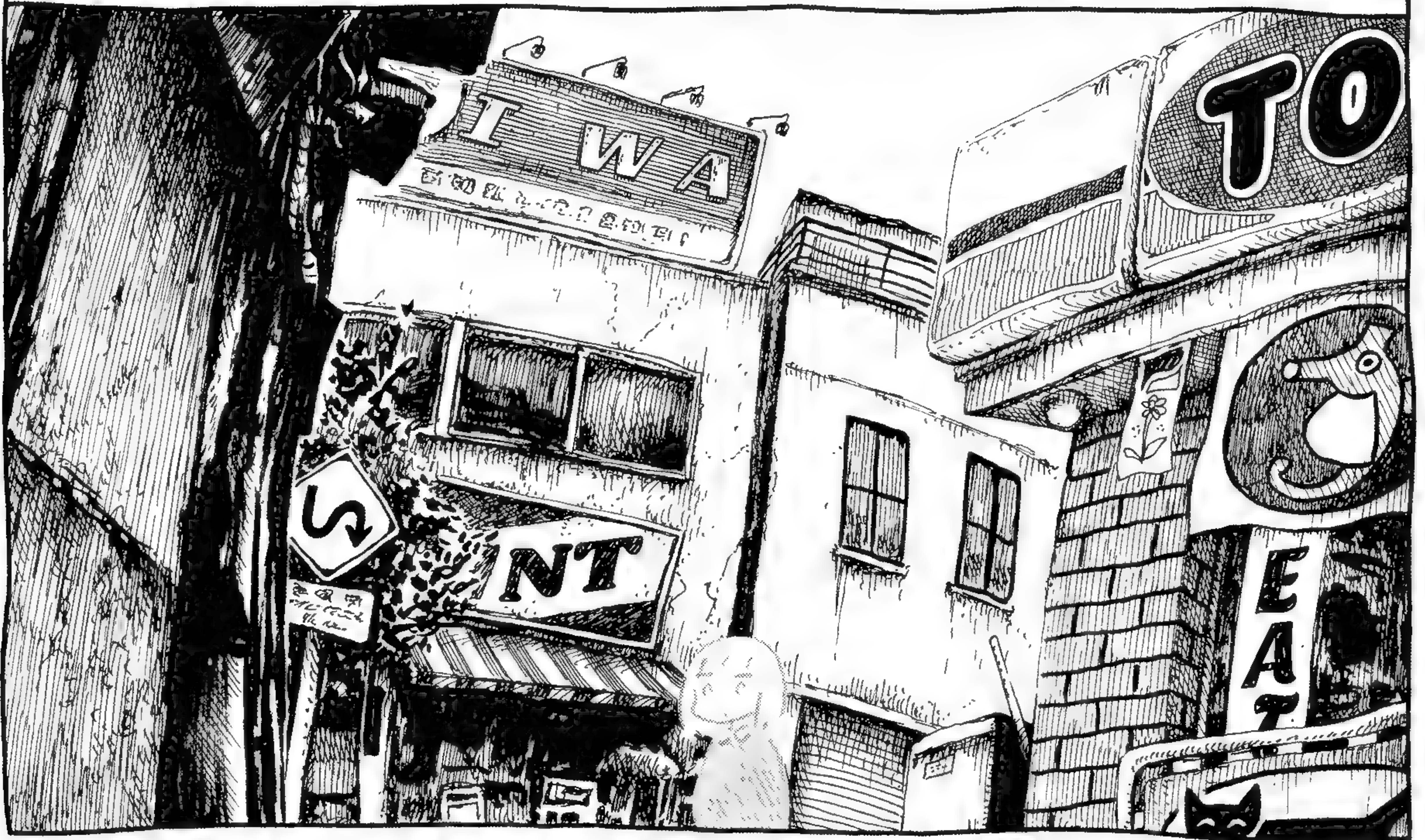
The Foot Pigeon was surprisingly shameless, or maybe I should say greedy. It would sometimes chase other pigeons off to take food. I could imagine it being able to survive despite its disabled foot if it had that kind of vigor. In fact, I remember thinking that its personality might have been the very reason it had been able to live on in the face of its injury.

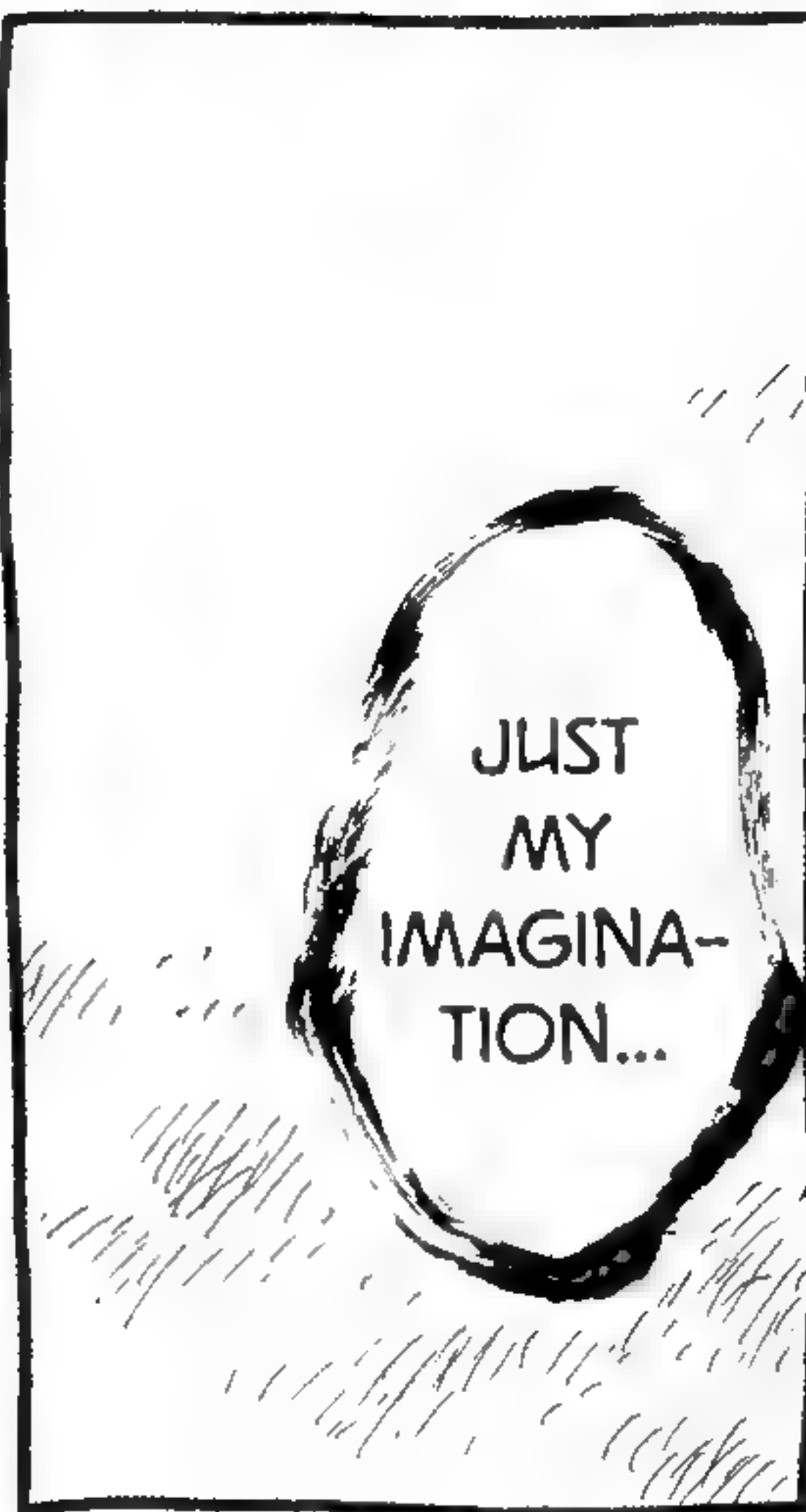
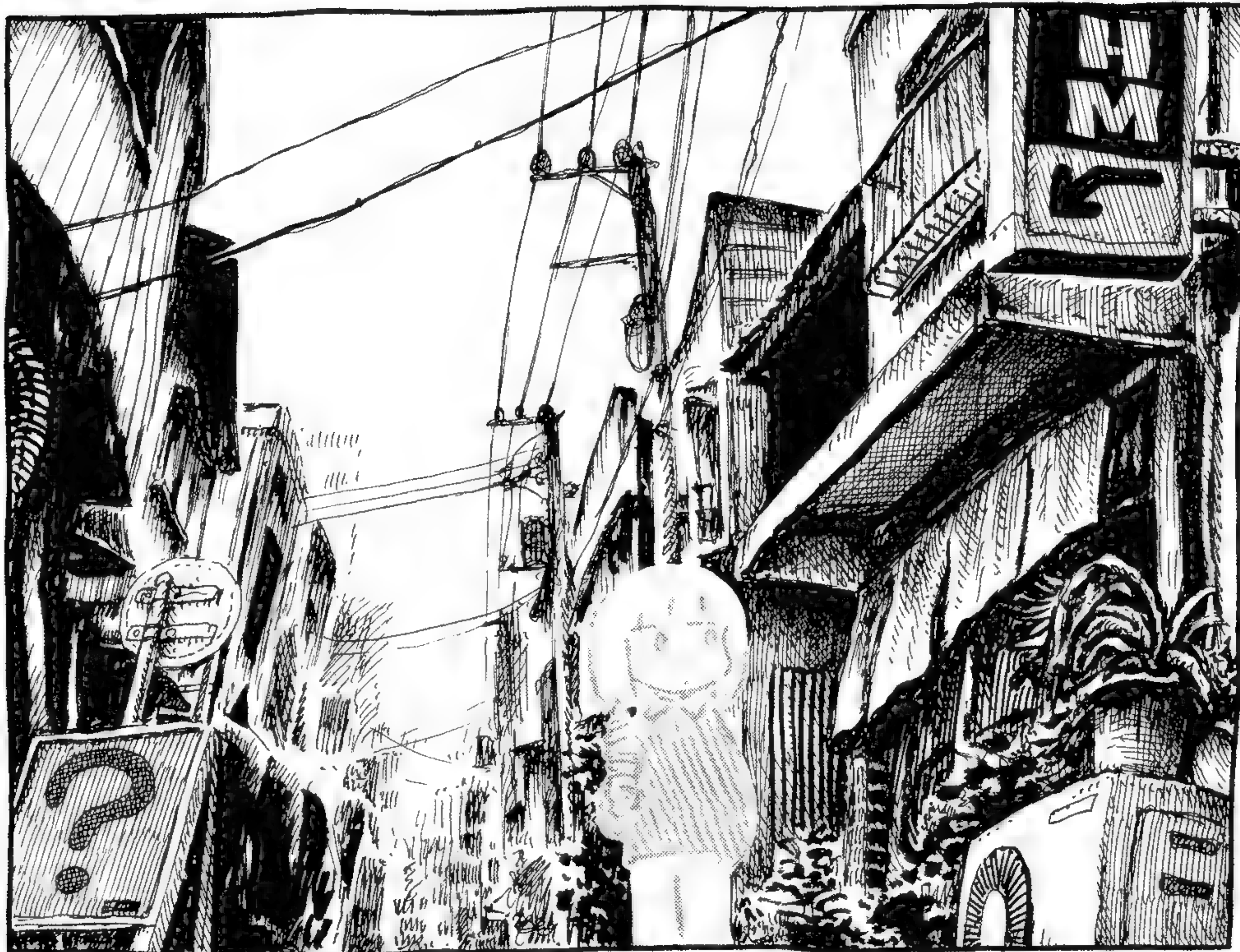
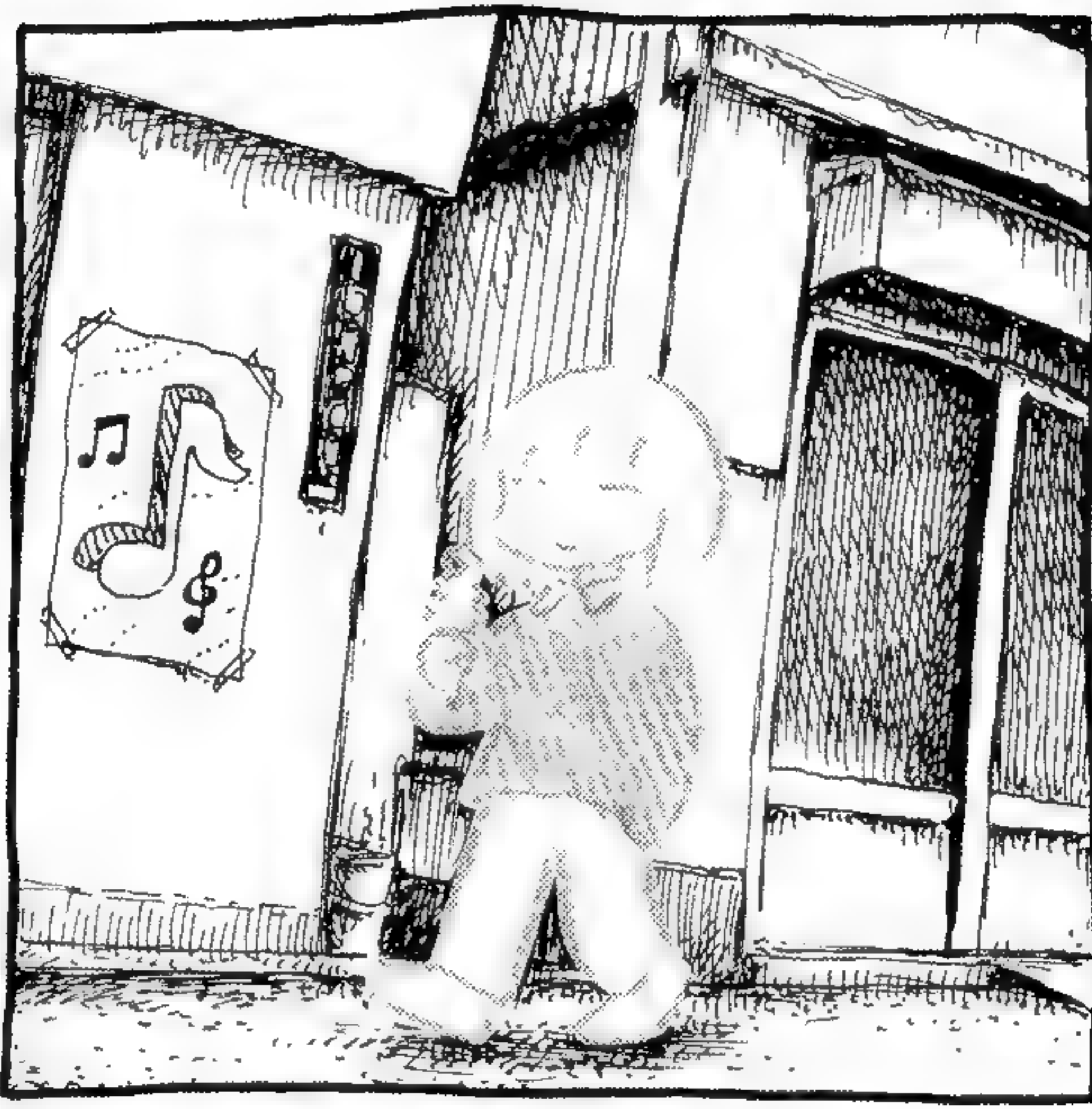
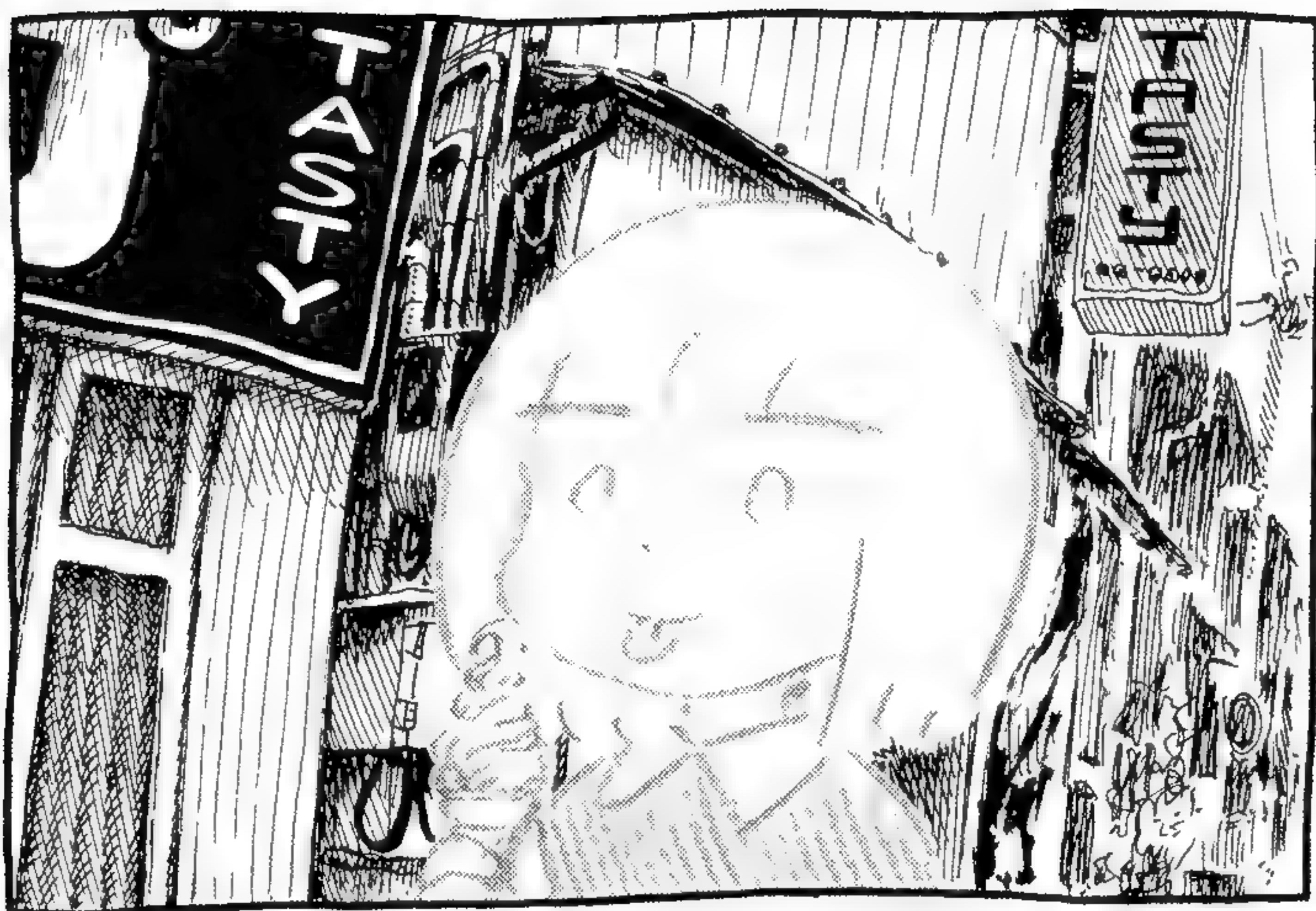
They grew more and more used to people, and eventually you could feed them by hand. By the end, they would even come into my home.

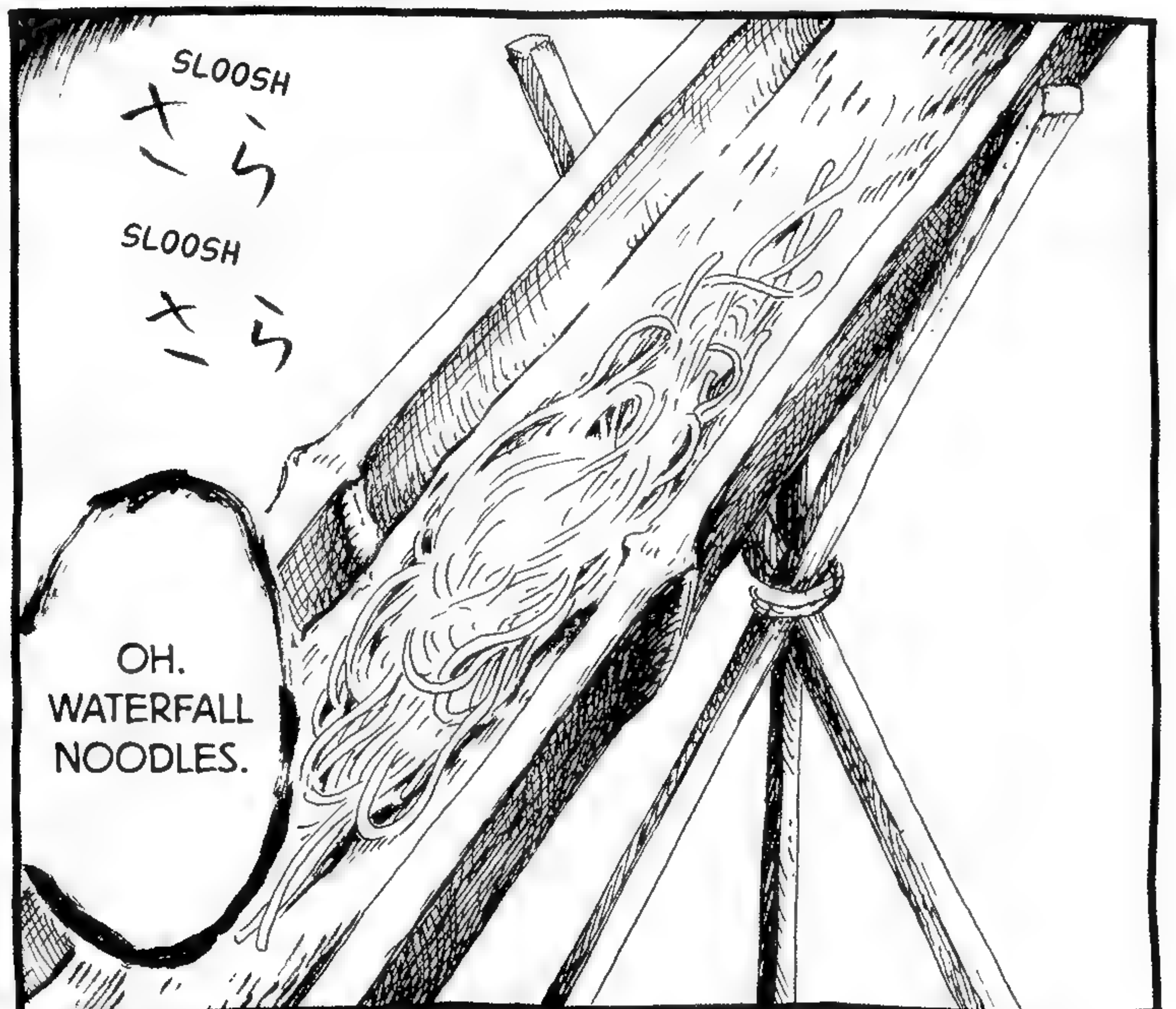
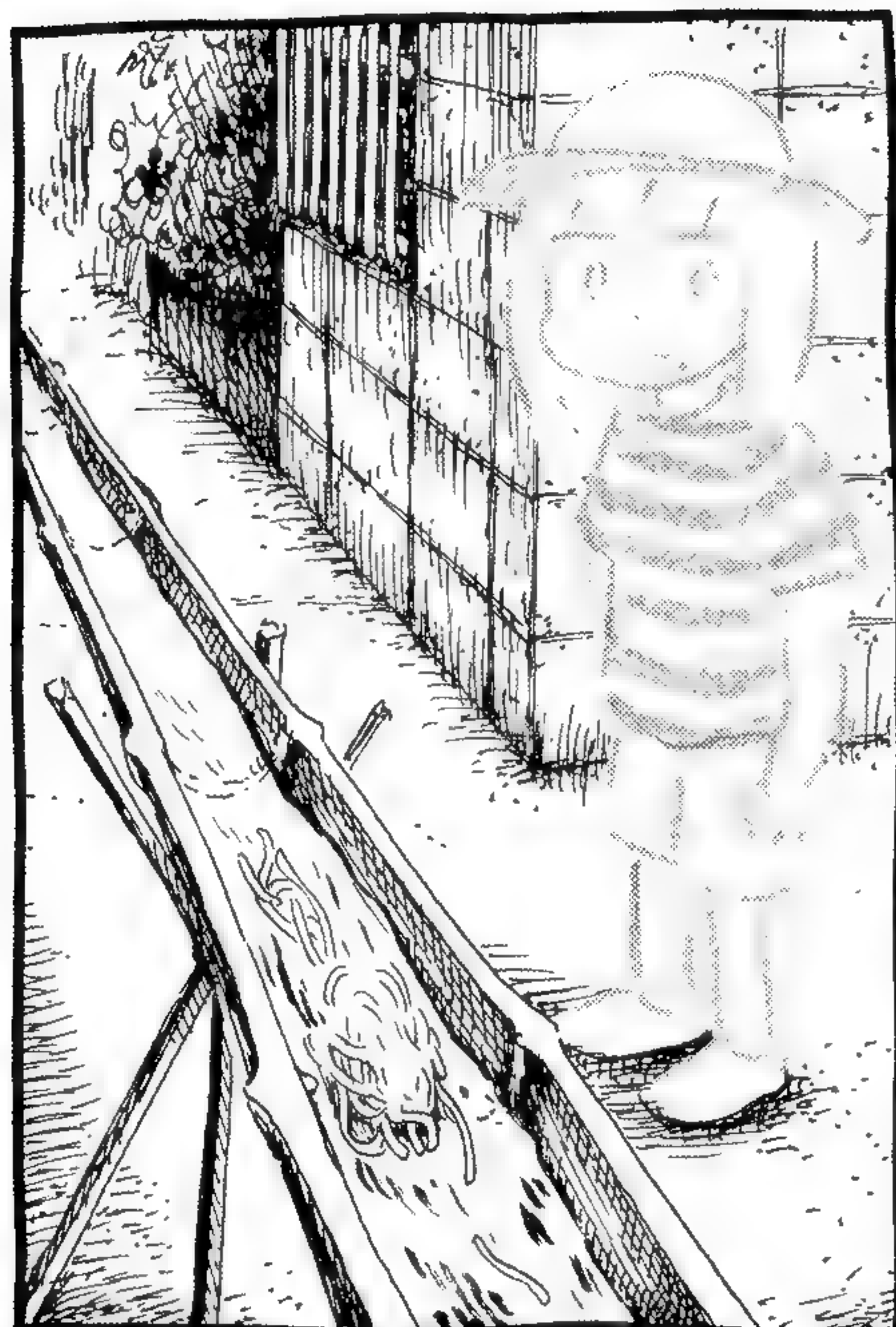
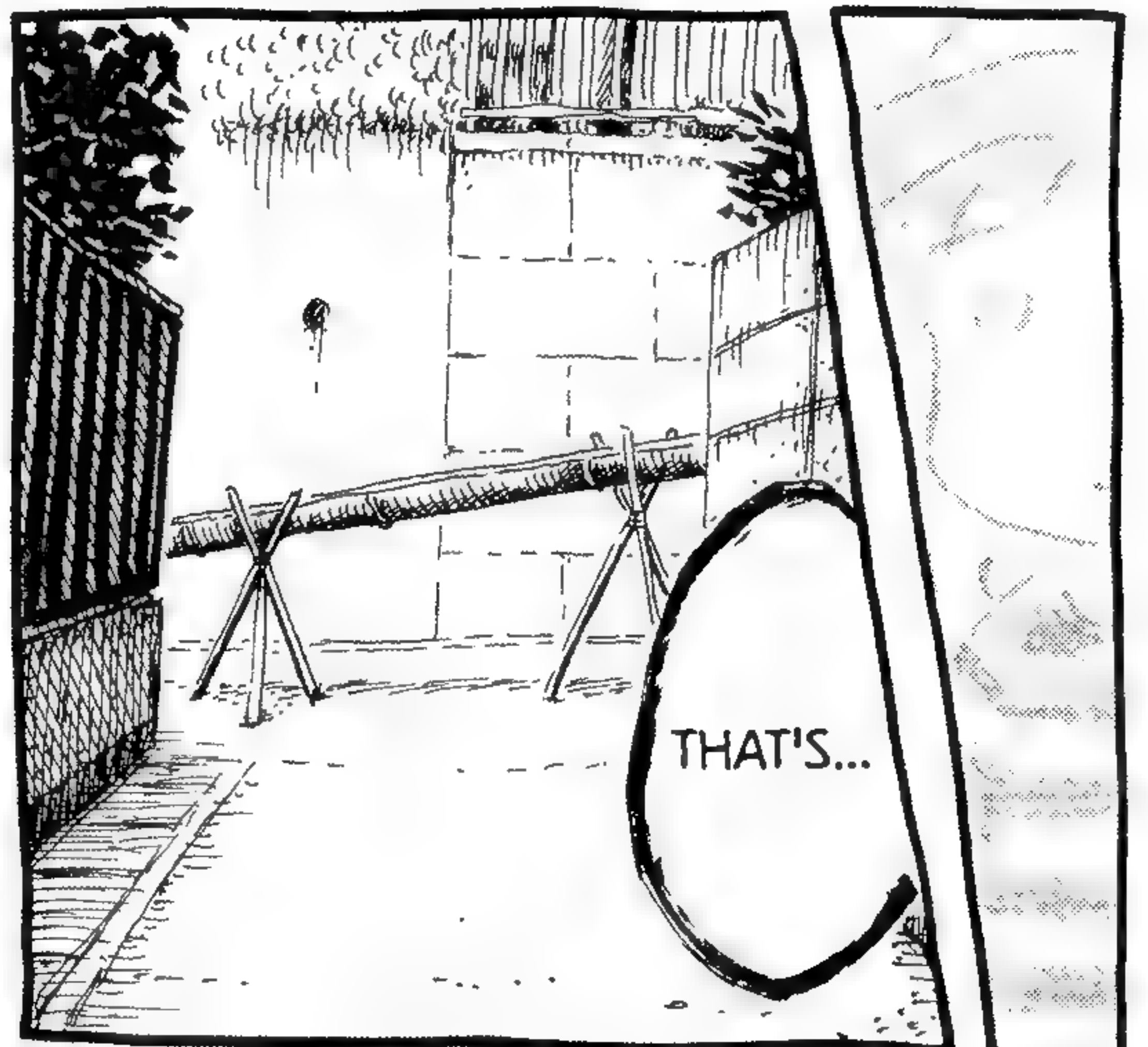
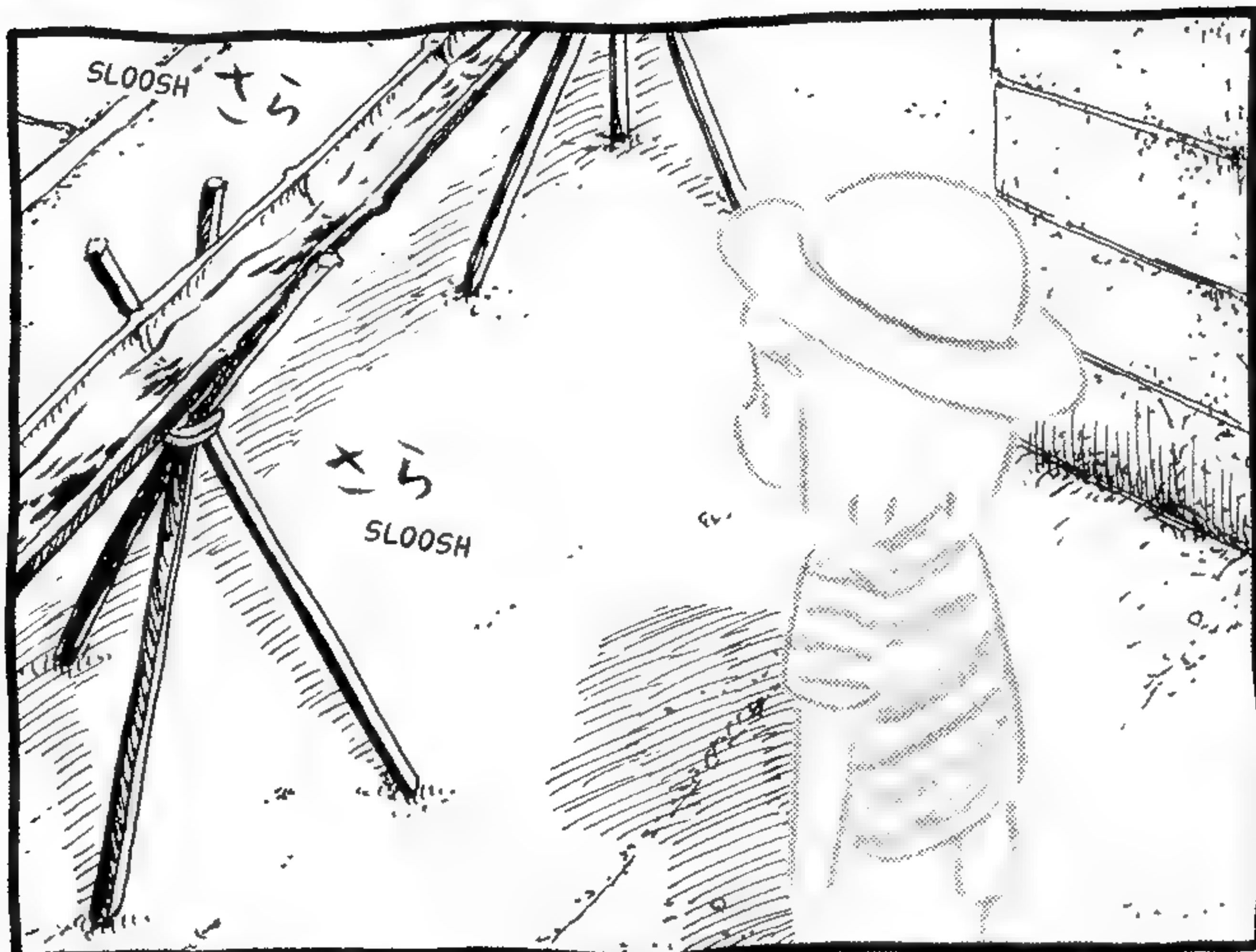
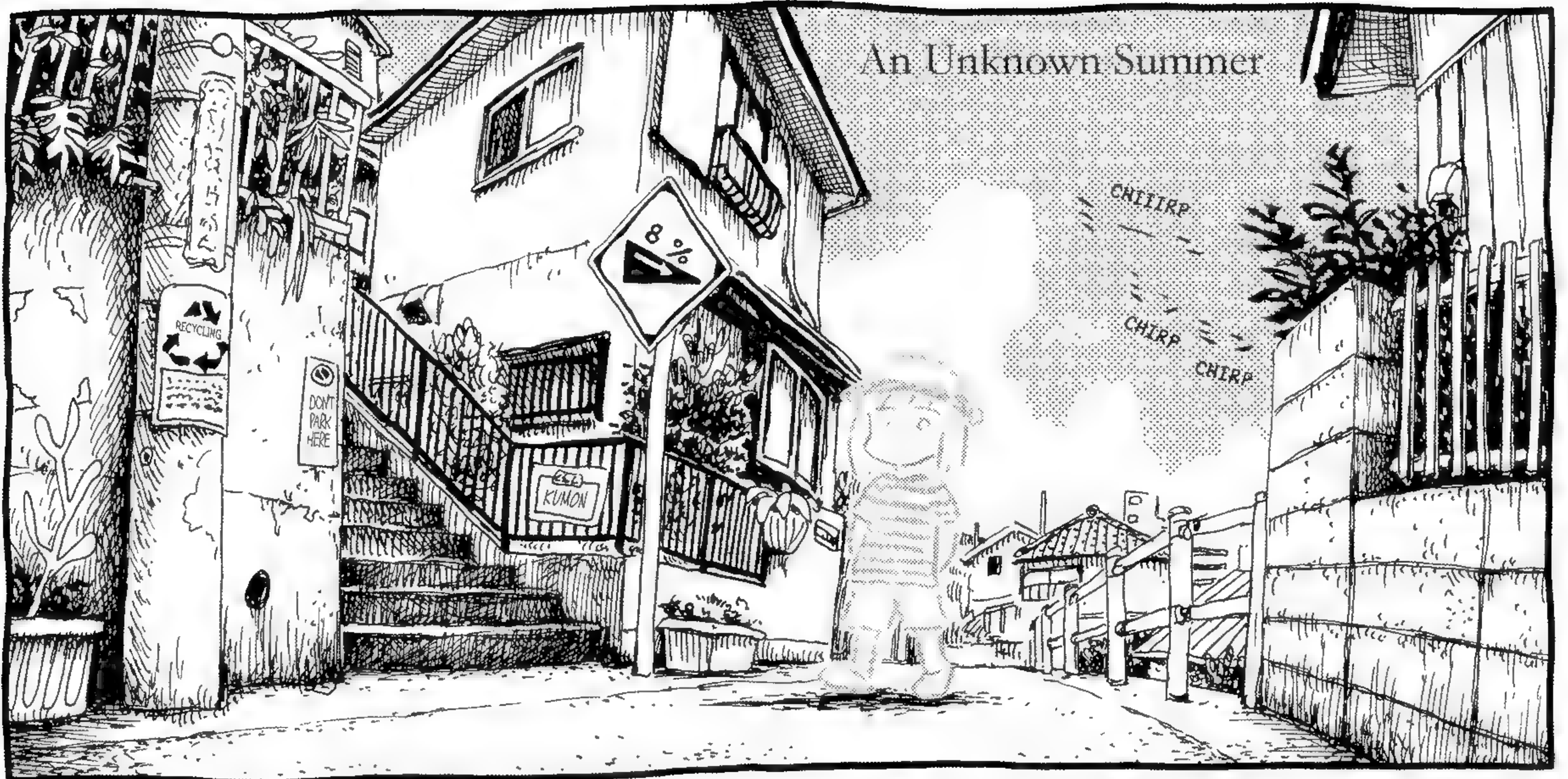
I remember them arriving in our neighborhood over the course of about two years, but they disappeared all of a sudden. That was over ten years ago.

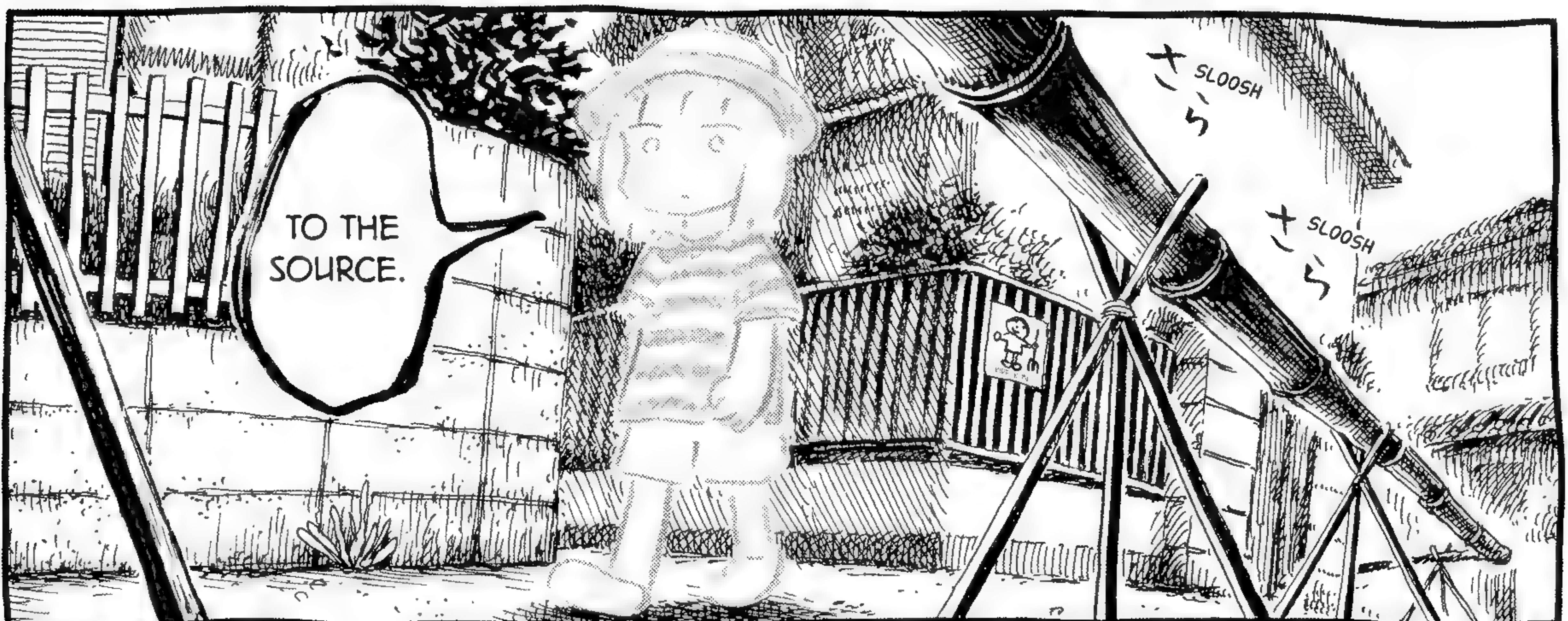
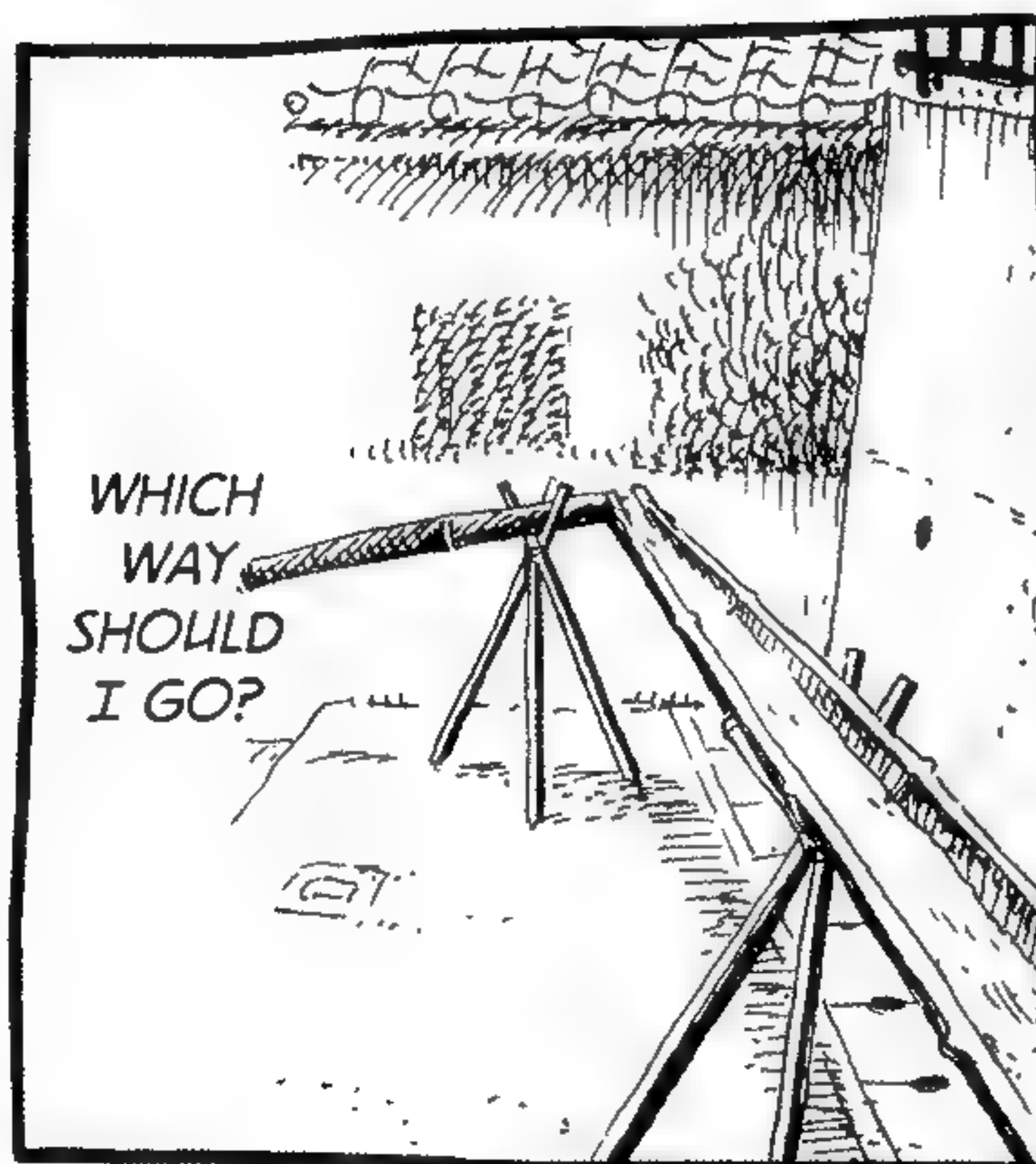
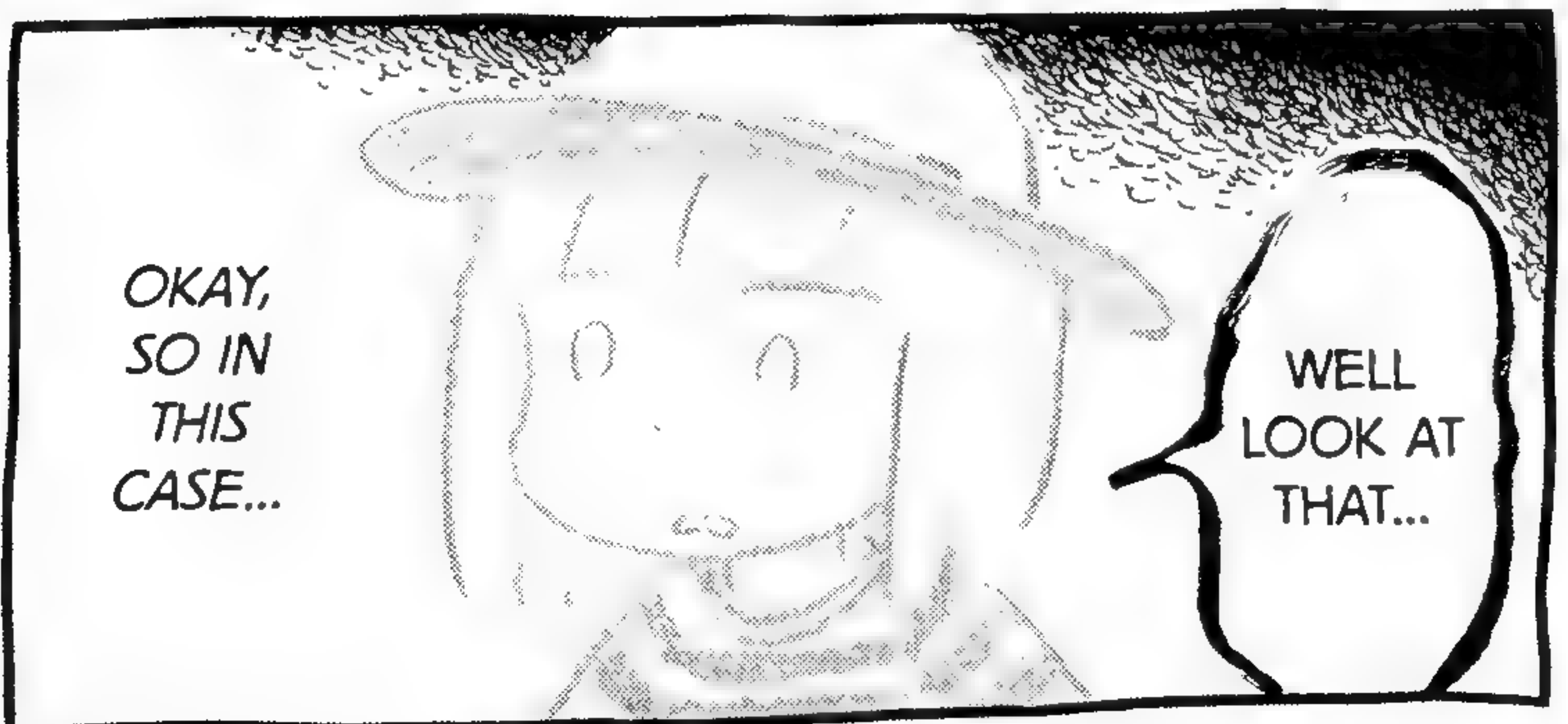
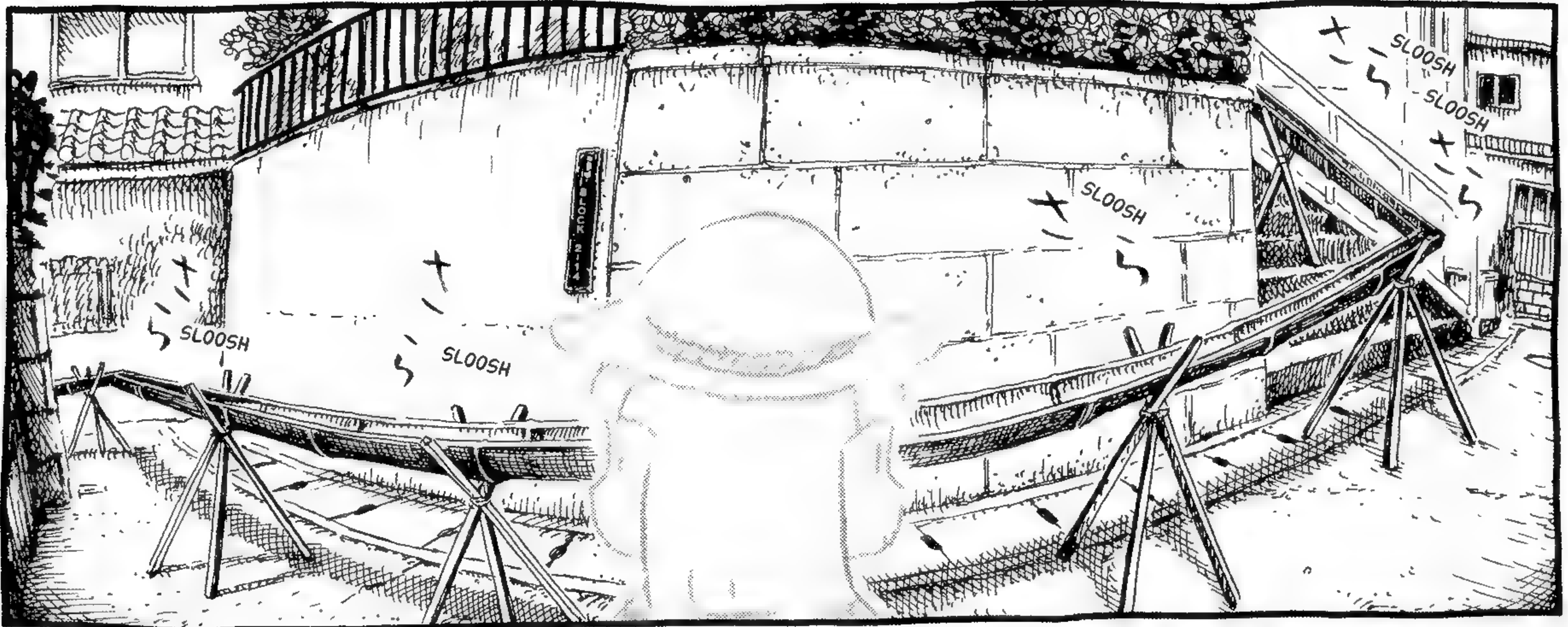
September 9, 2017

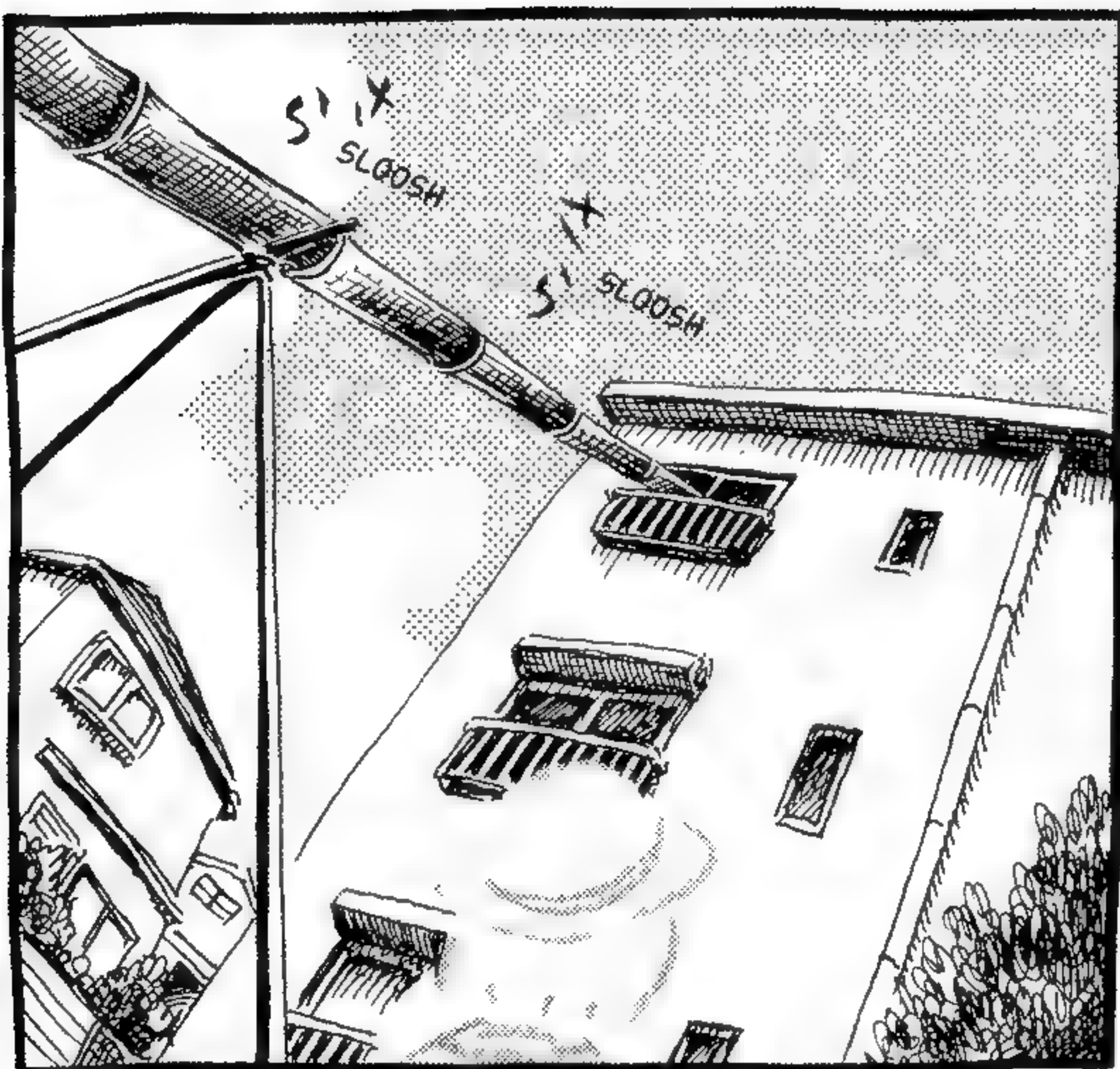
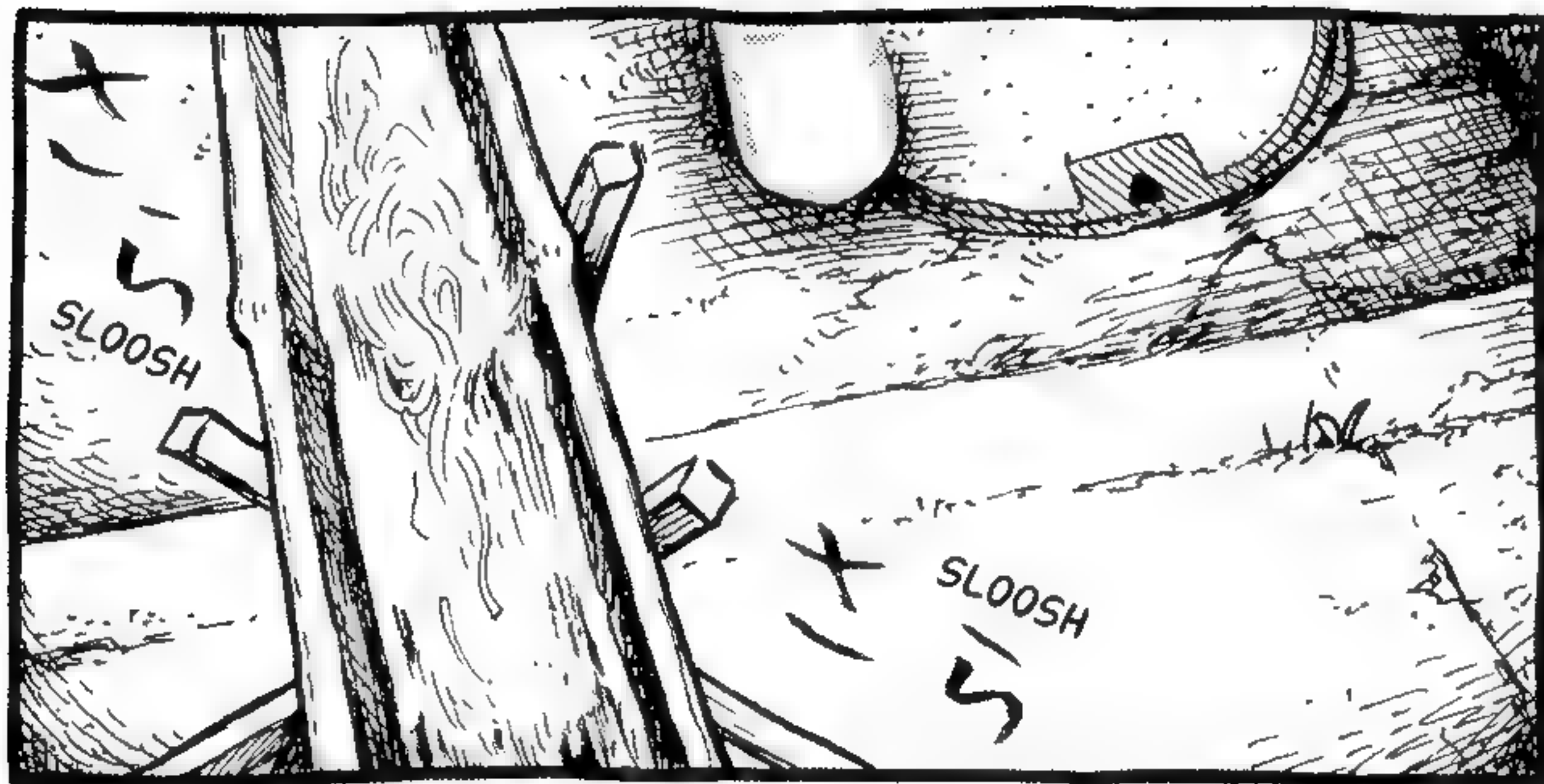
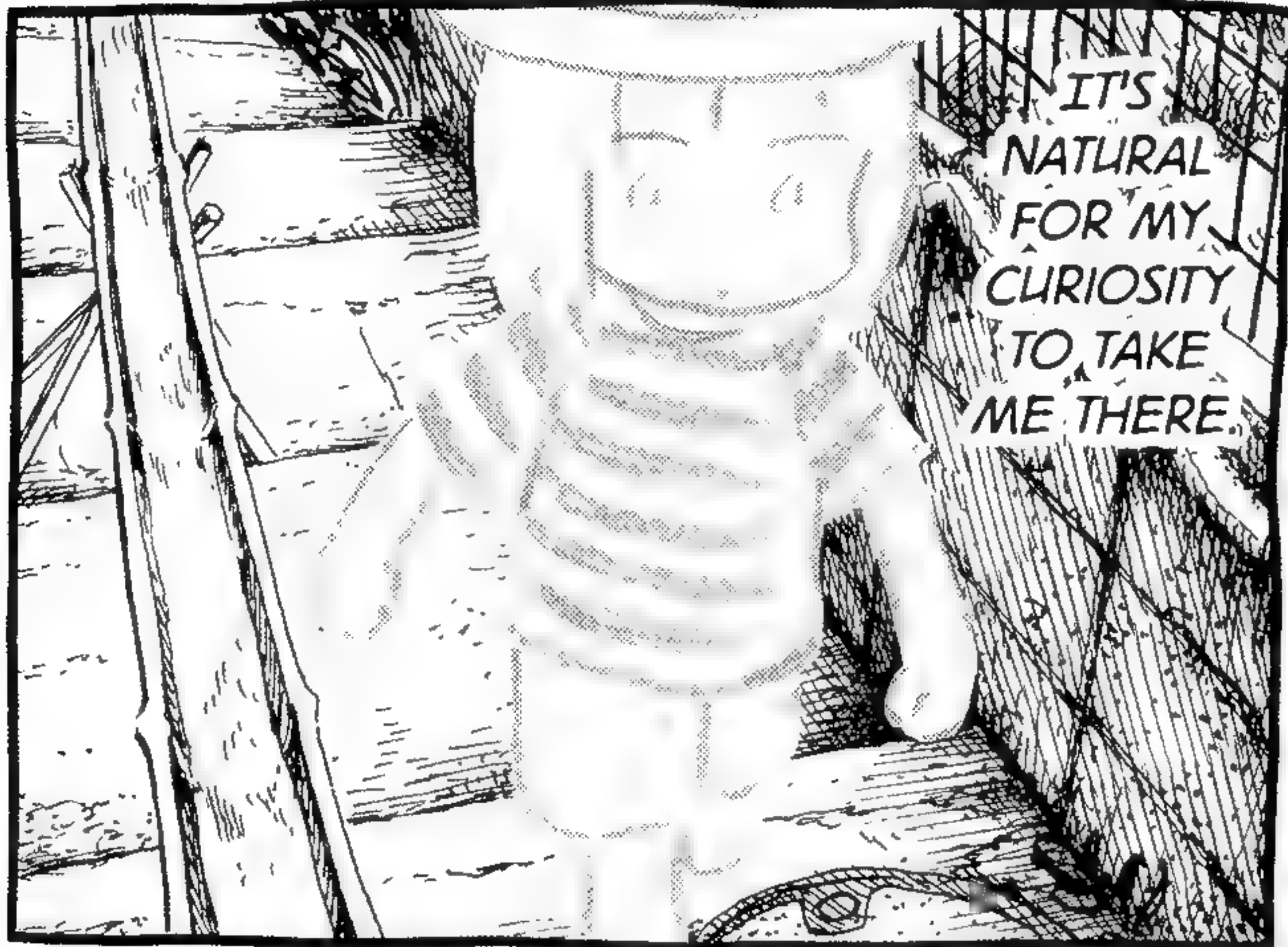
SIGNS OF A COINCIDENCE

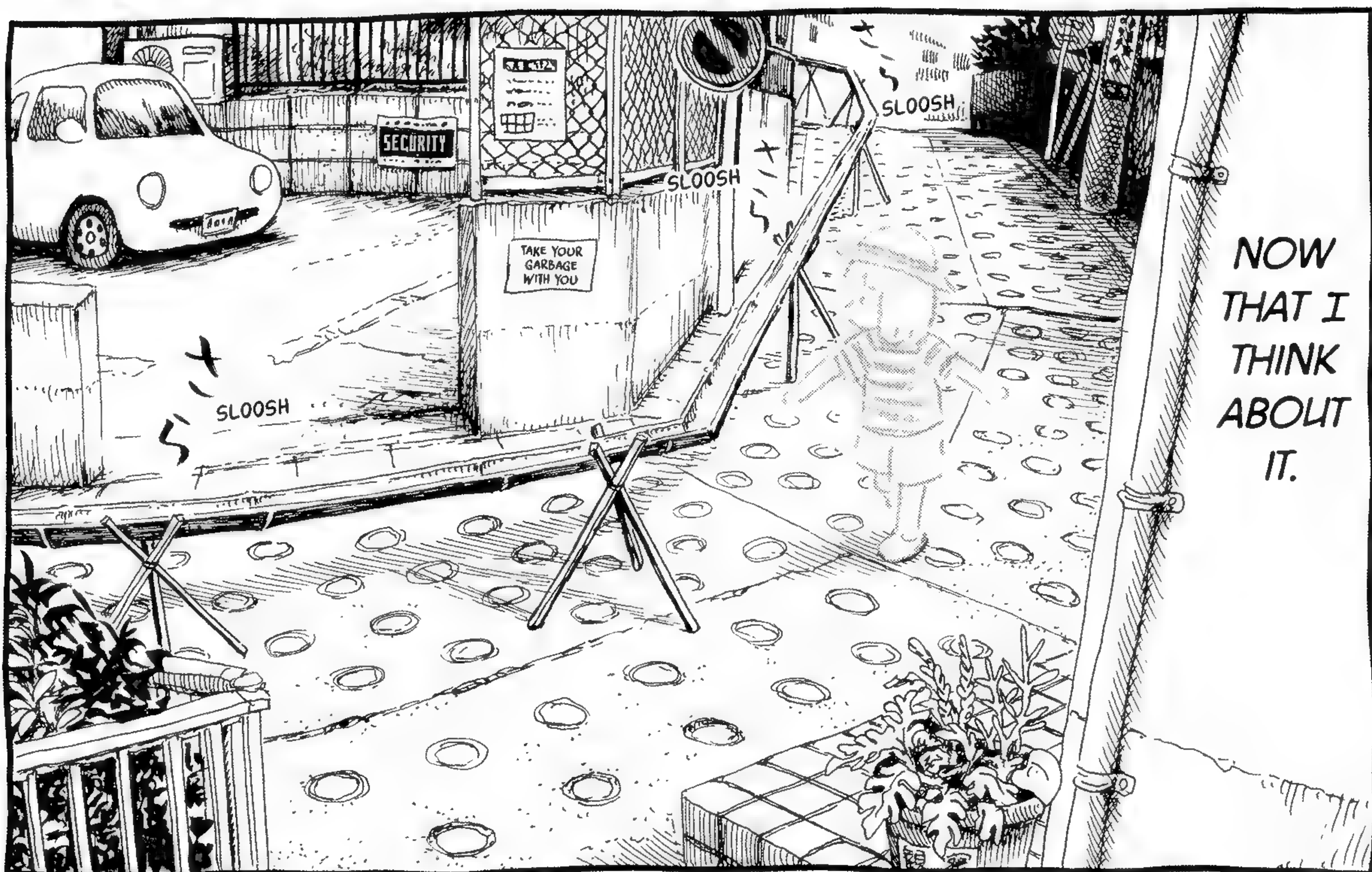
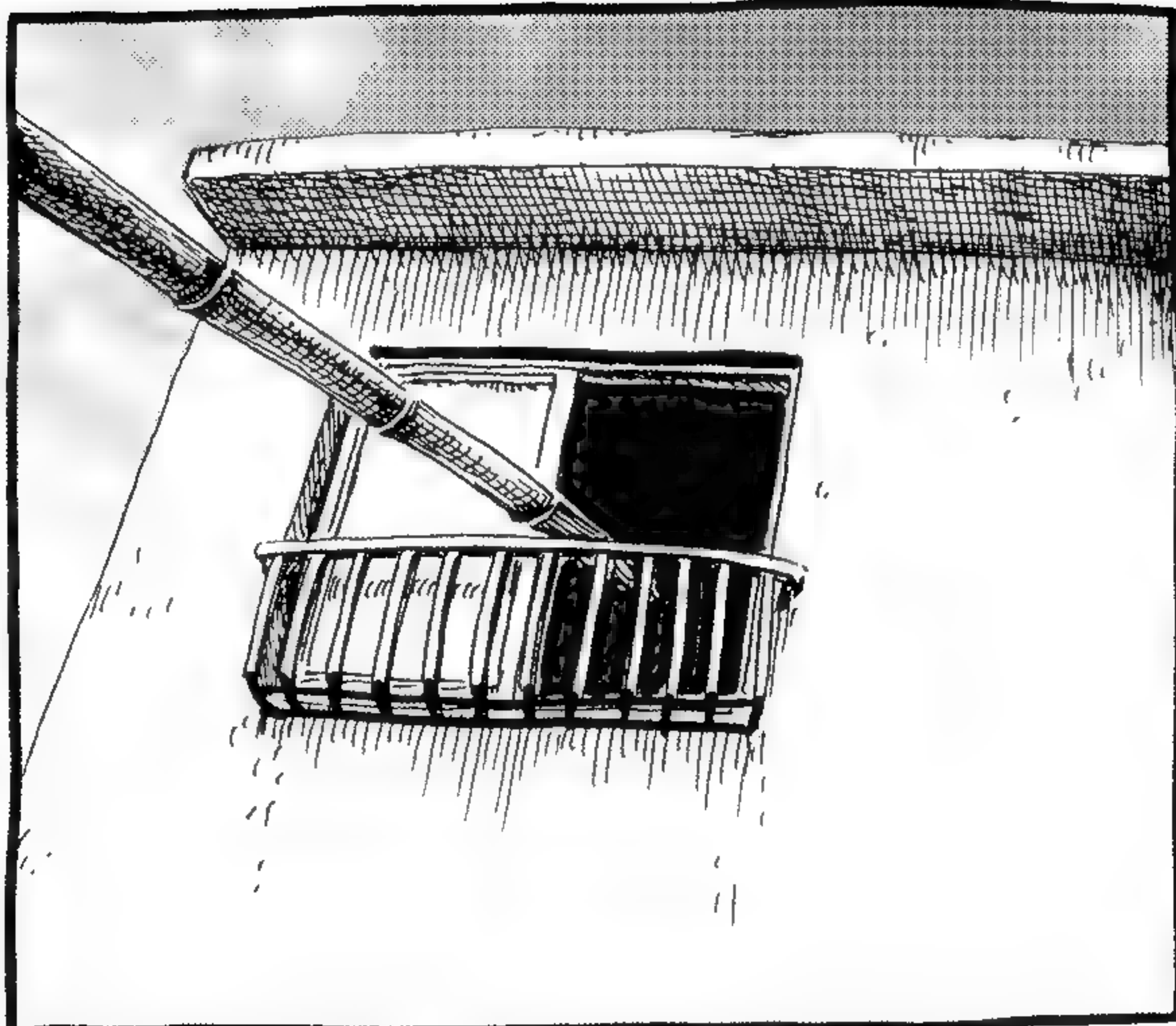
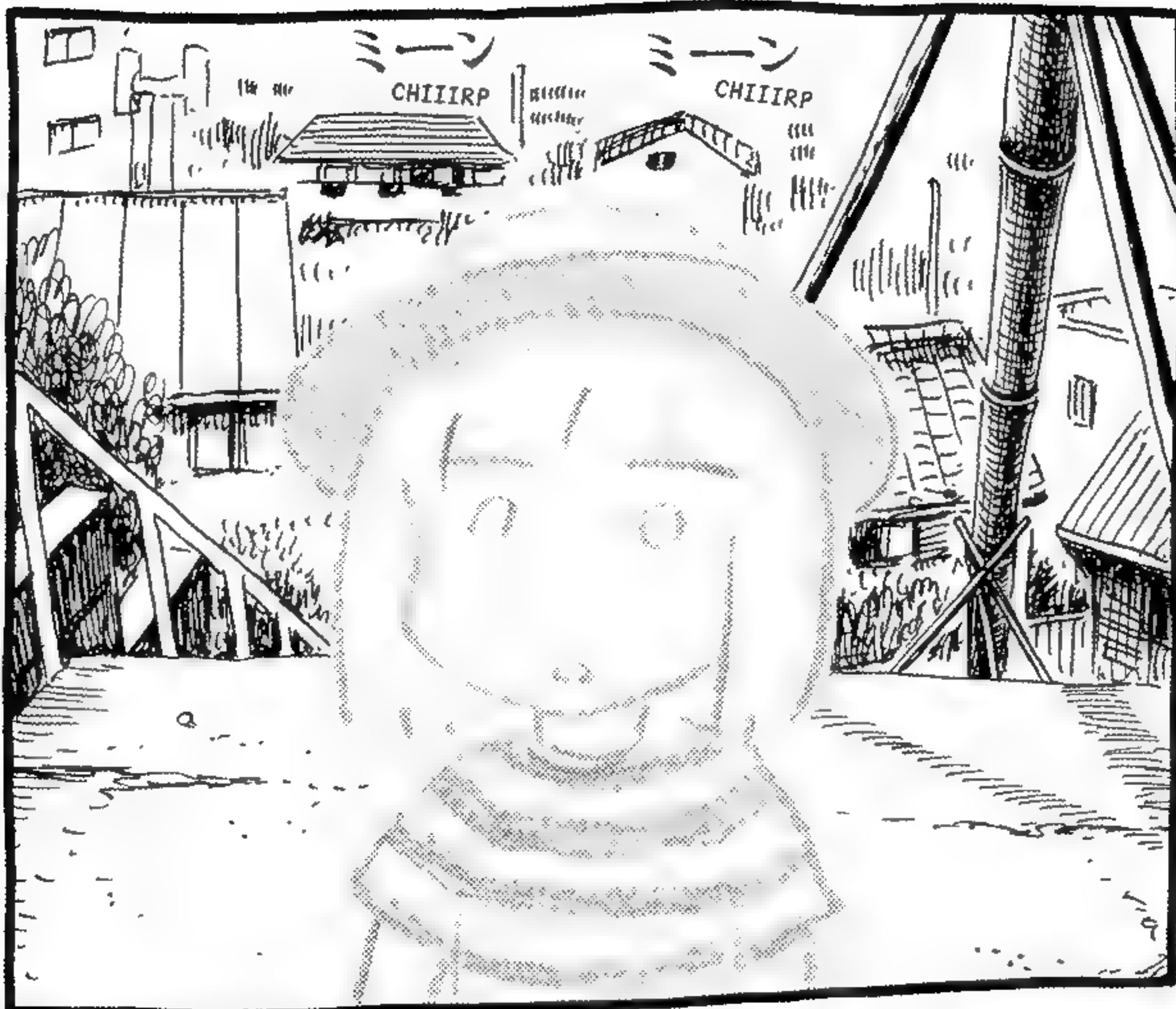


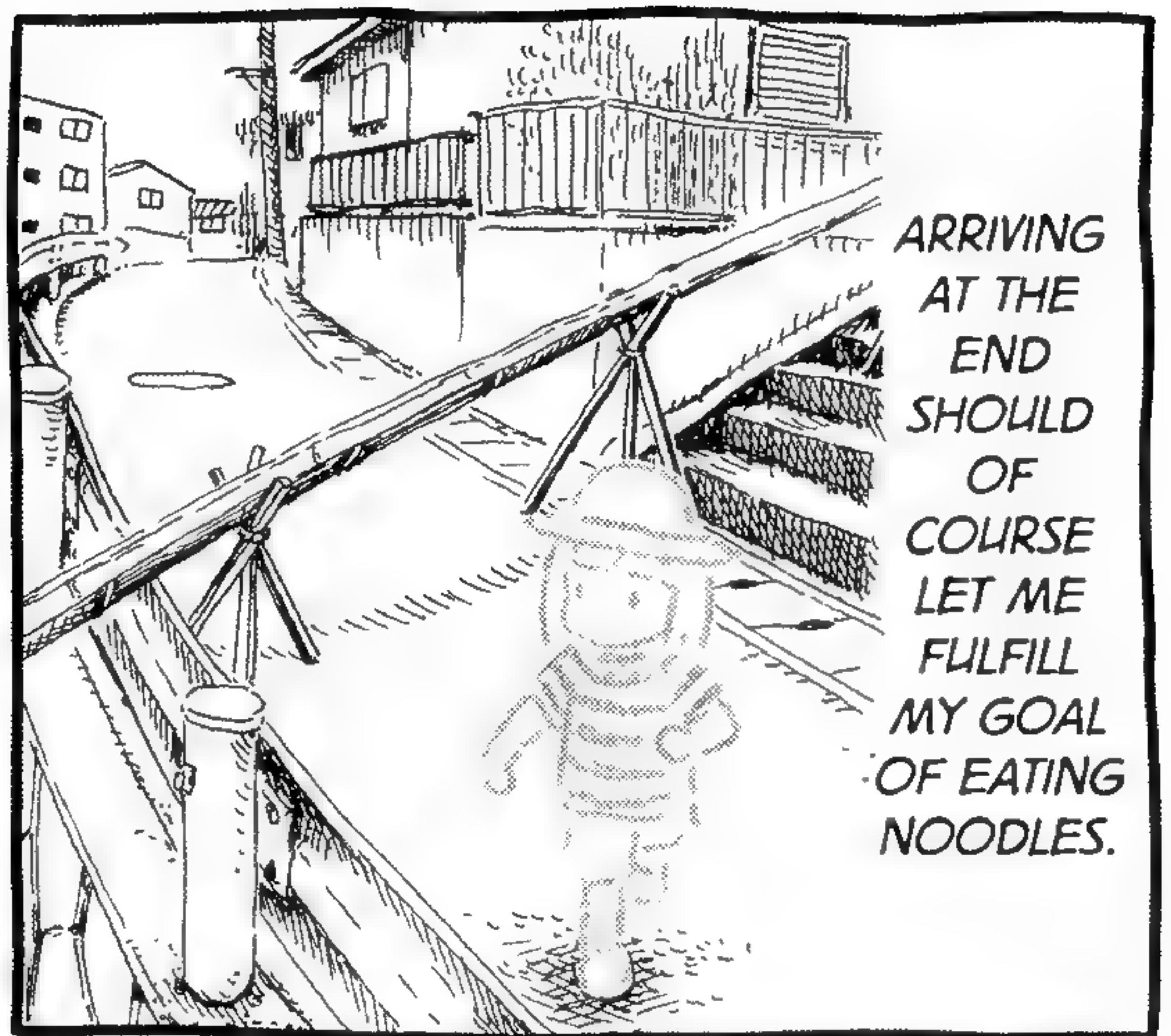
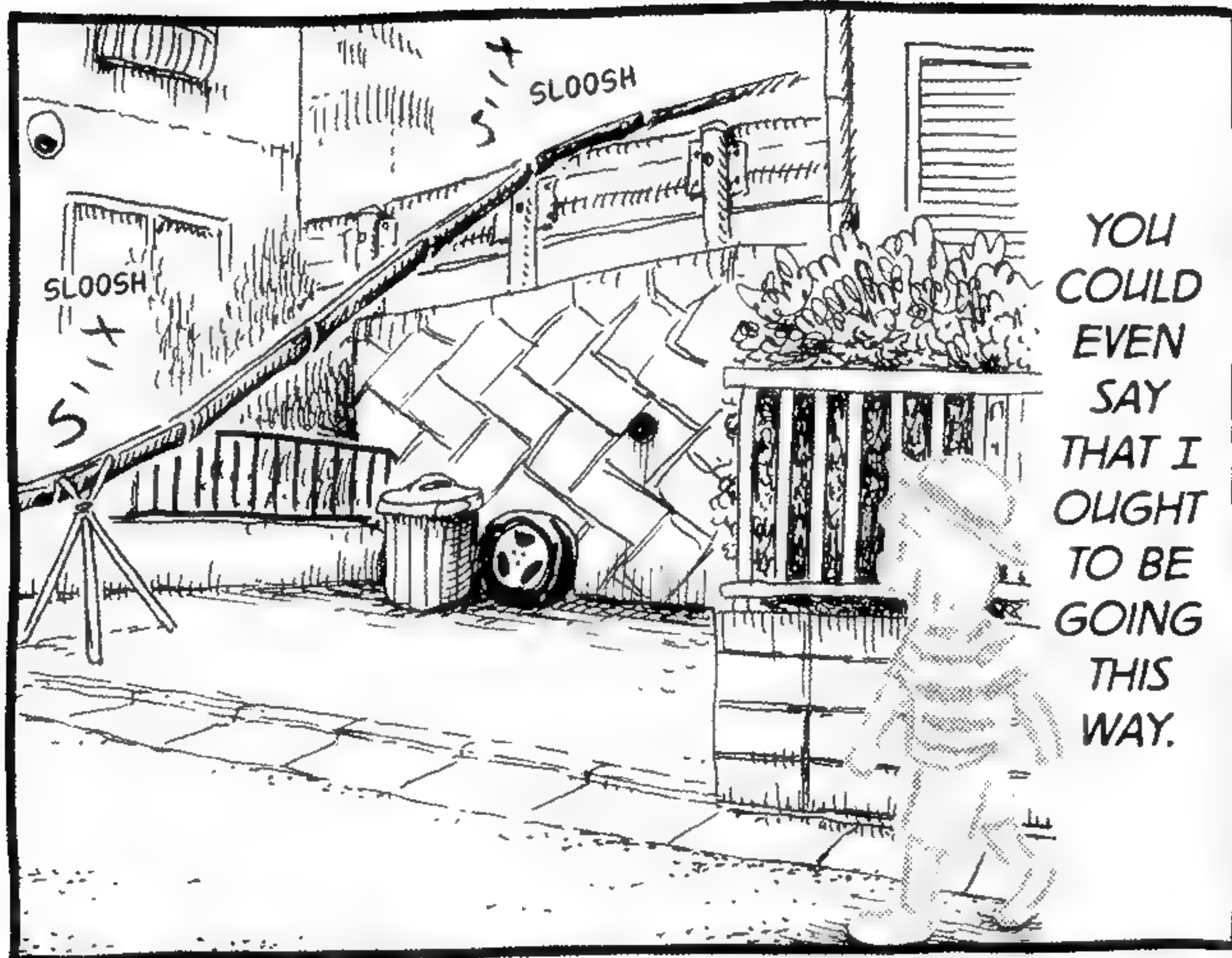


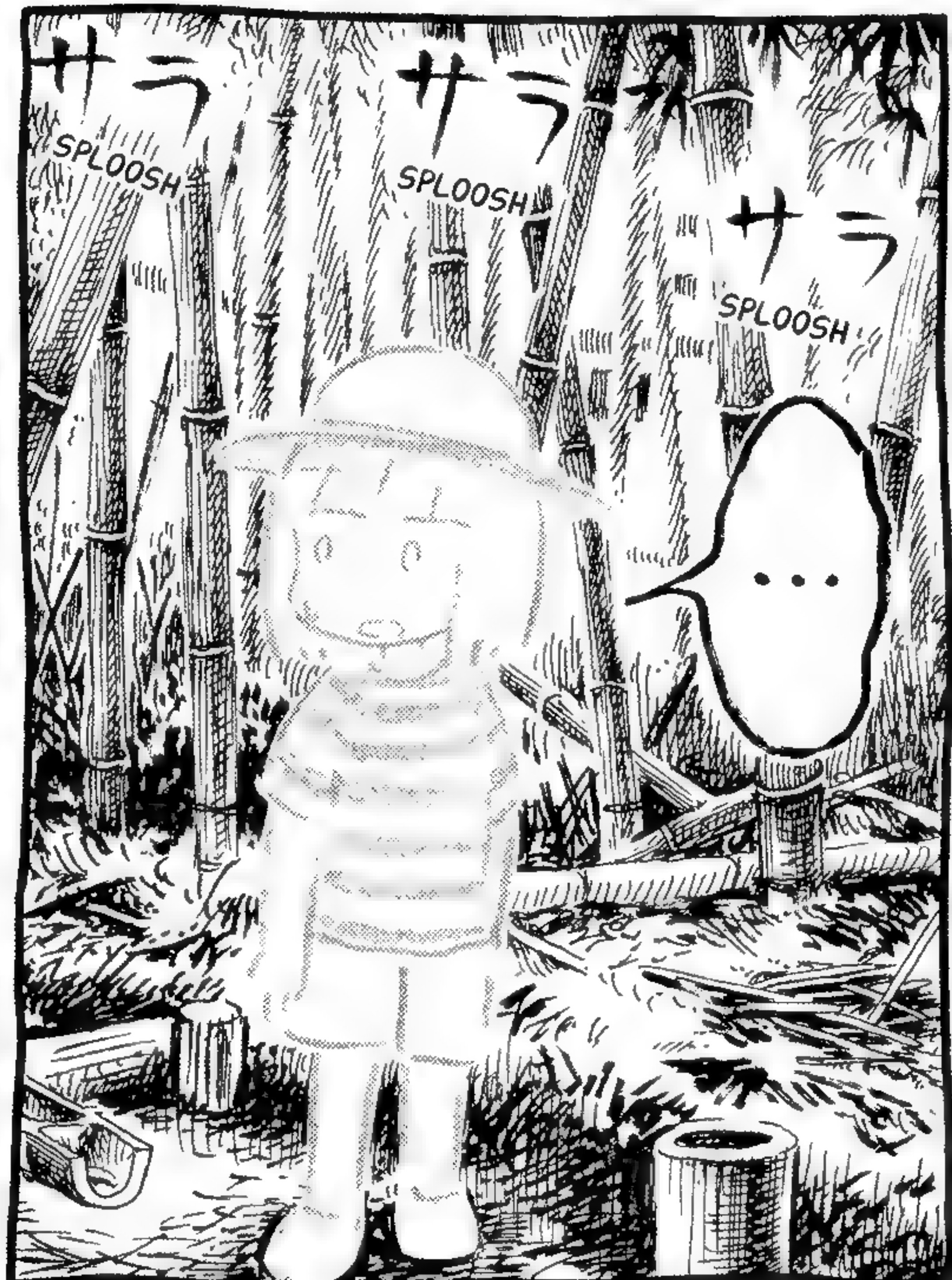
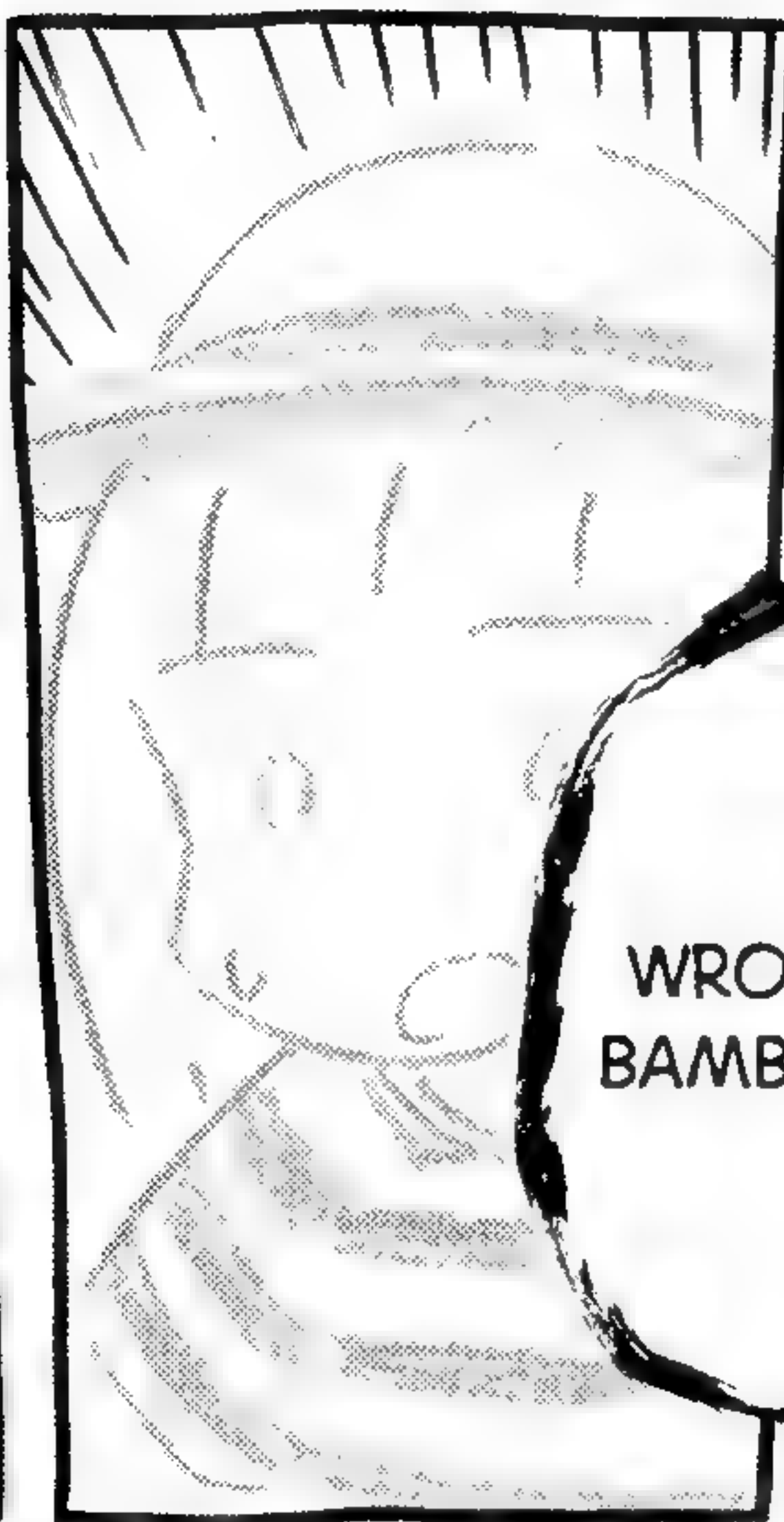
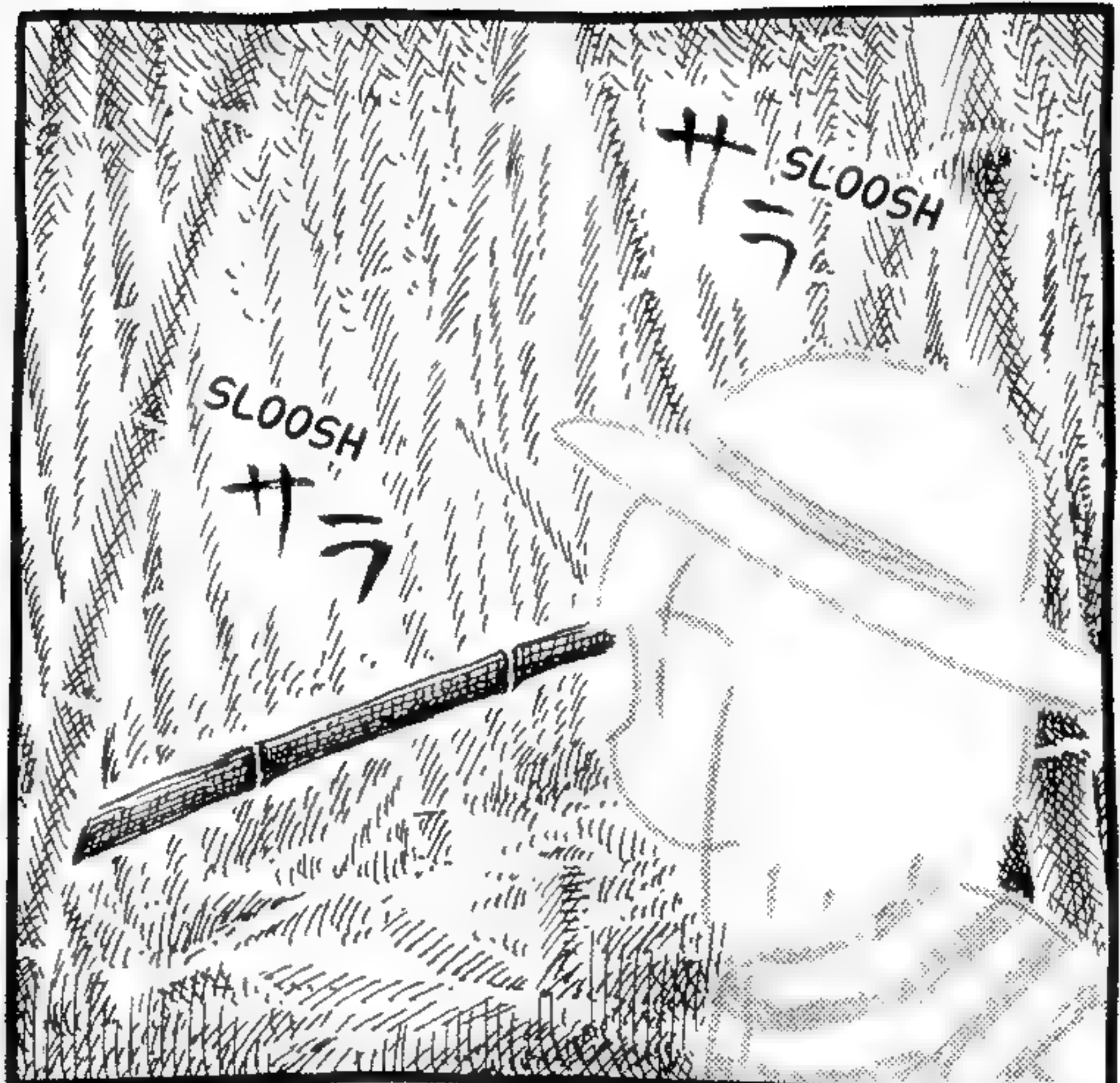


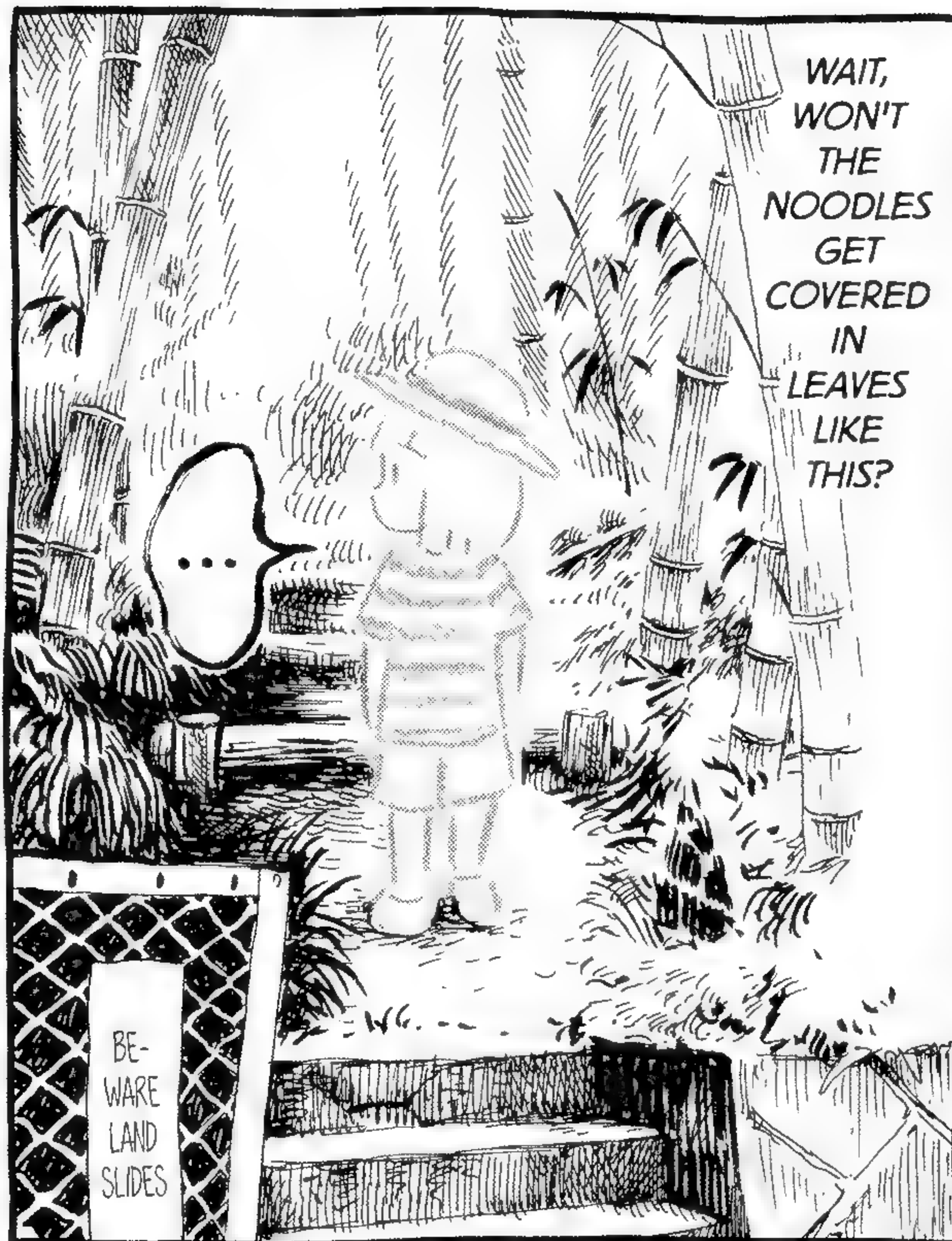
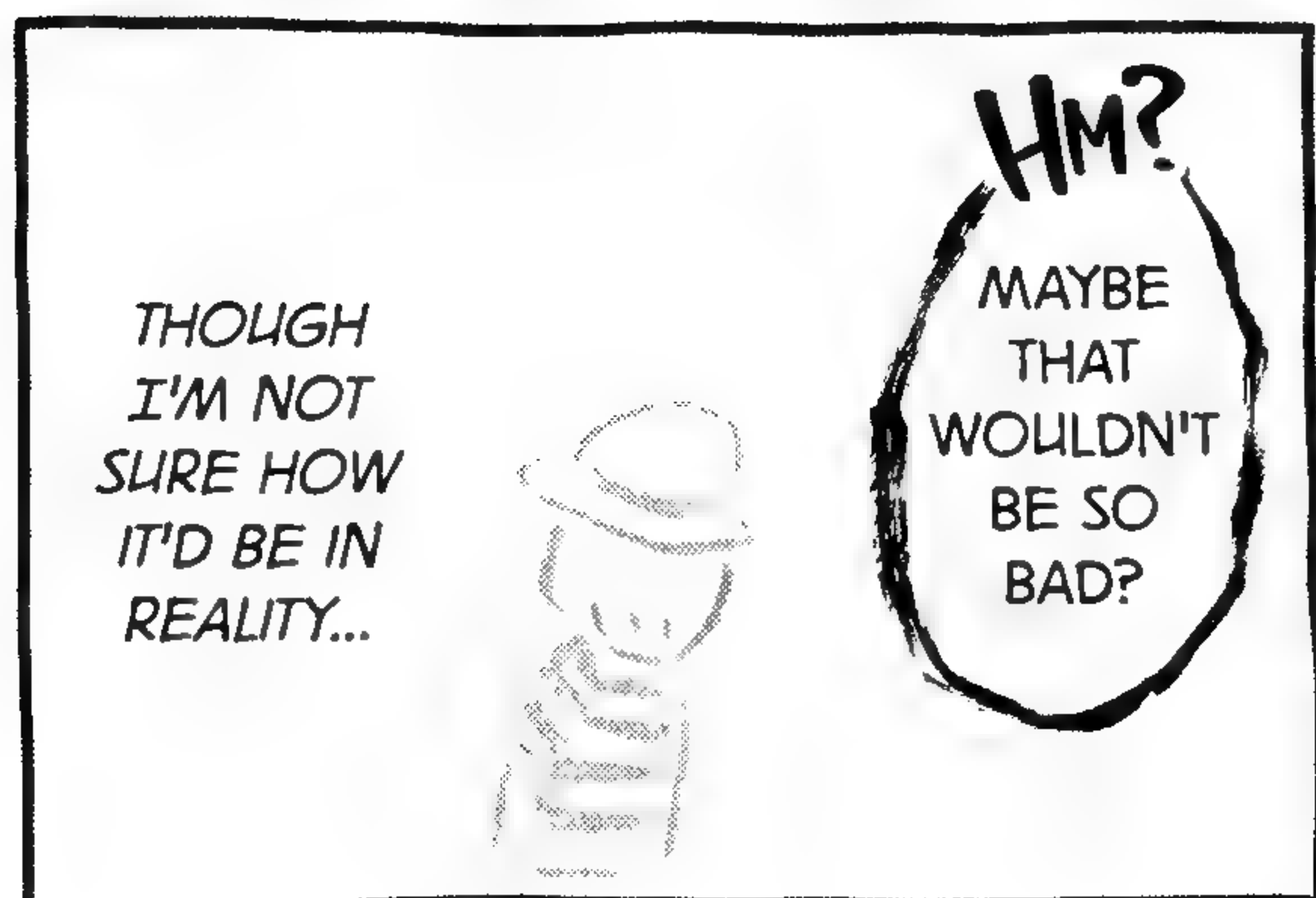
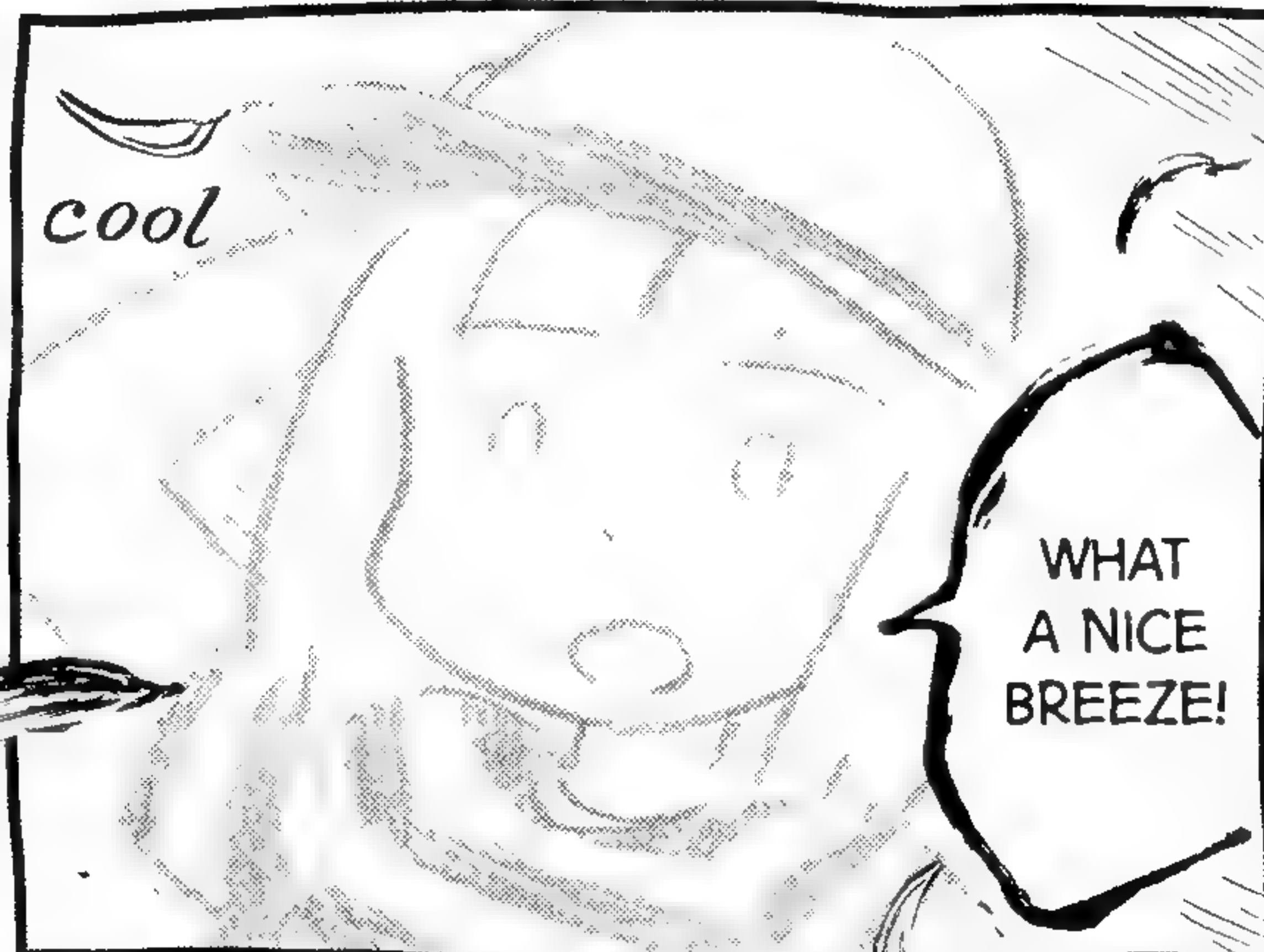
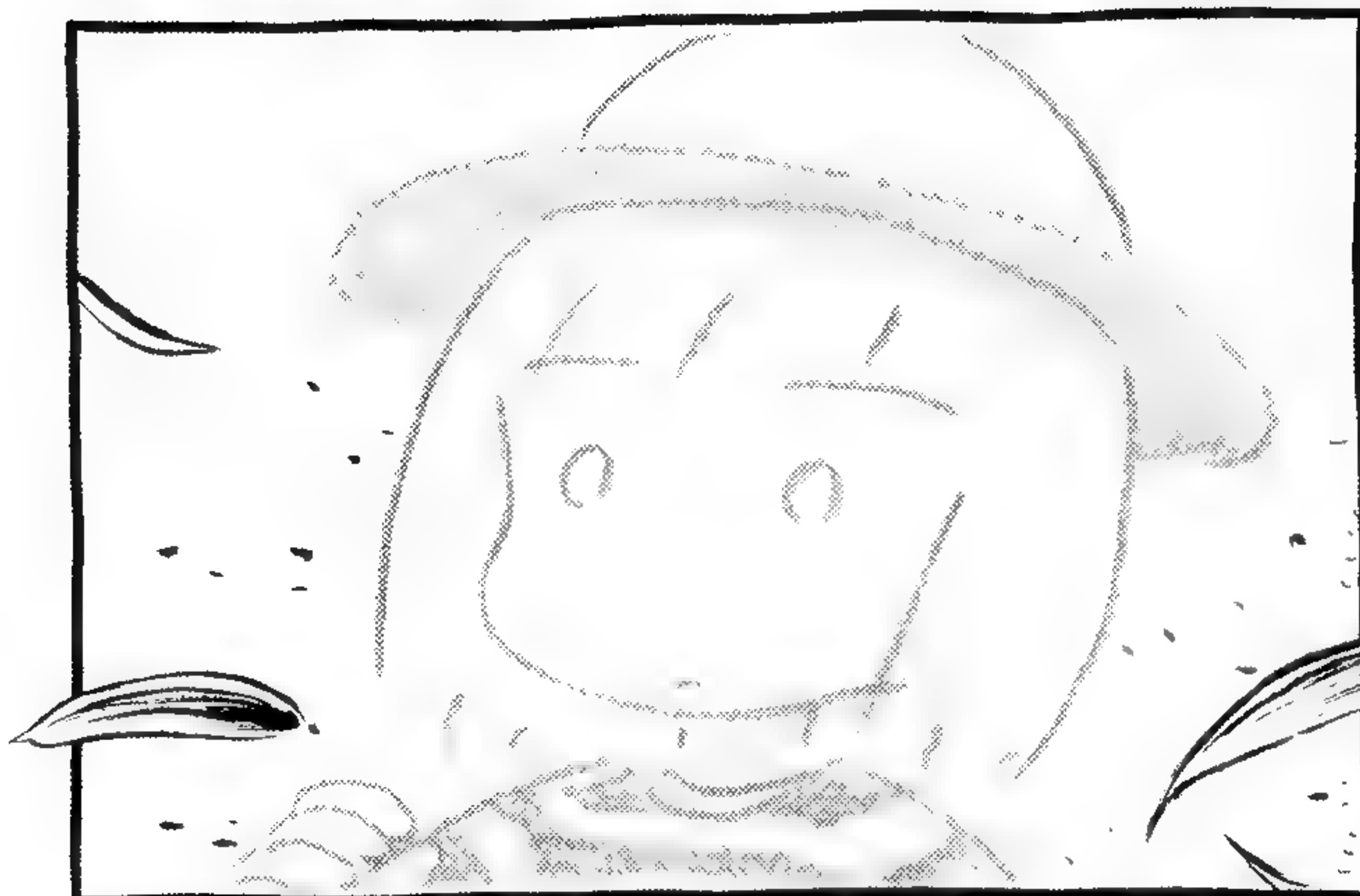












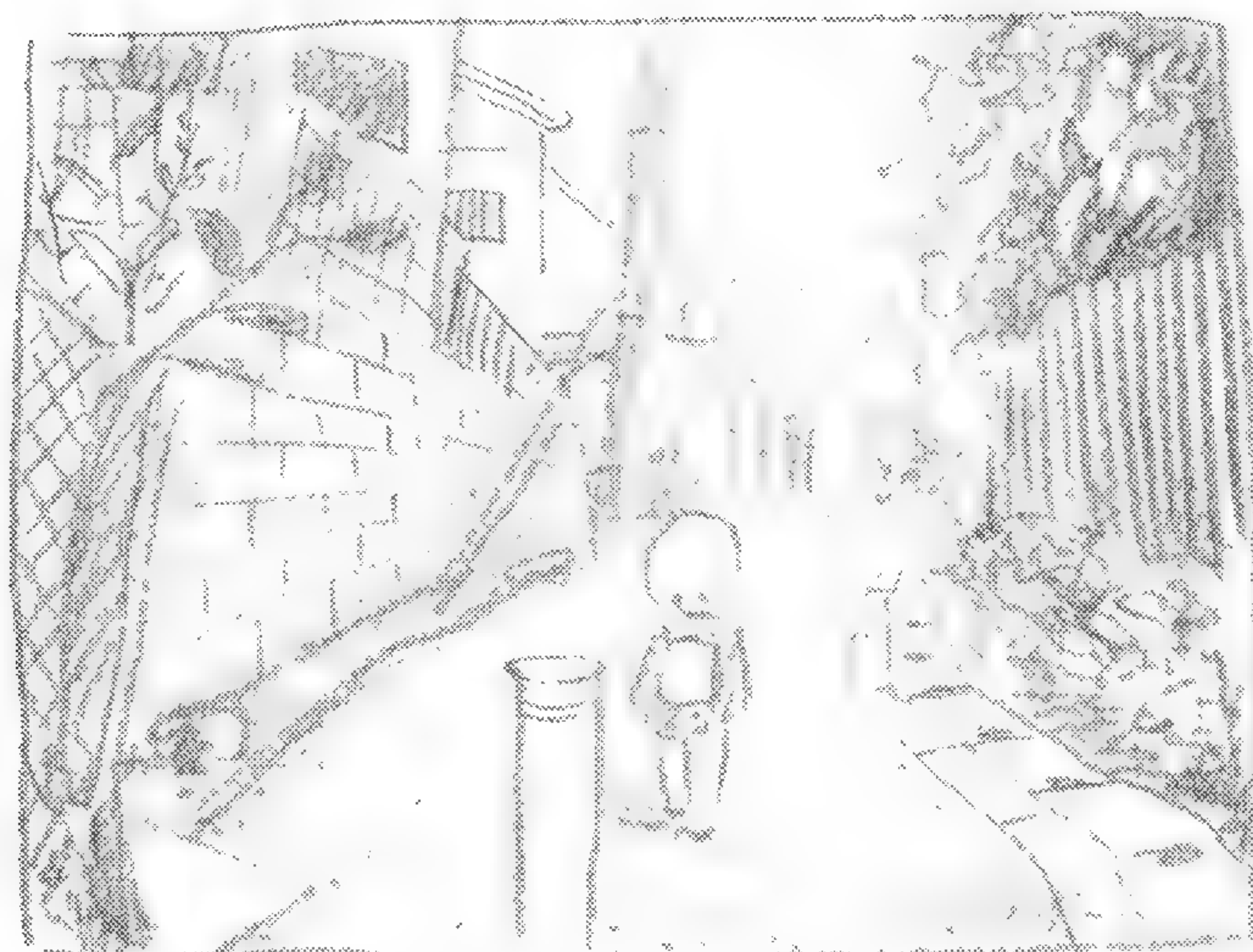
I Am a Child of the Sea

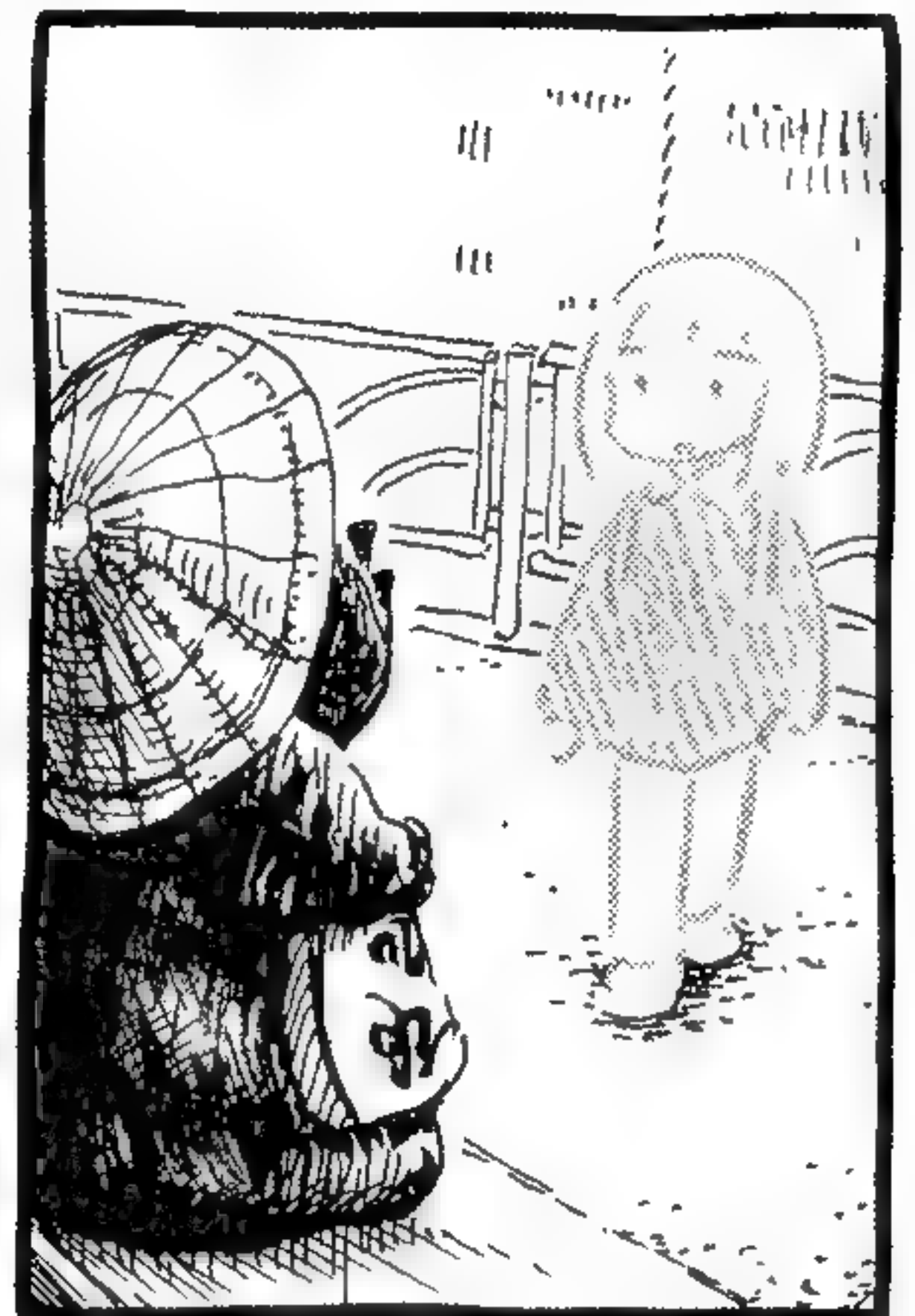
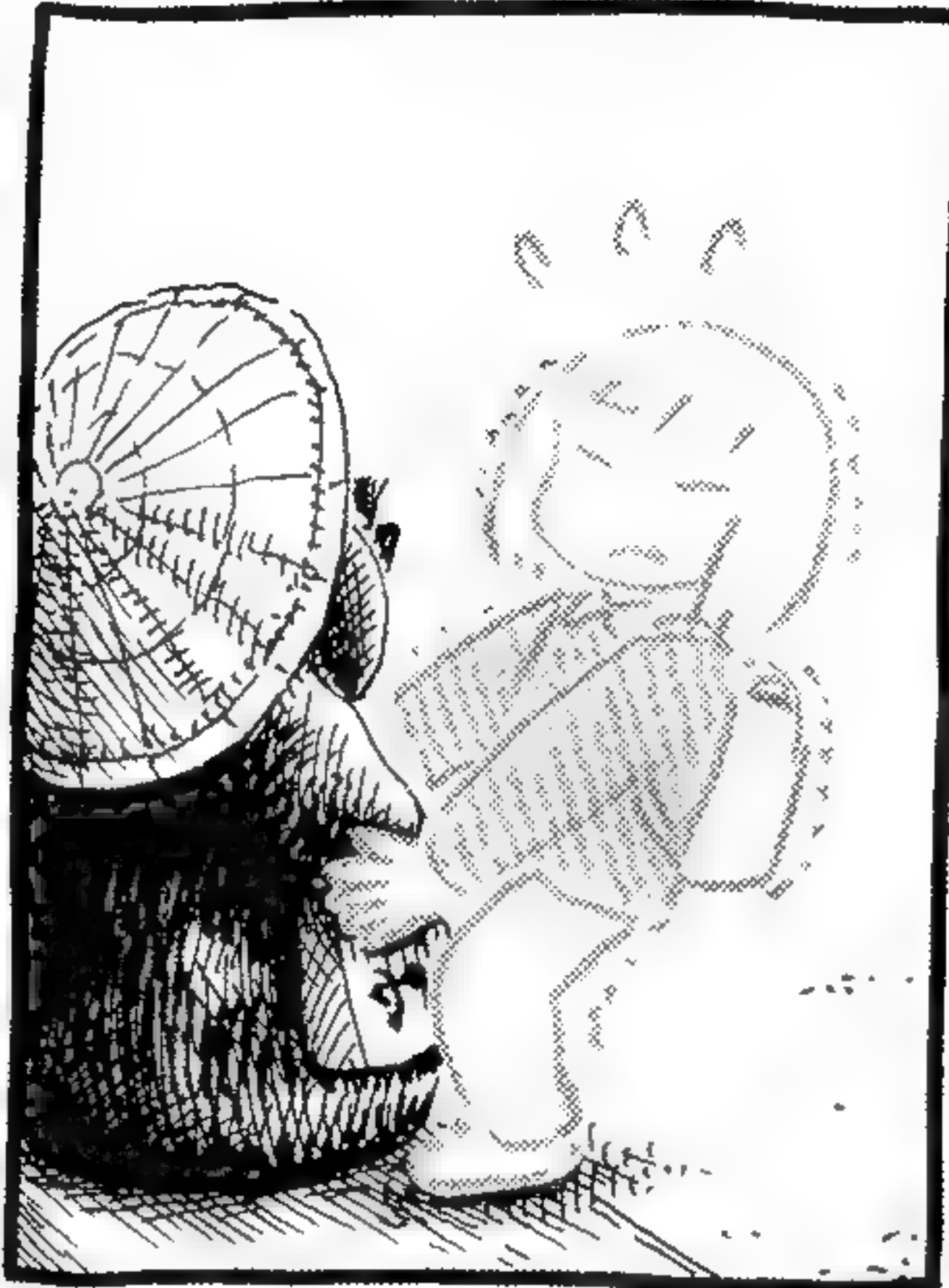
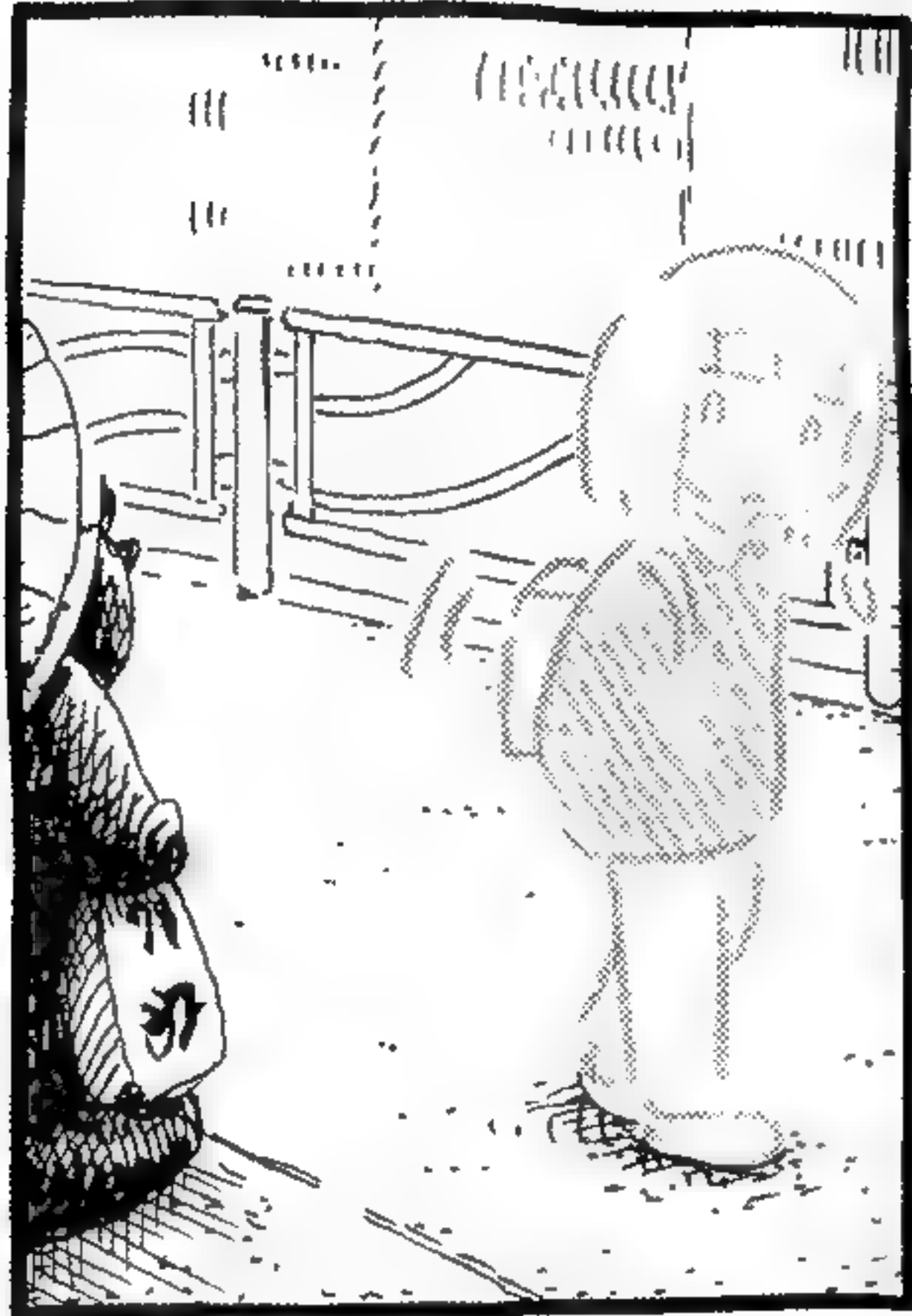
When I was in elementary school, they made me sing a Japanese song called "I Am a Child of the Sea." The song starts, "I am a child of the sea..."

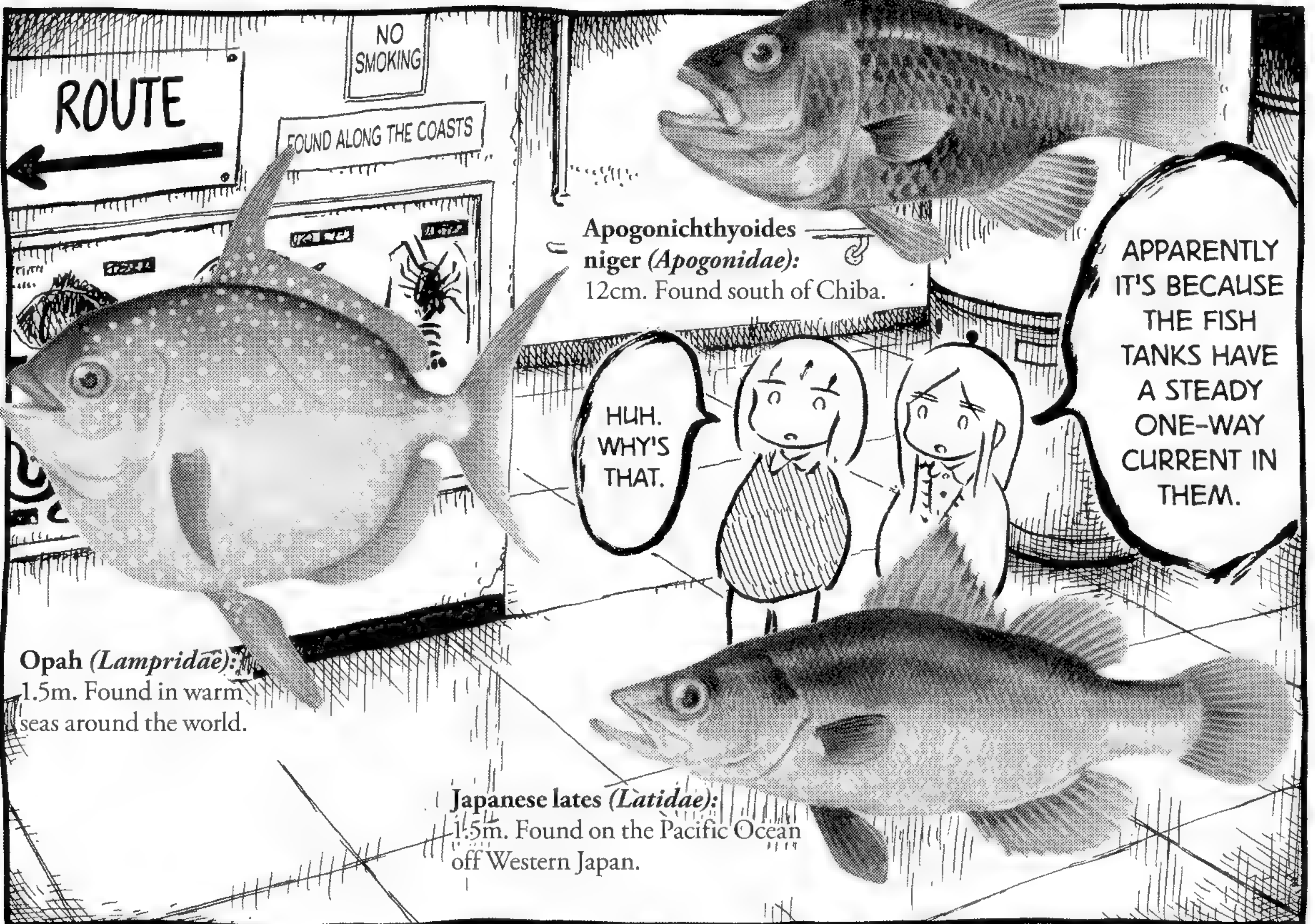
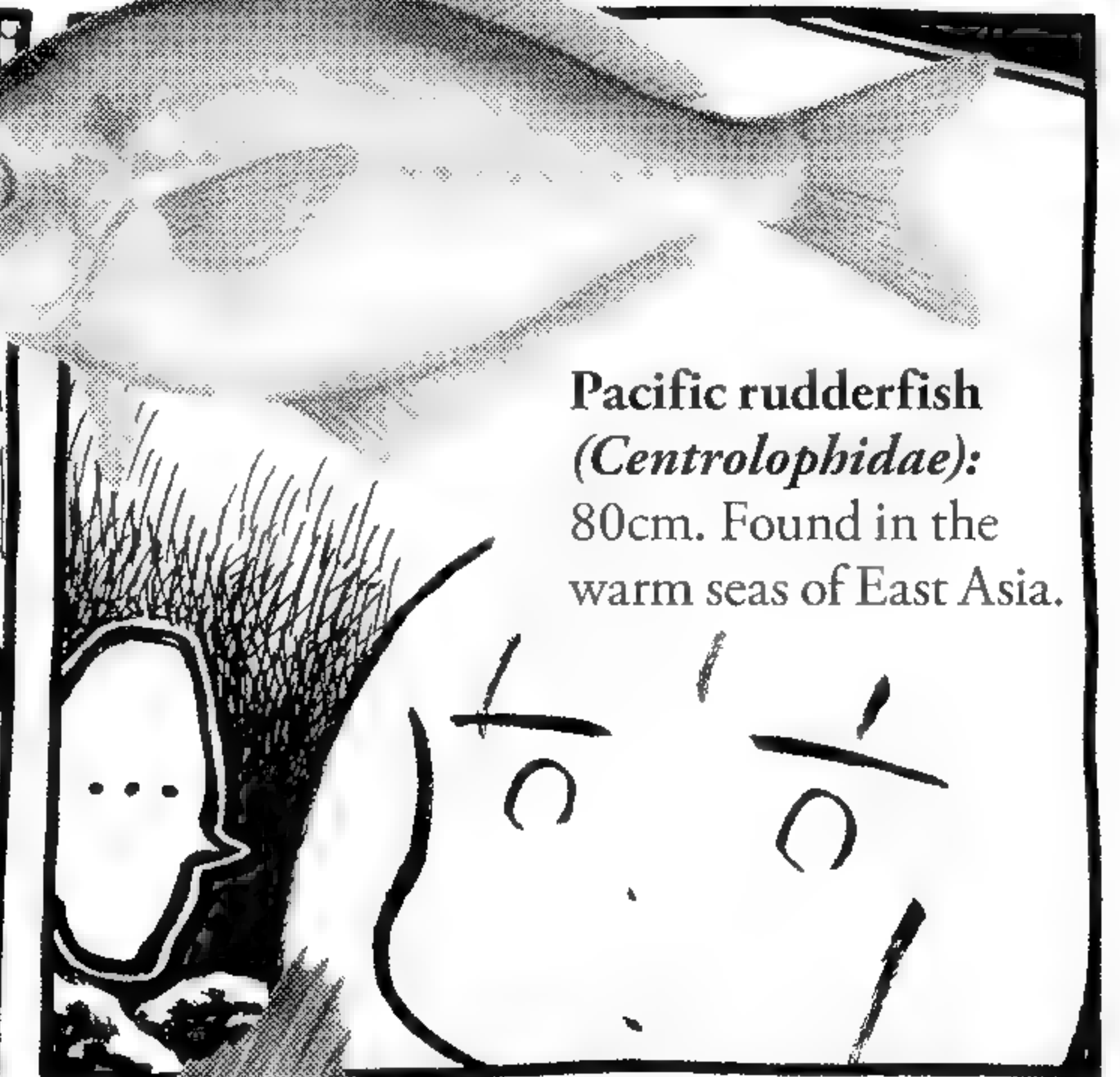
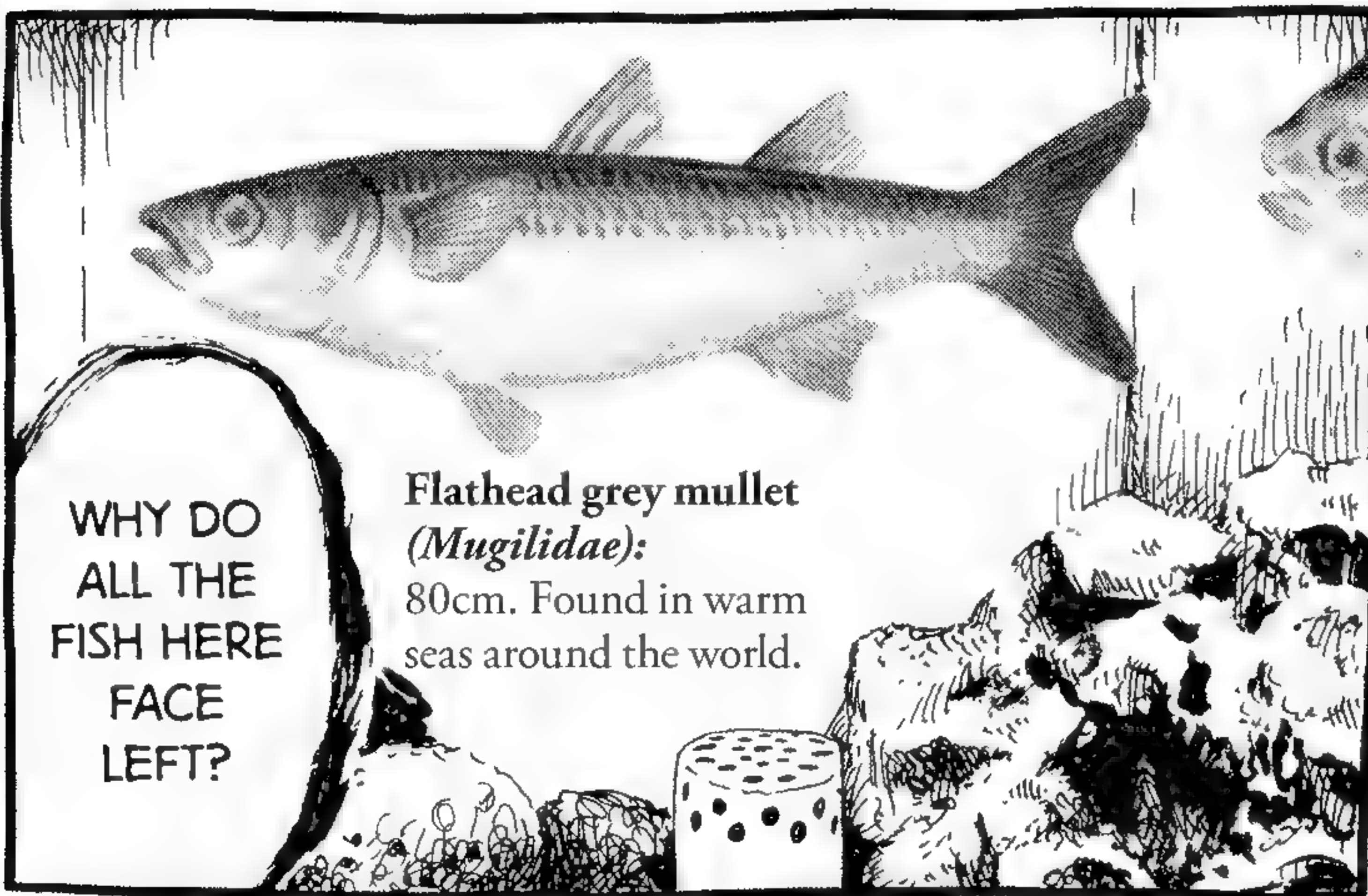
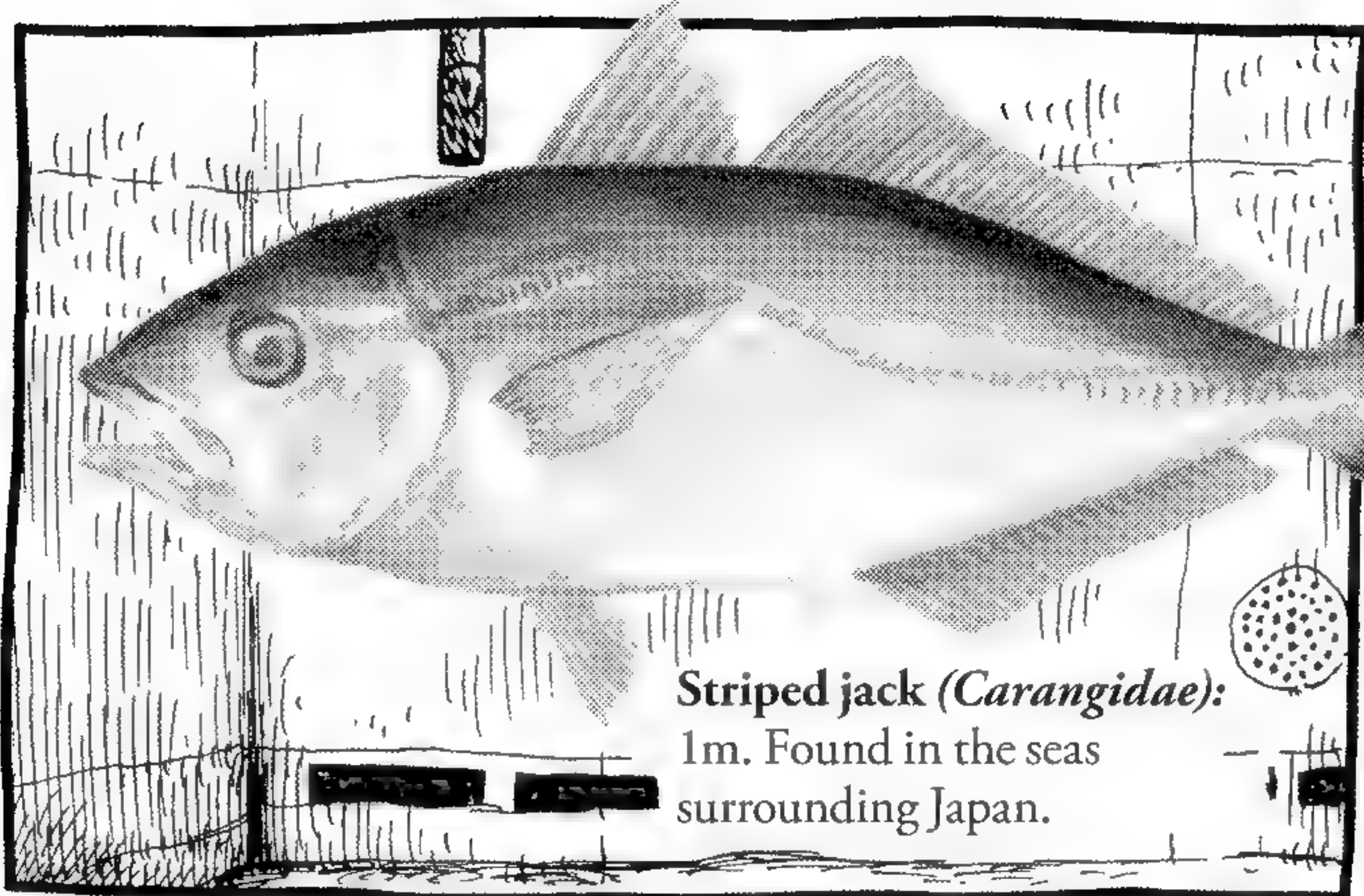
But it felt like I was being made to declare that I am a child of the sea, even though I'm not. I had the slightest sense of disgust, like I'd been forced to lie.

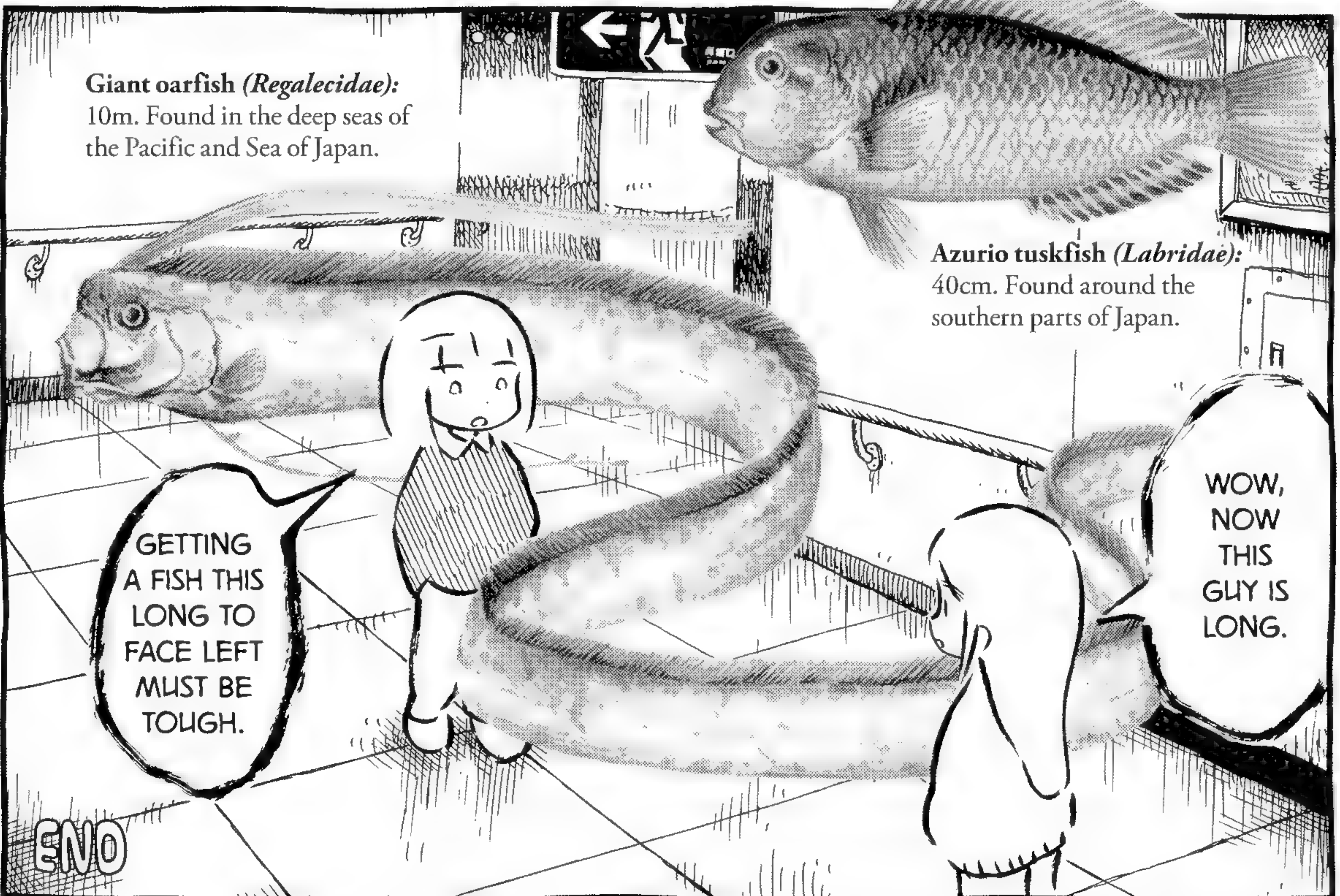
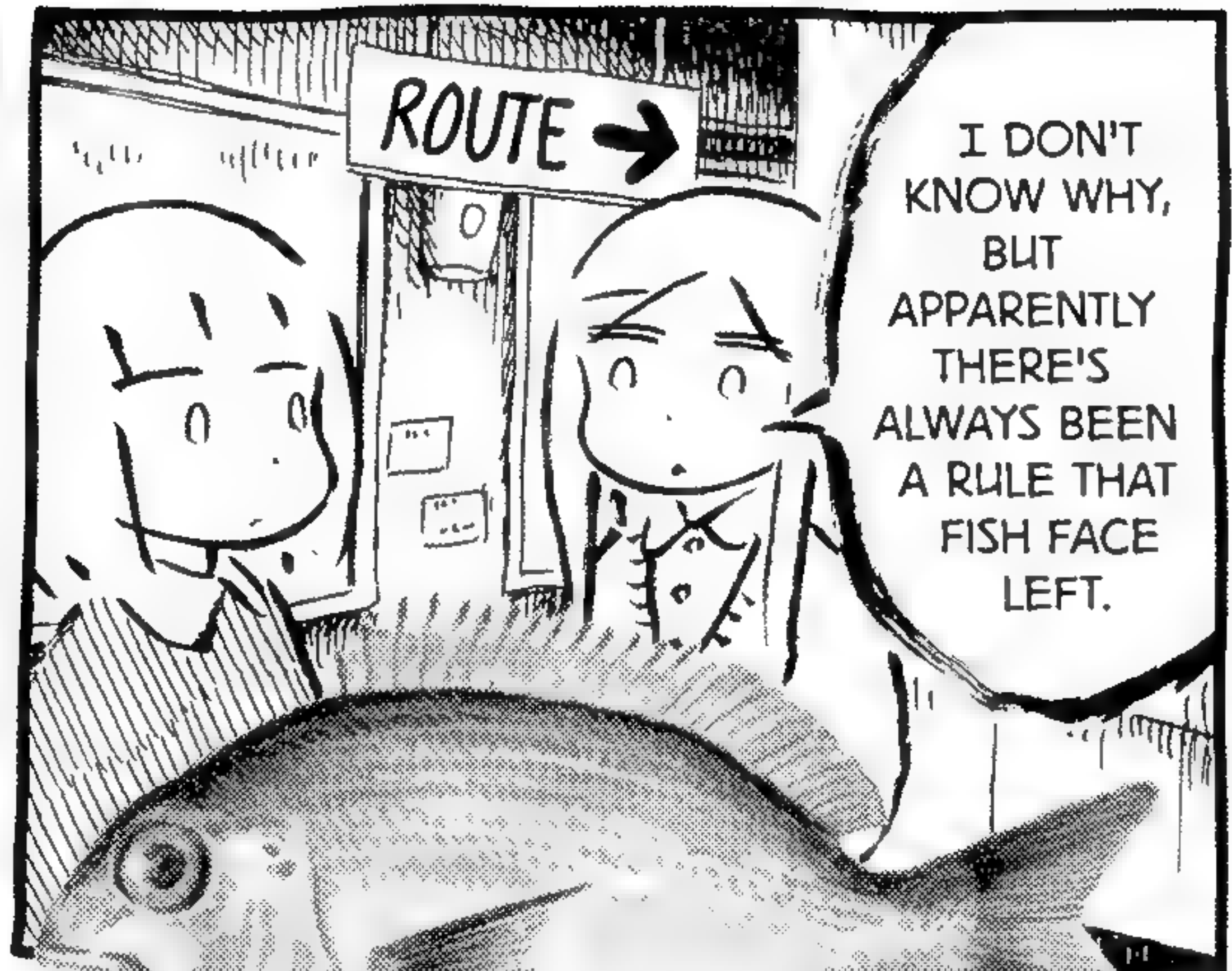
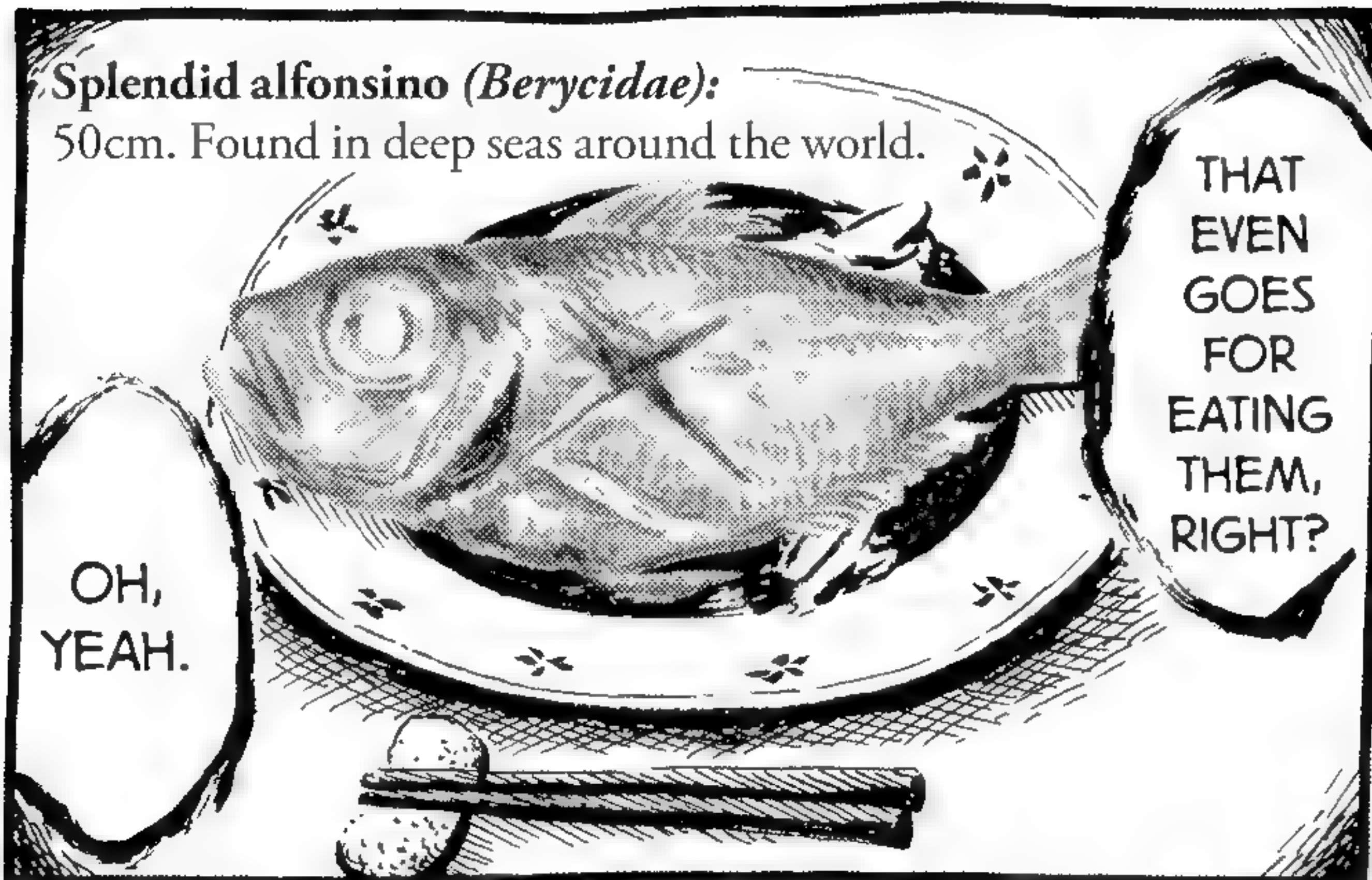
Something I remembered.

March 8, 2018



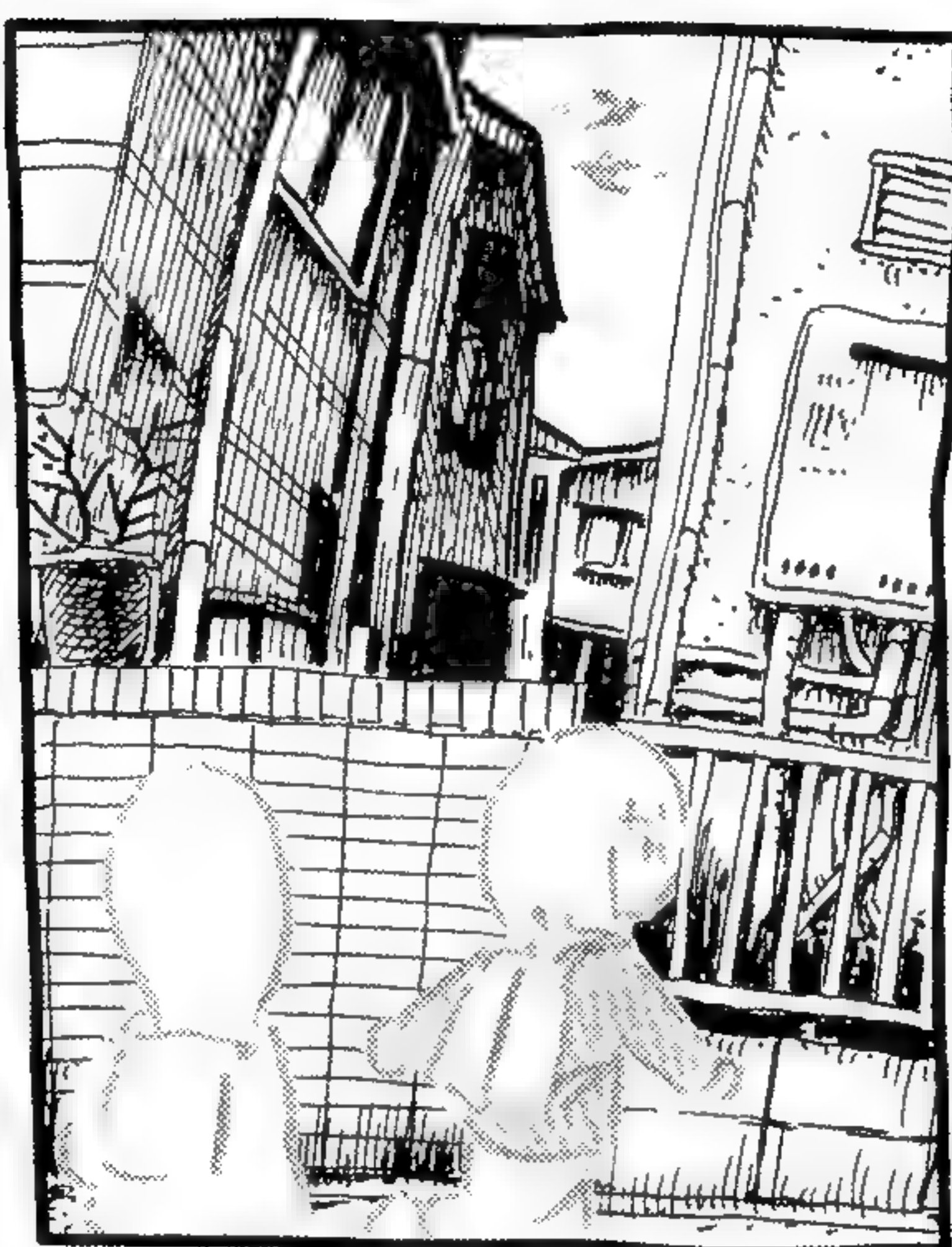
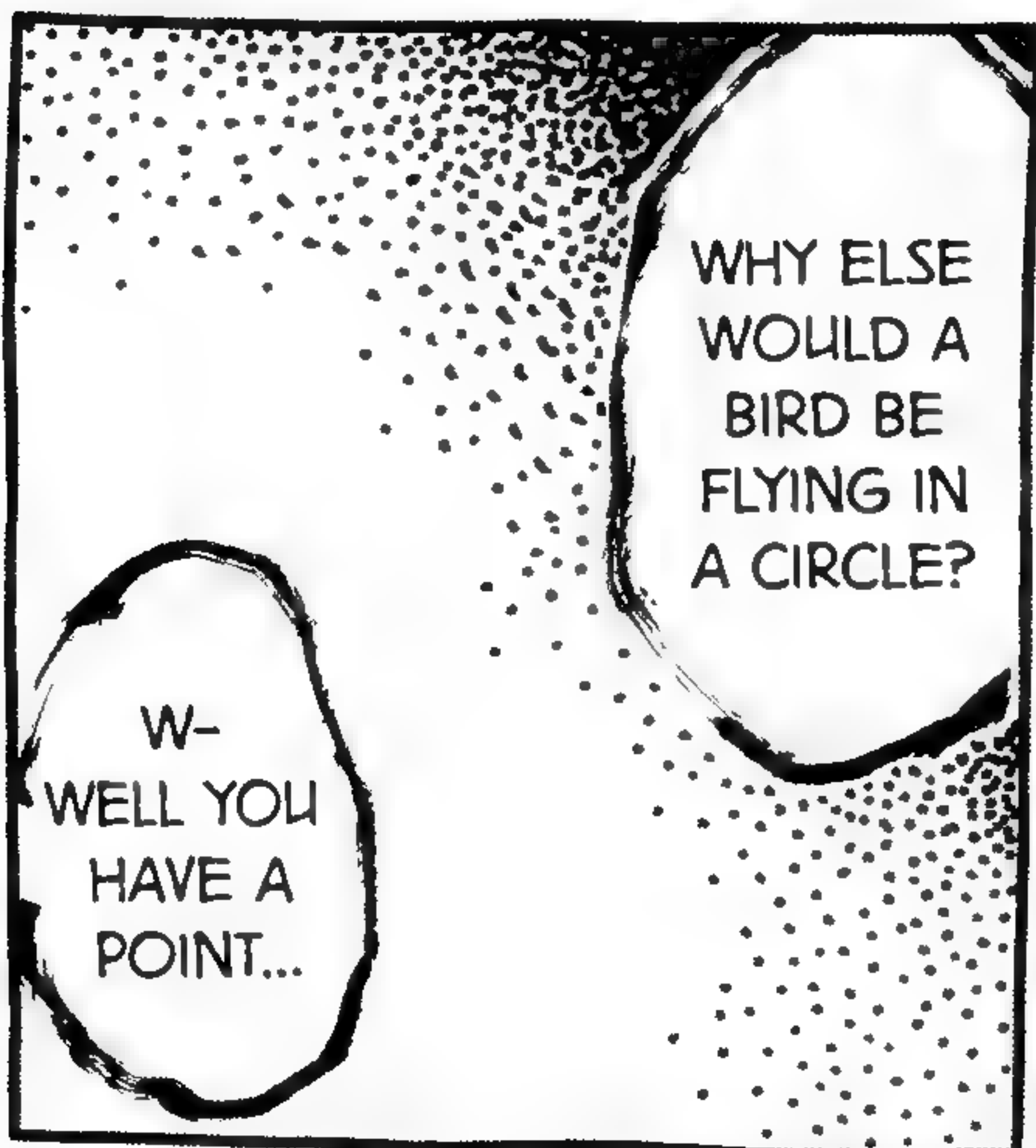
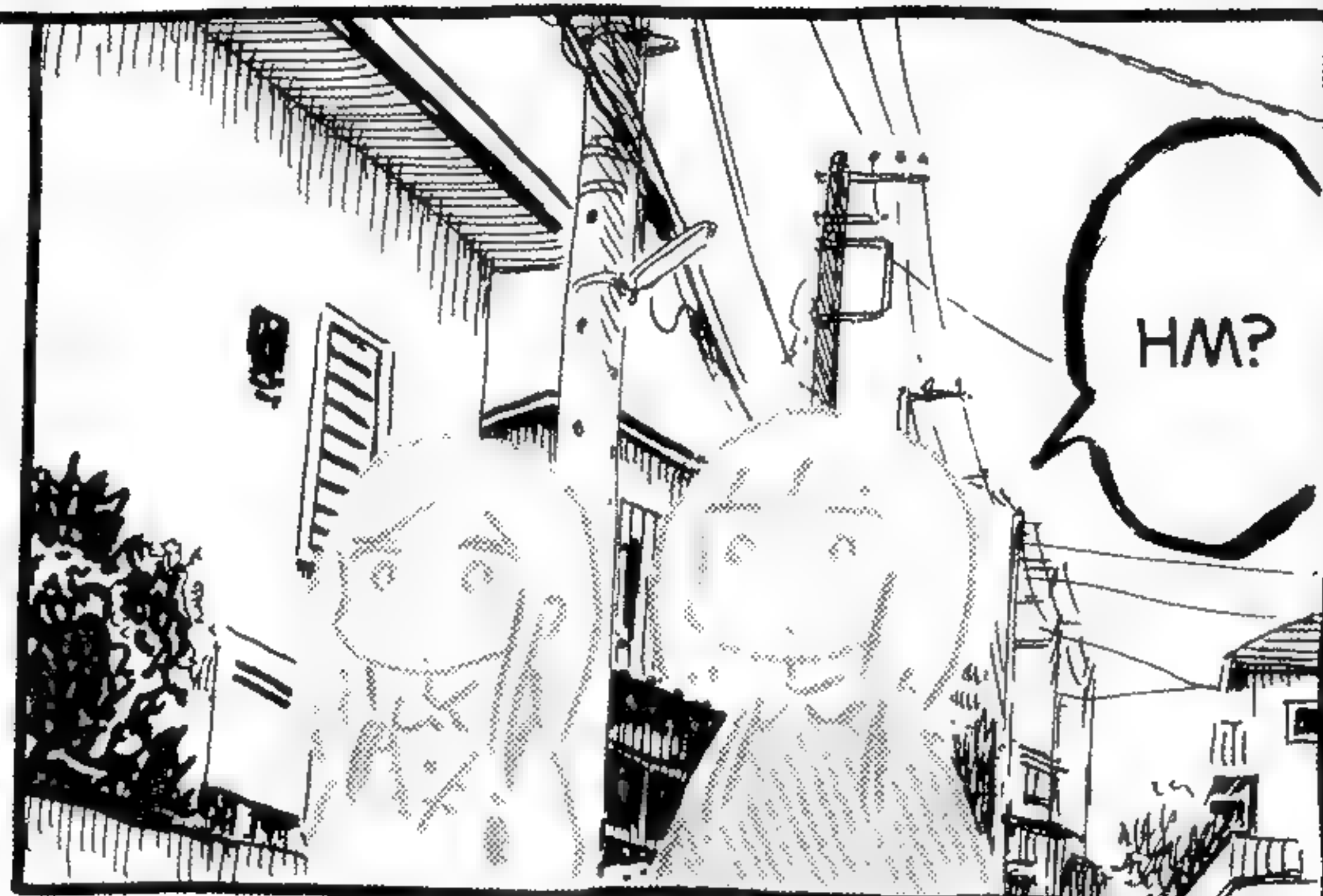


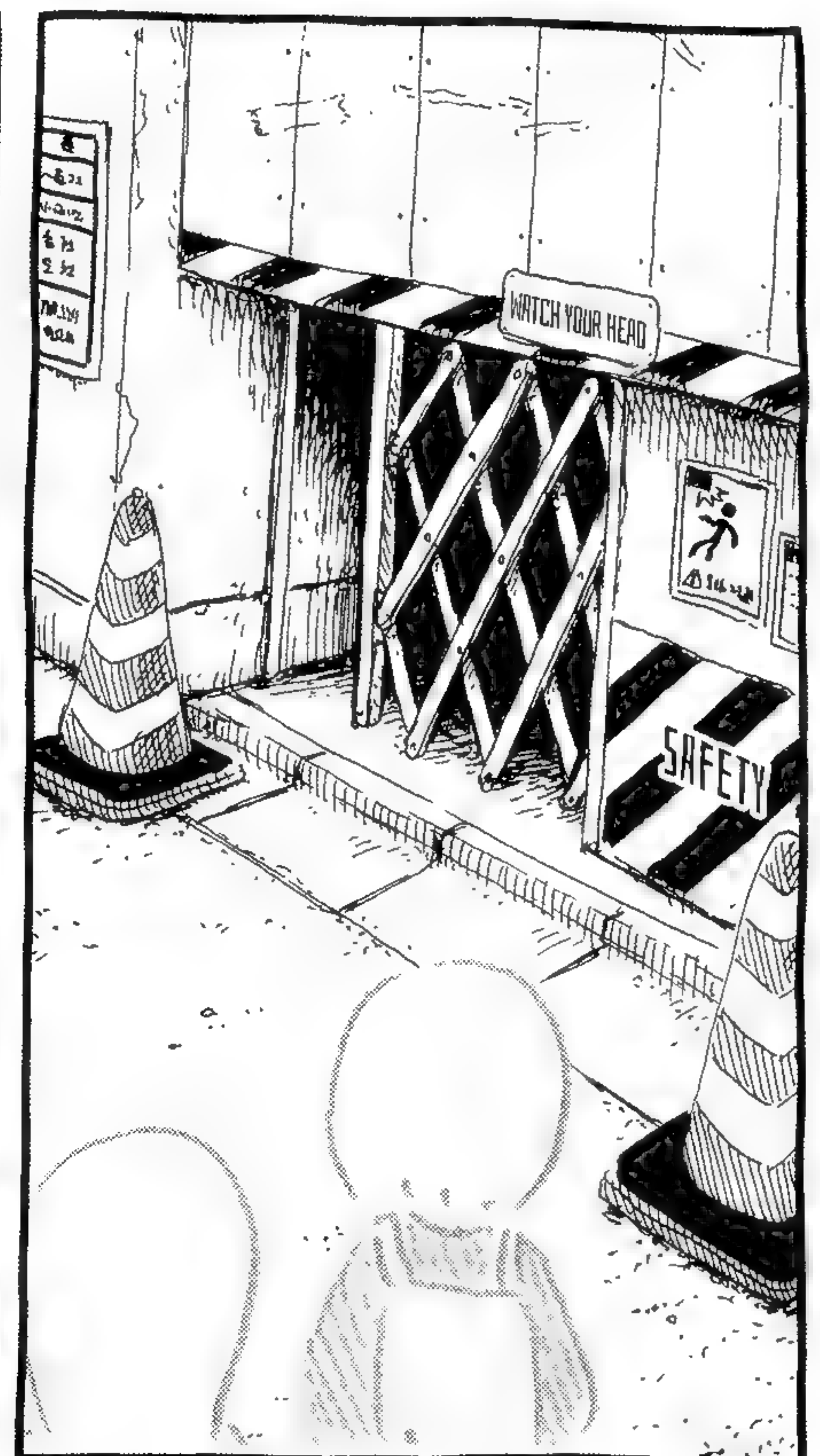
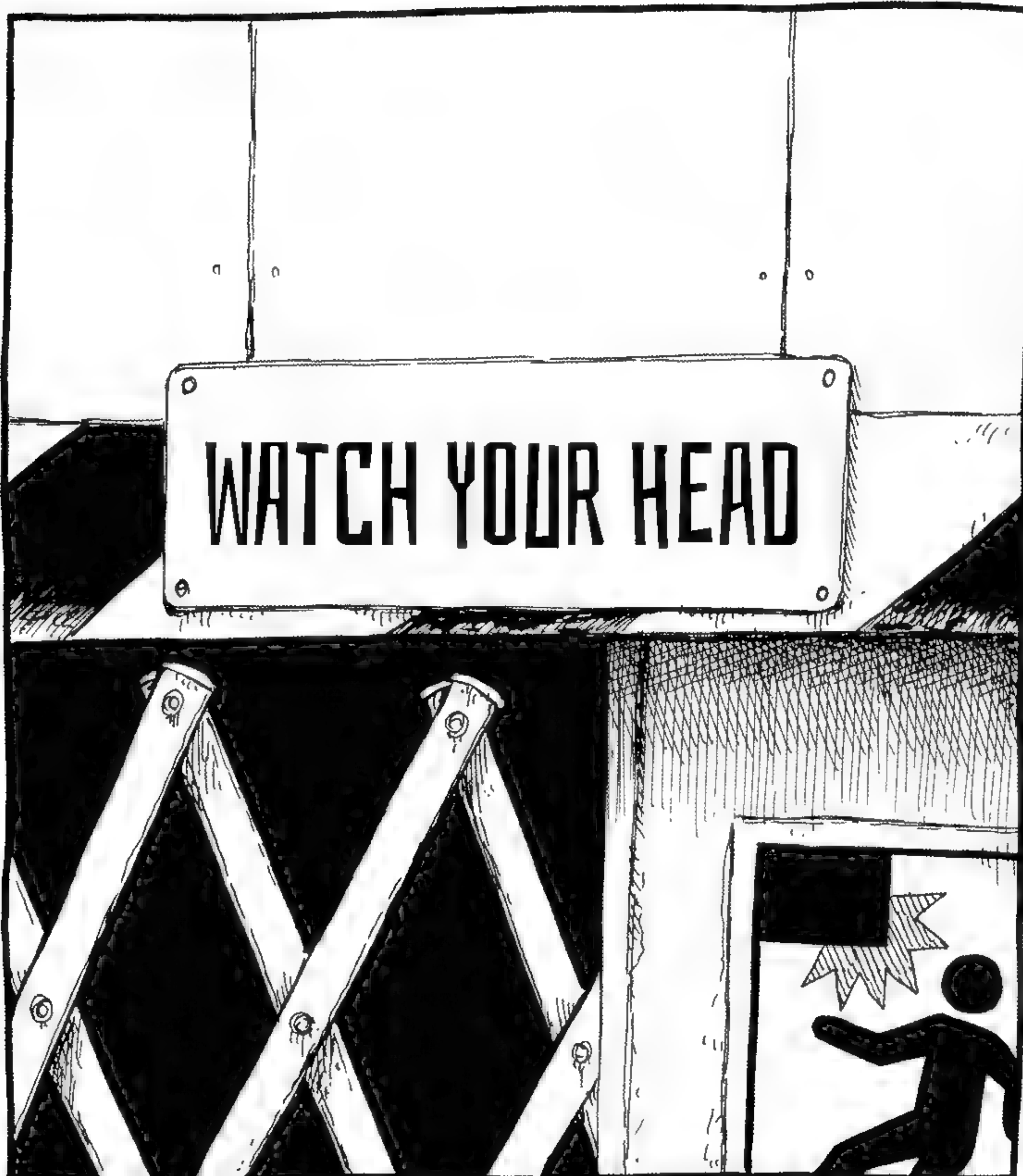
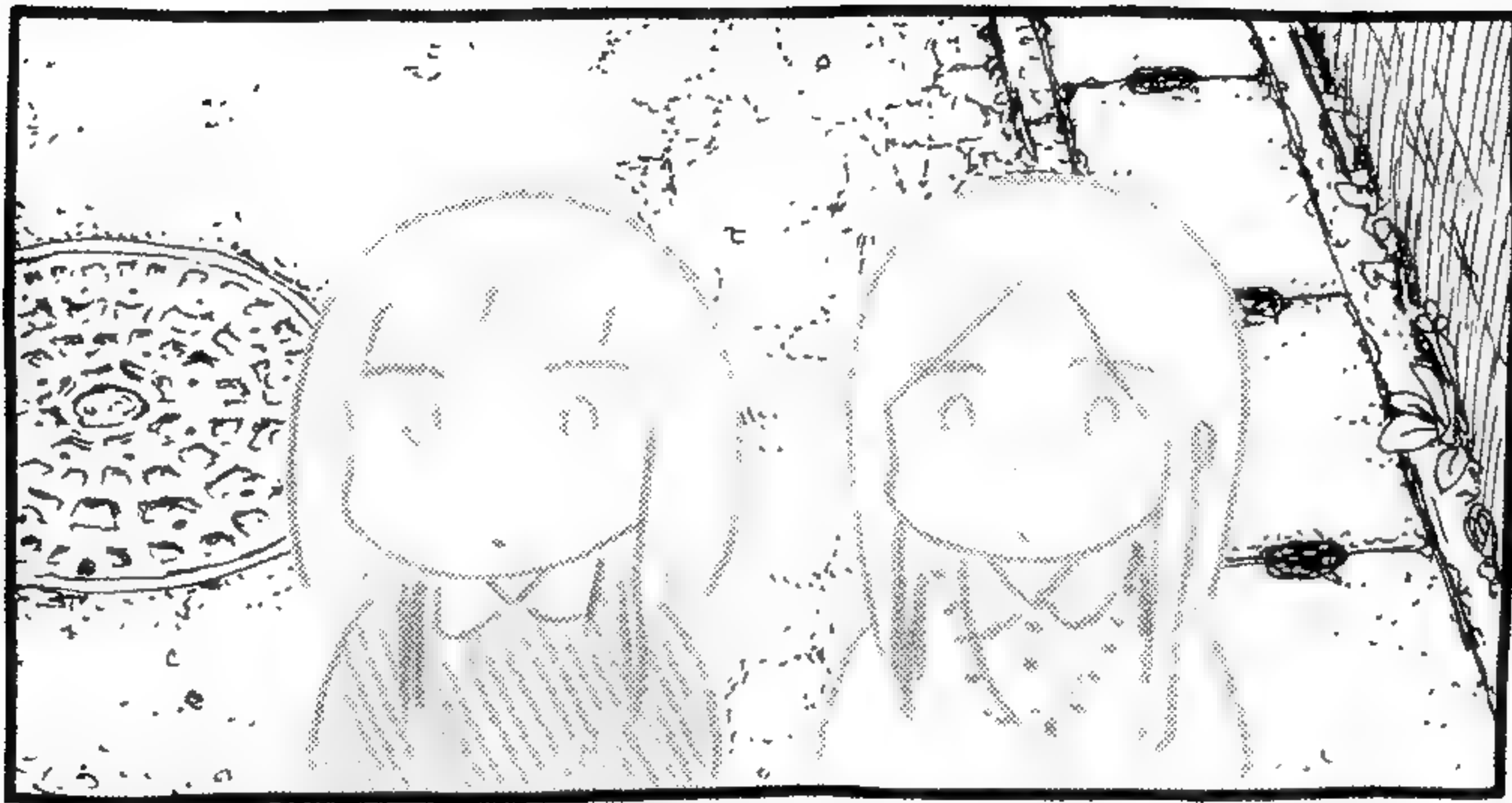


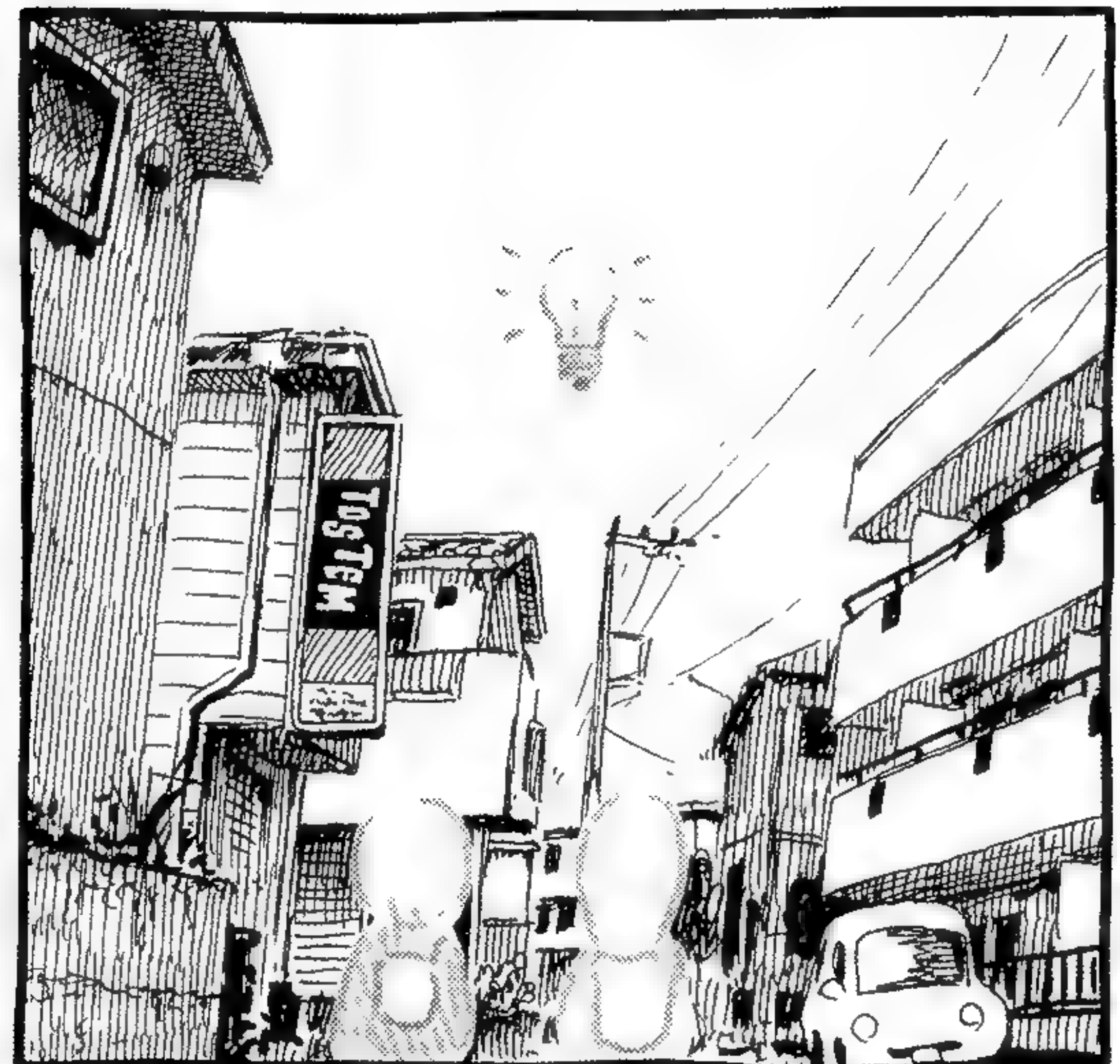
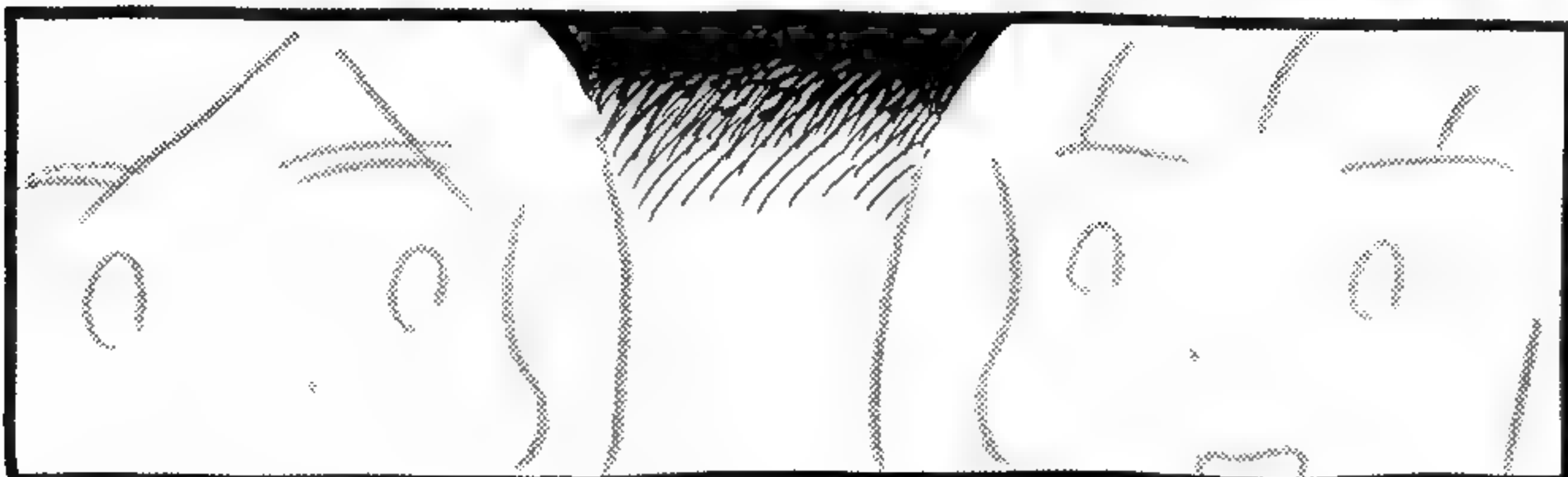
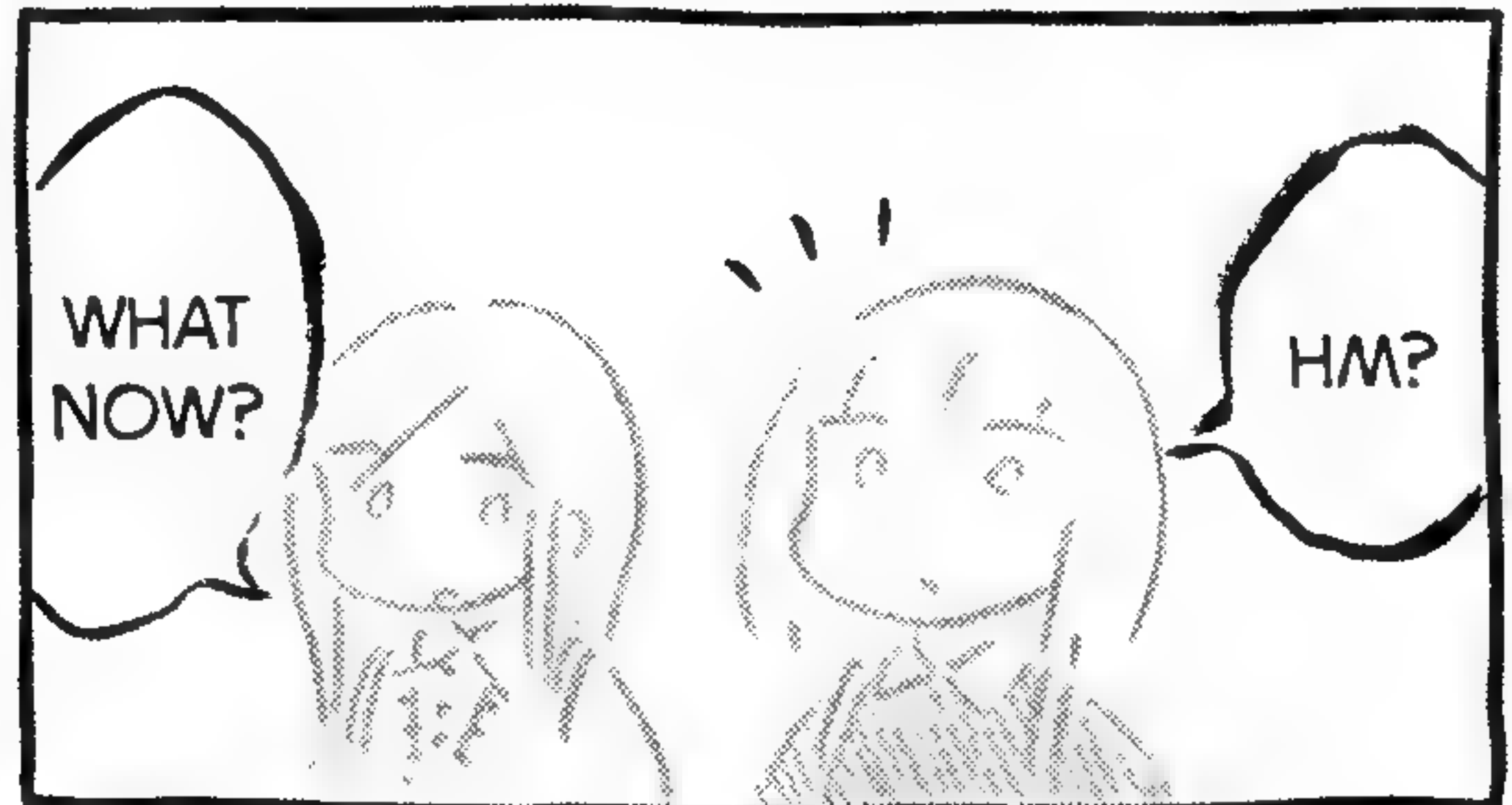
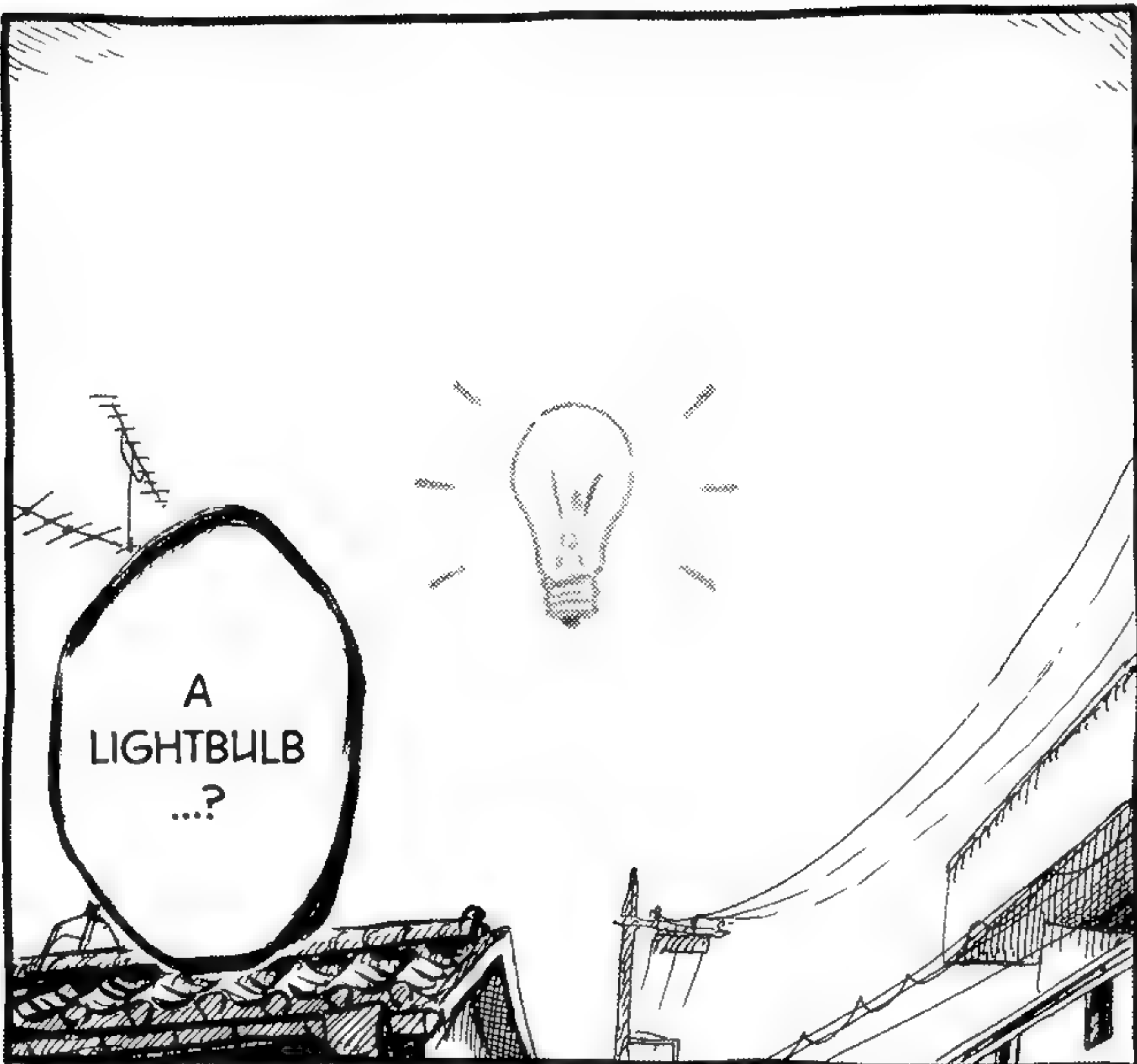
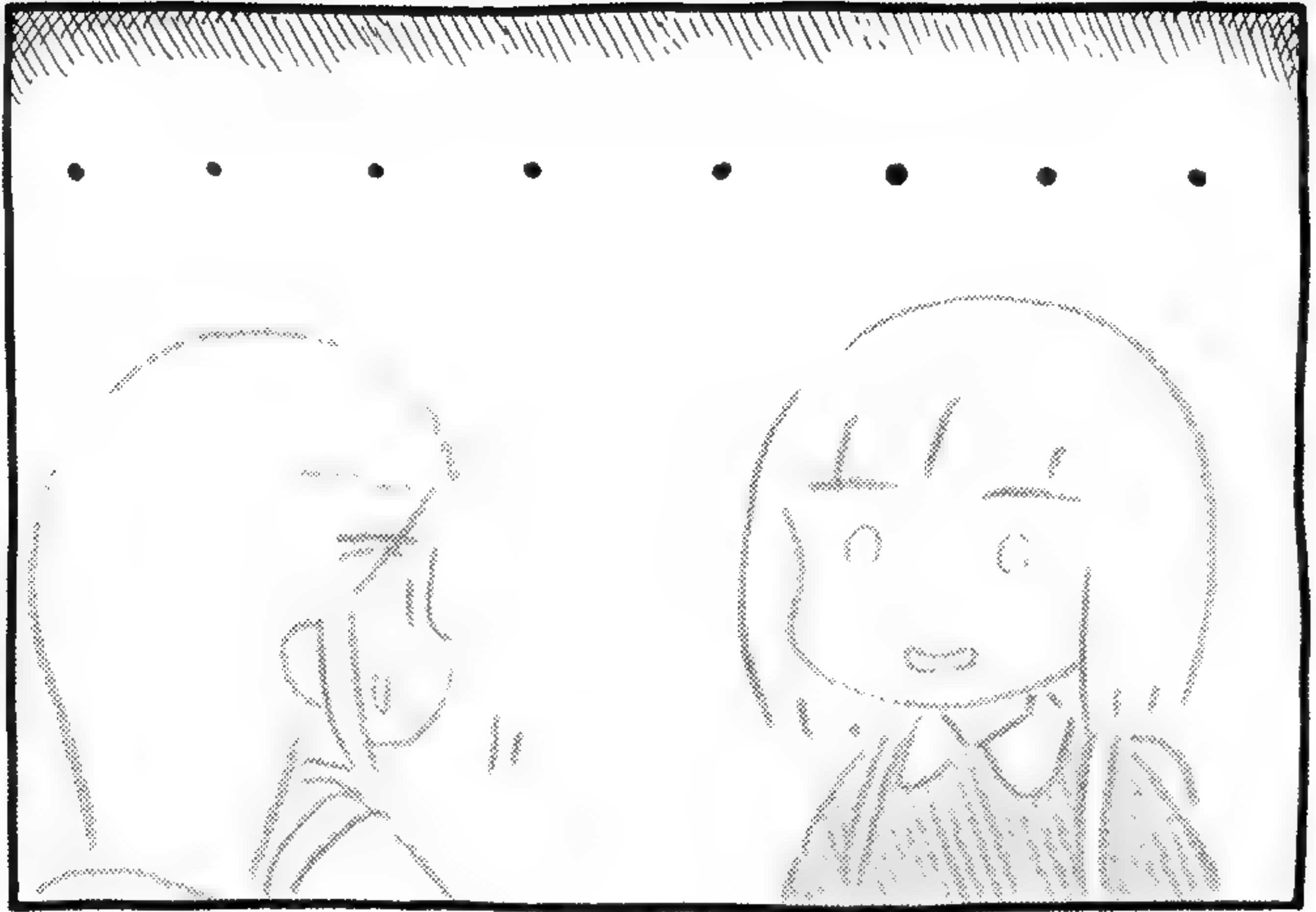


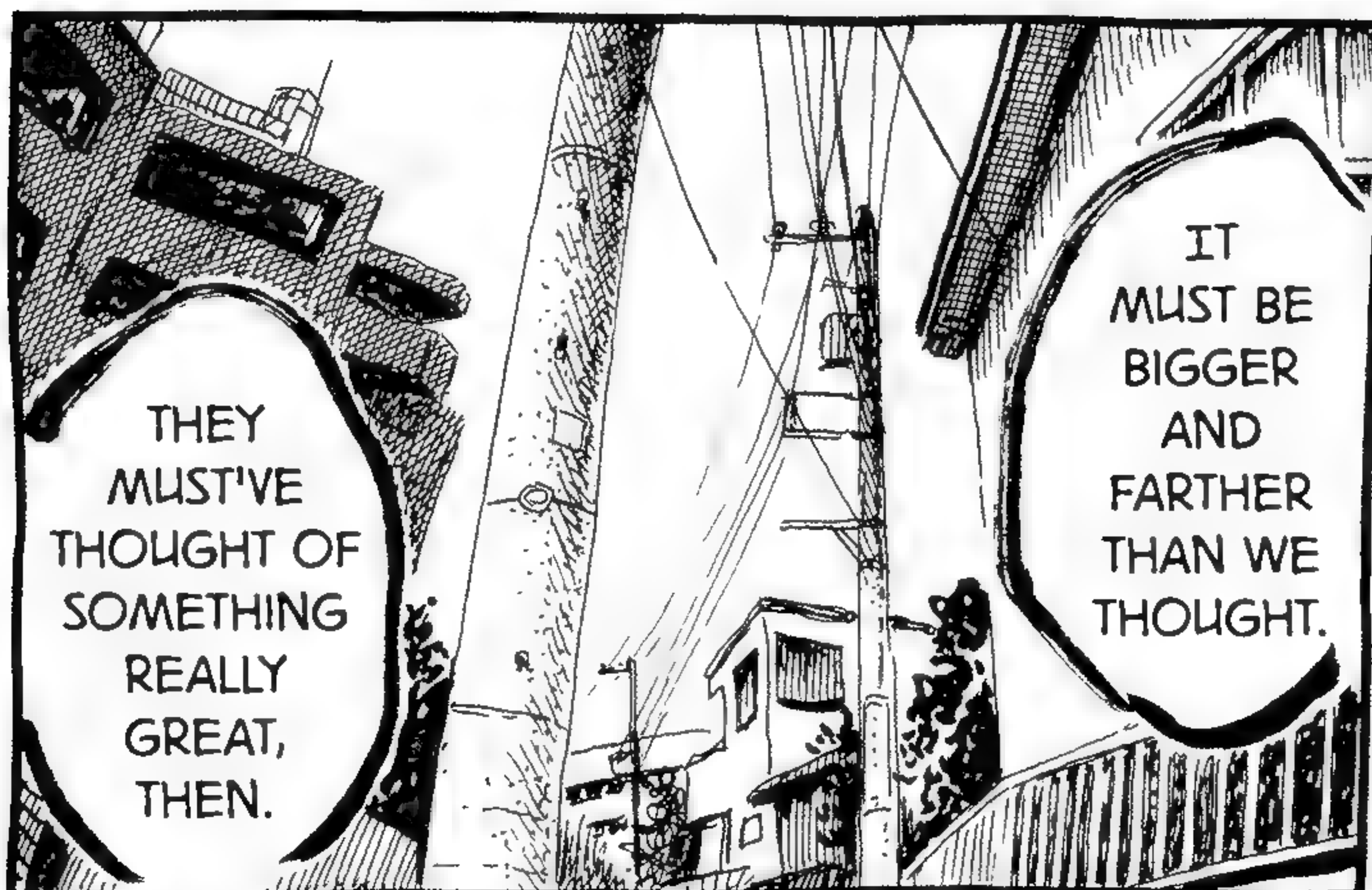
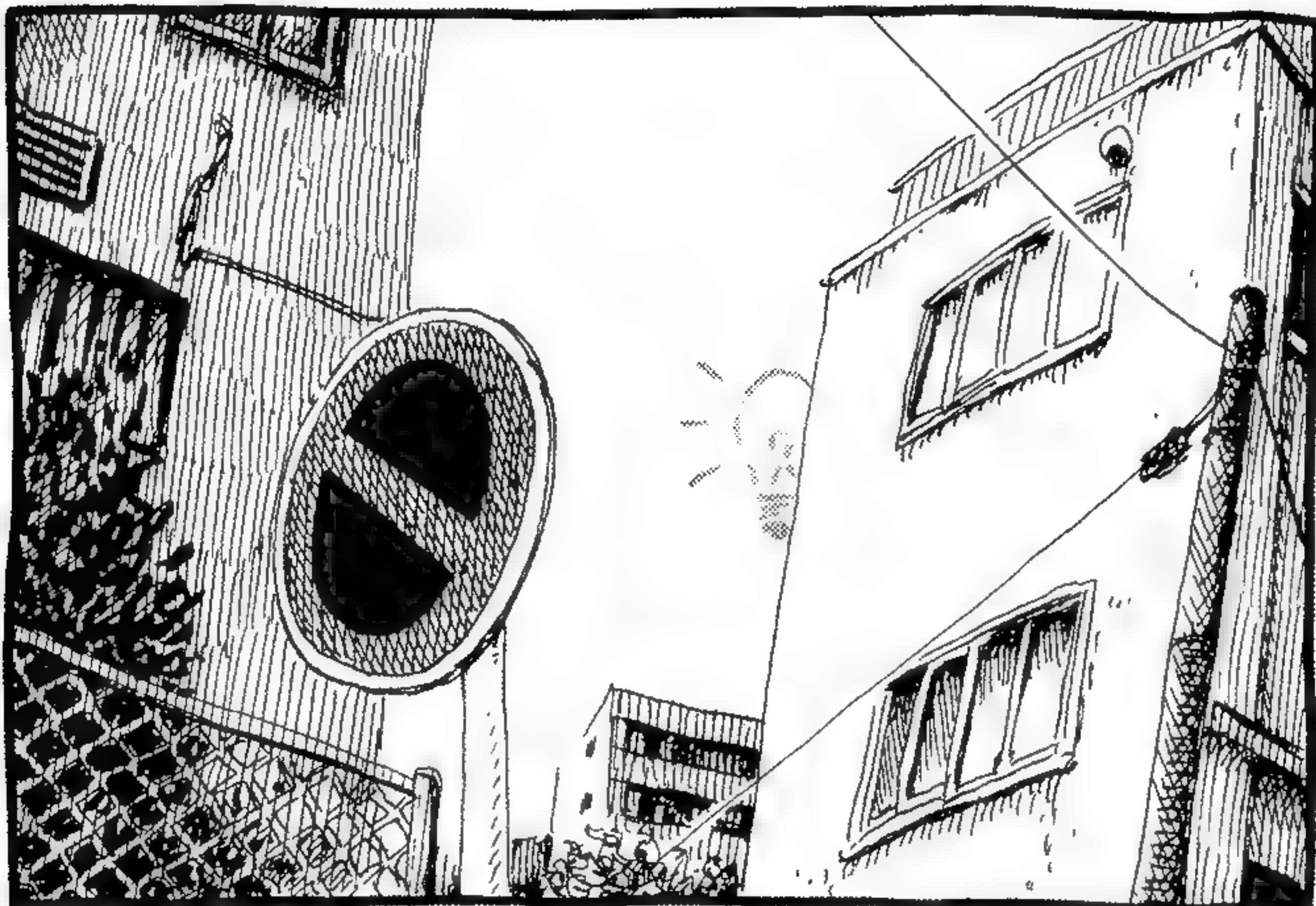
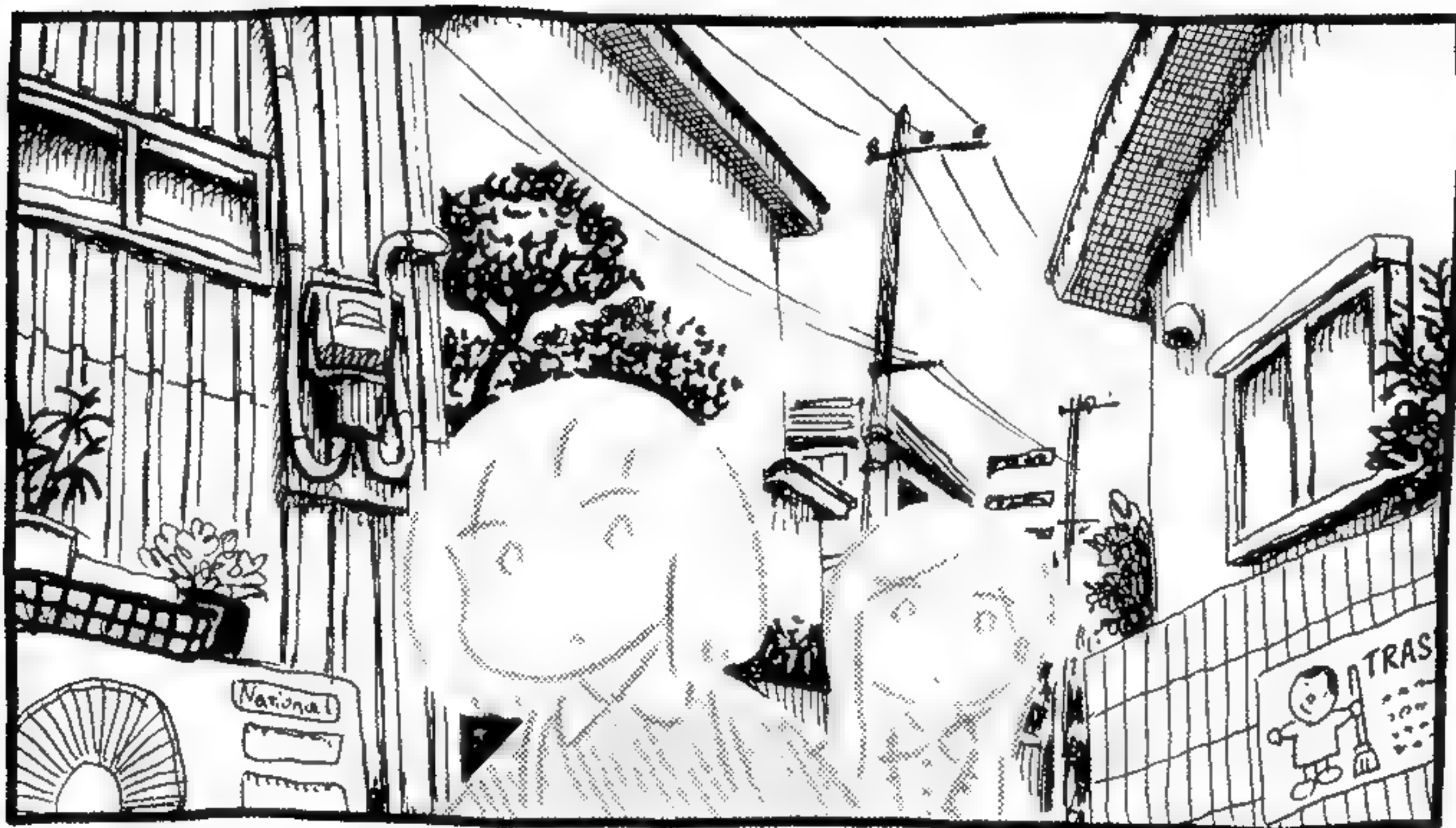


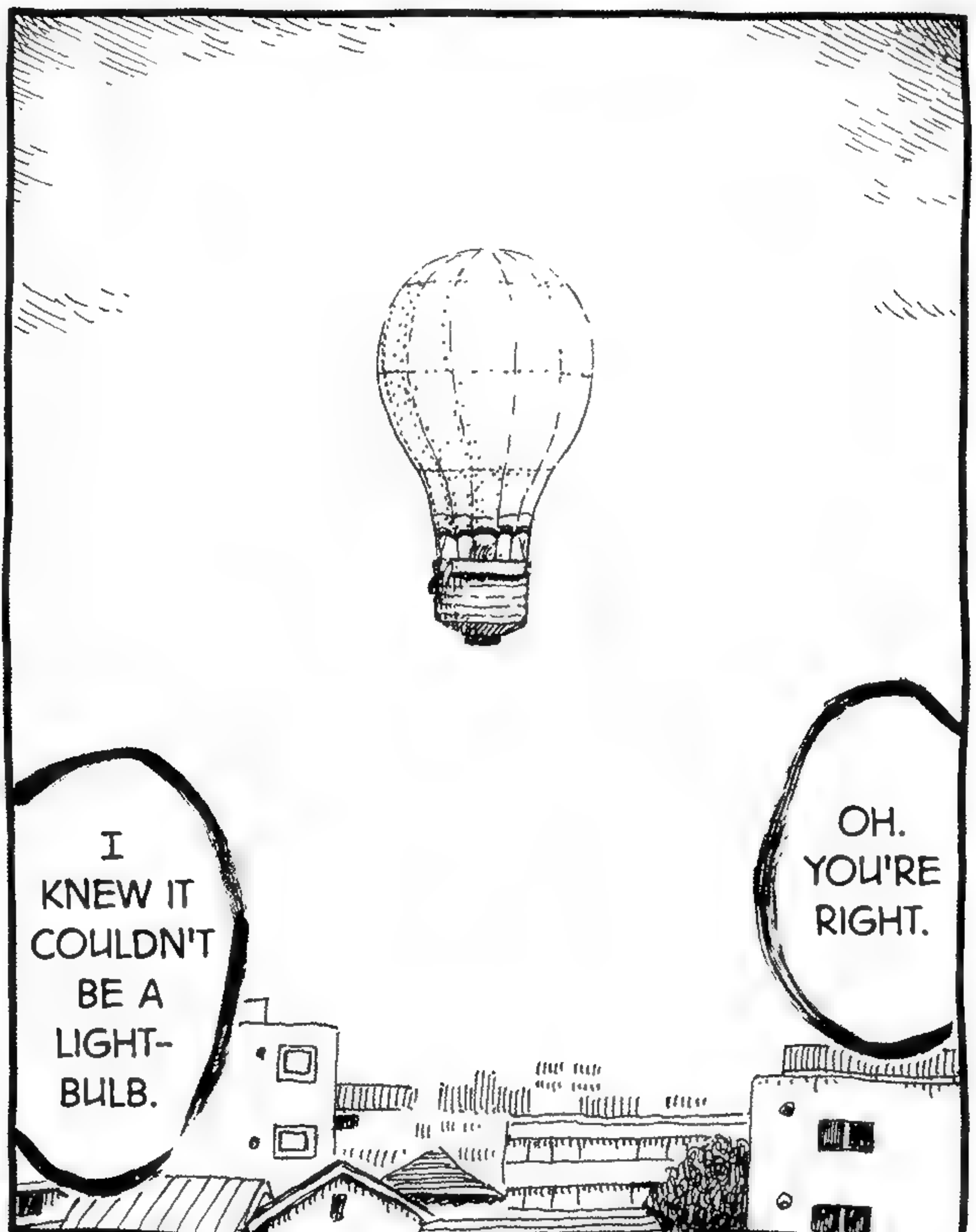
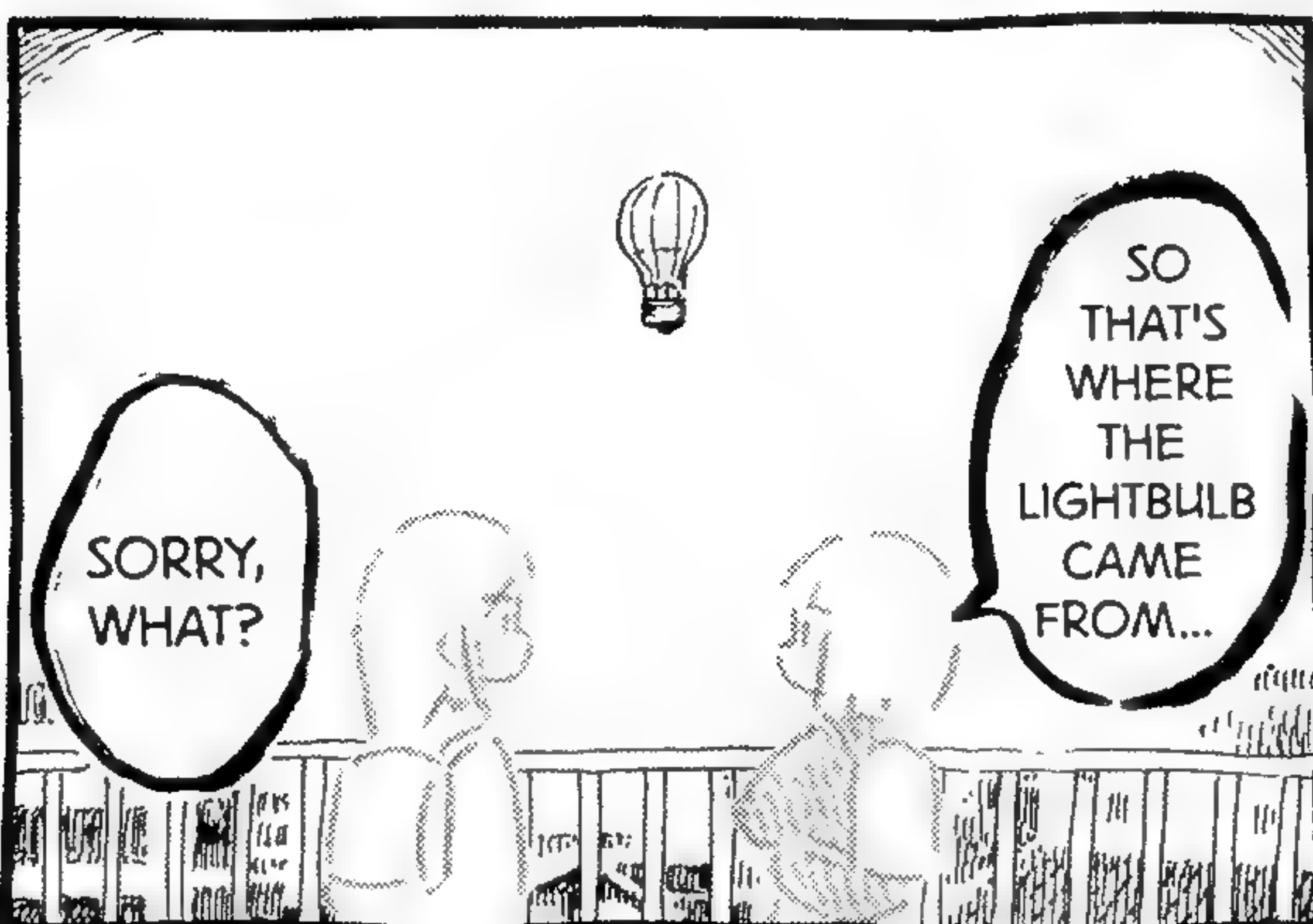
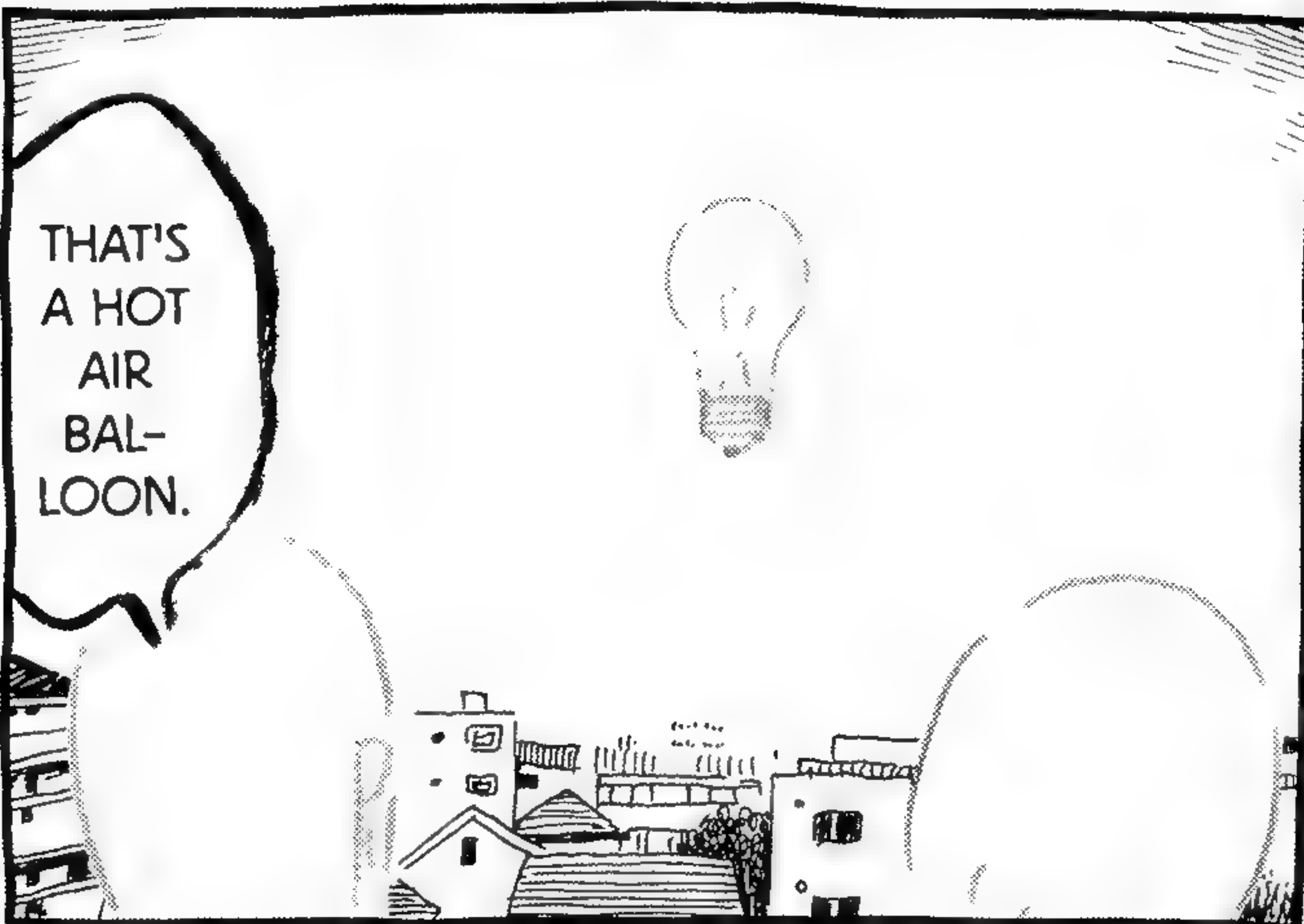
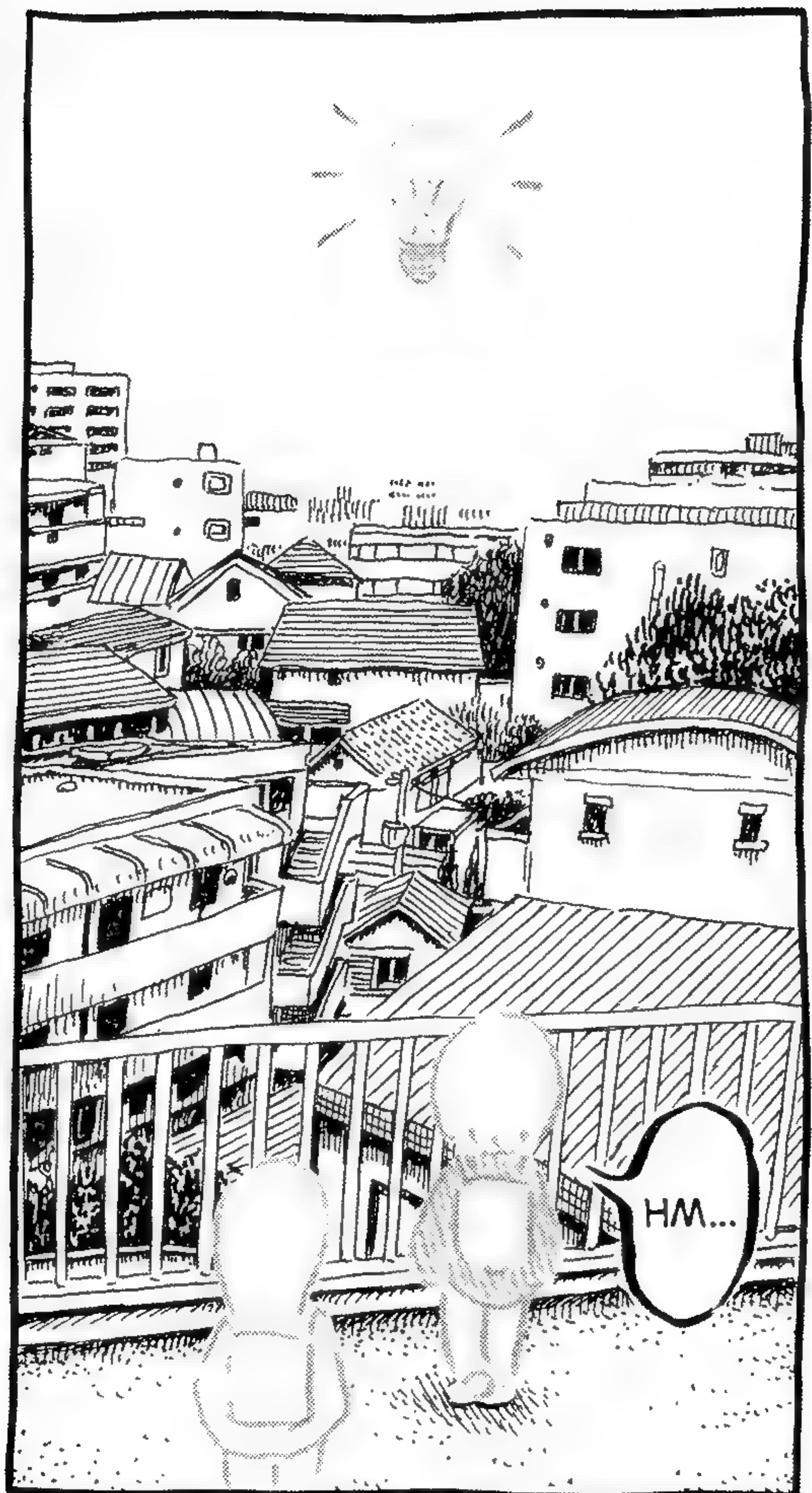
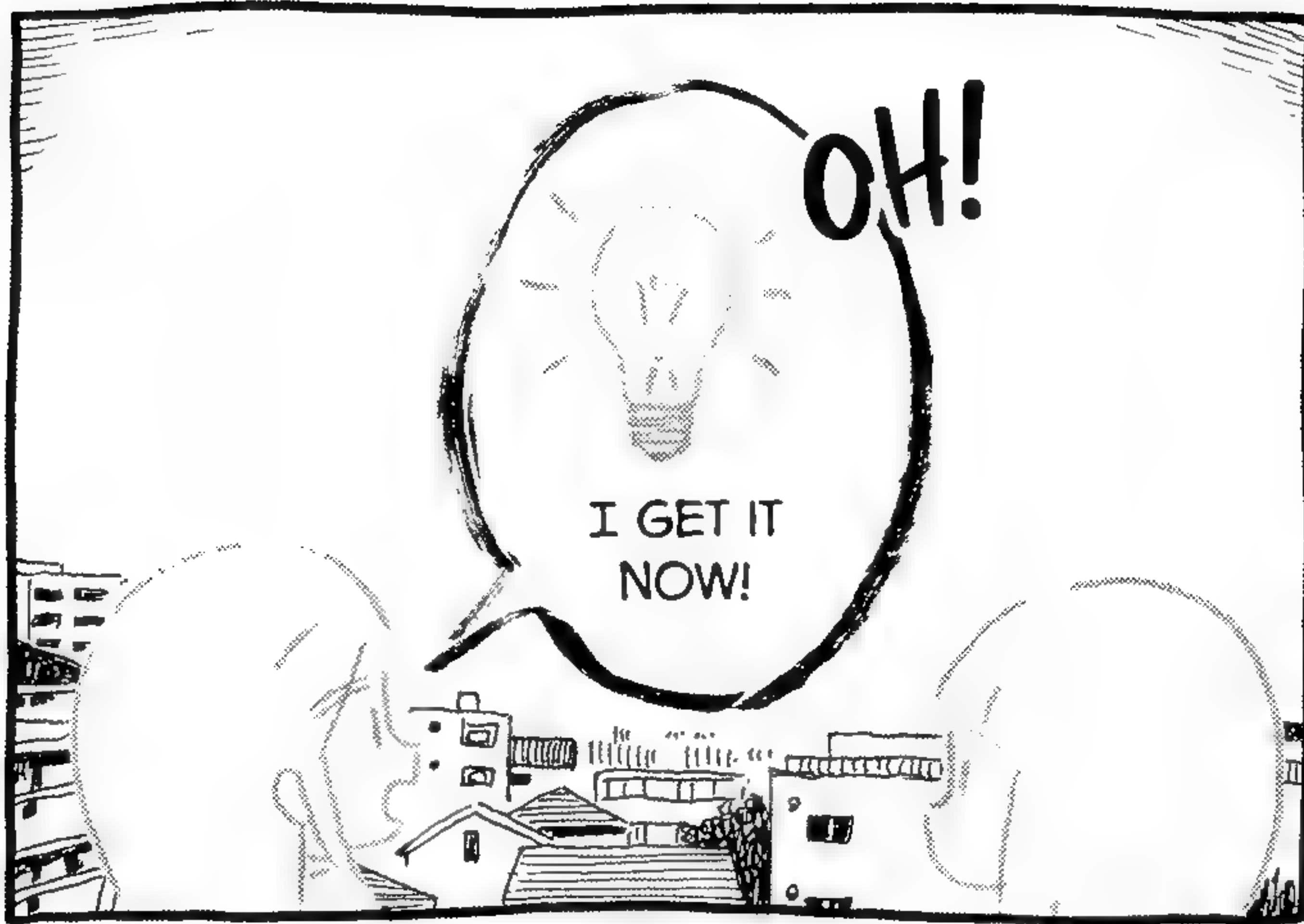
SYMBOL





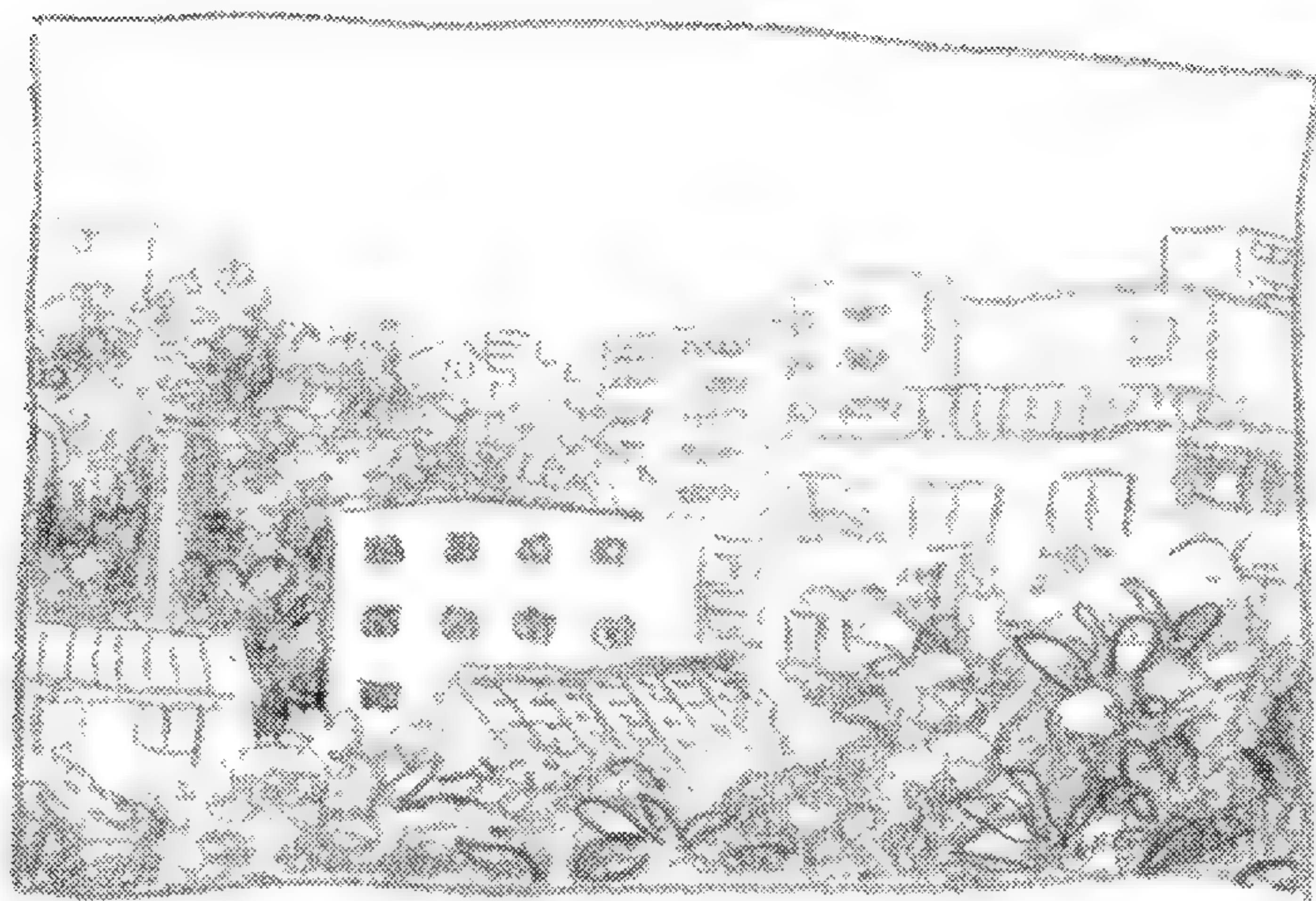


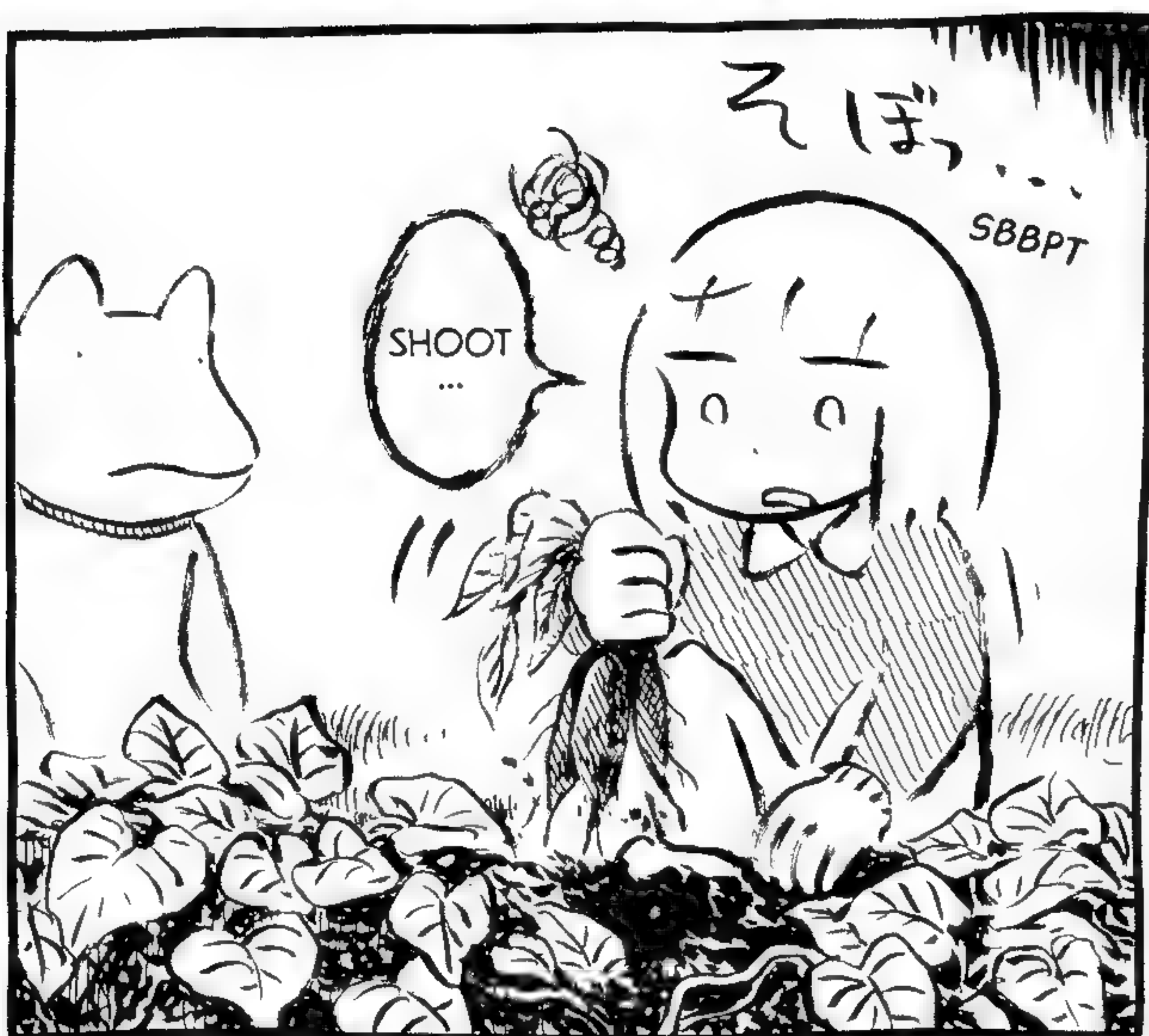


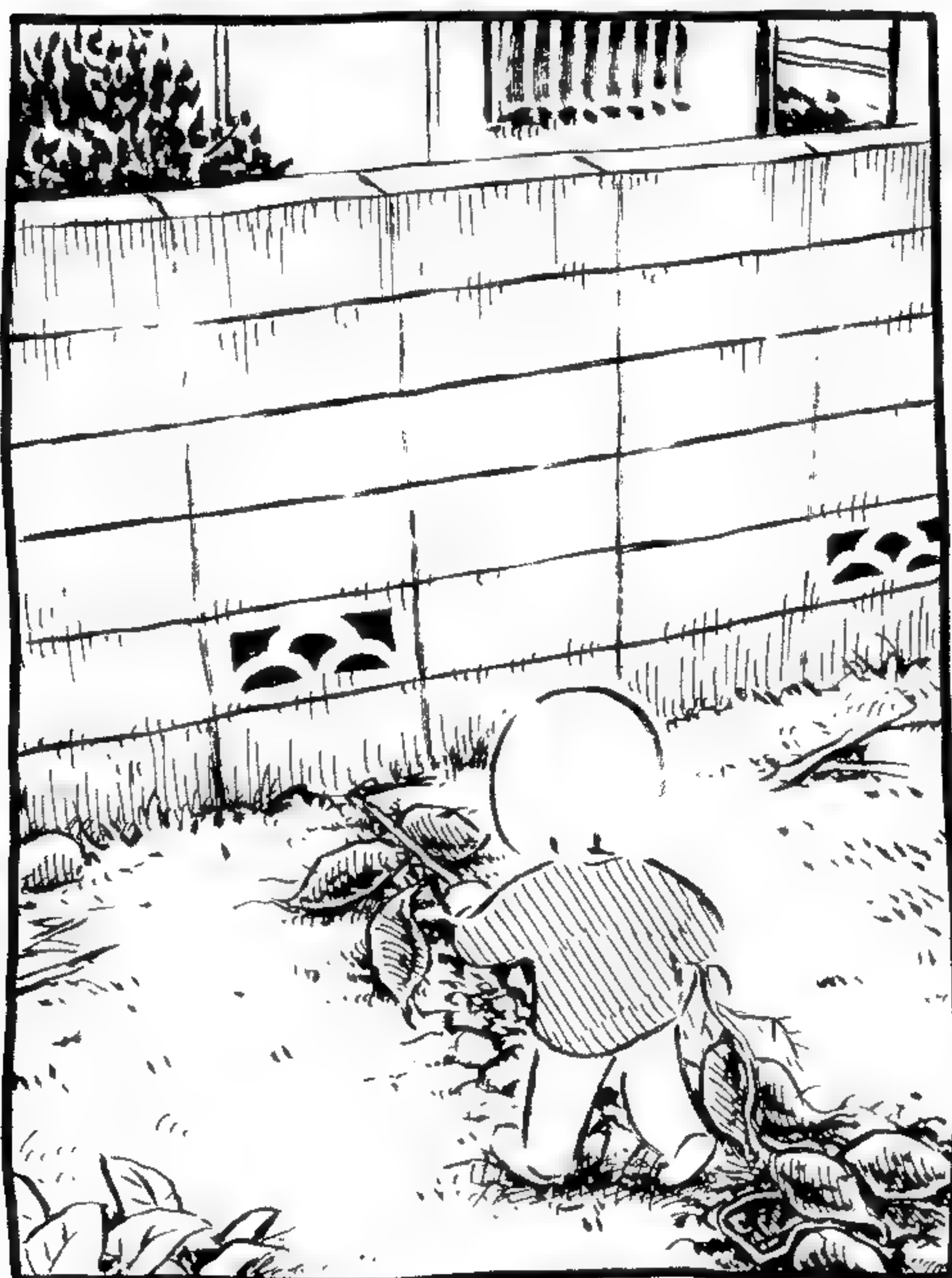
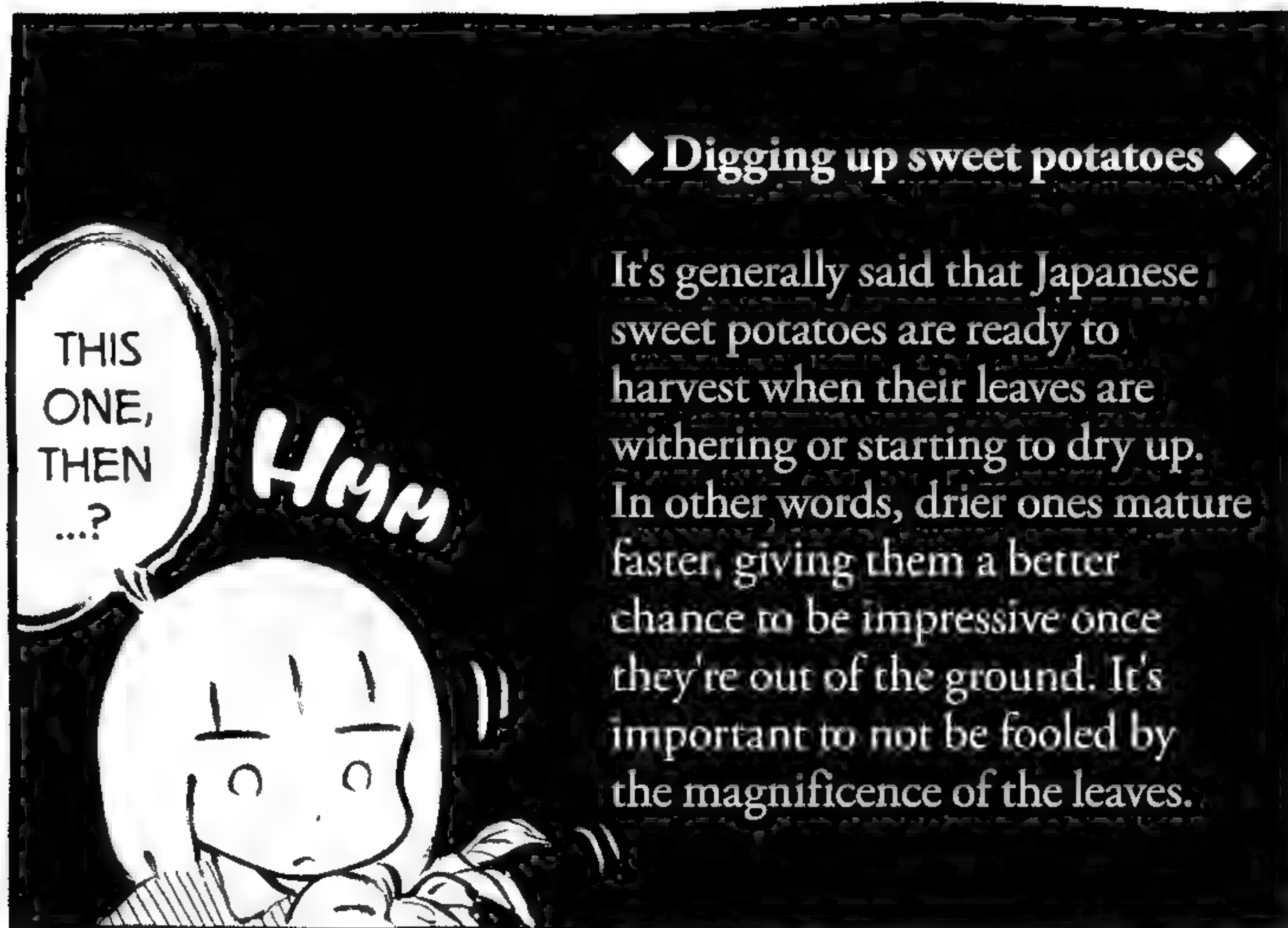






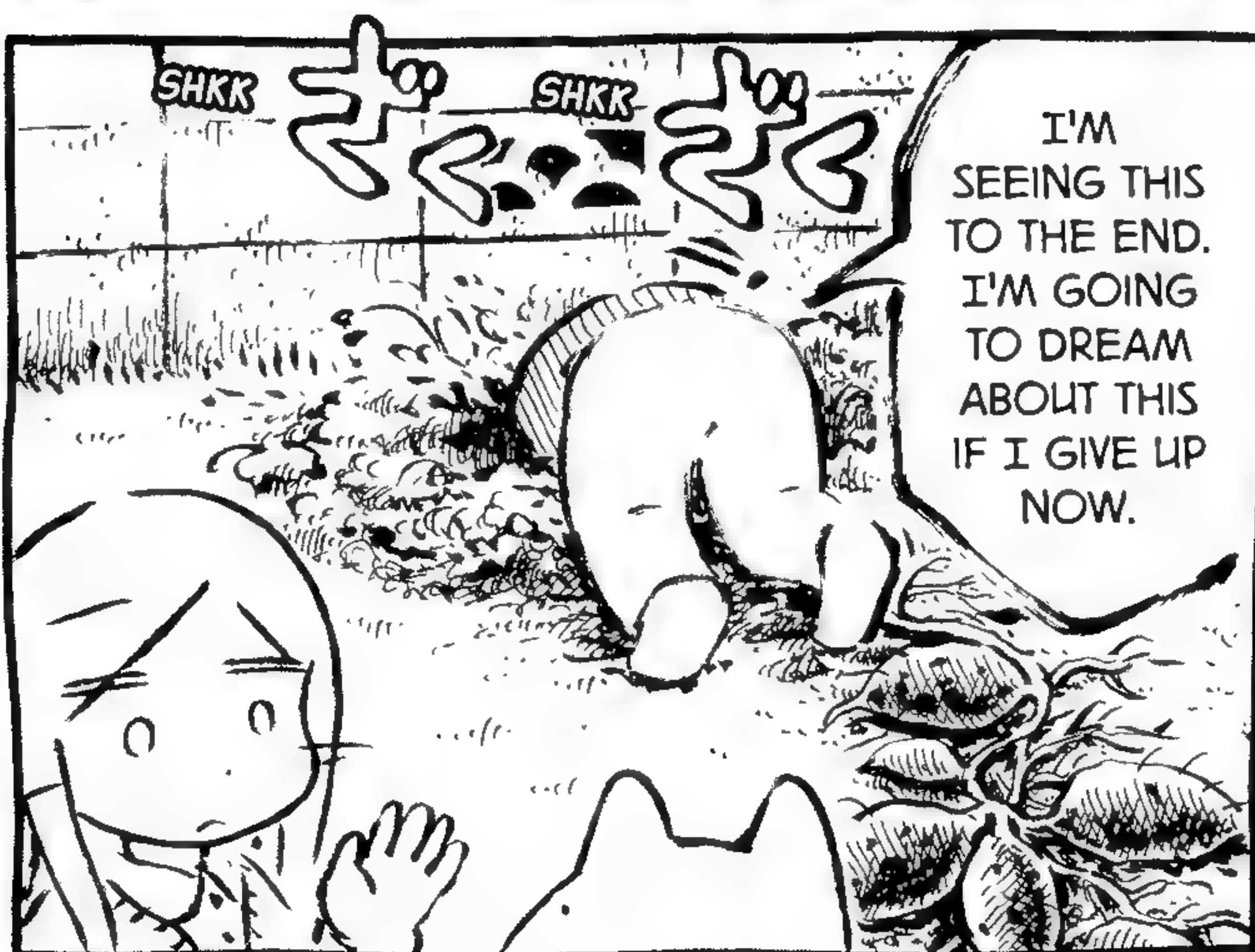
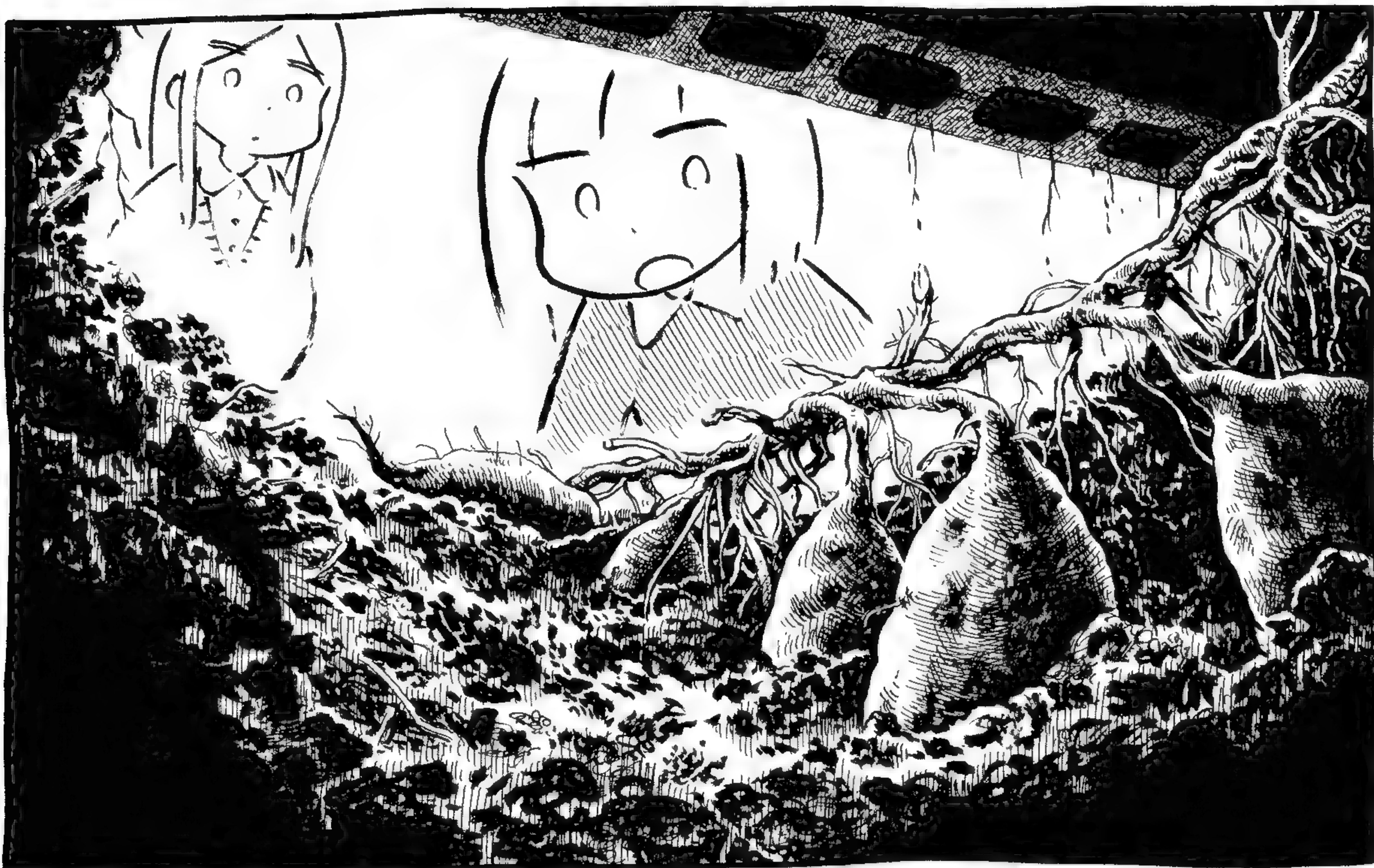




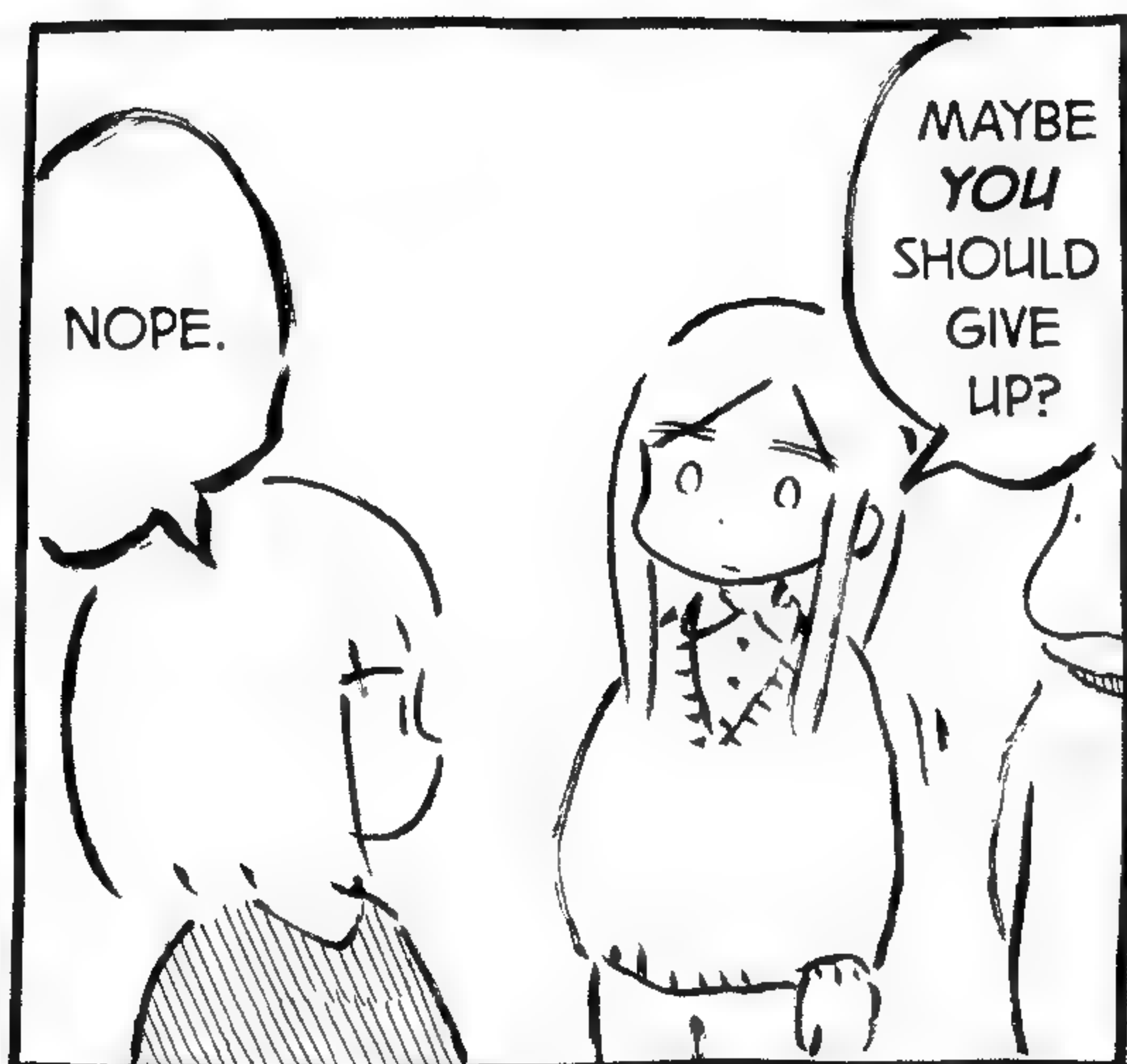


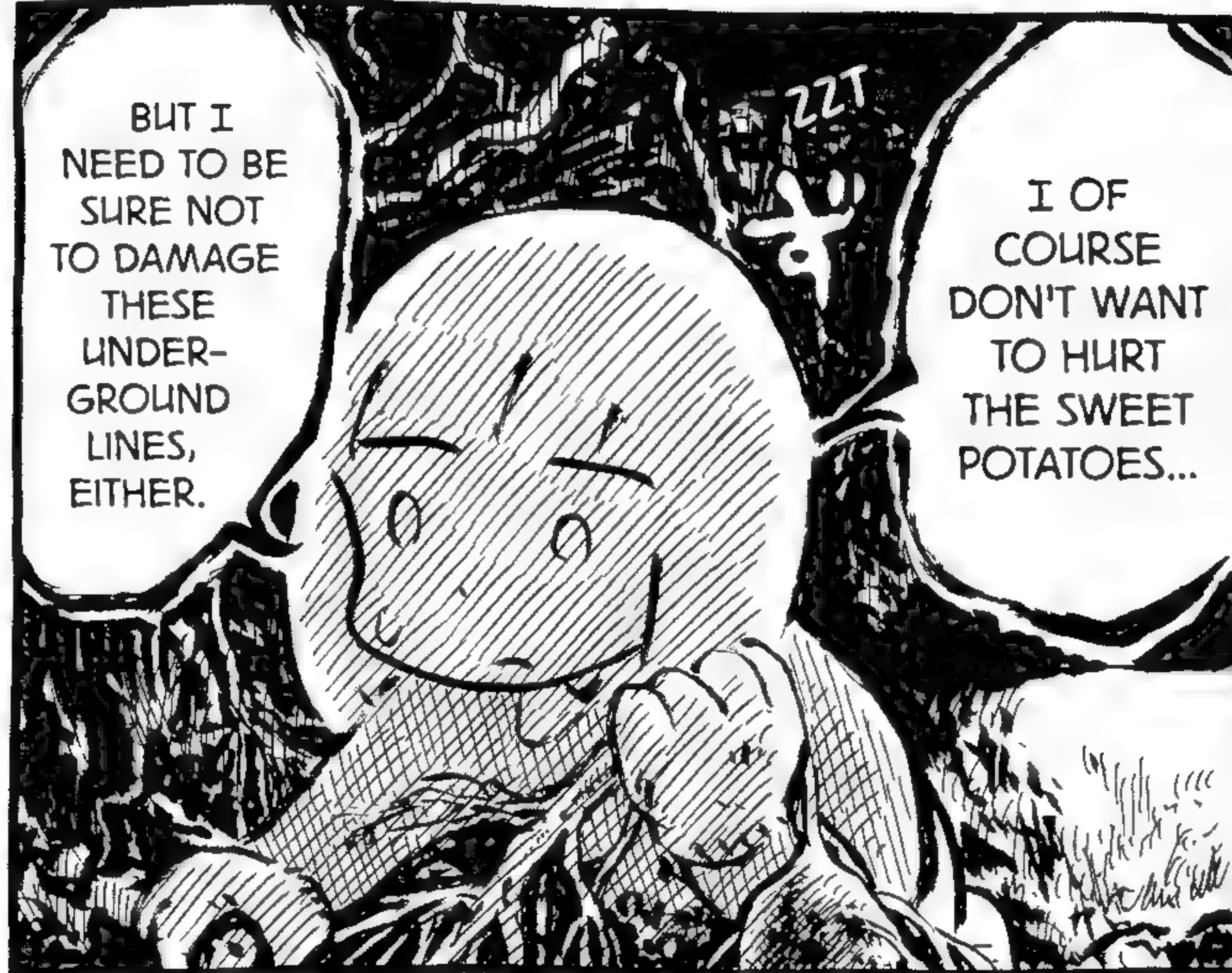
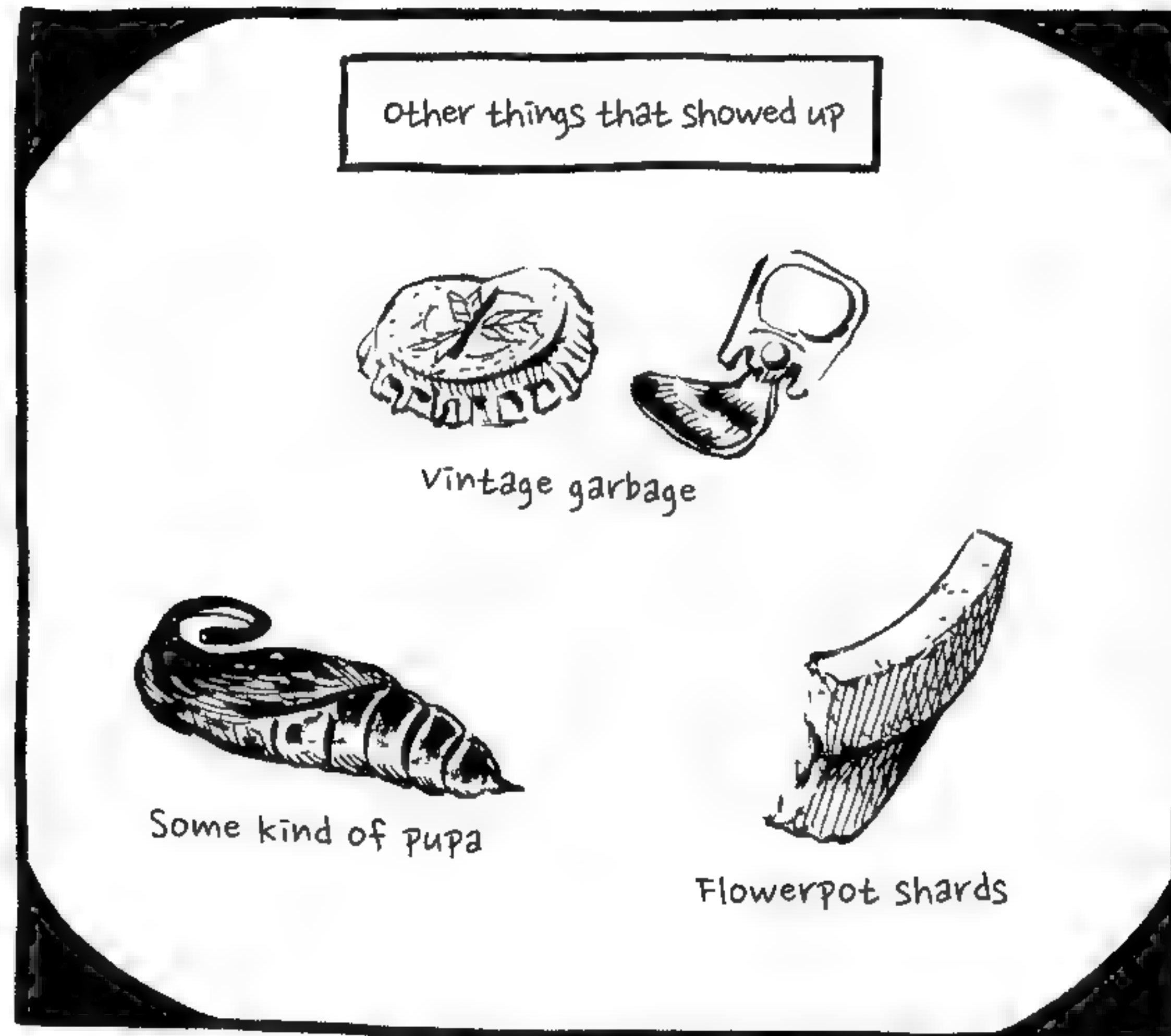
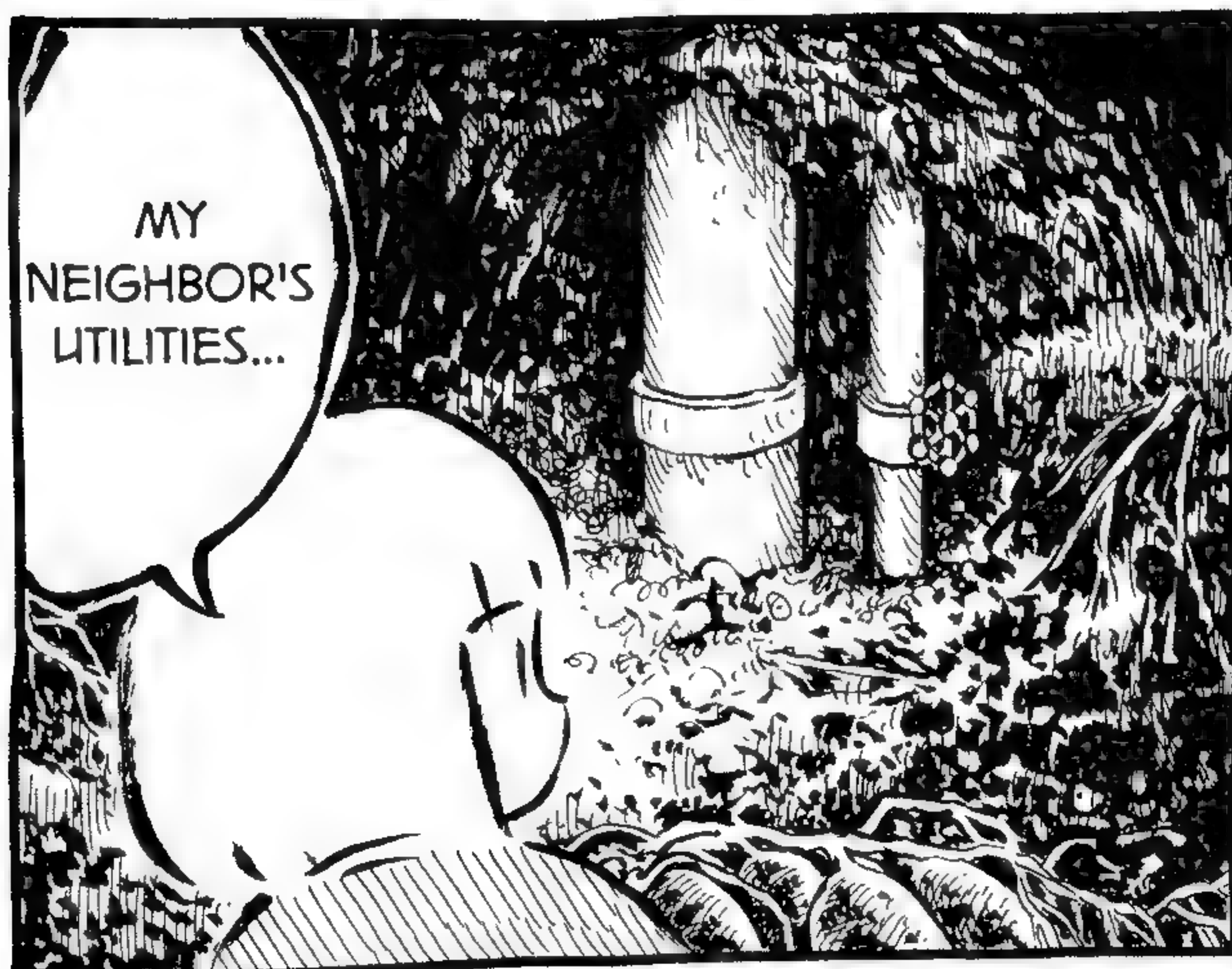
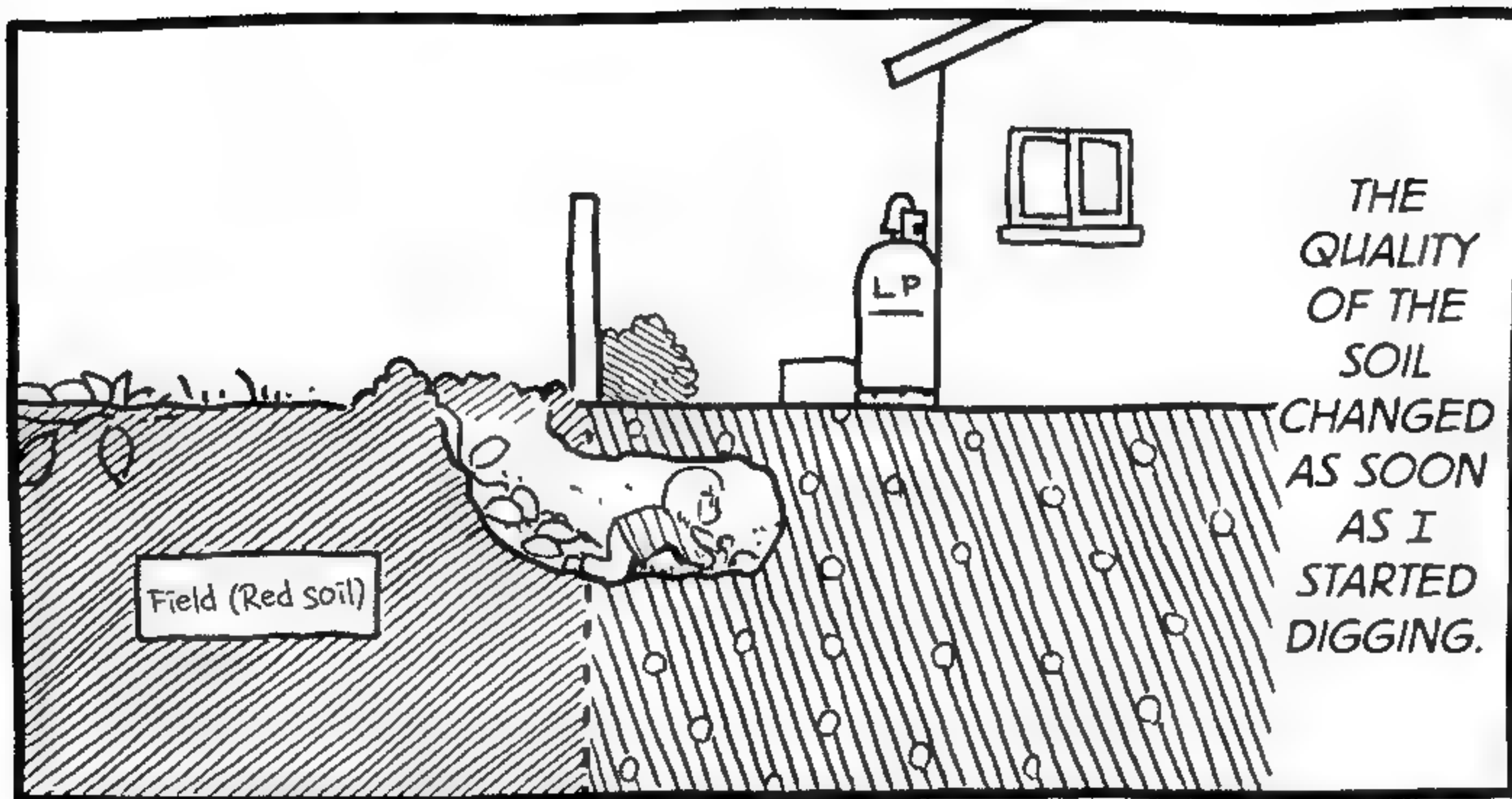


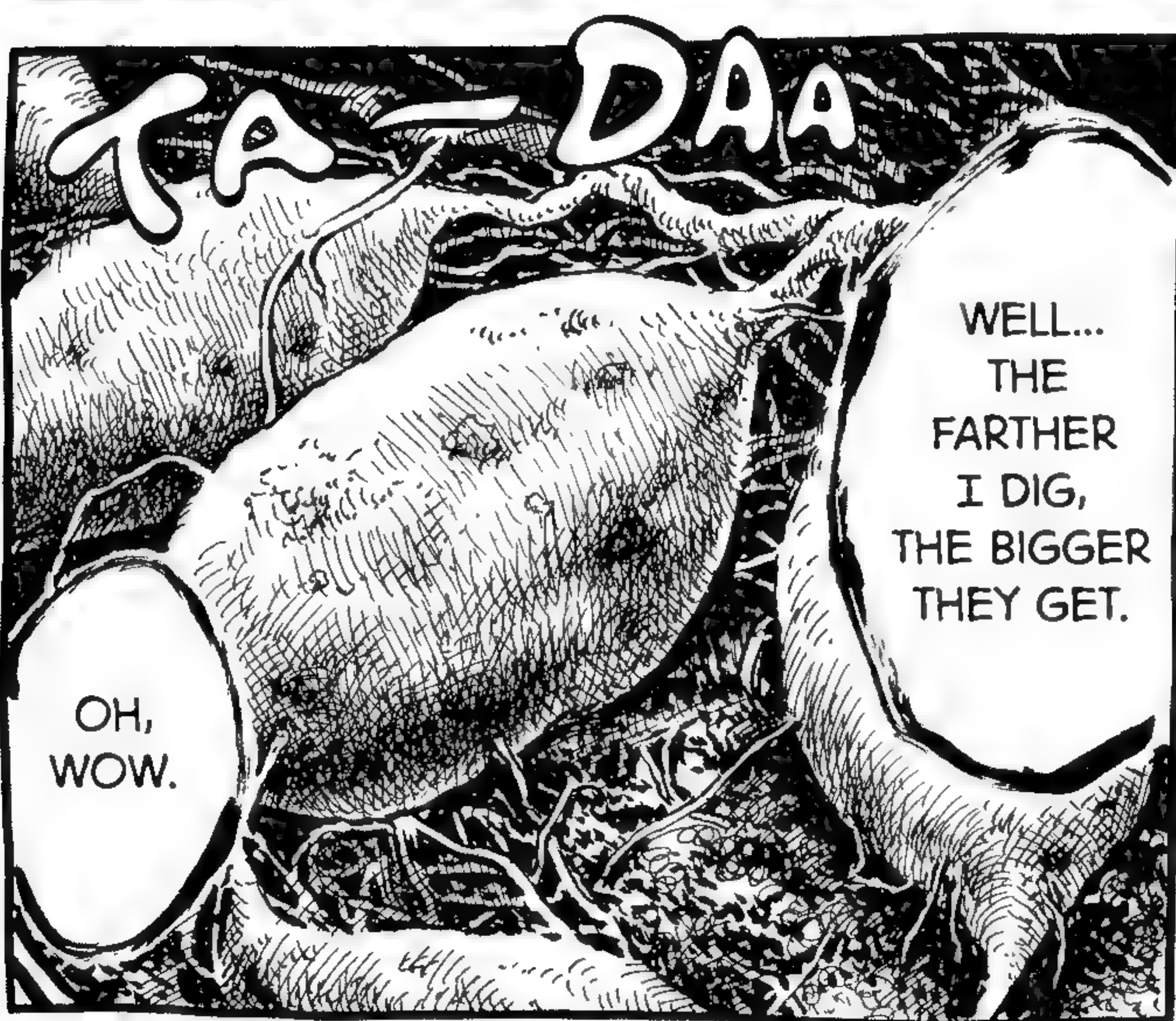
THIS
THING
JUST
DOESN'T
GIVE UP.

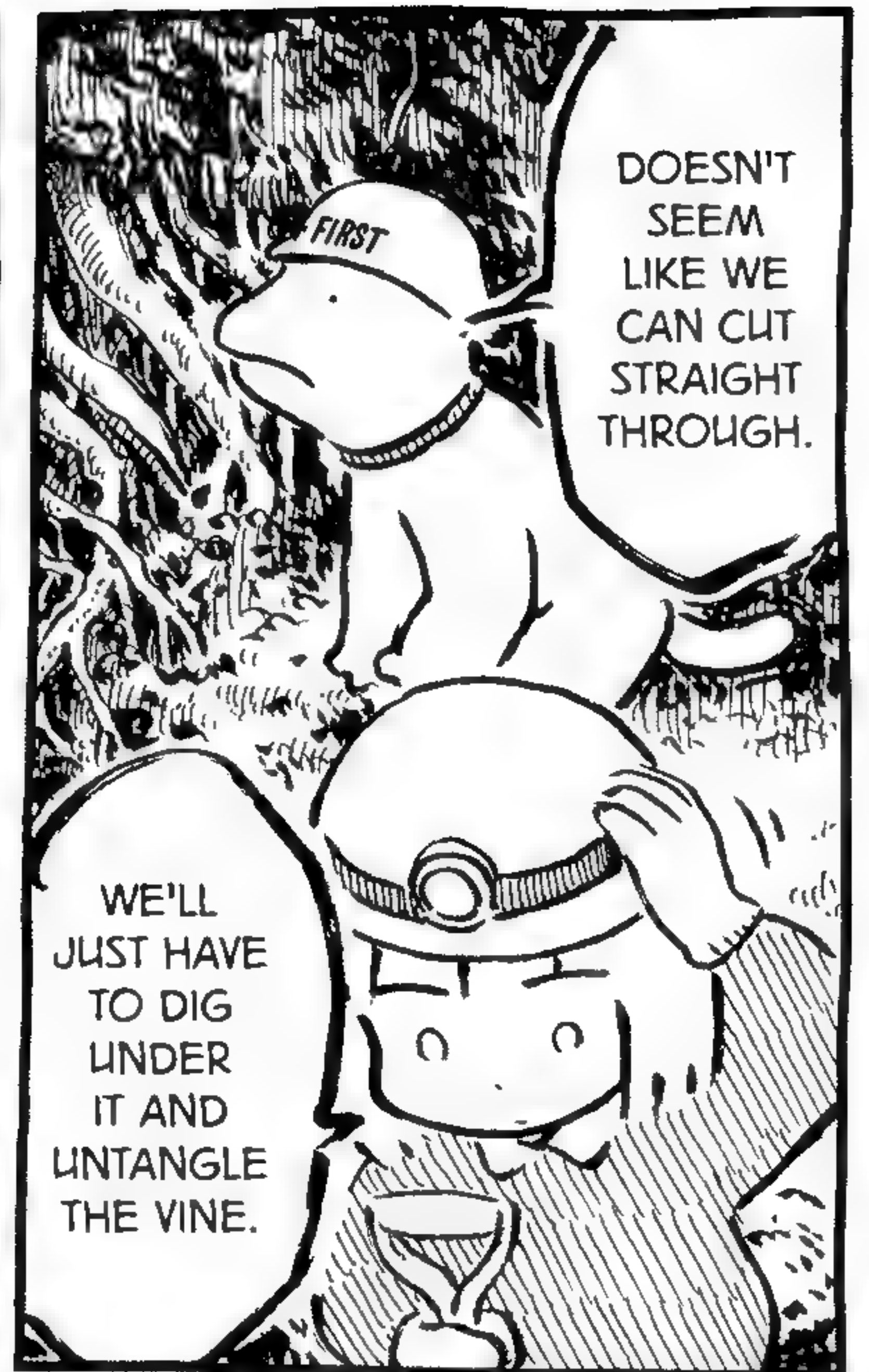
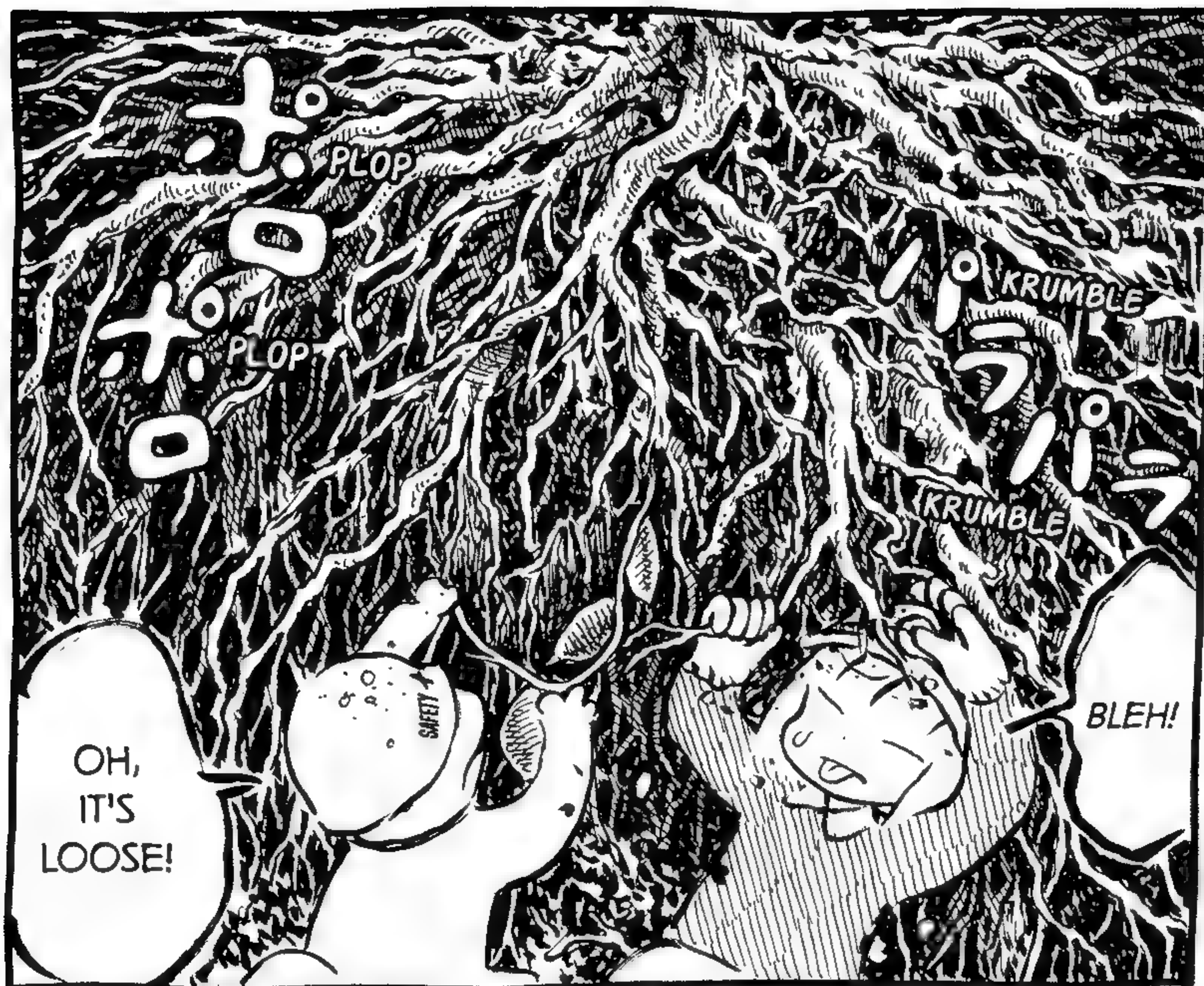


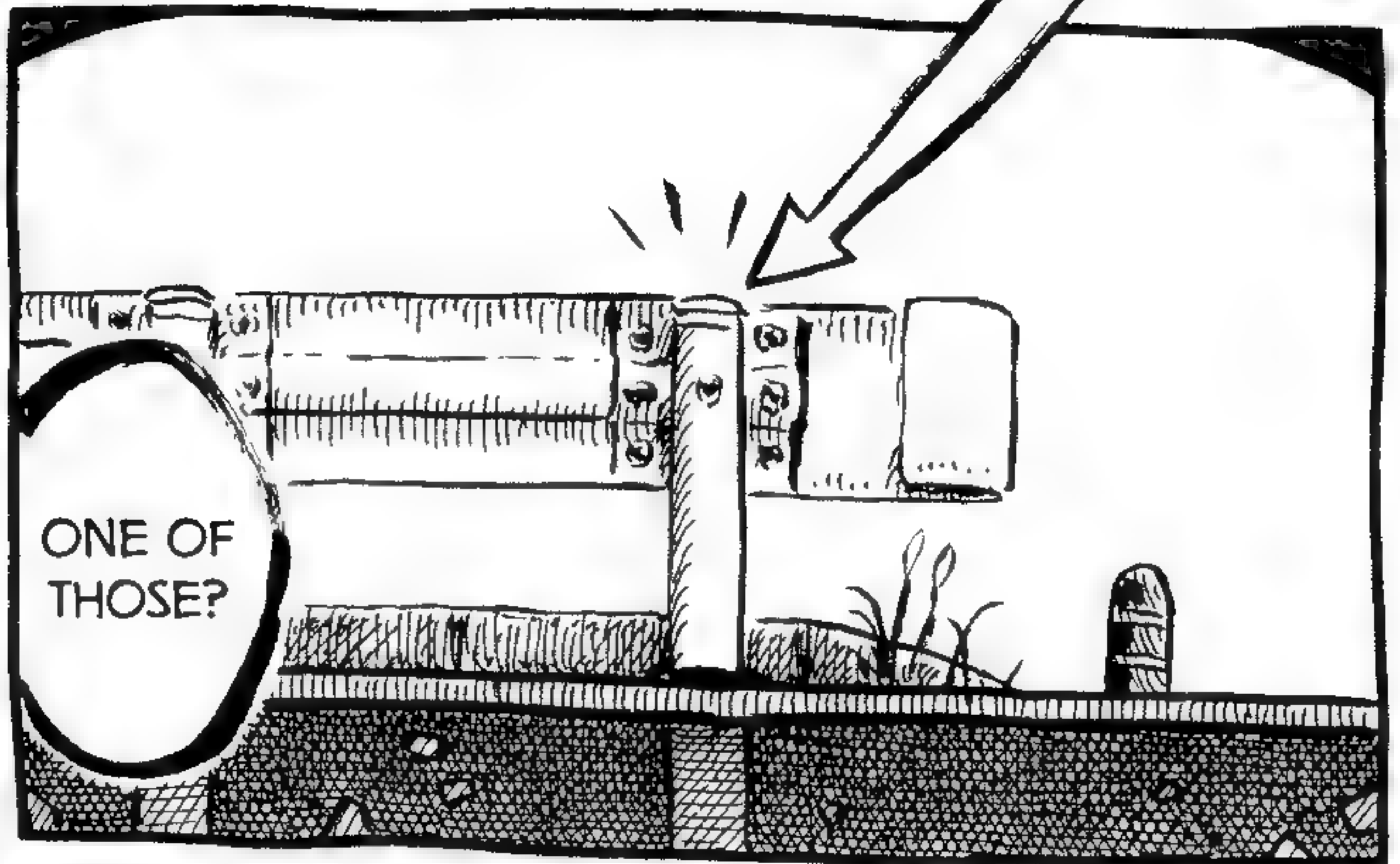
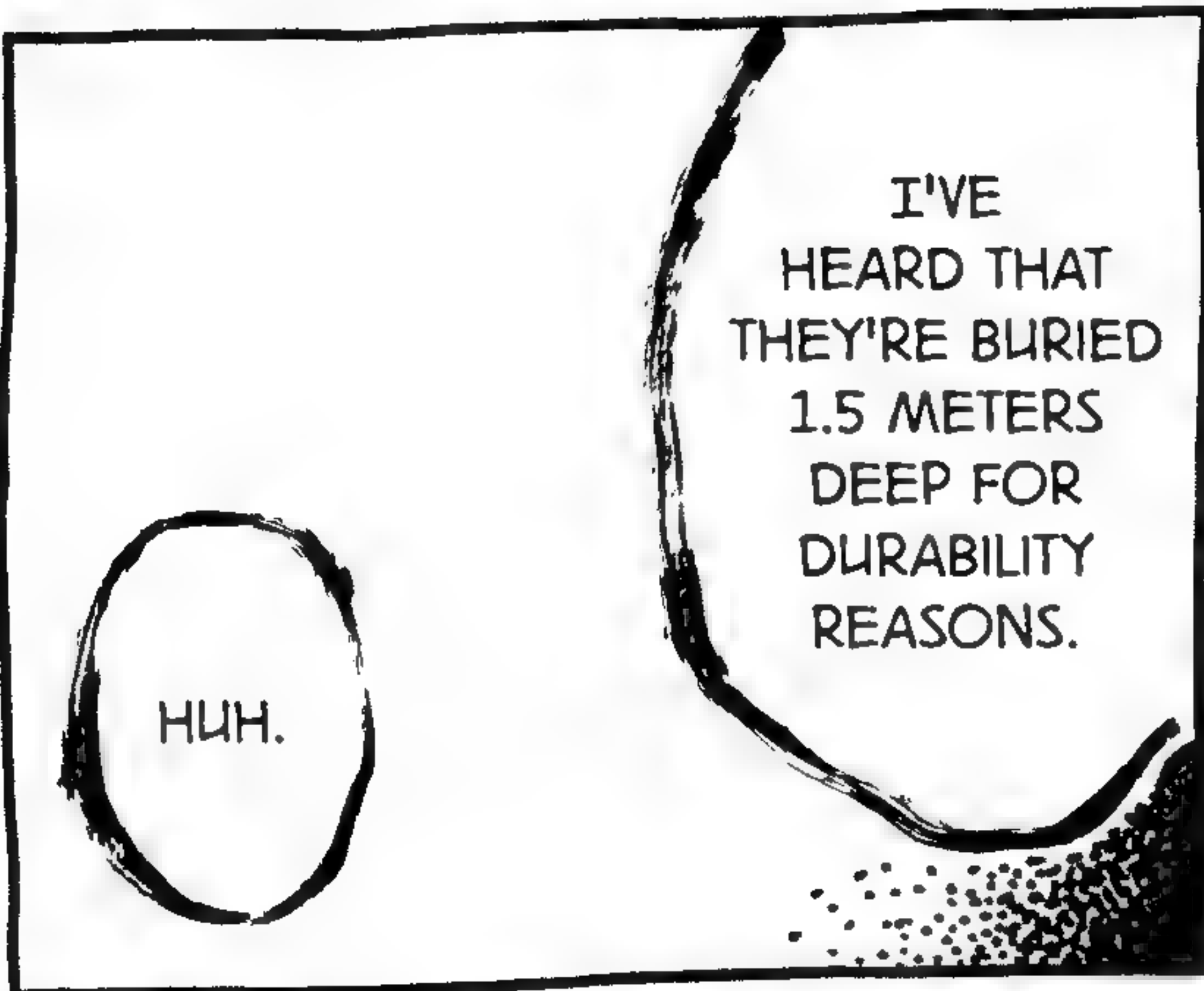
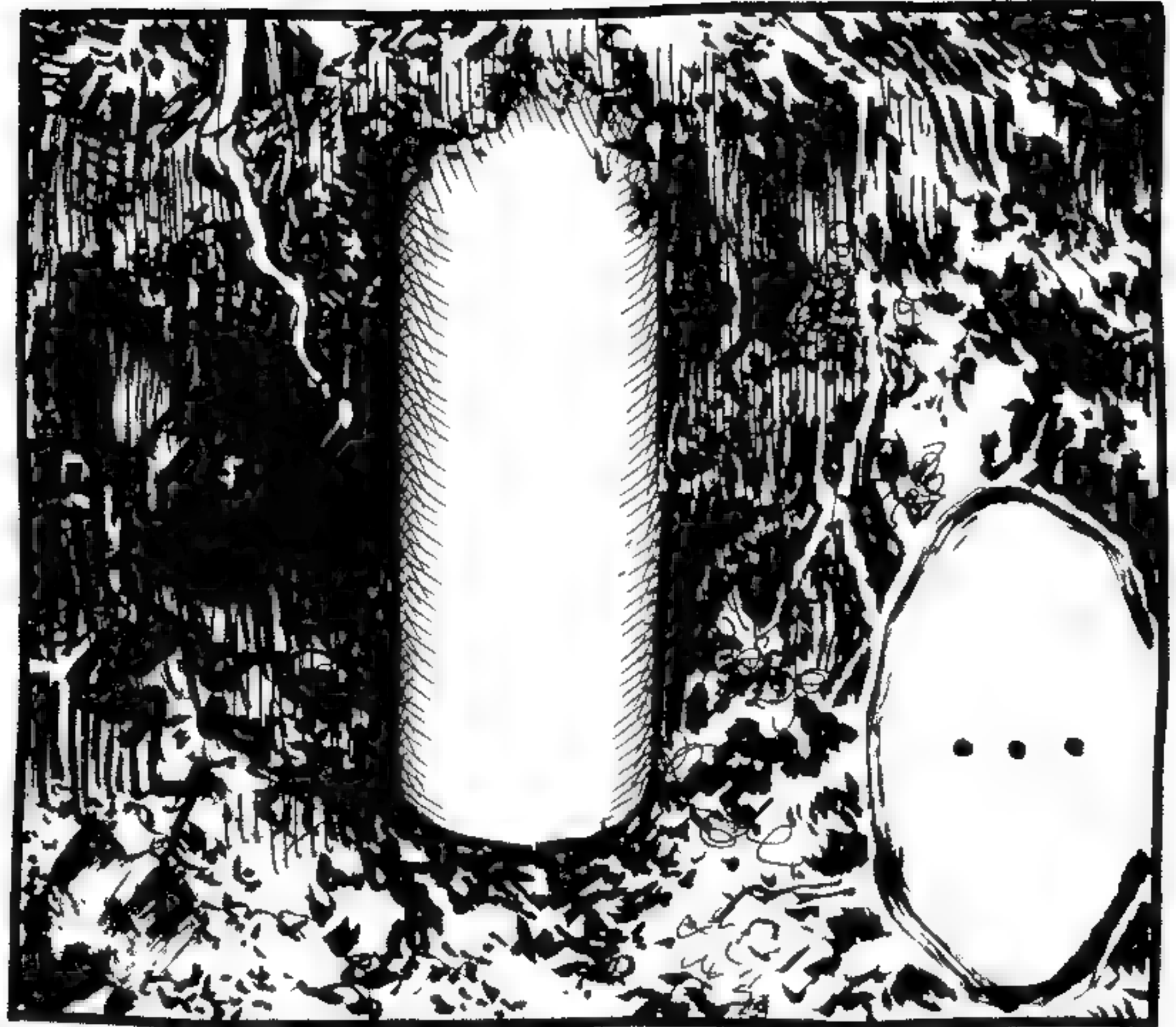
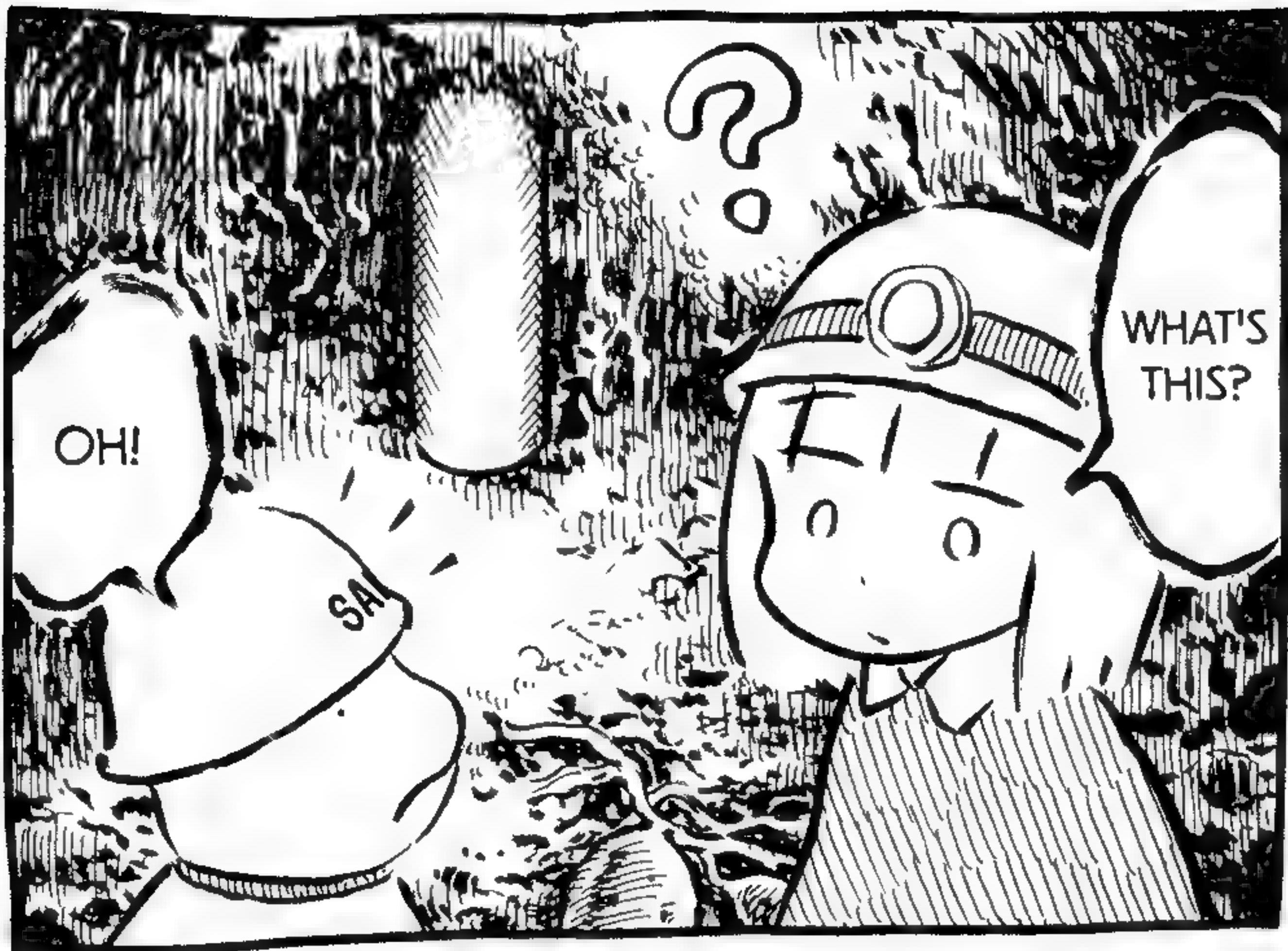
I'M
SEEING THIS
TO THE END.
I'M GOING
TO DREAM
ABOUT THIS
IF I GIVE UP
NOW.

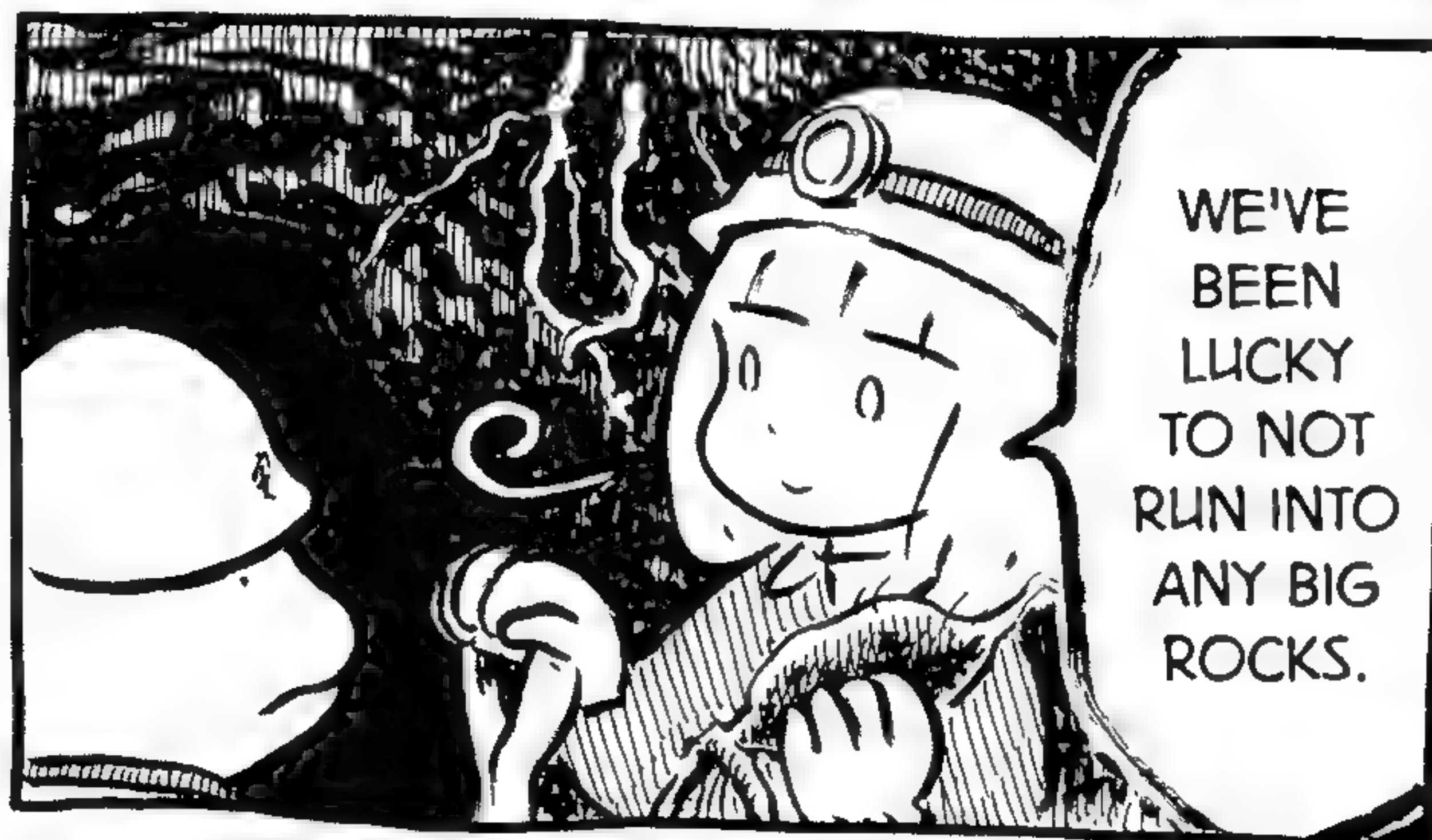
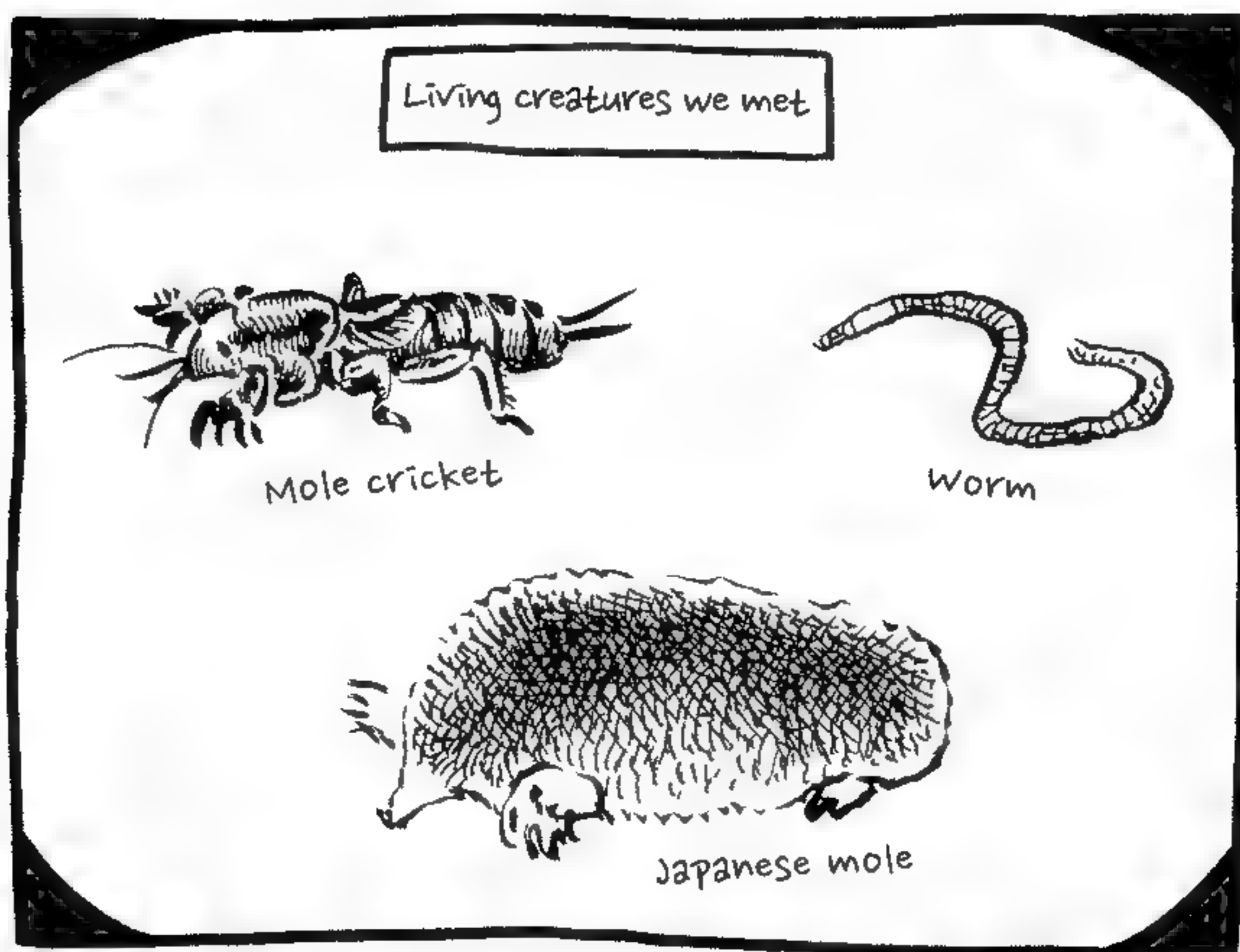
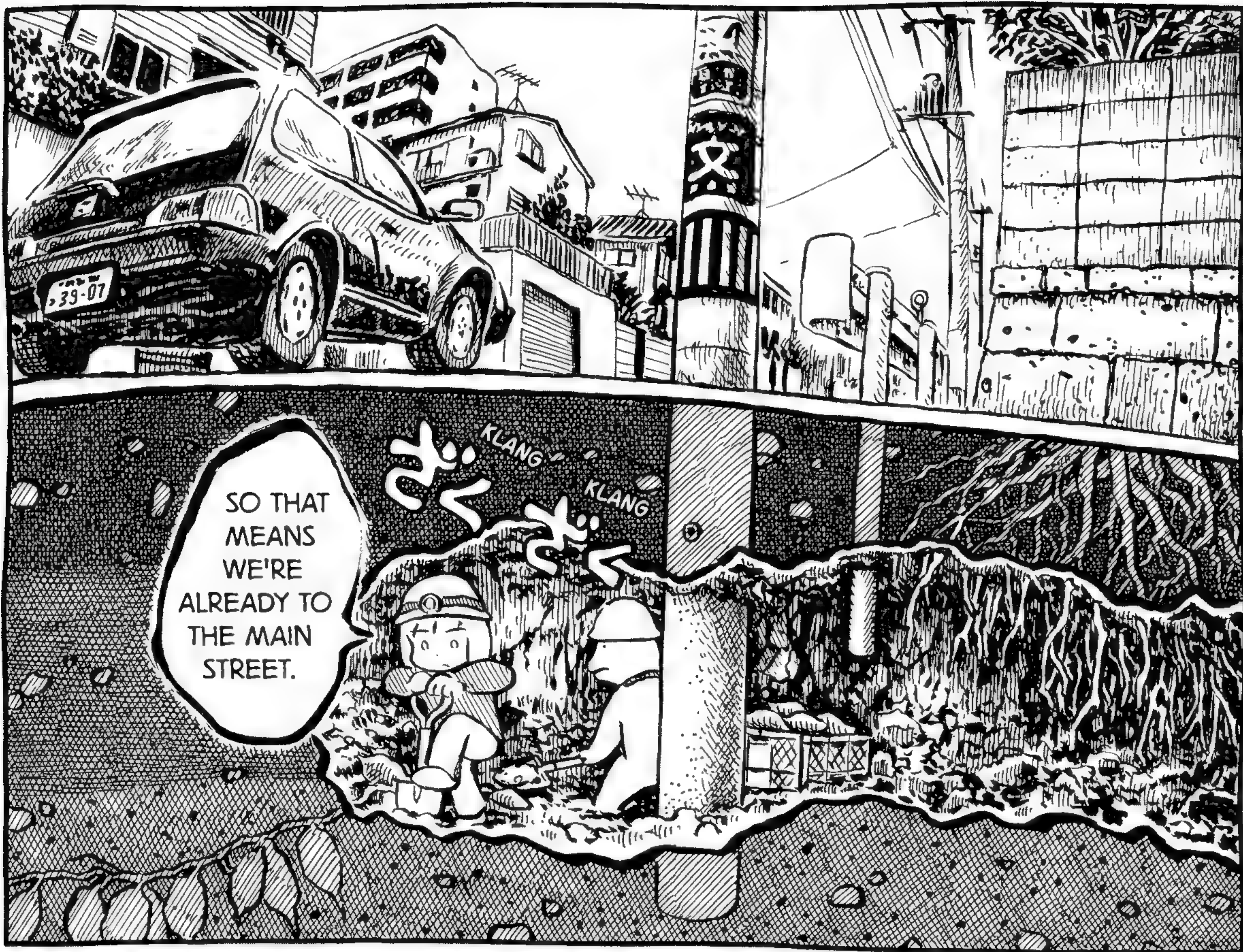


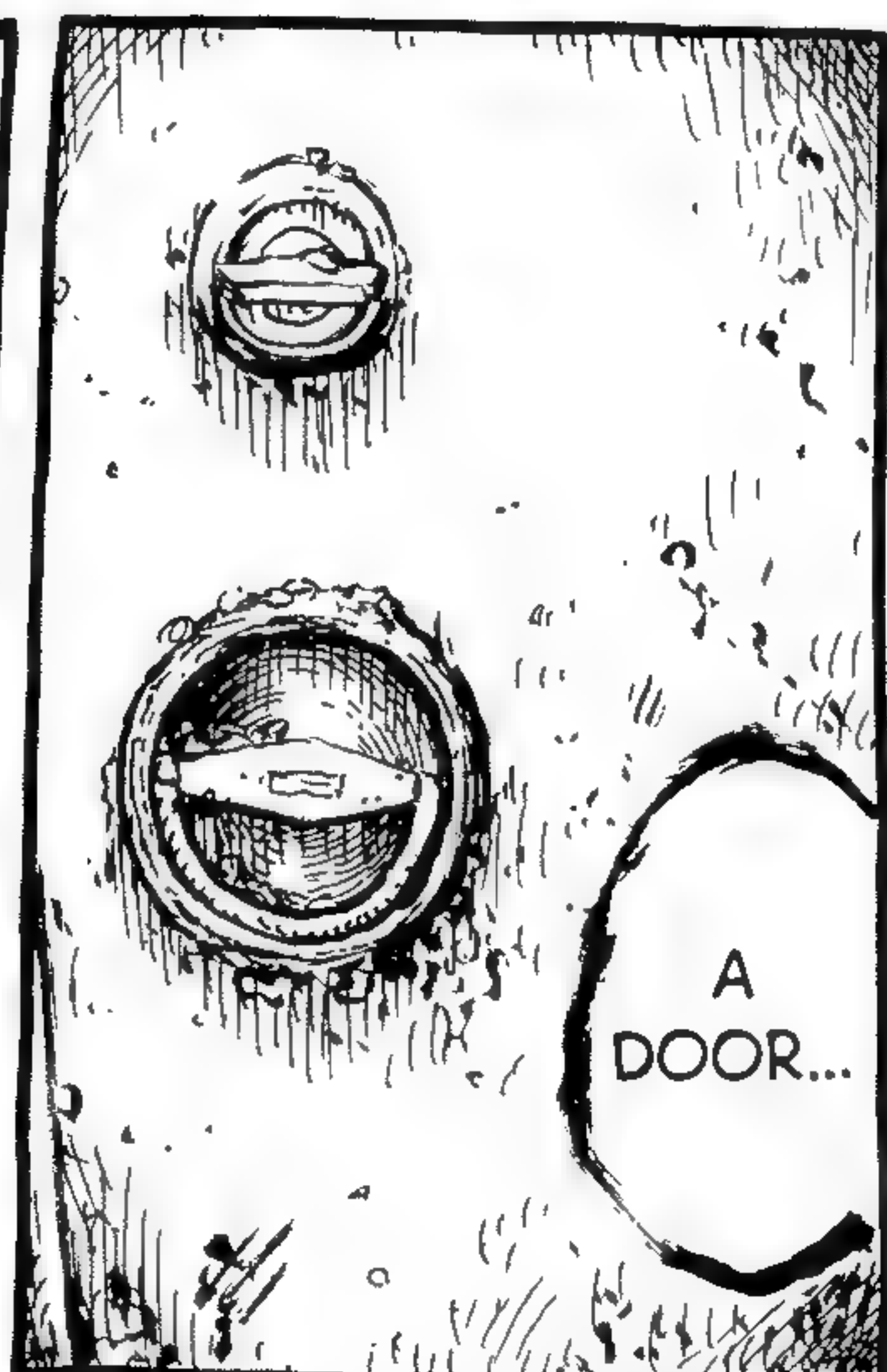
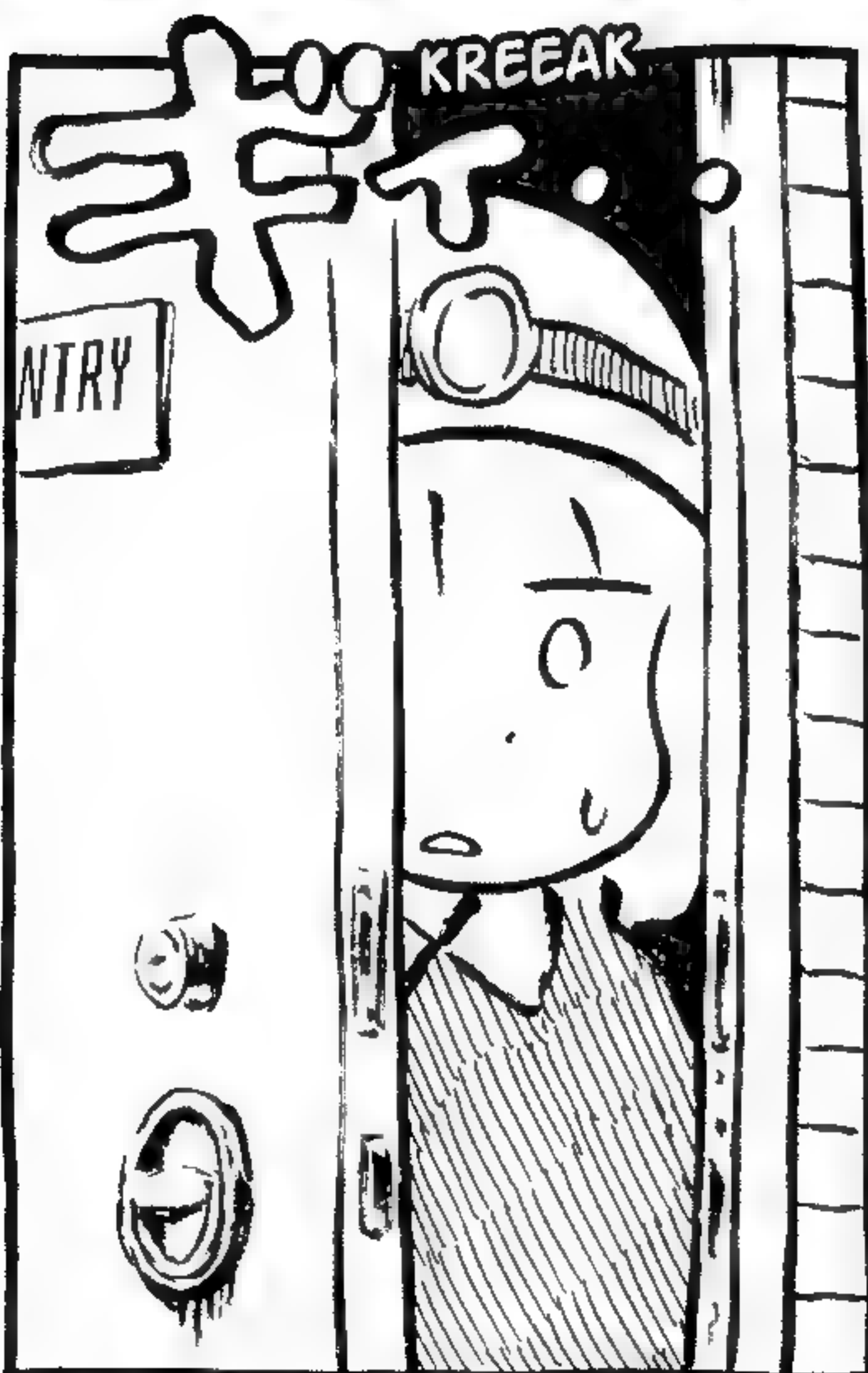
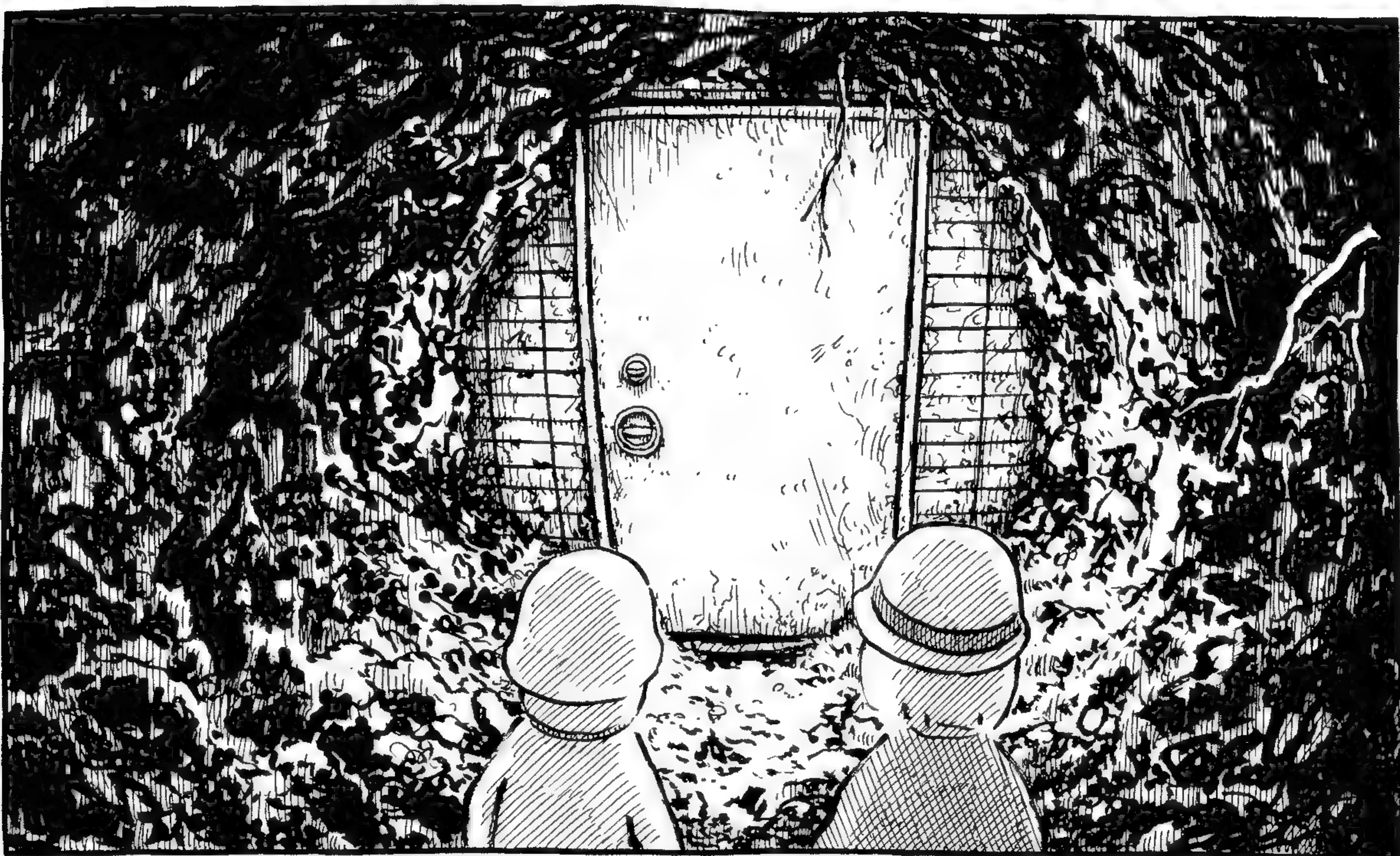
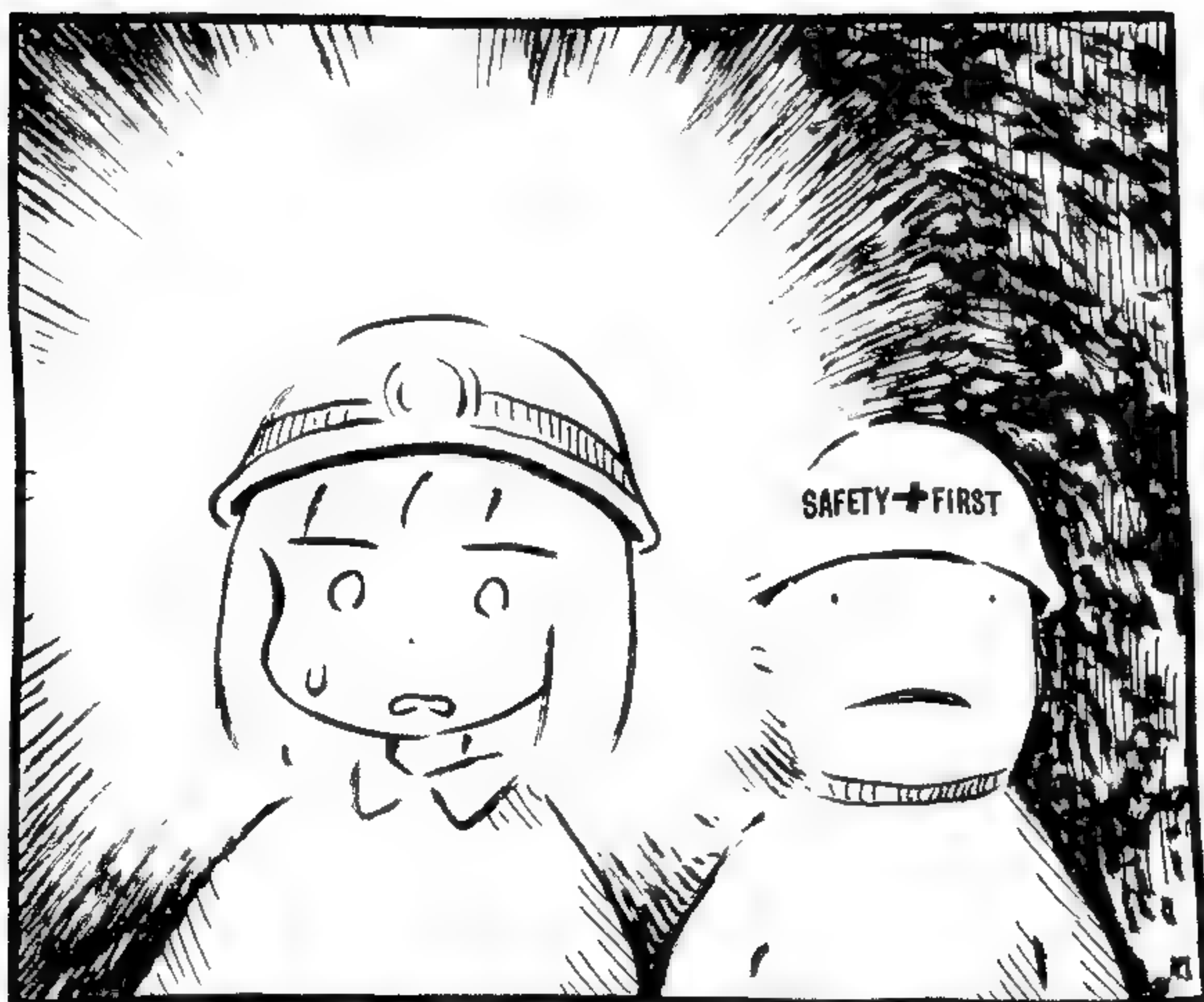


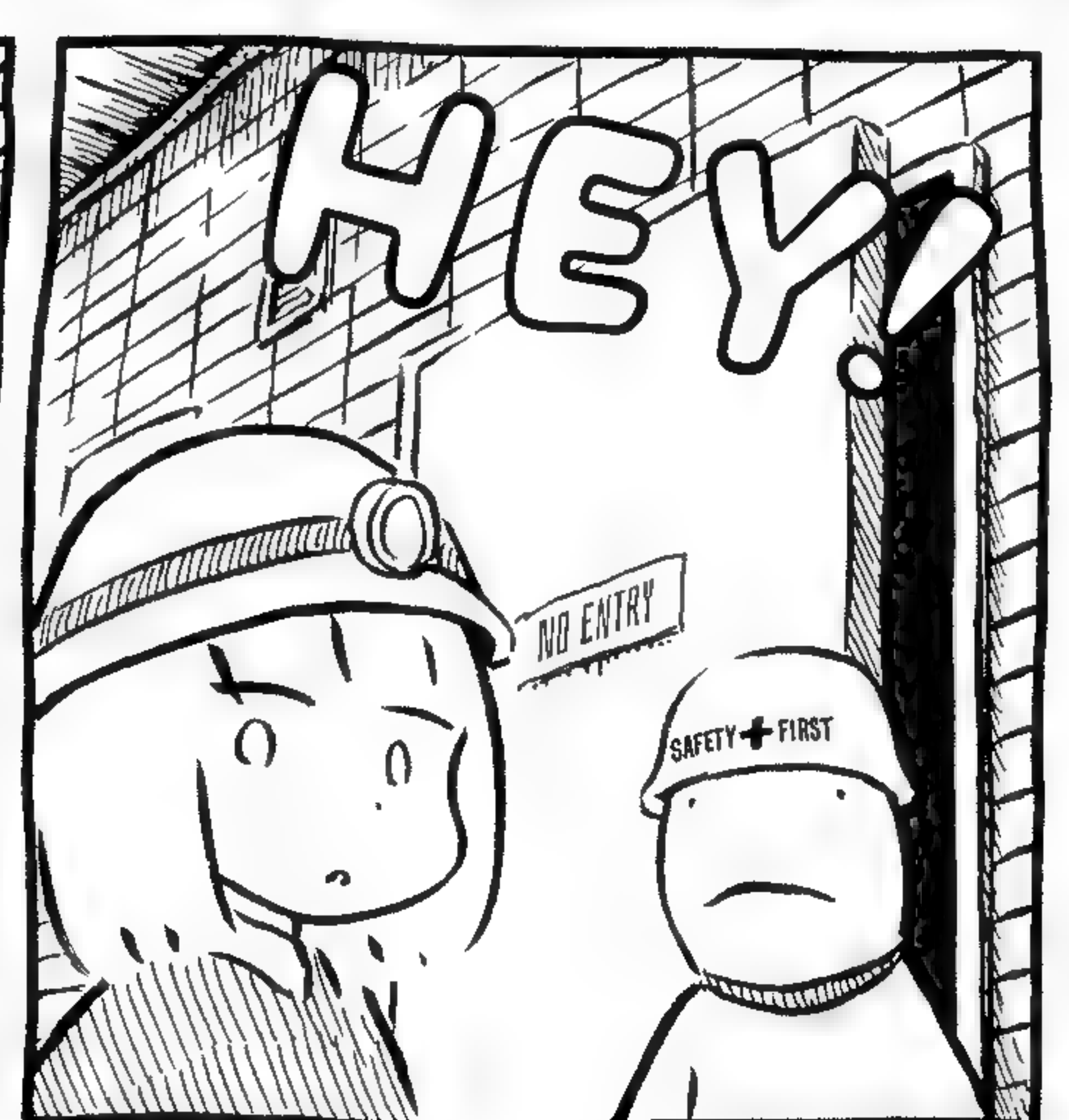
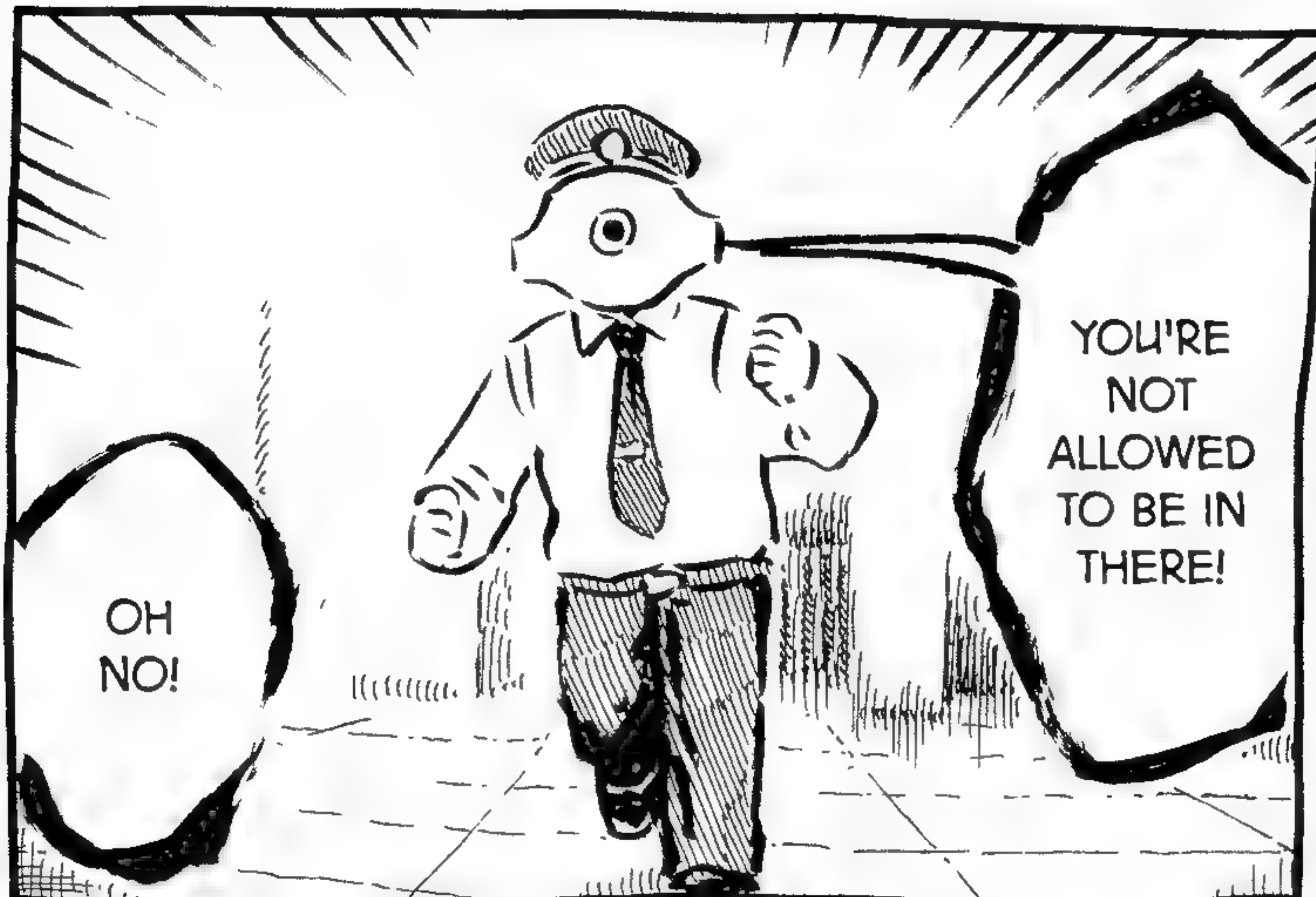
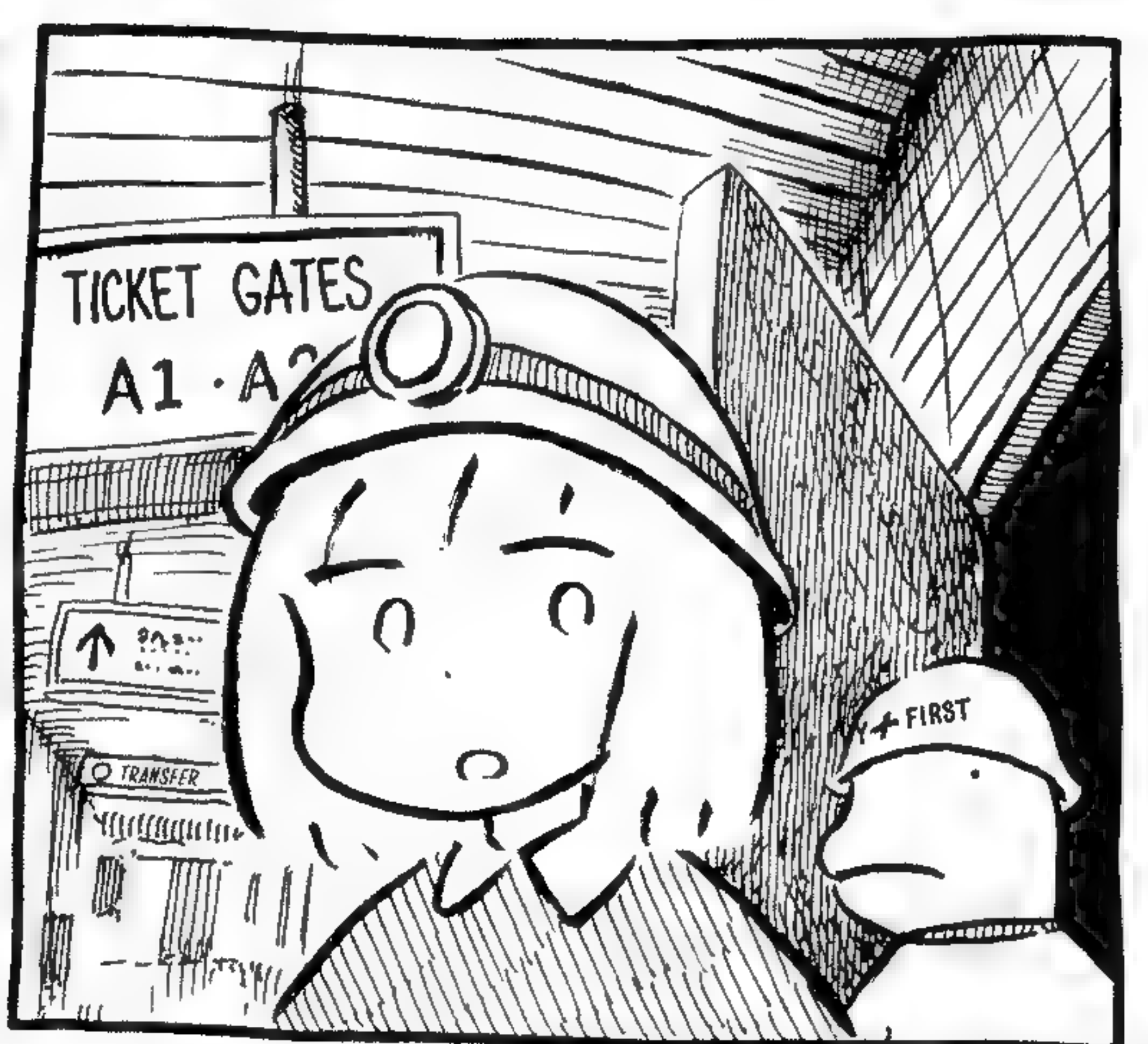
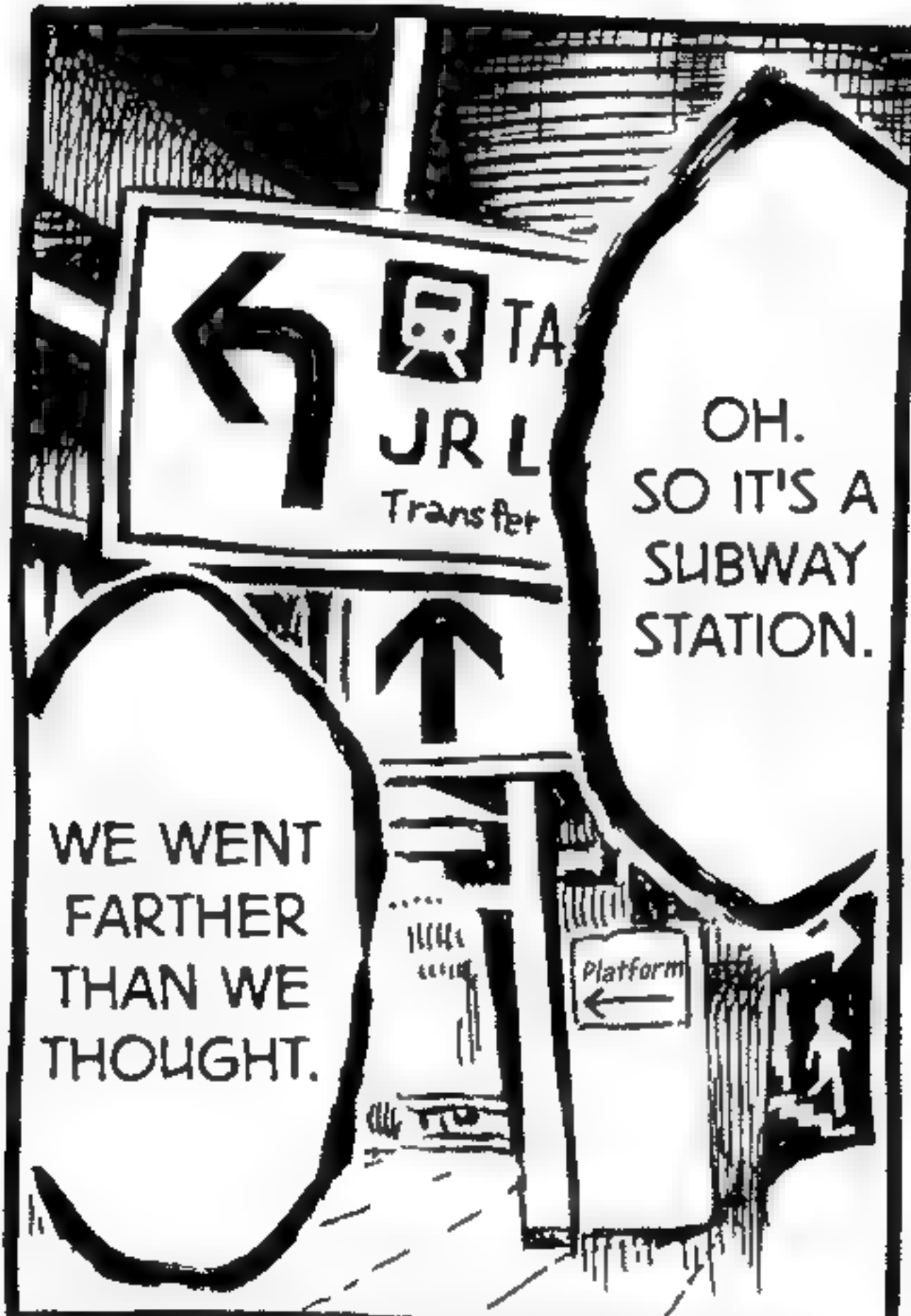
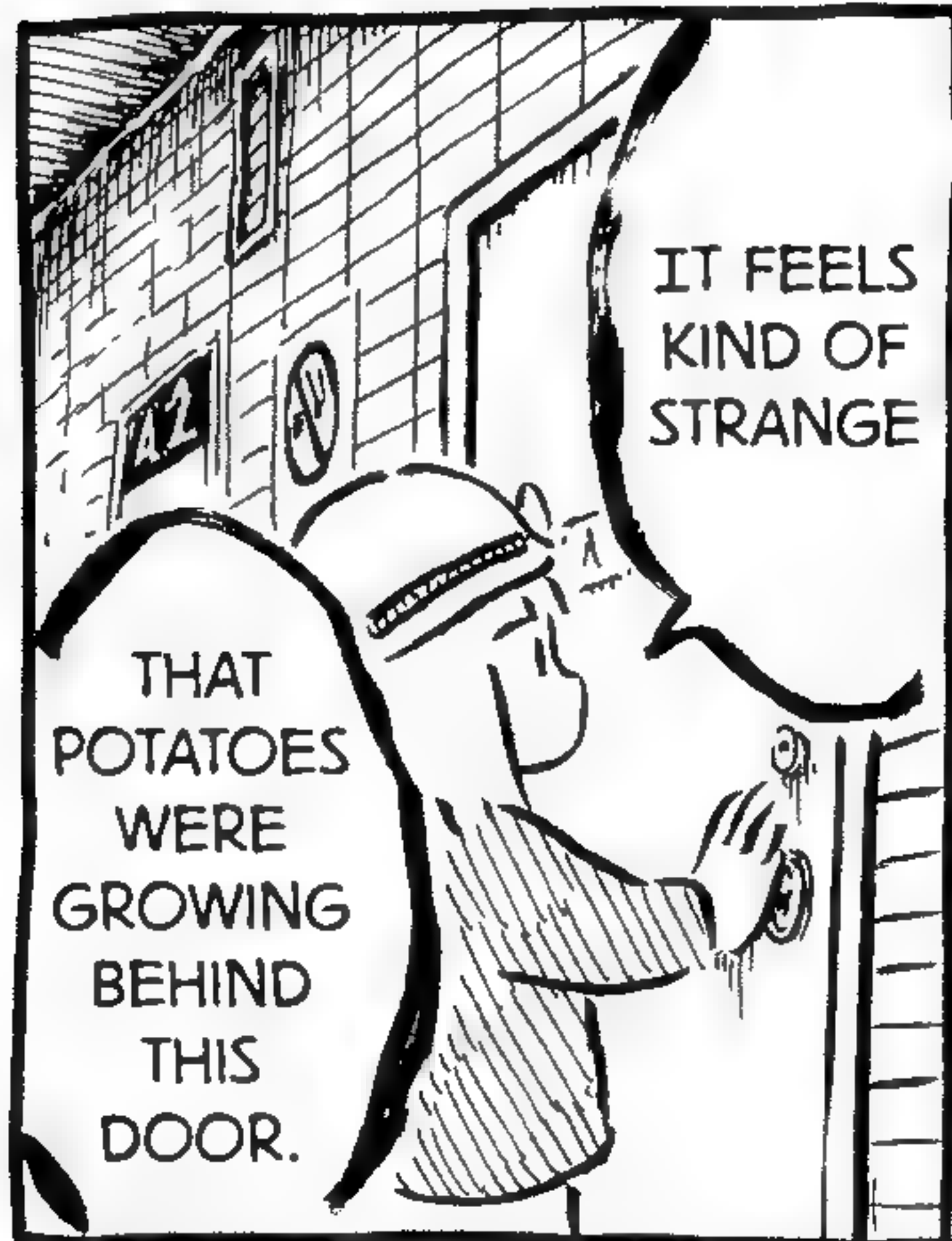


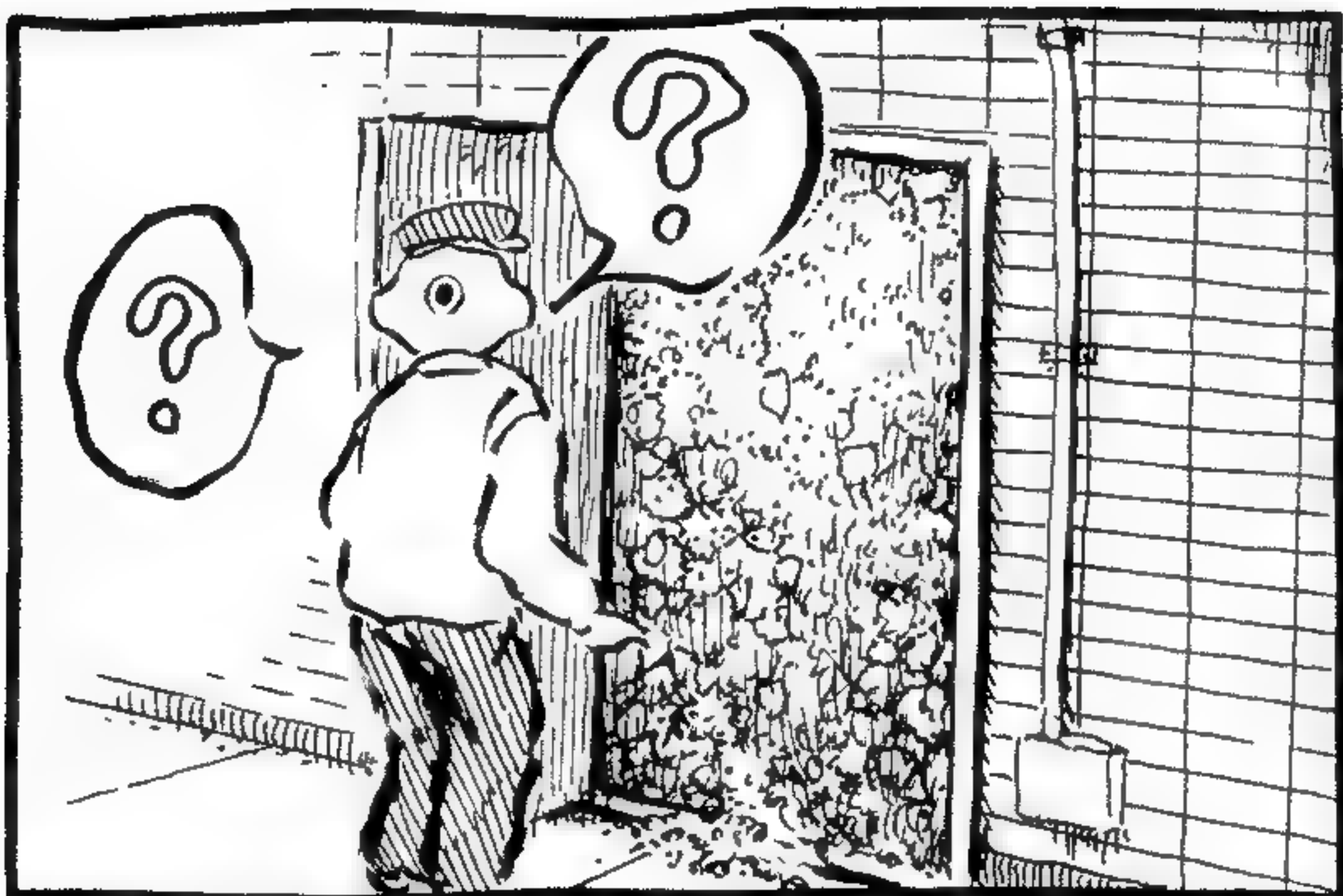
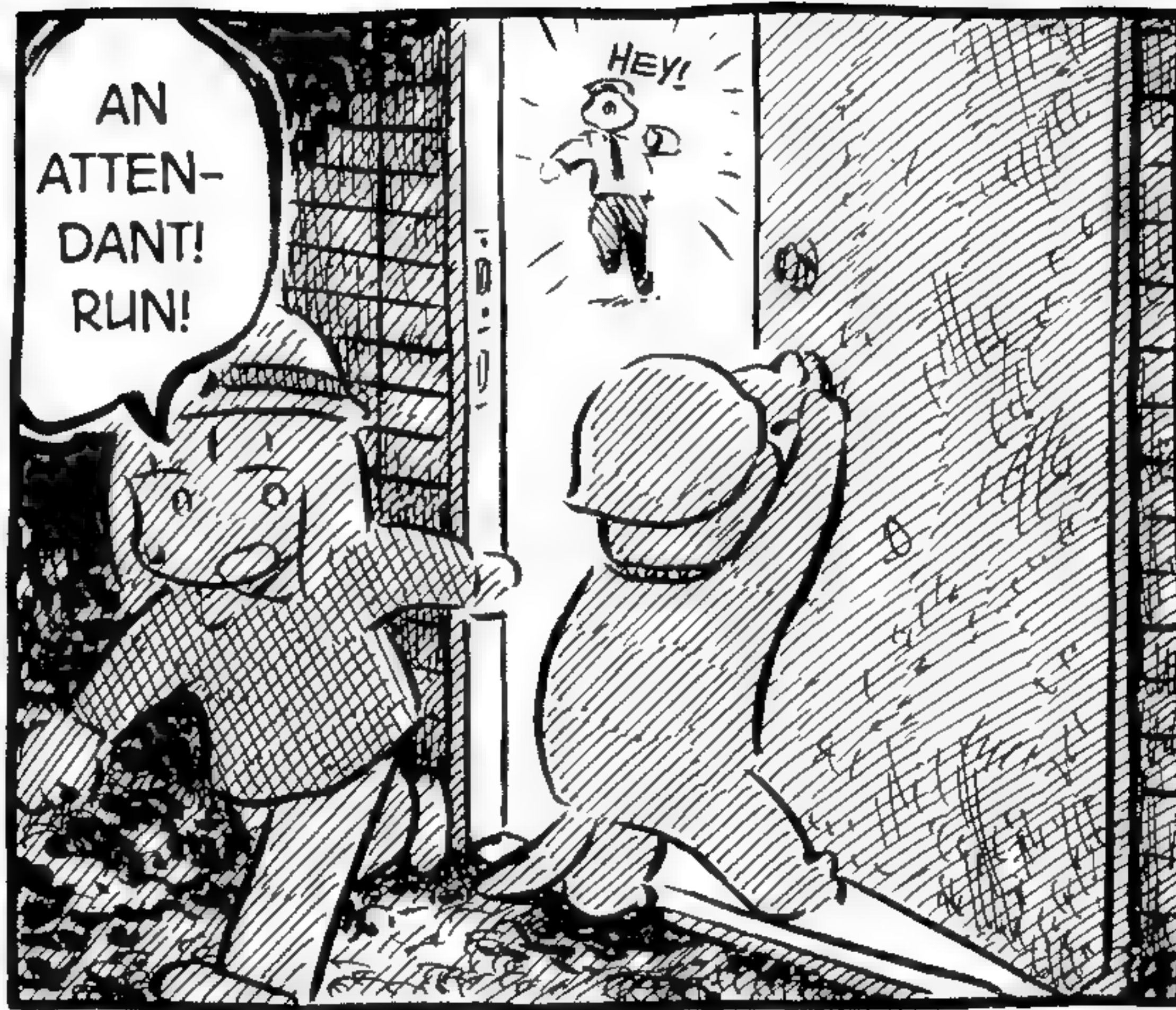


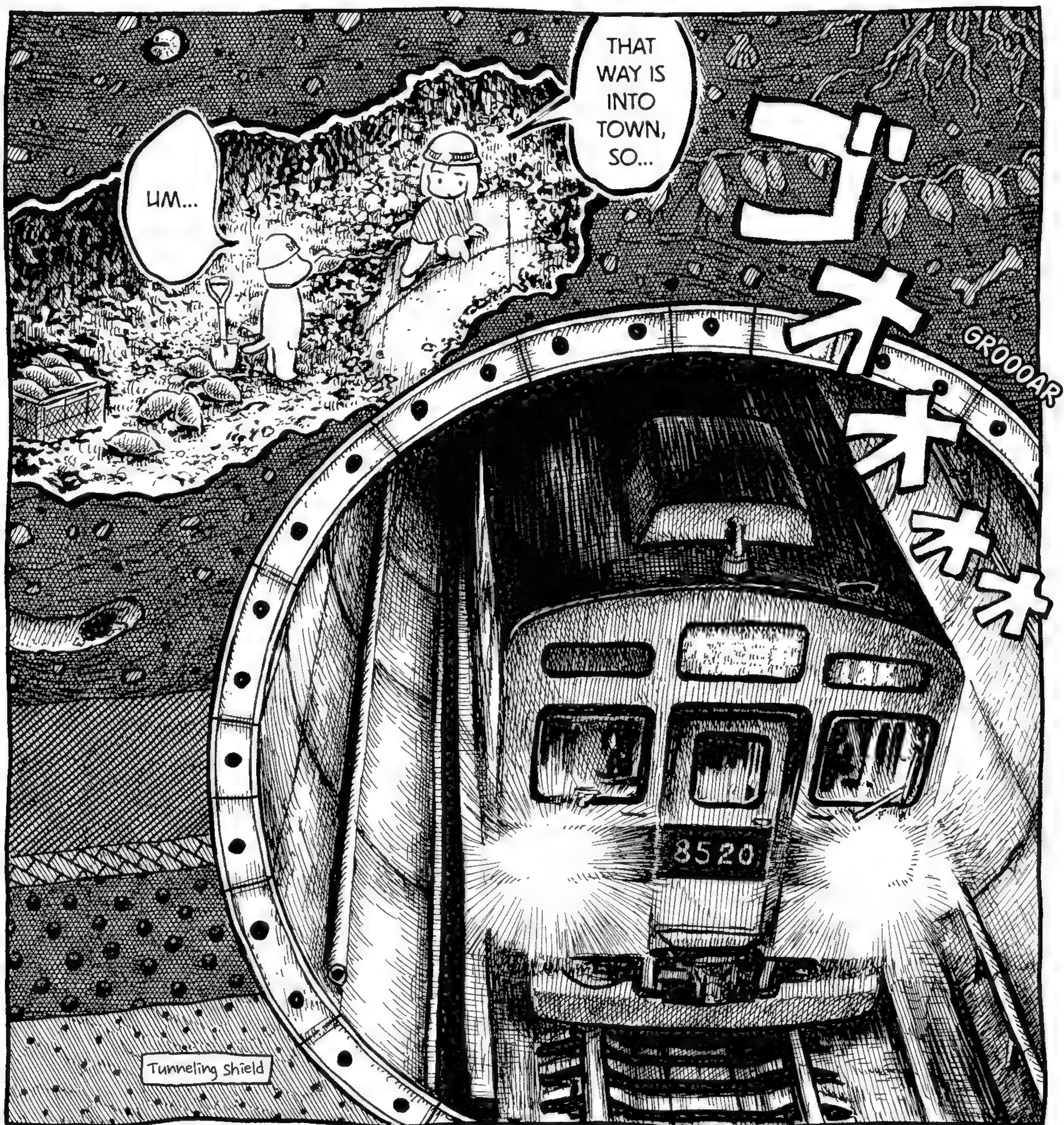
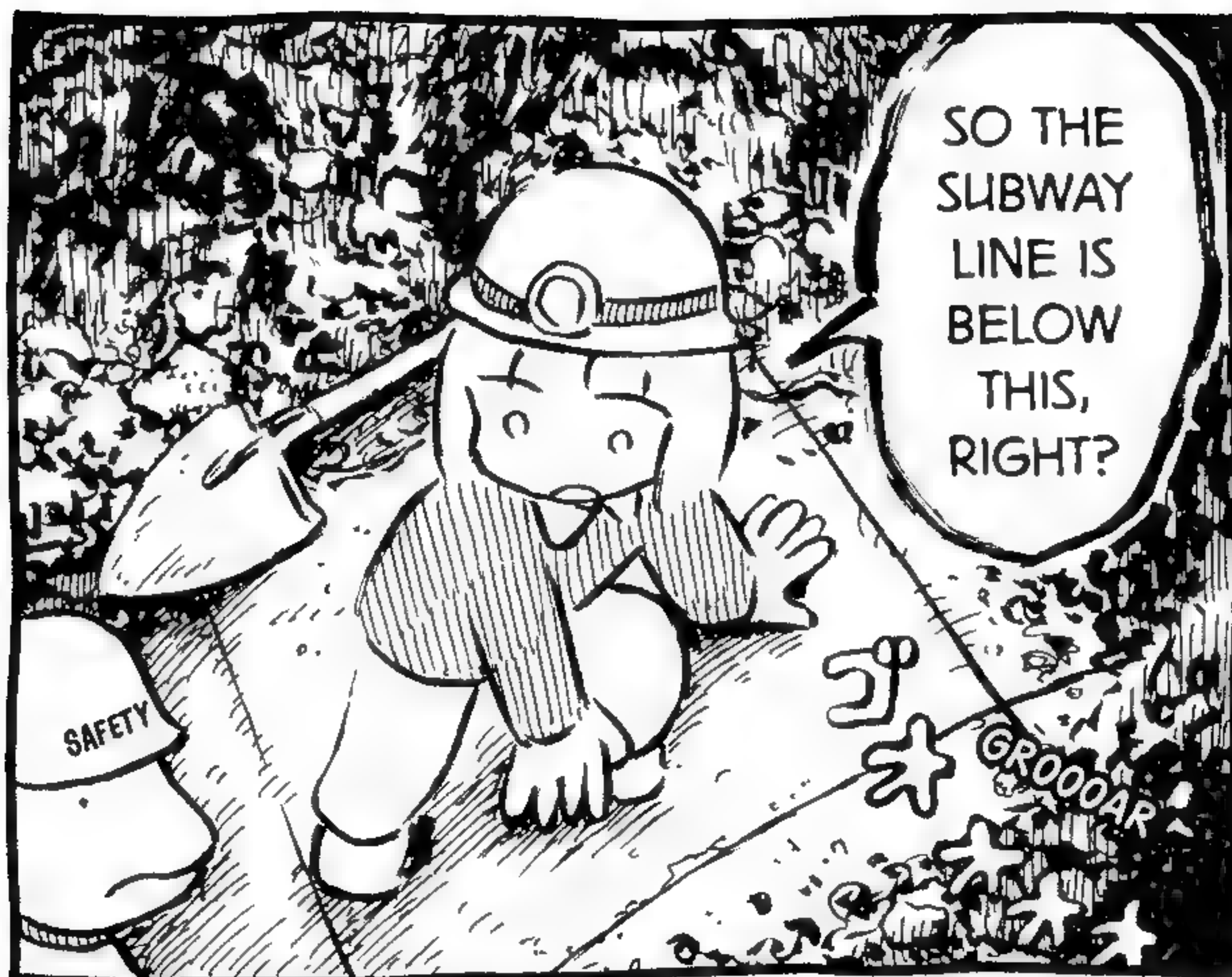


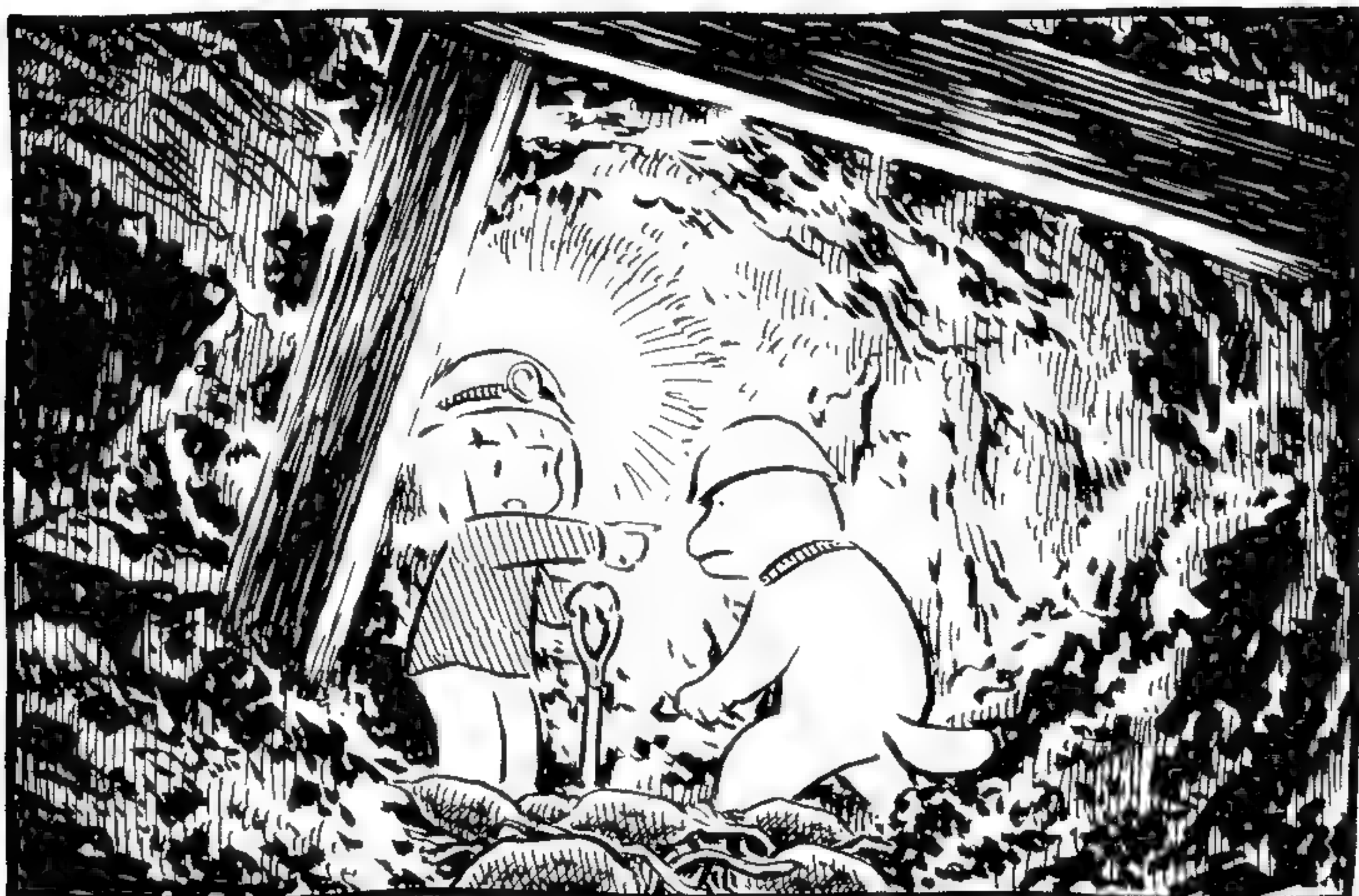
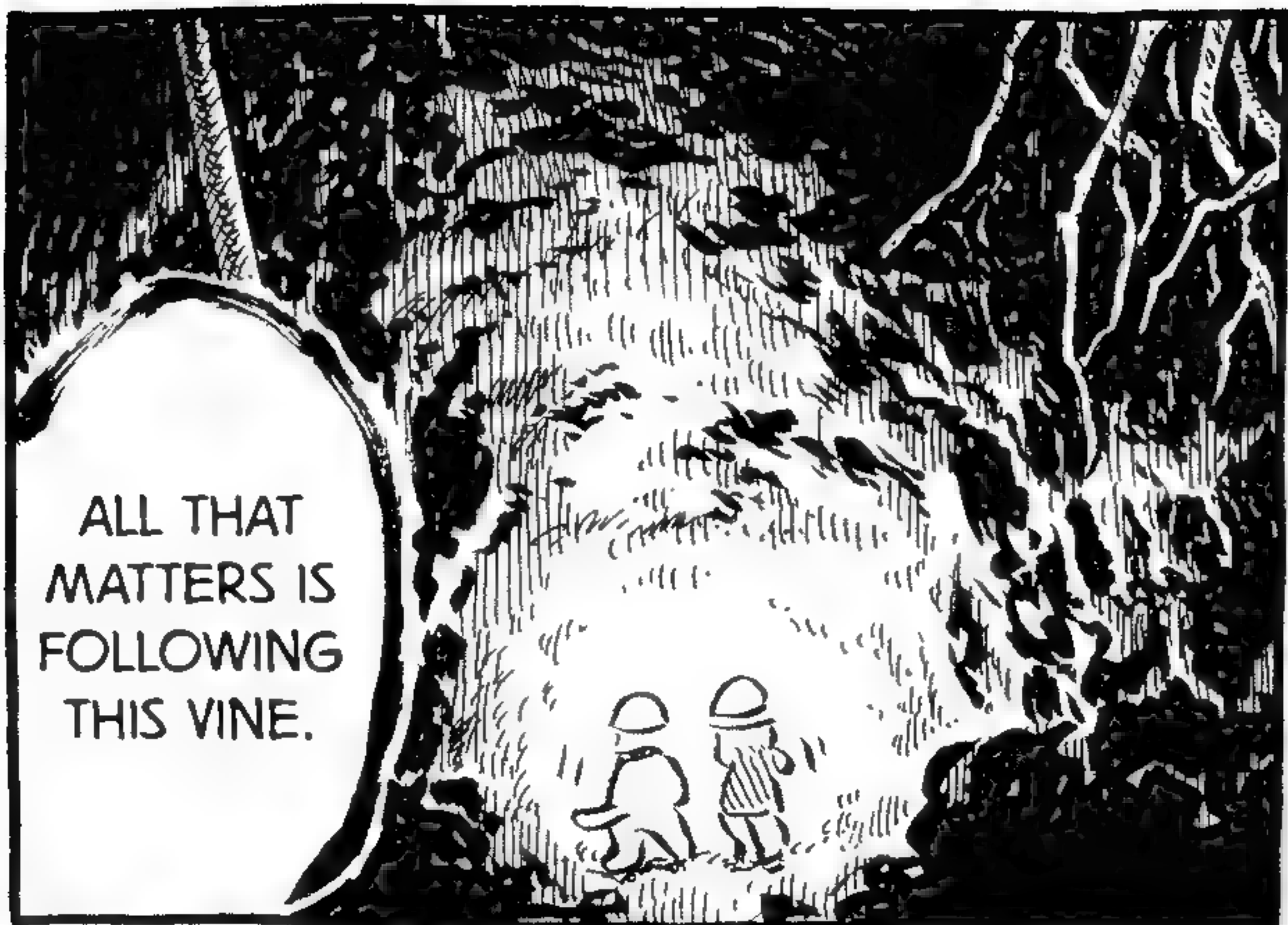


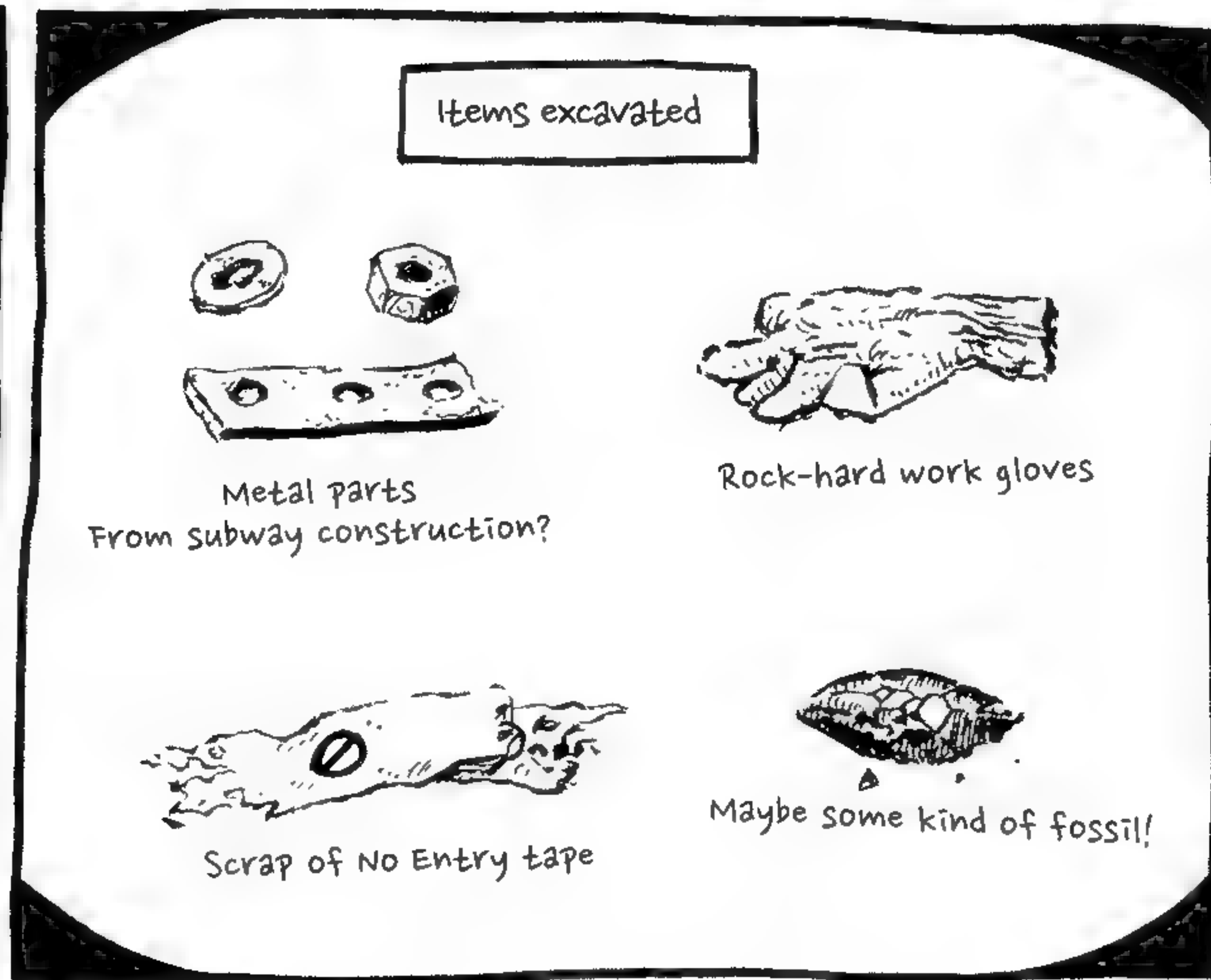
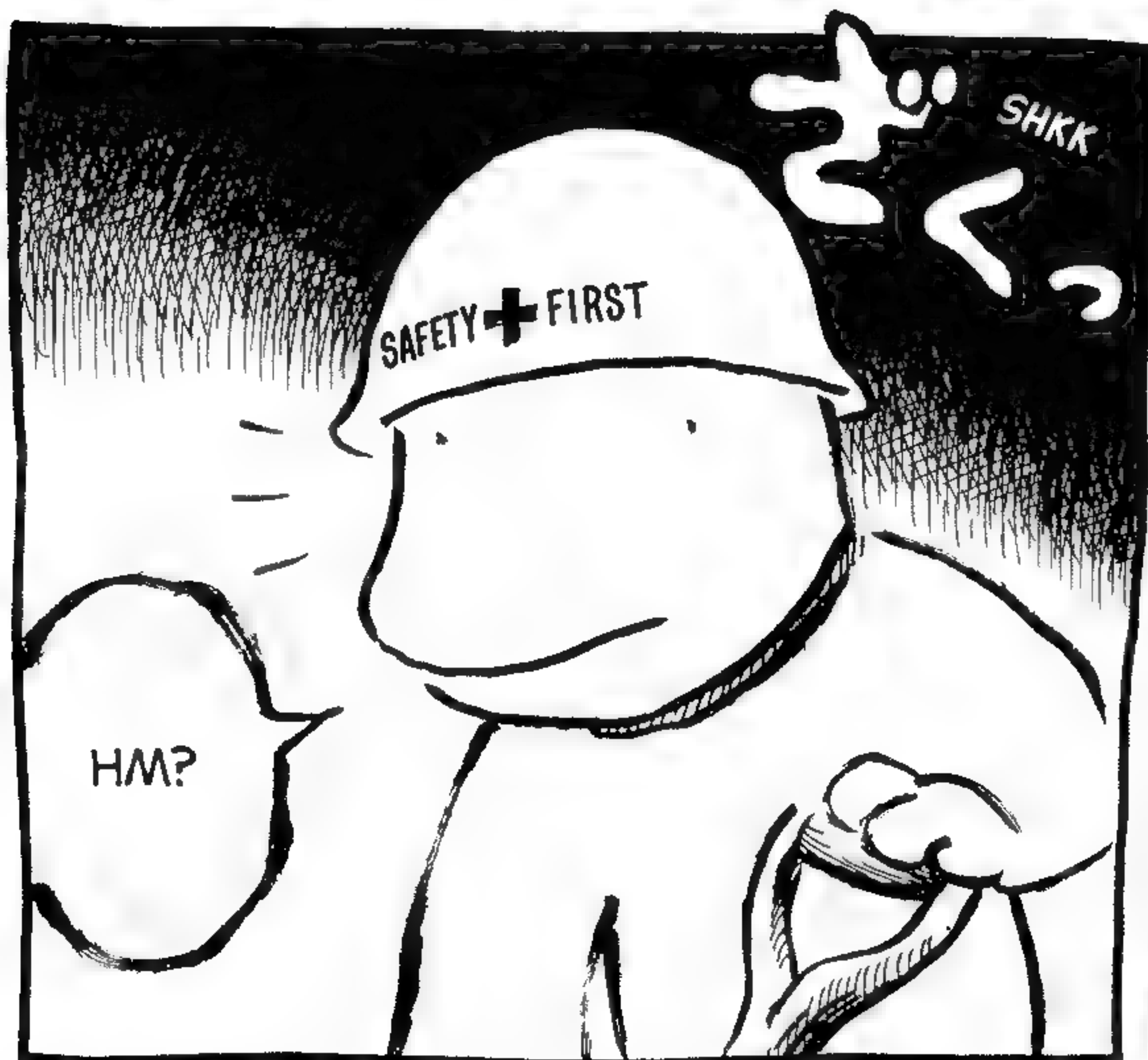
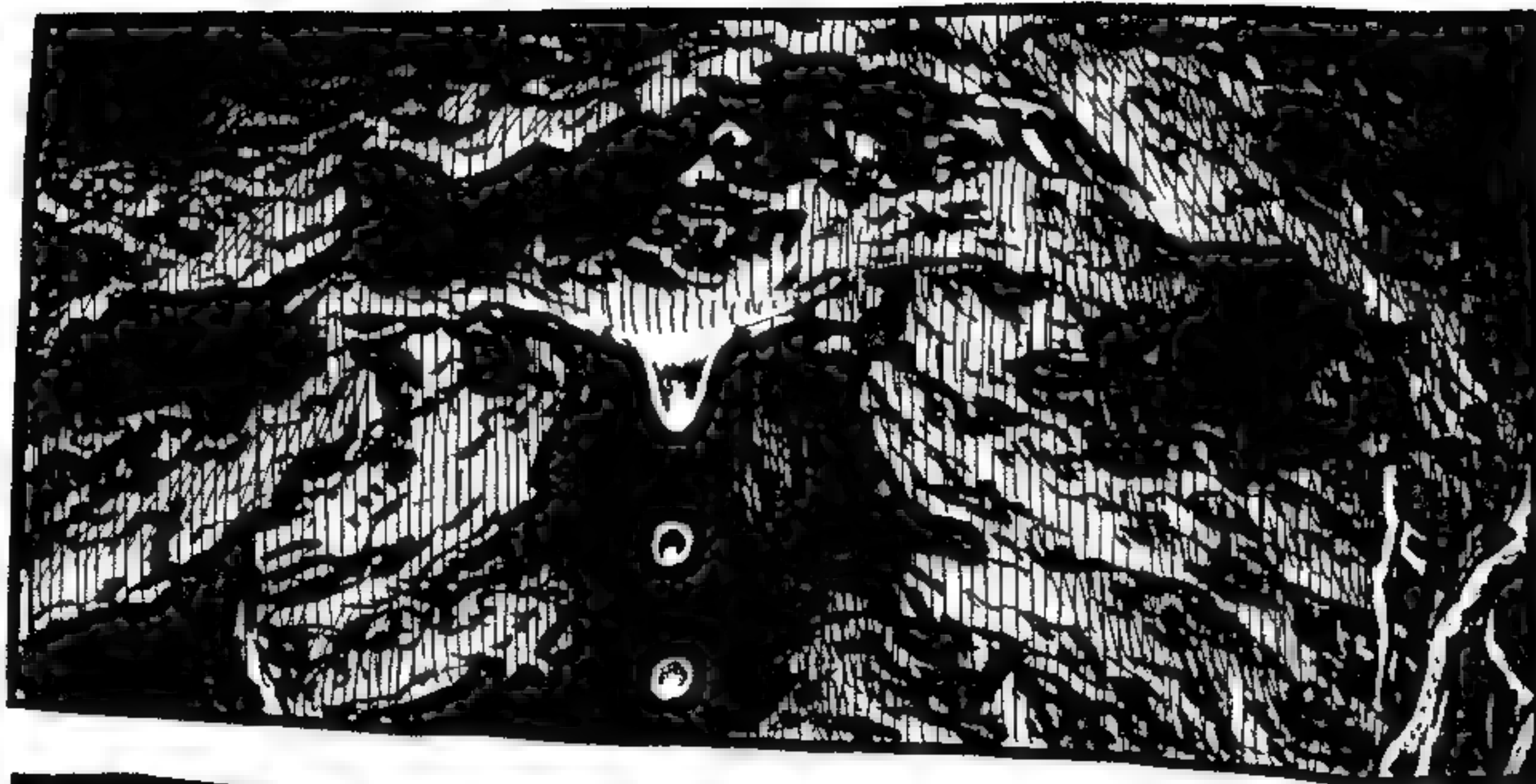


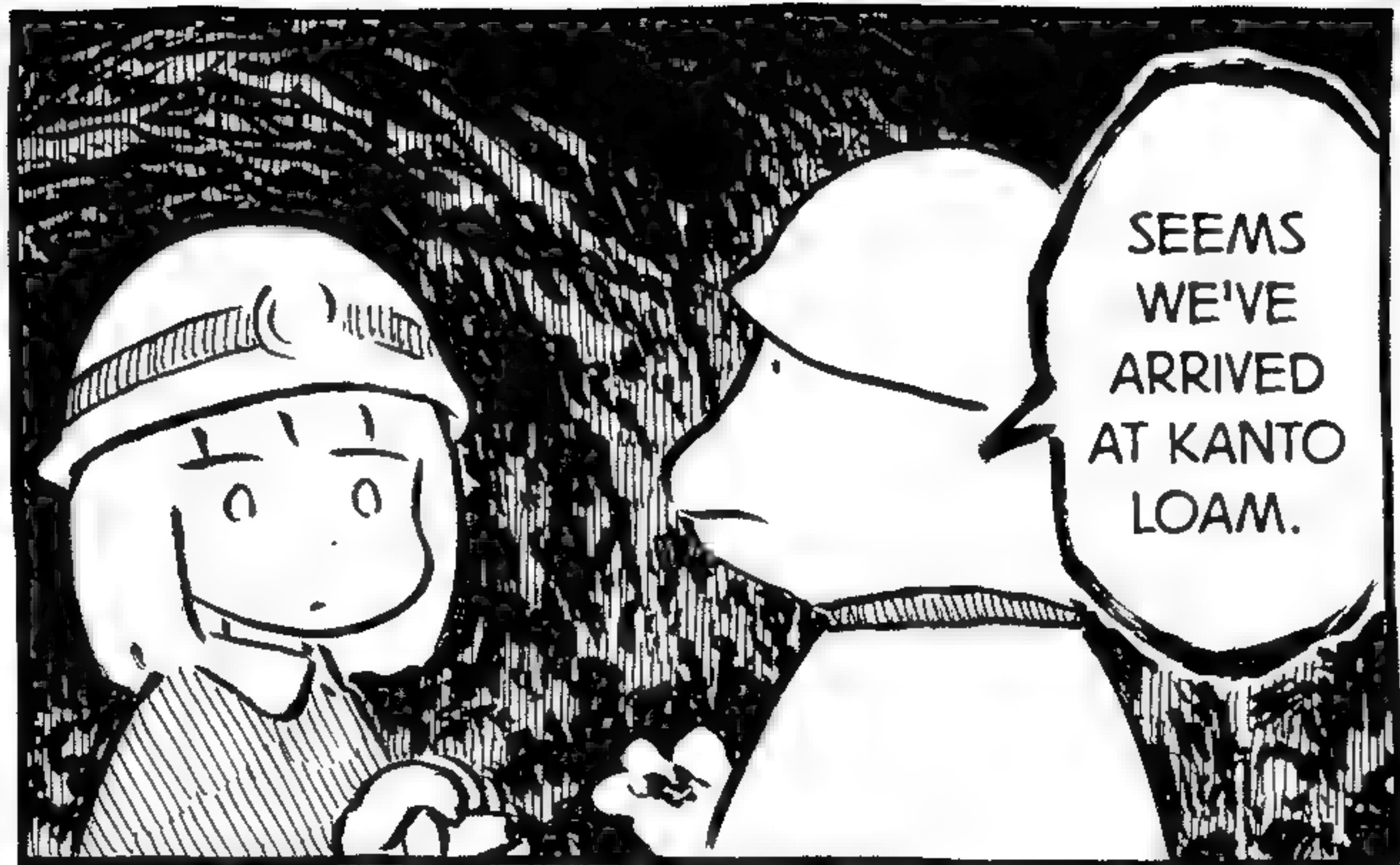






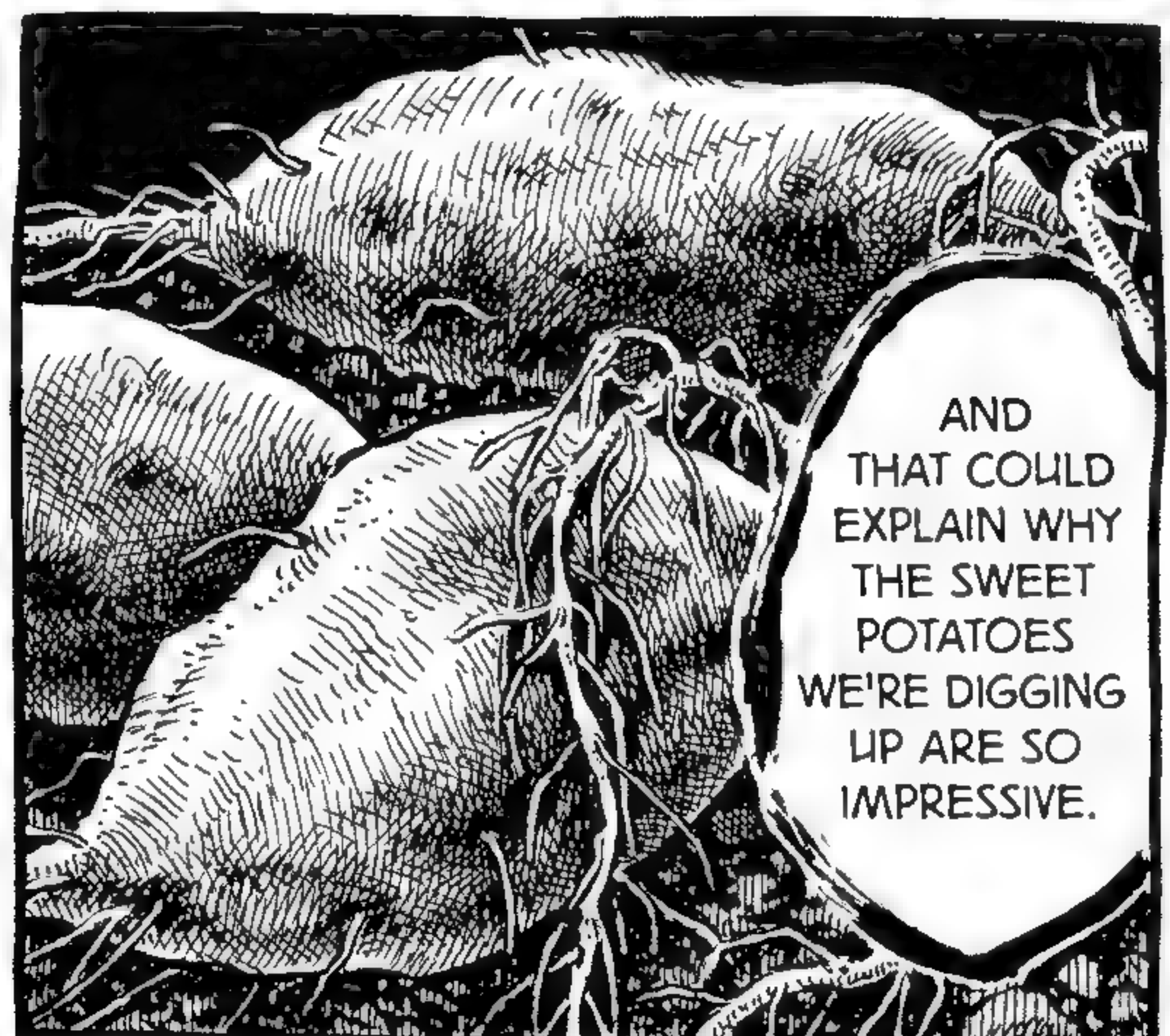


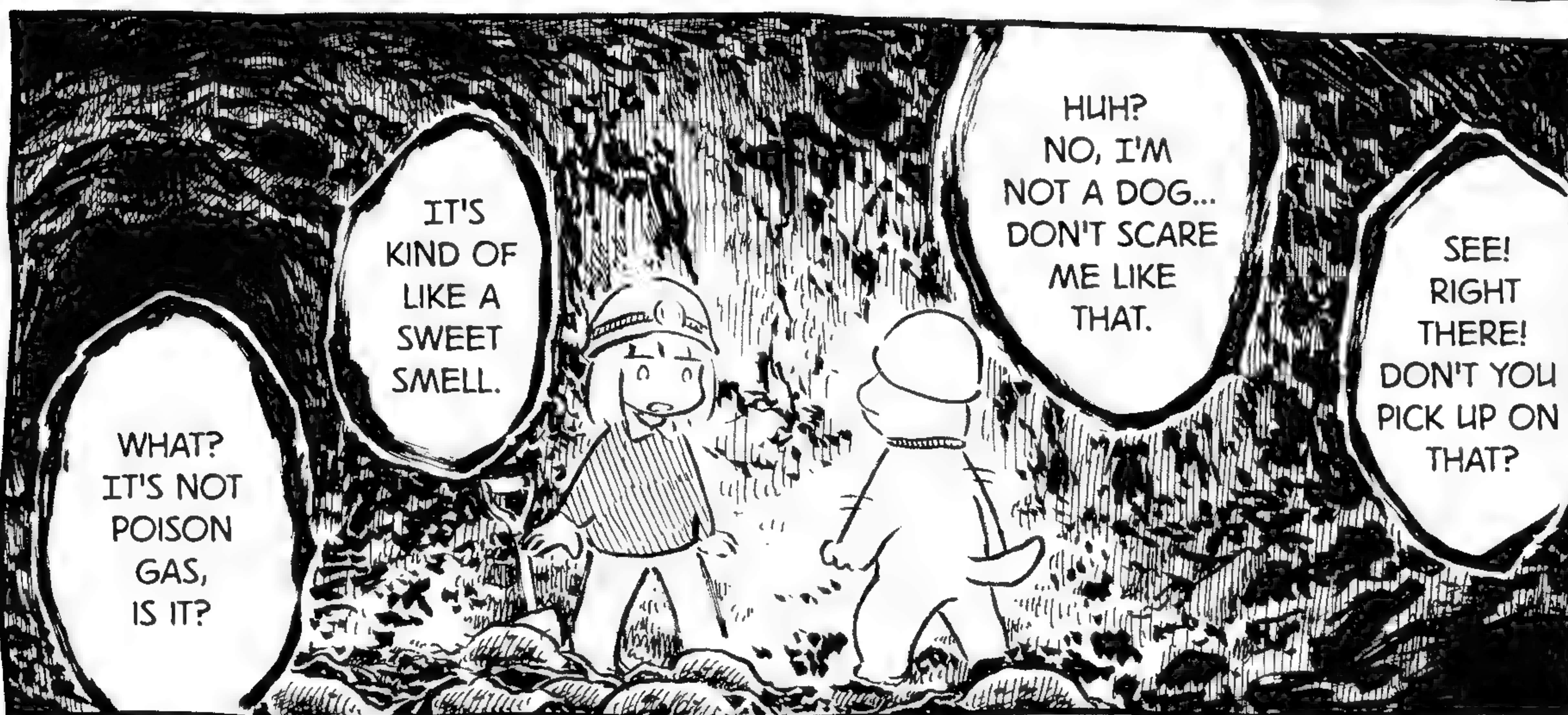
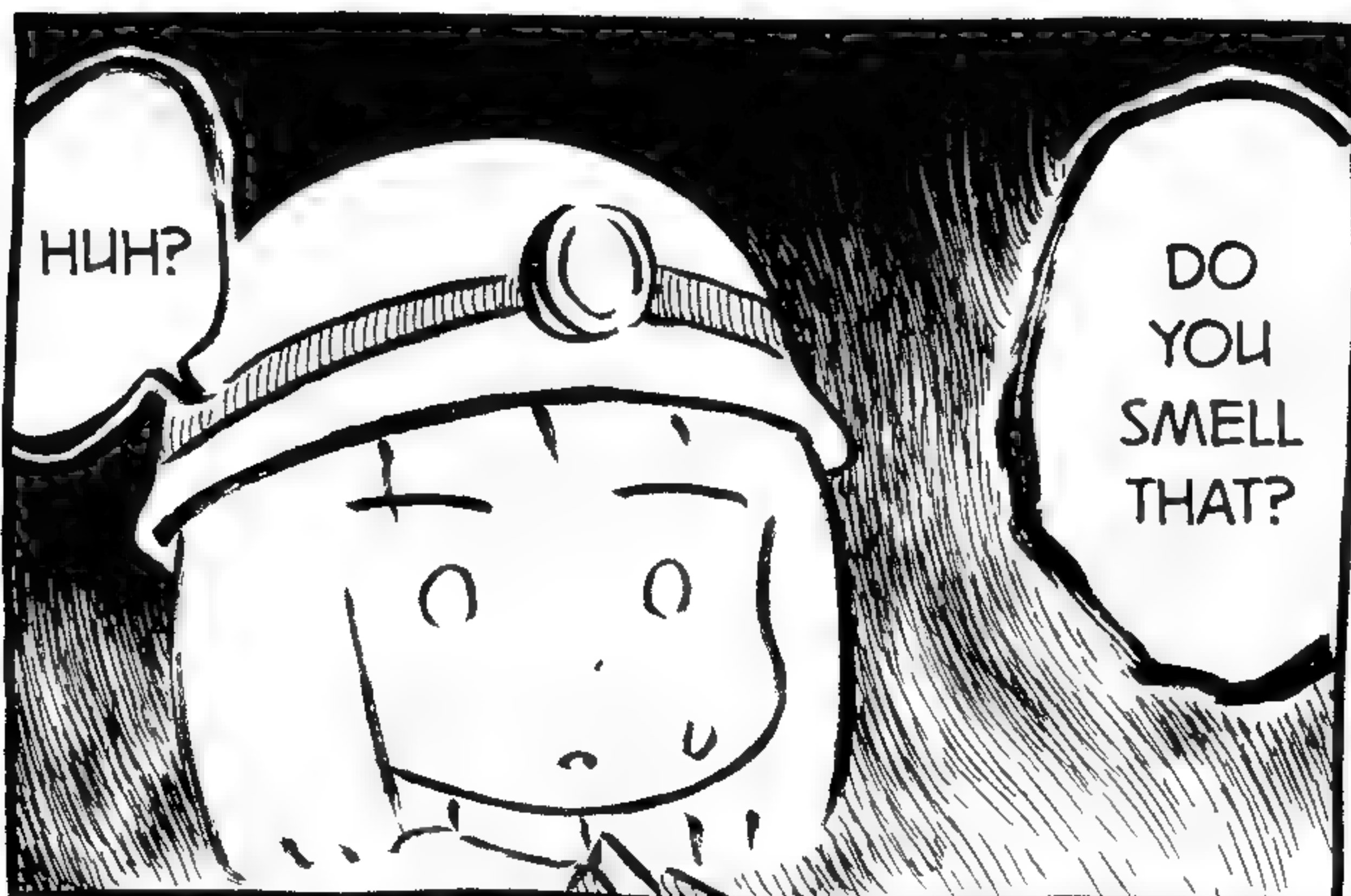
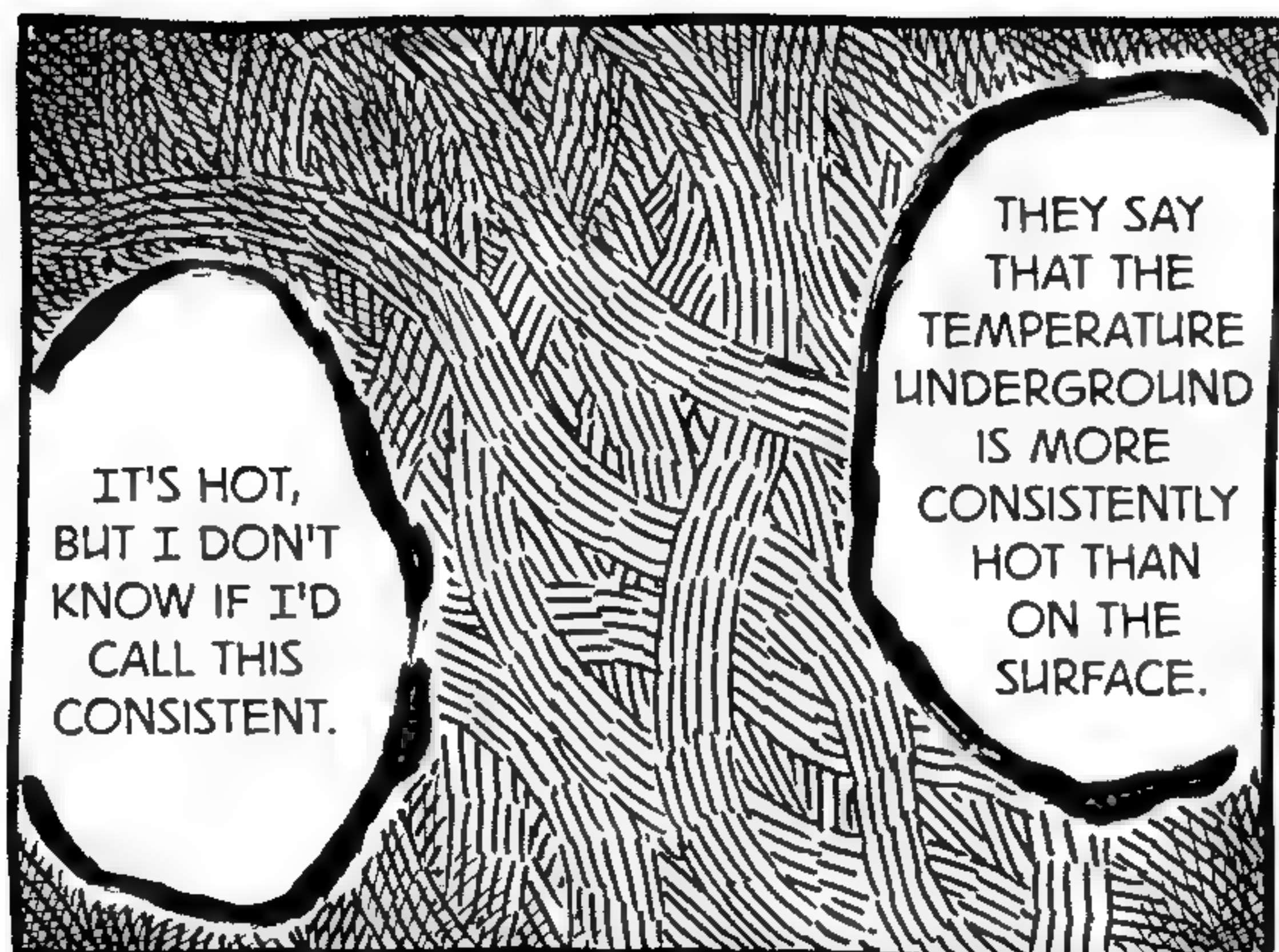


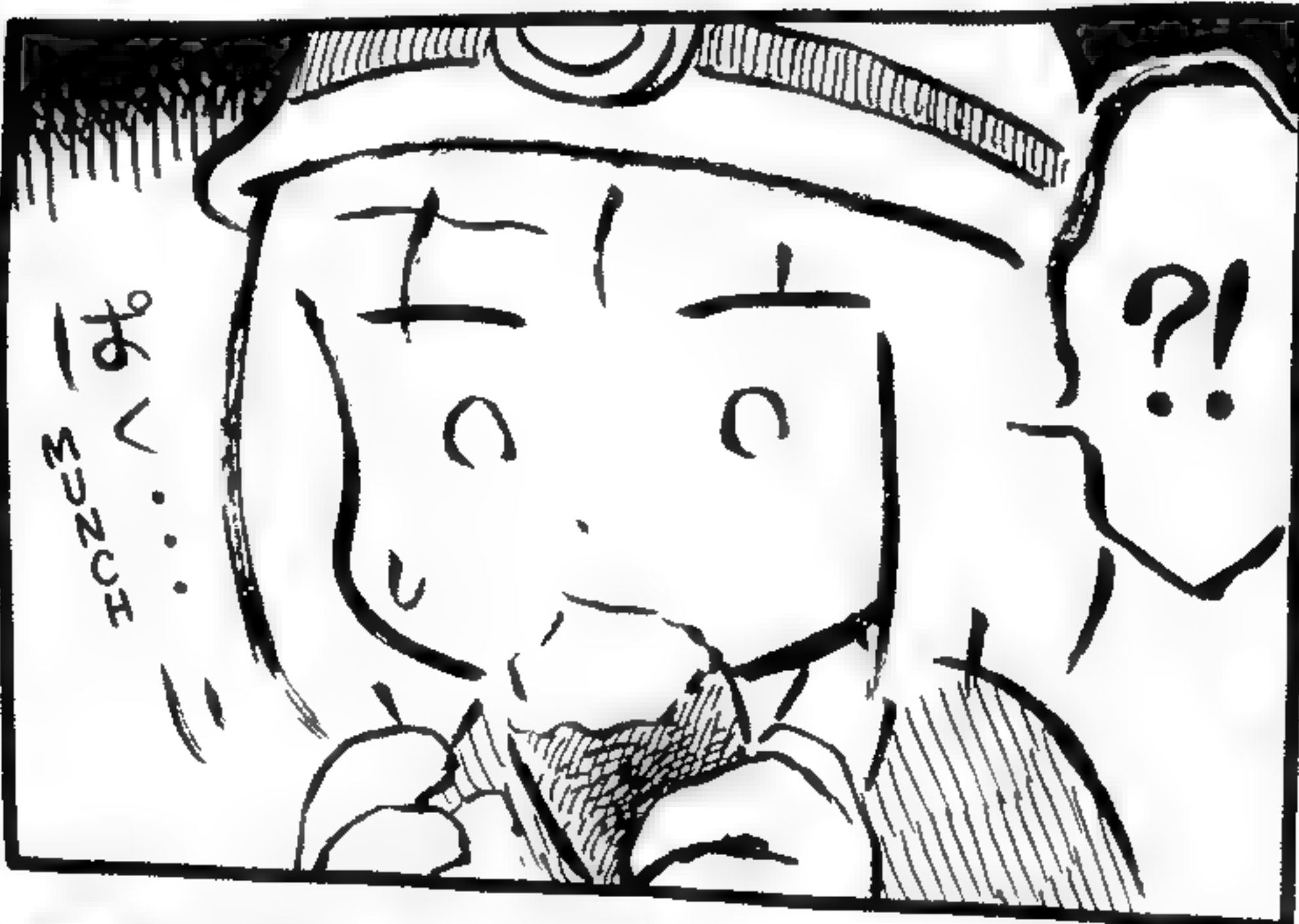
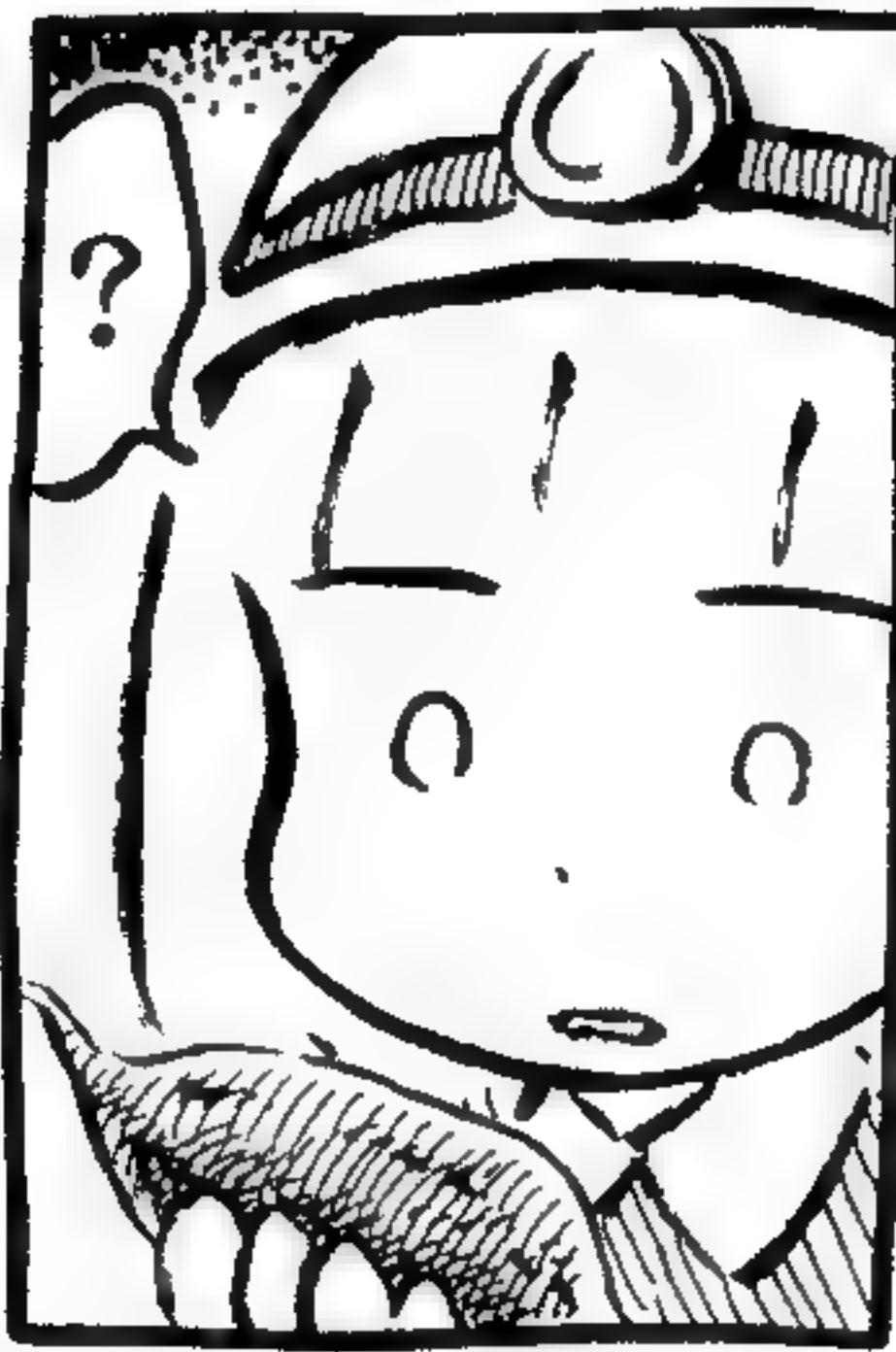
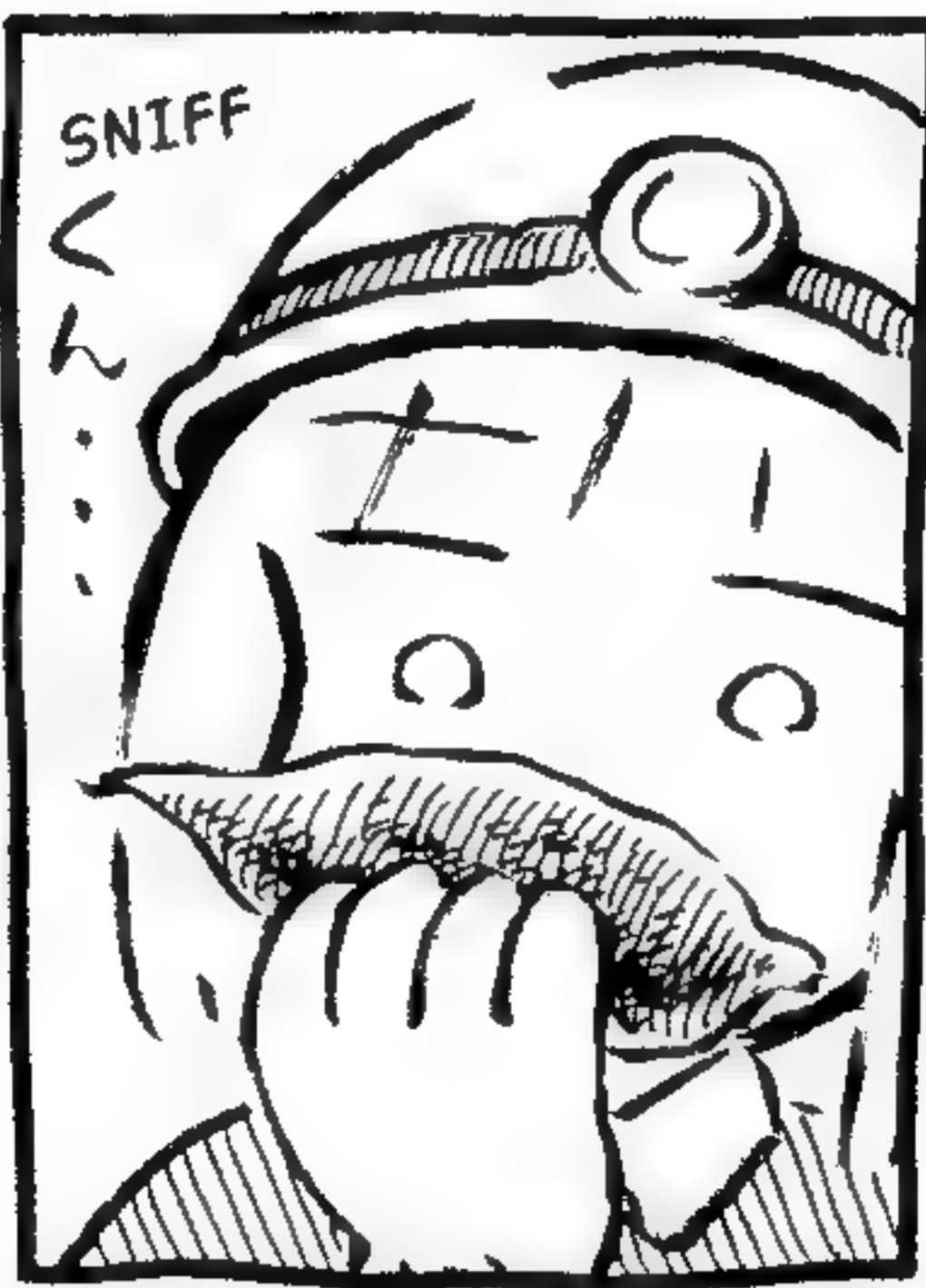
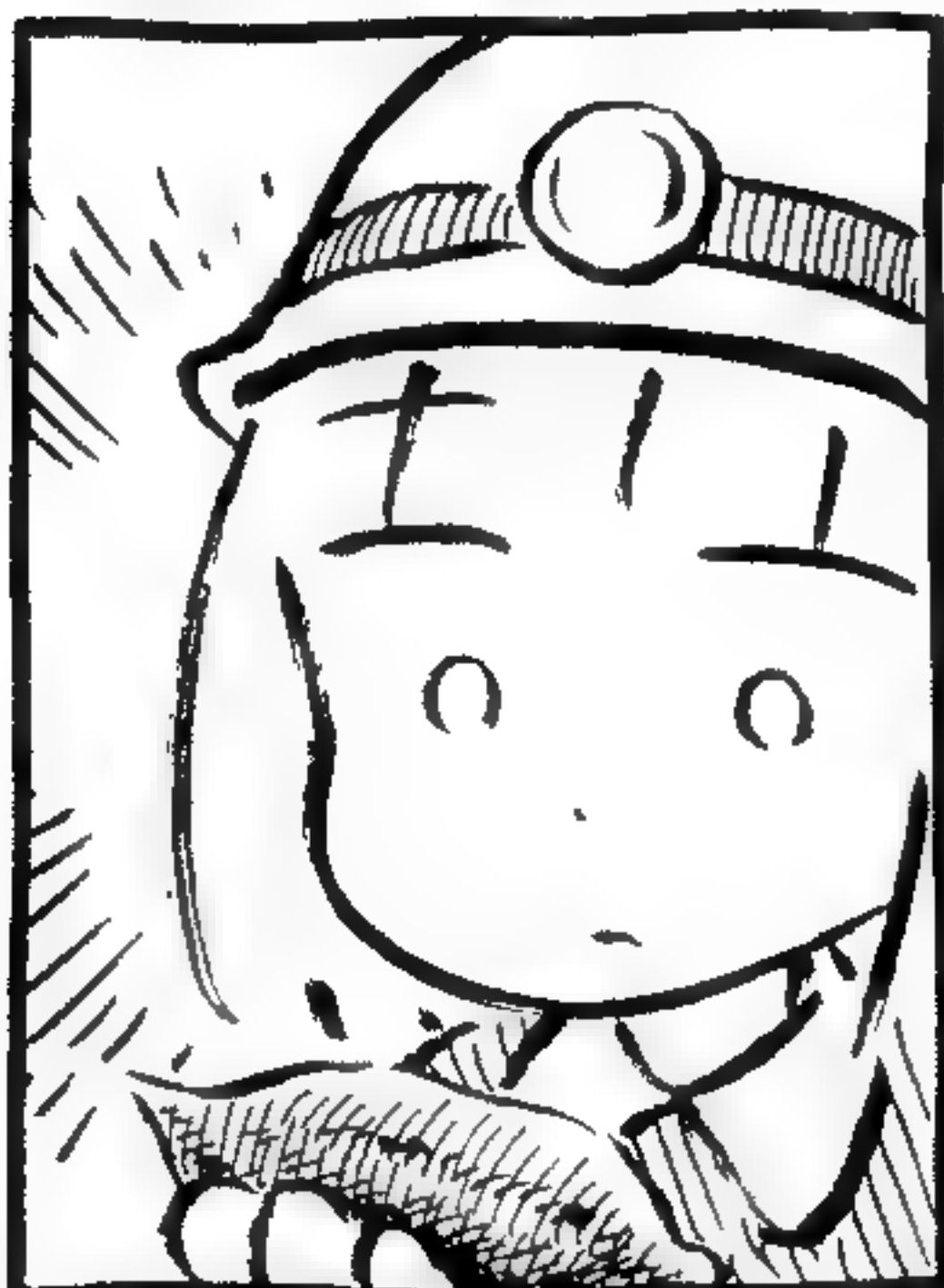
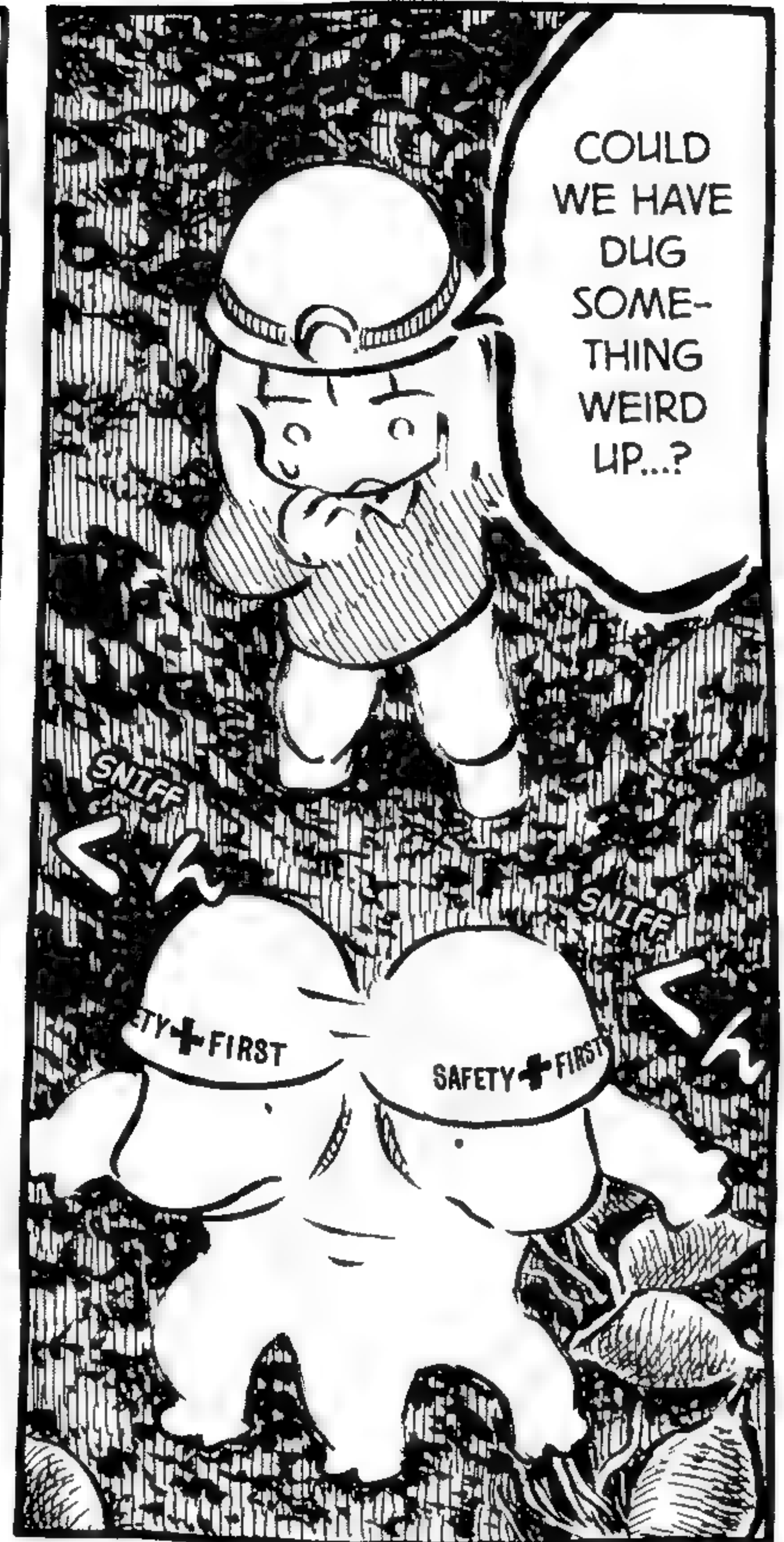
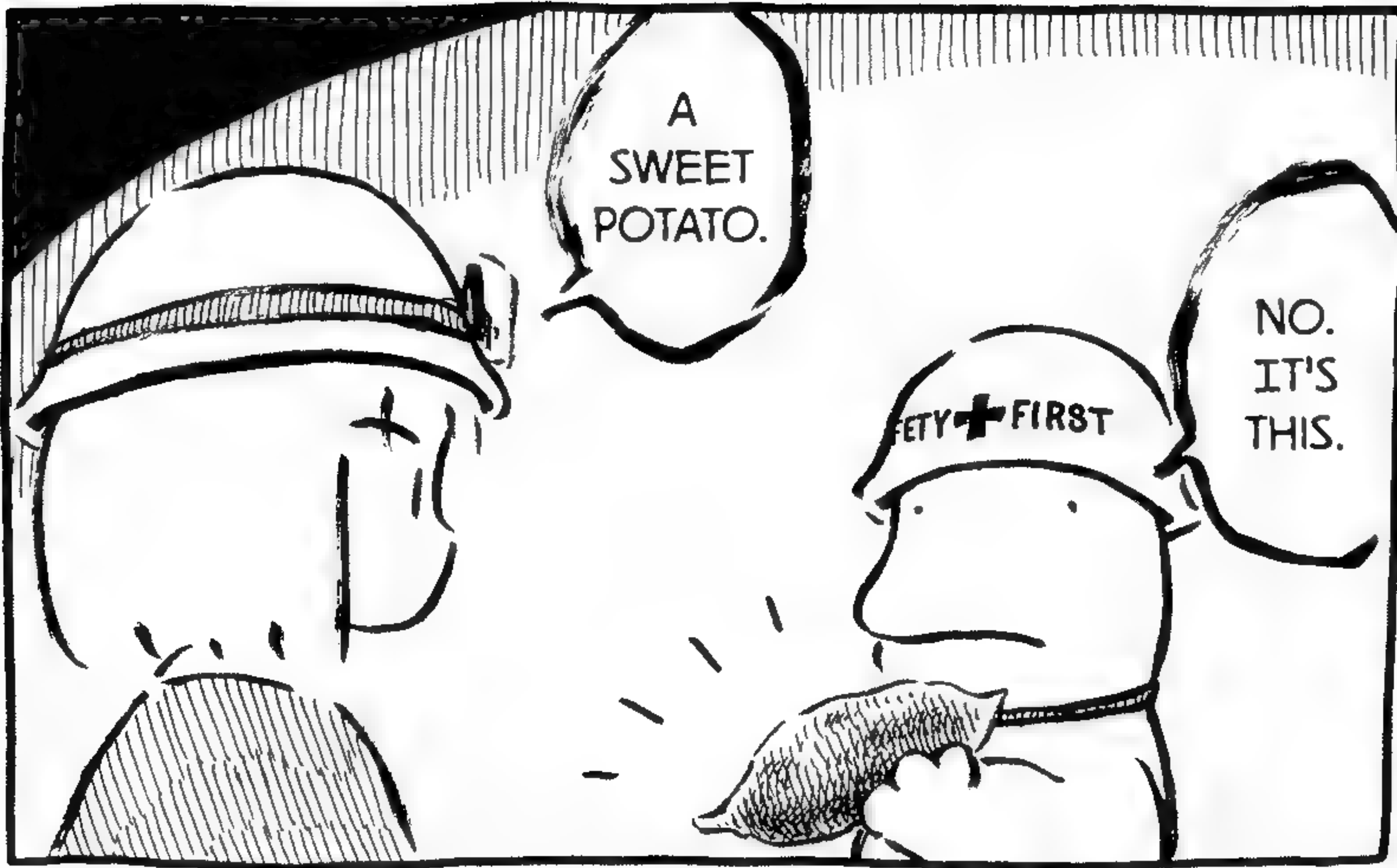


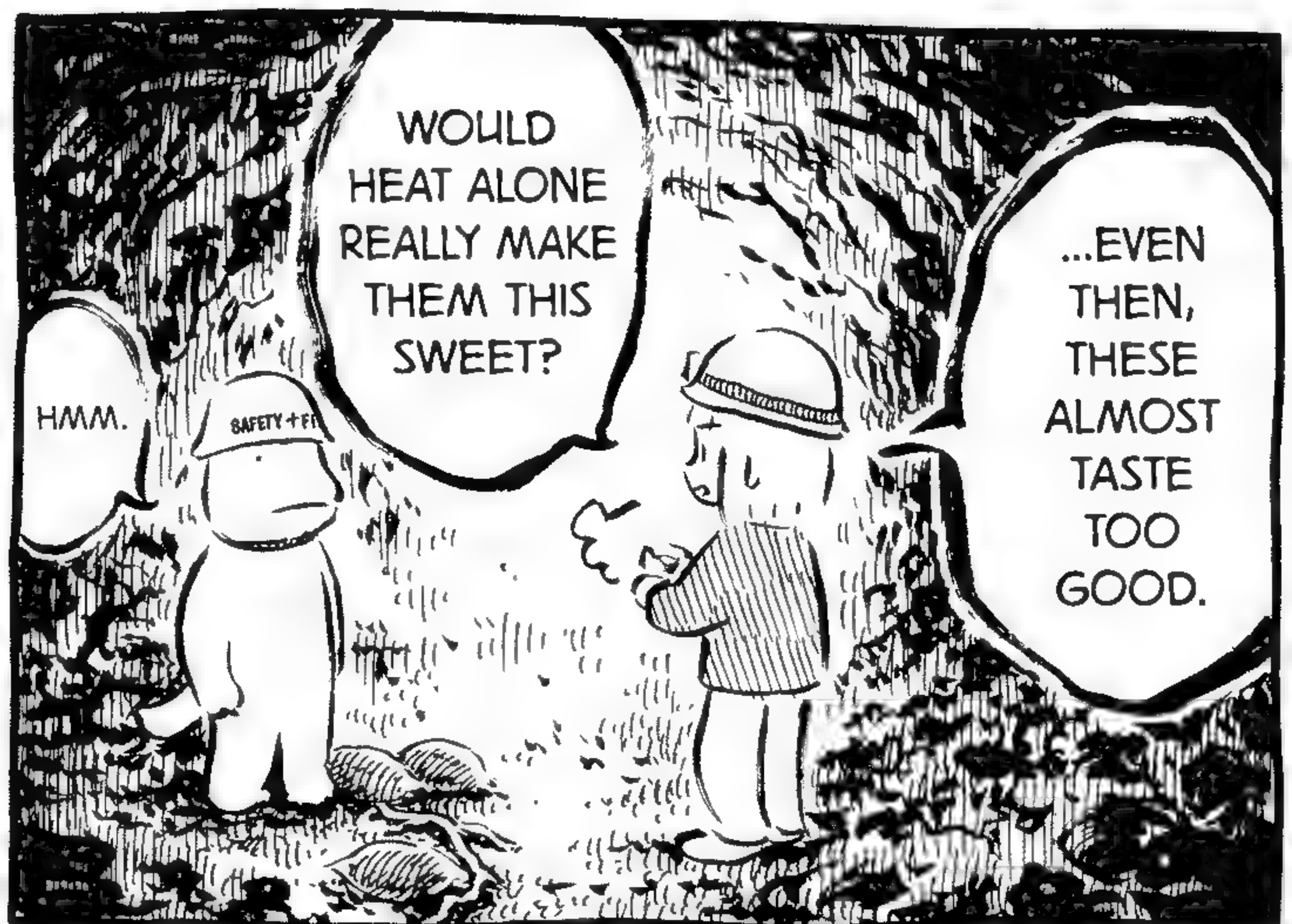
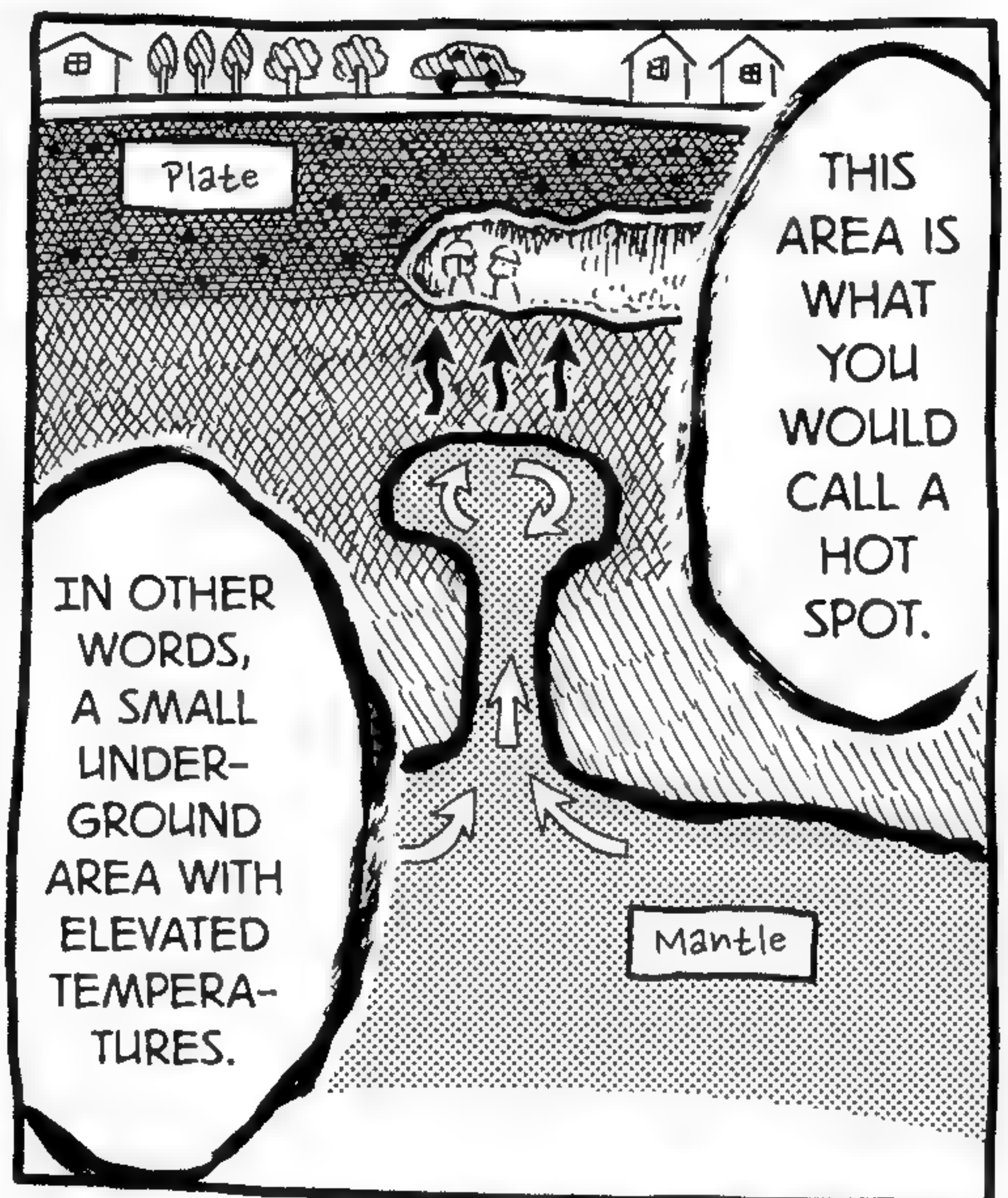
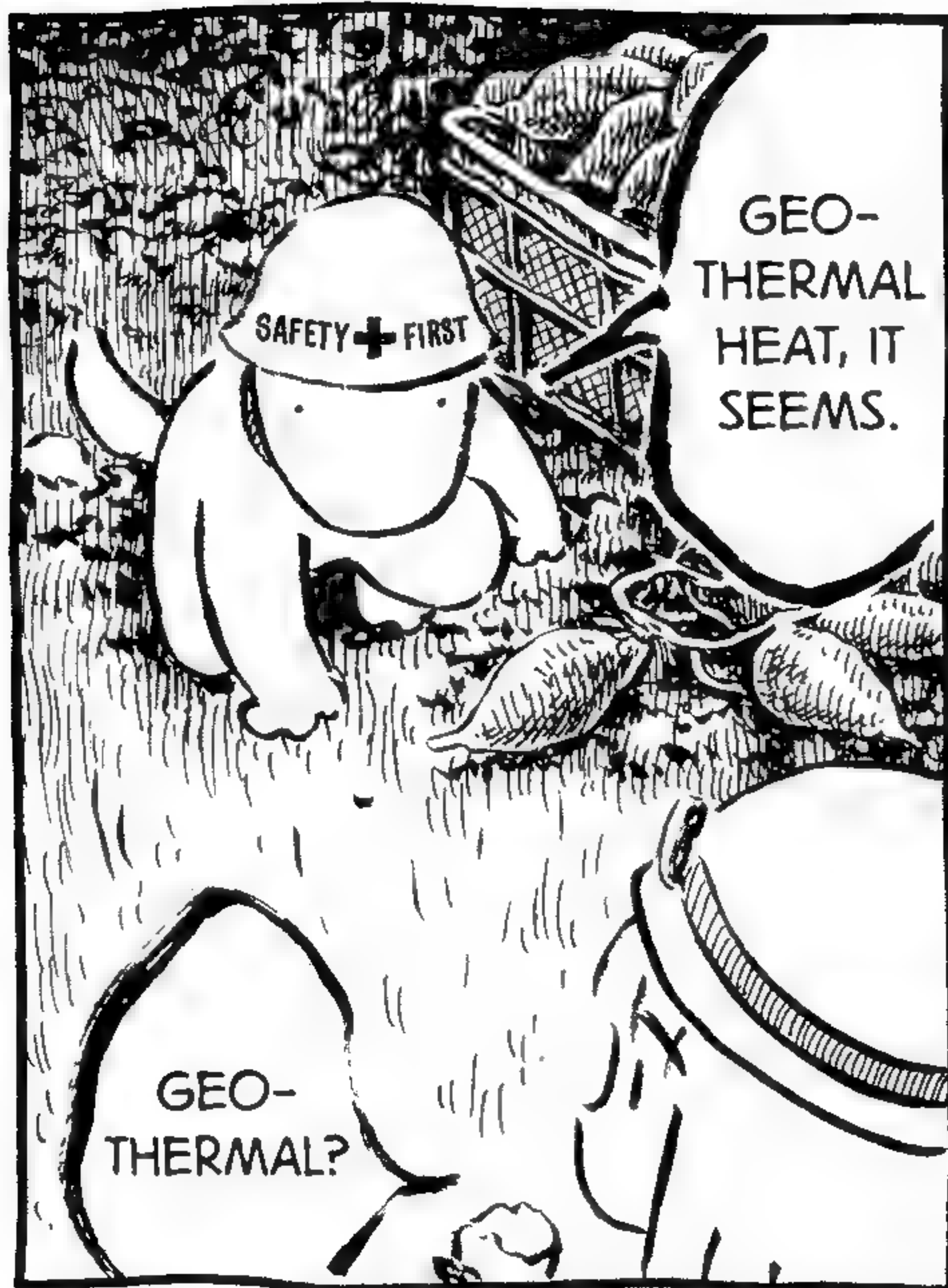
◆ Kanto loam soil ◆

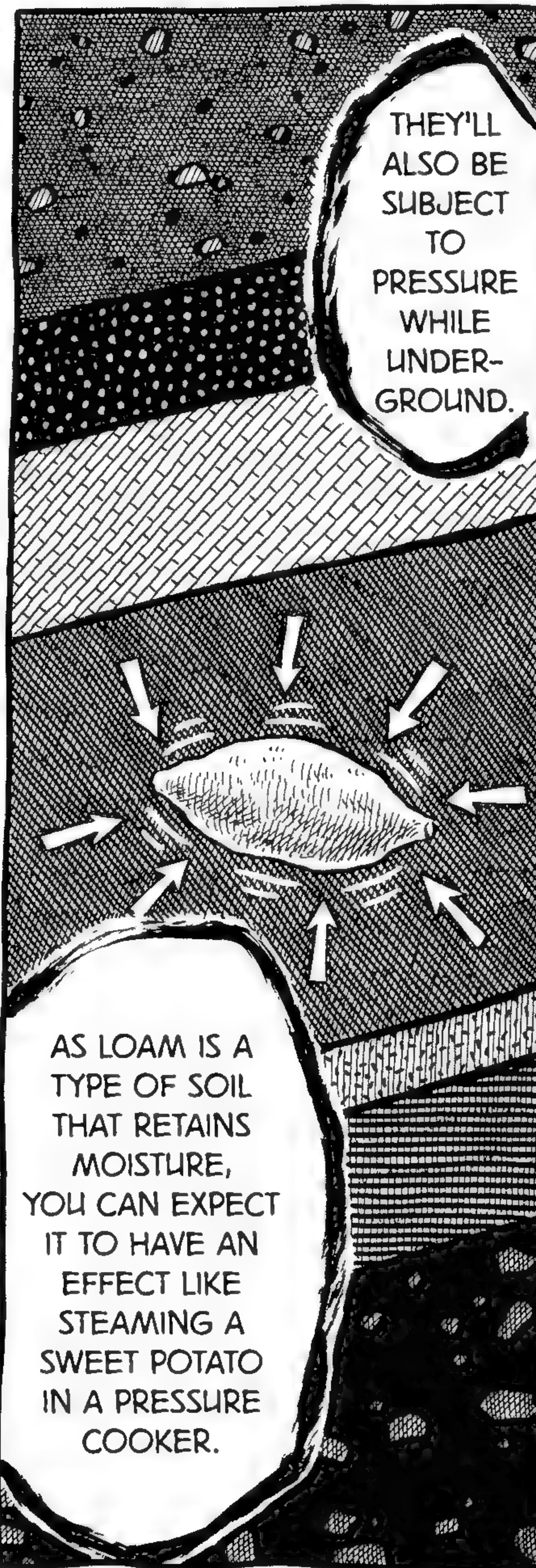
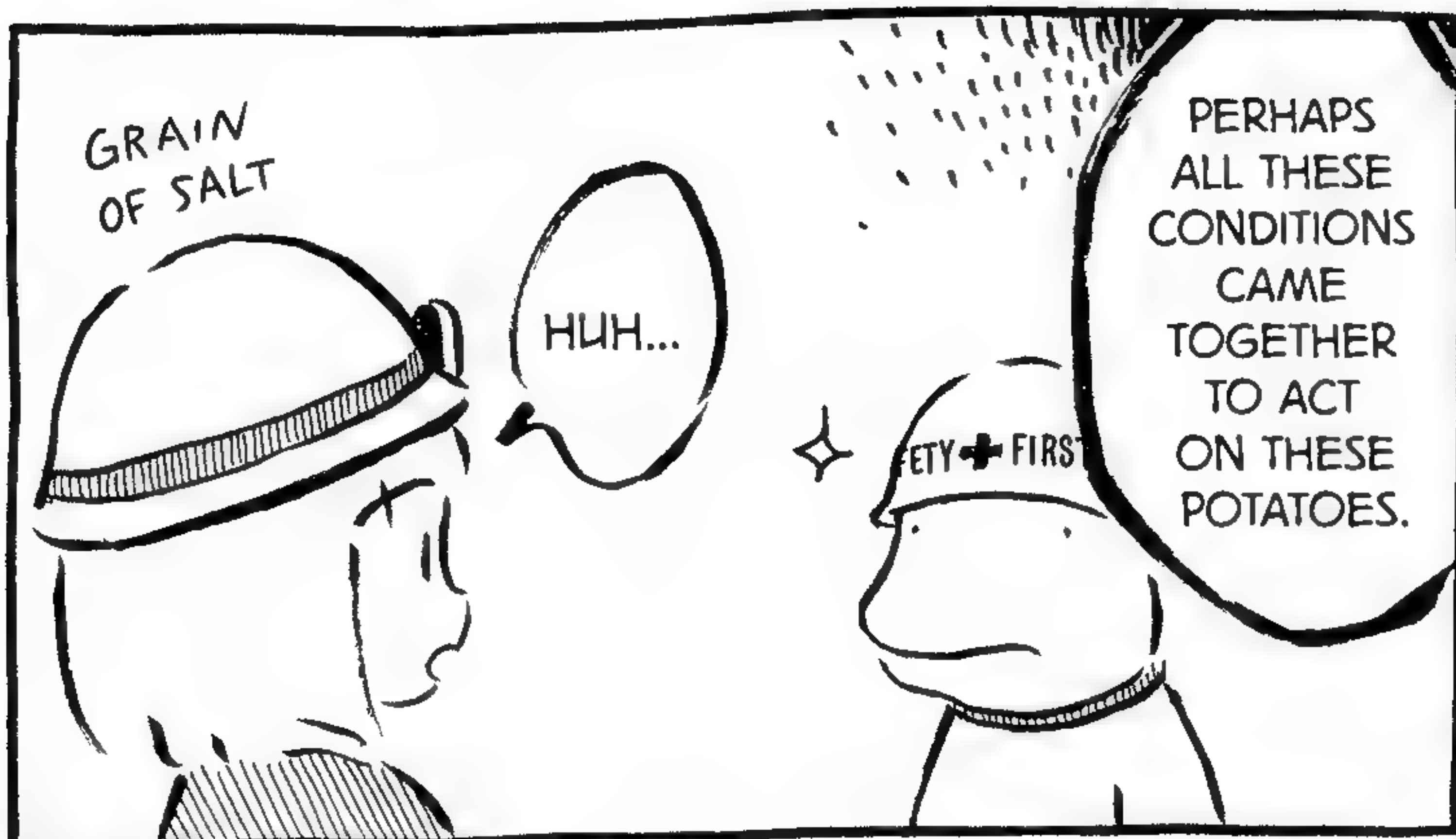
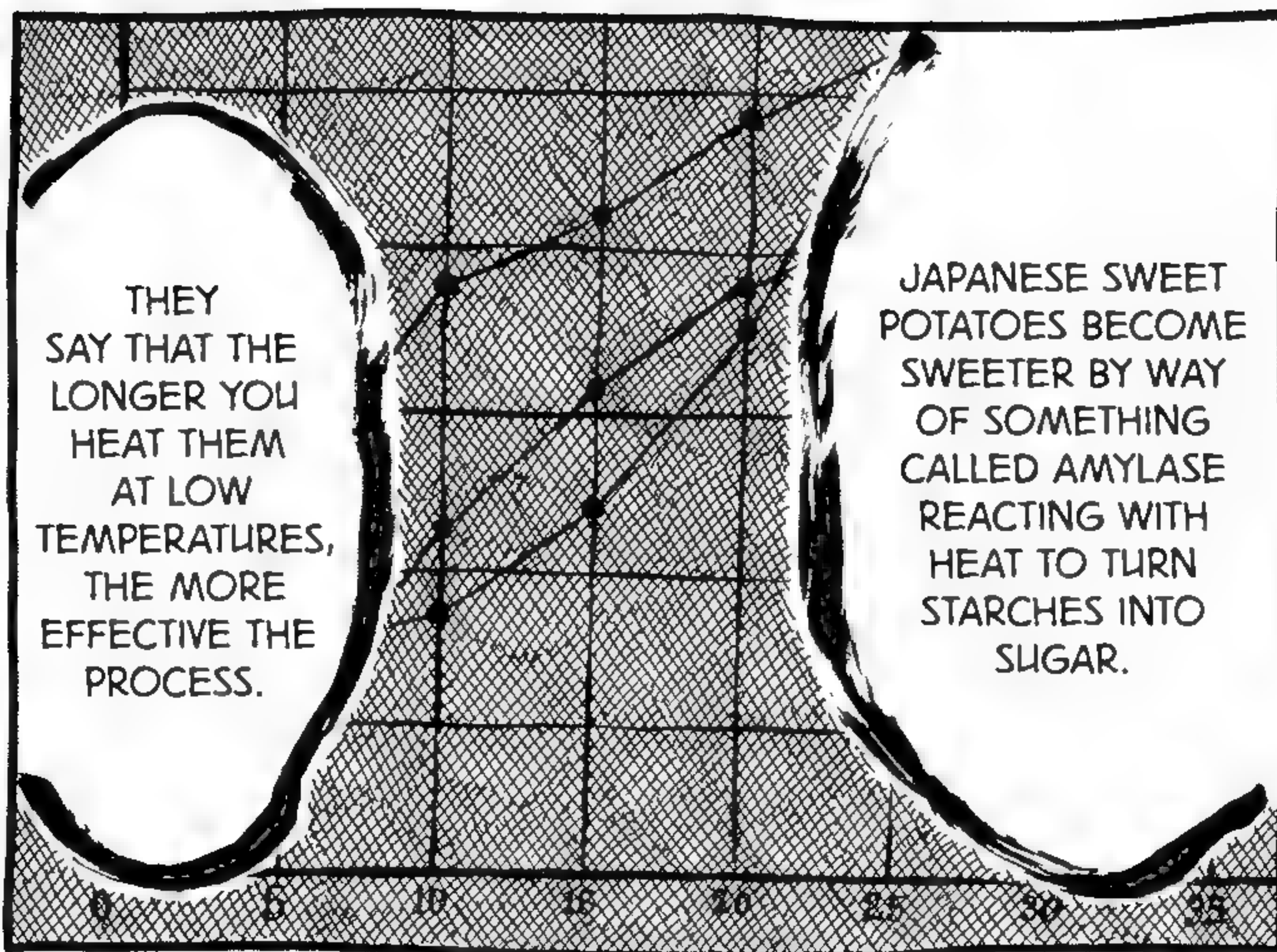
A layer of volcanic ash that broadly covers the plateaus and hilly areas of the Kanto region. Thought to have been formed by way of volcanic eruptions during the Pleistocene. As red clay, it drains well given its origins as volcanic ash. Due to its moisture retention qualities makes for excellent soil. In Japan, loam is a soil classification used to describe clay with about thirty percent sand. Volcanic ash has nothing to do with whether soil is called loam.





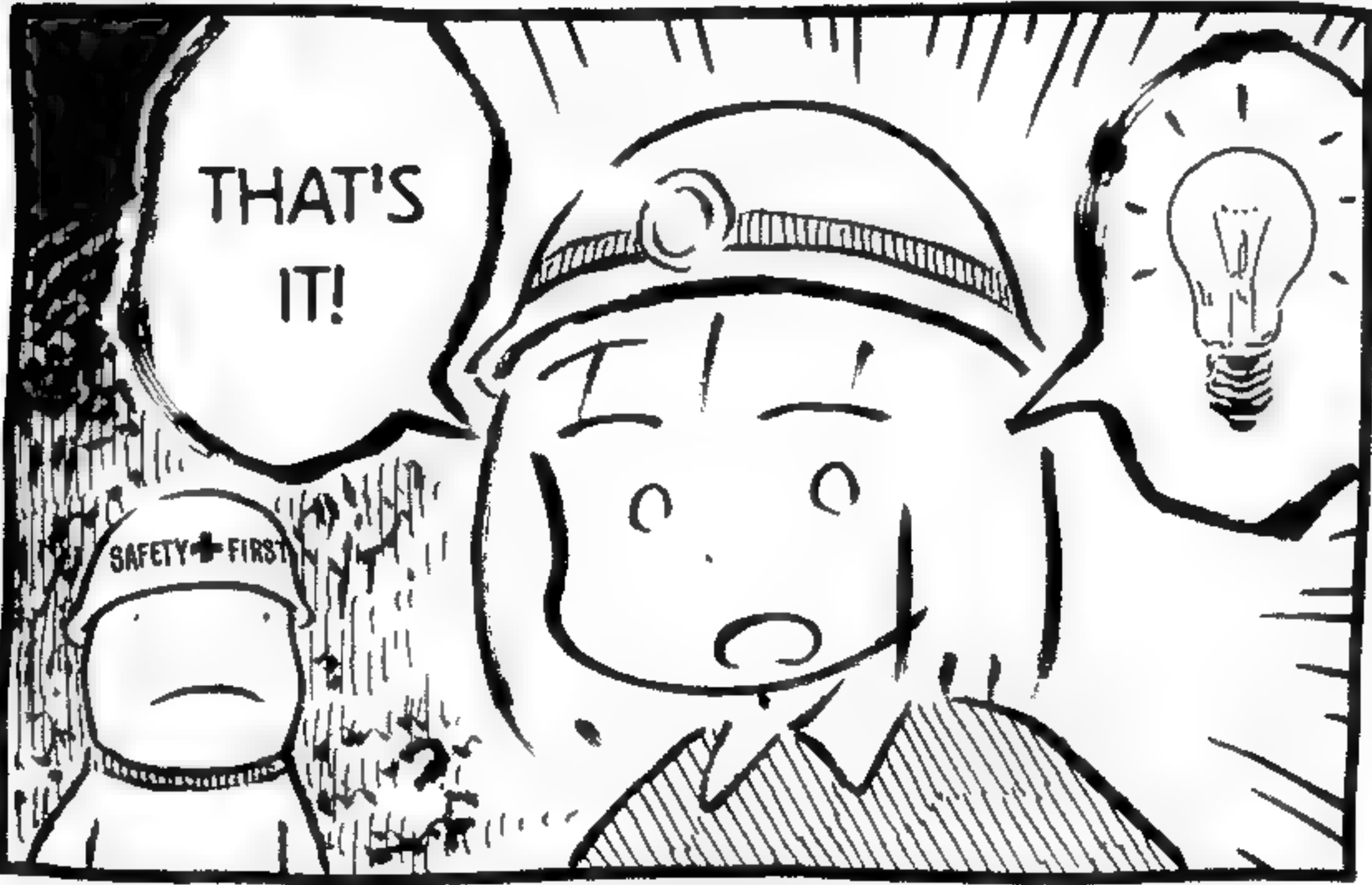






COULD WE HAVE JUST
DUG UP SOMETHING
INCREDIBLE?

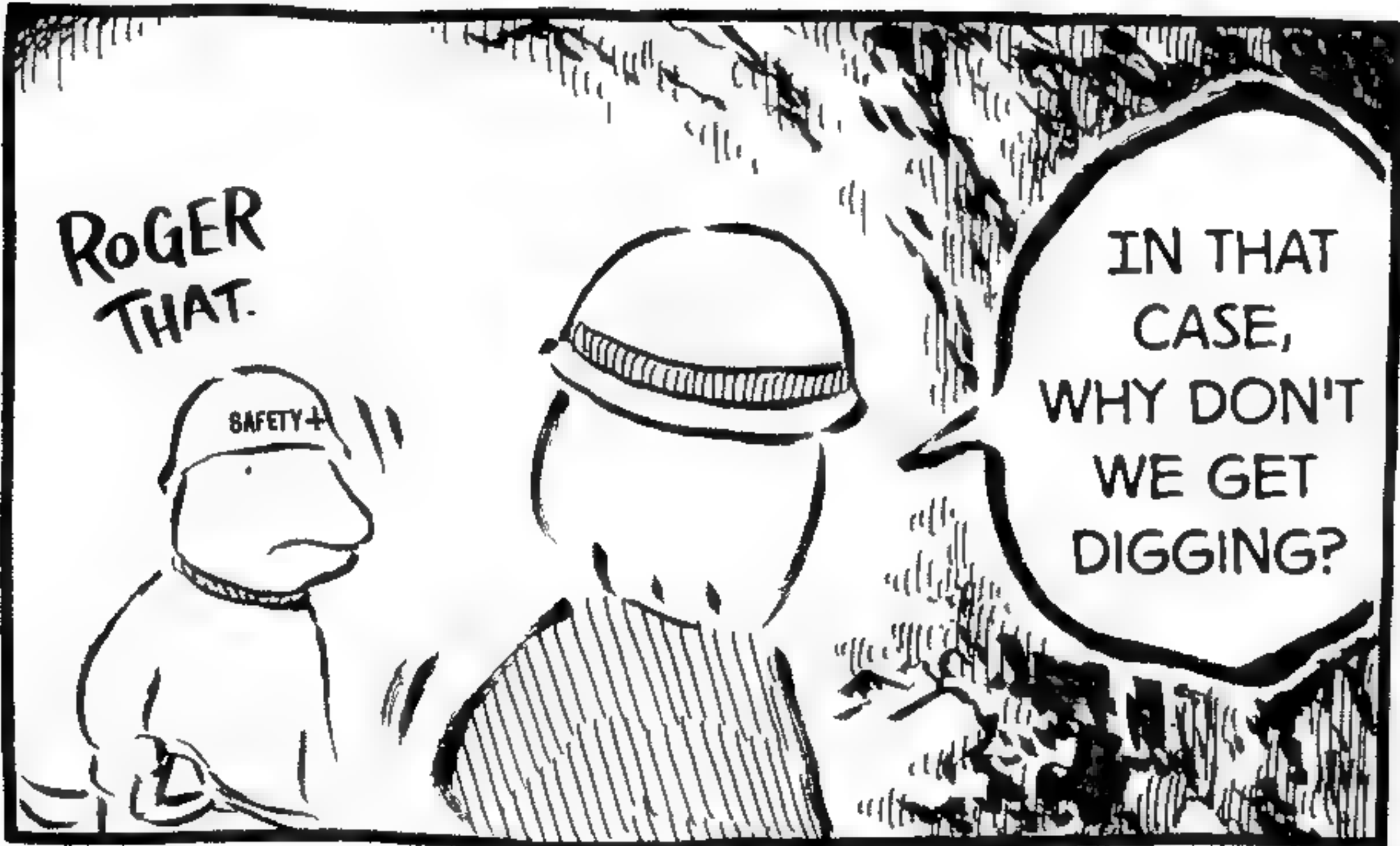
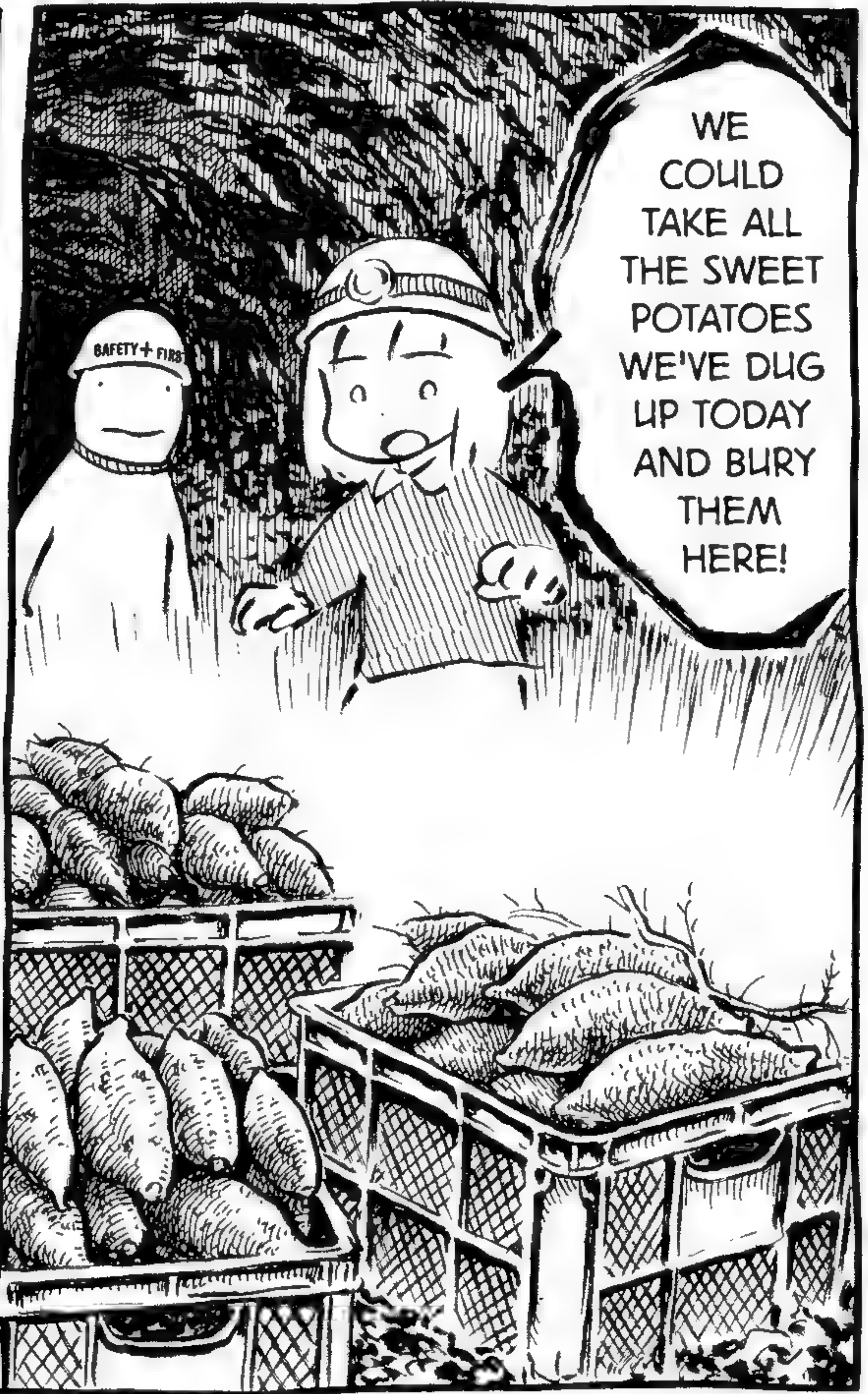
WE'VE DONE MORE THAN JUST
DIG UP DELICIOUS, NATURALLY
BAKED SWEET POTATOES.
THIS COULD BE A HUGE
OPPORTUNITY...

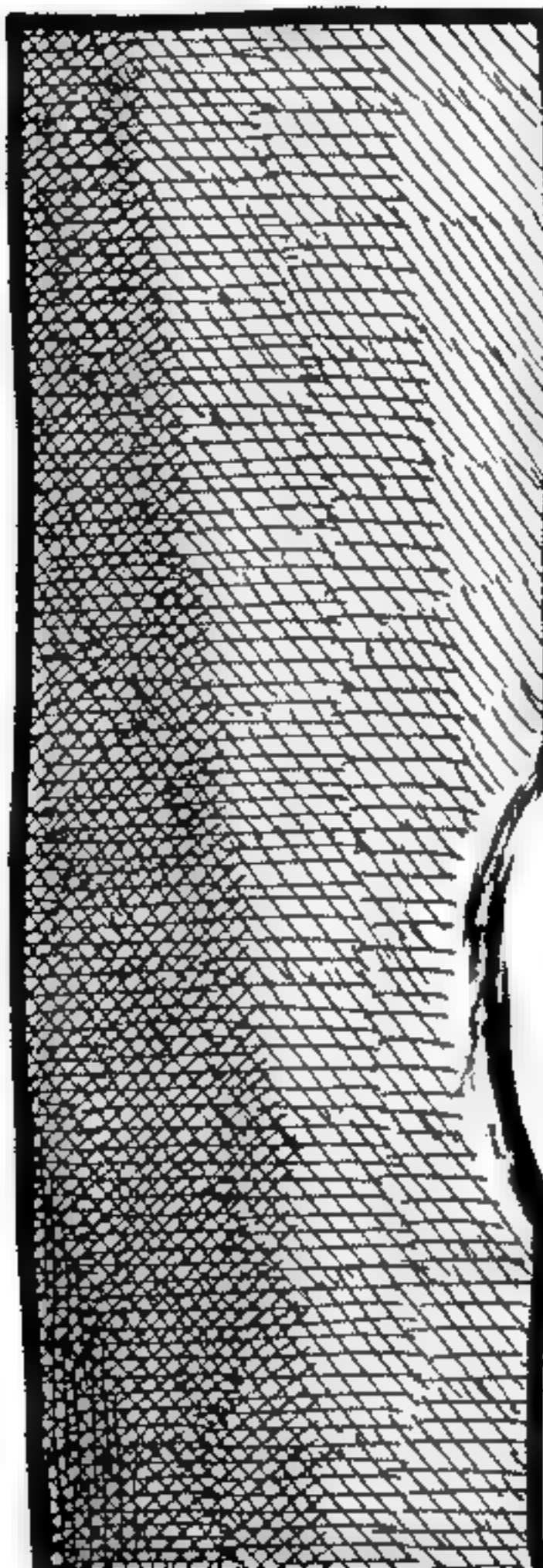
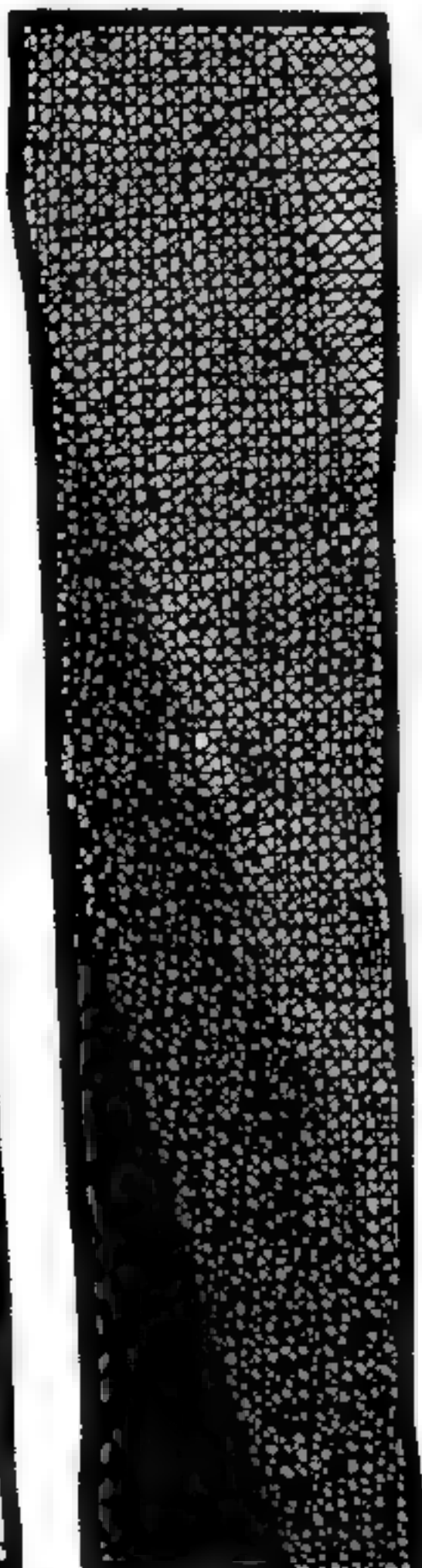
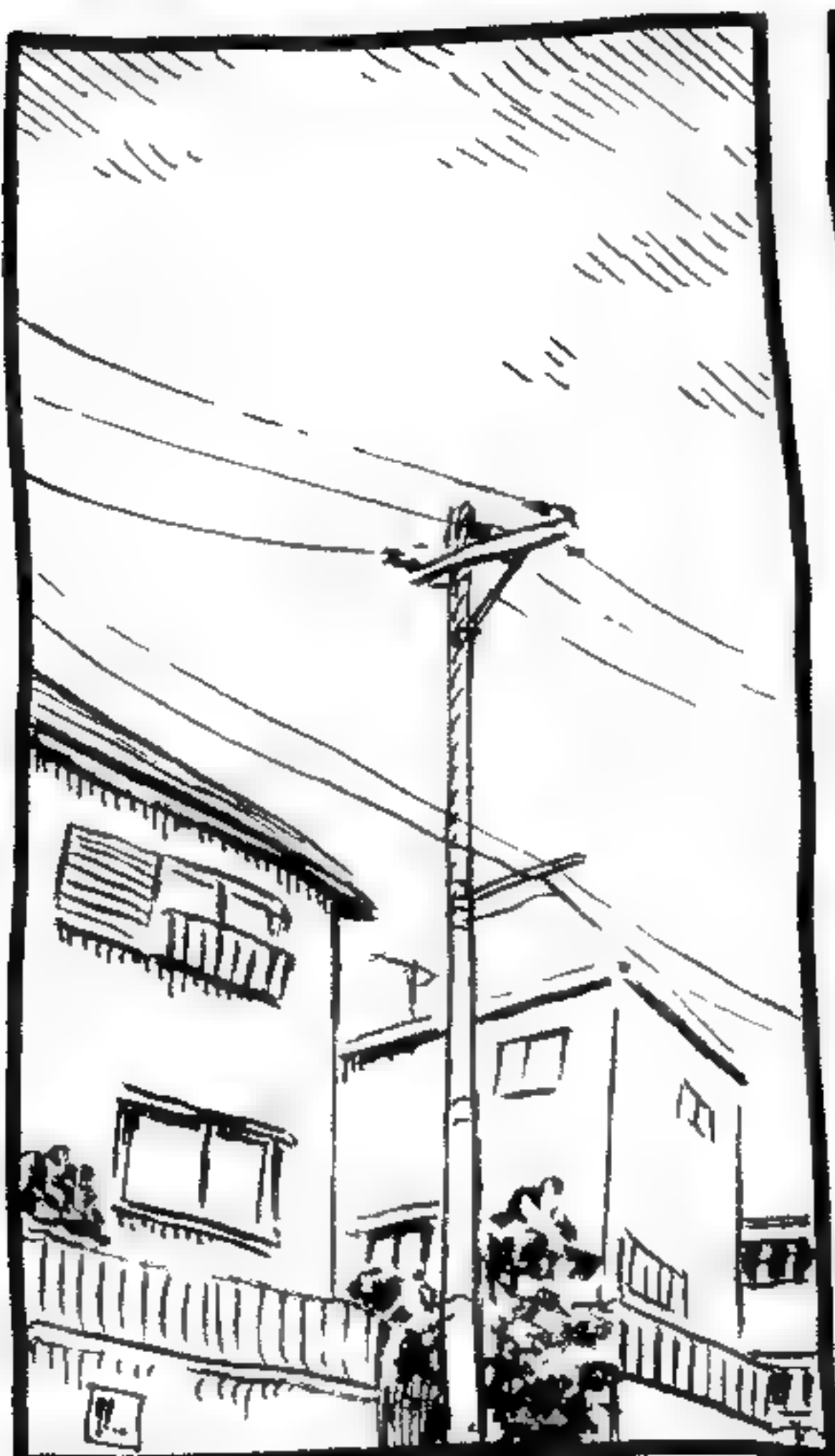
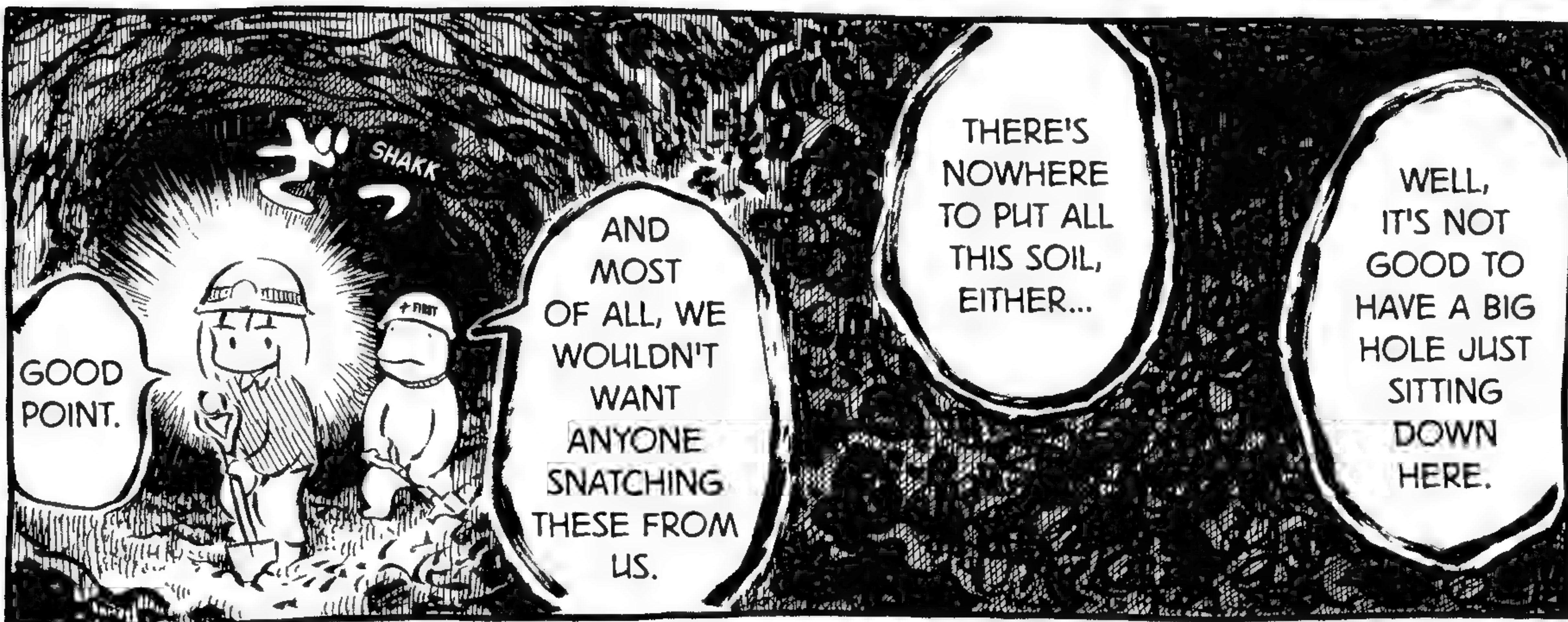


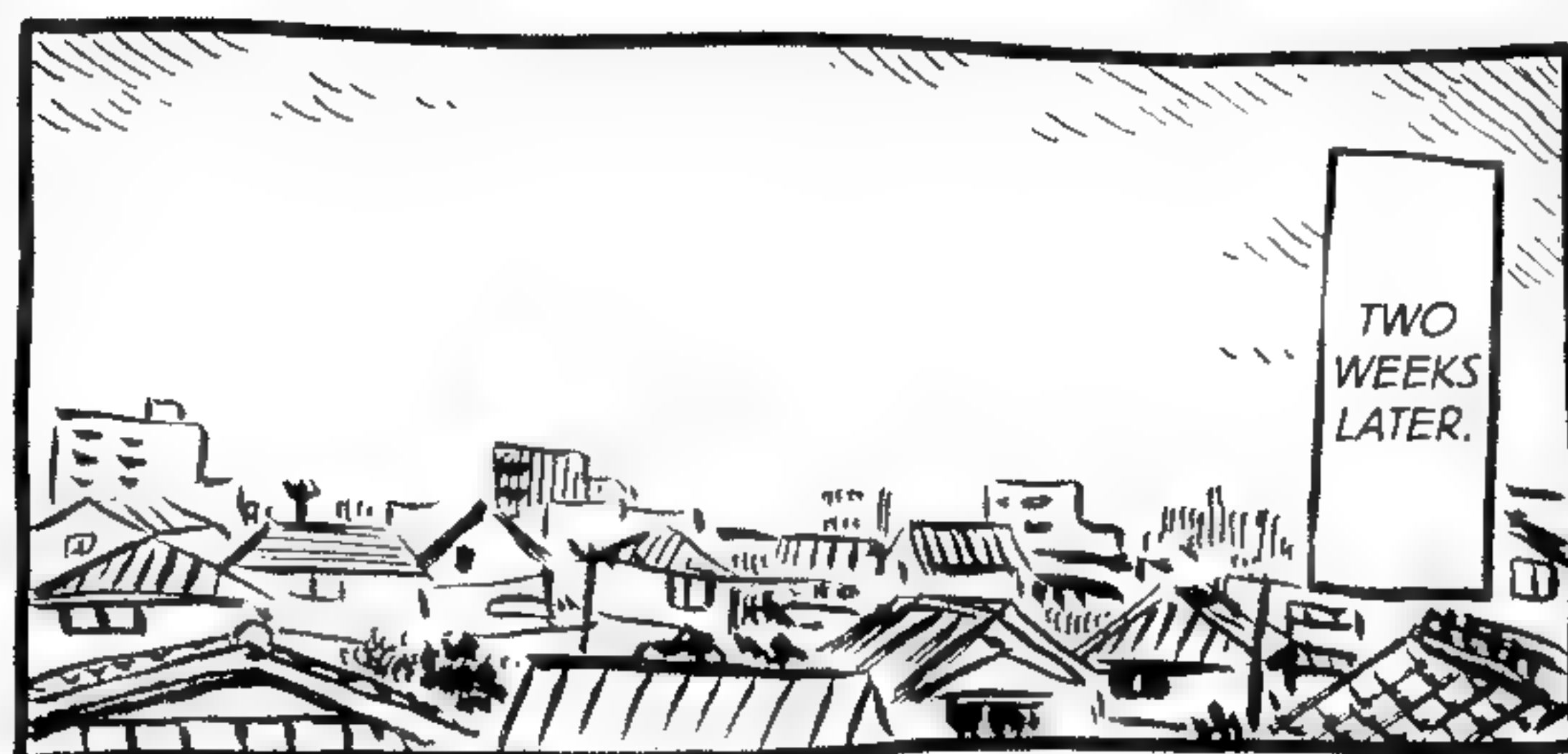
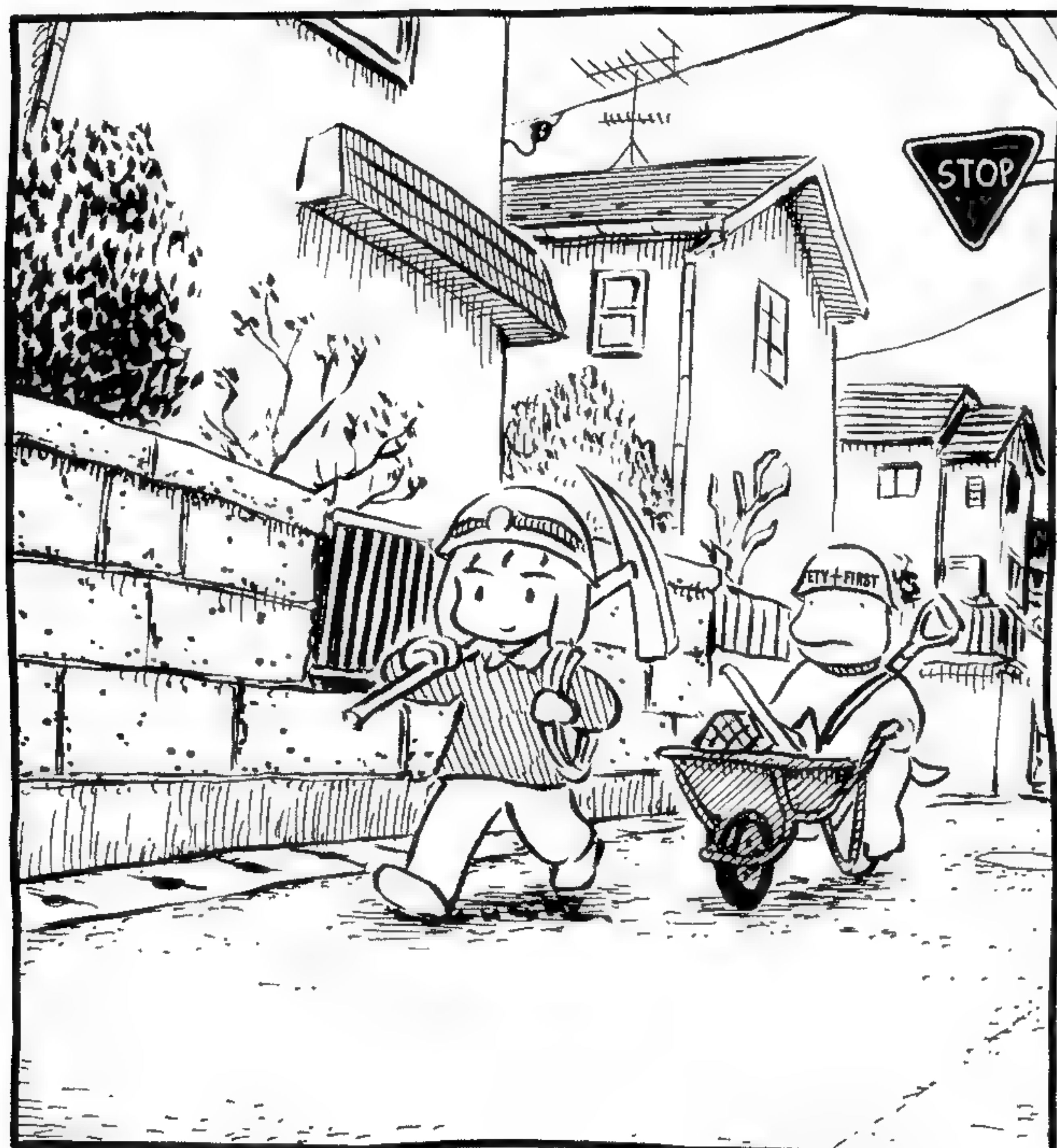
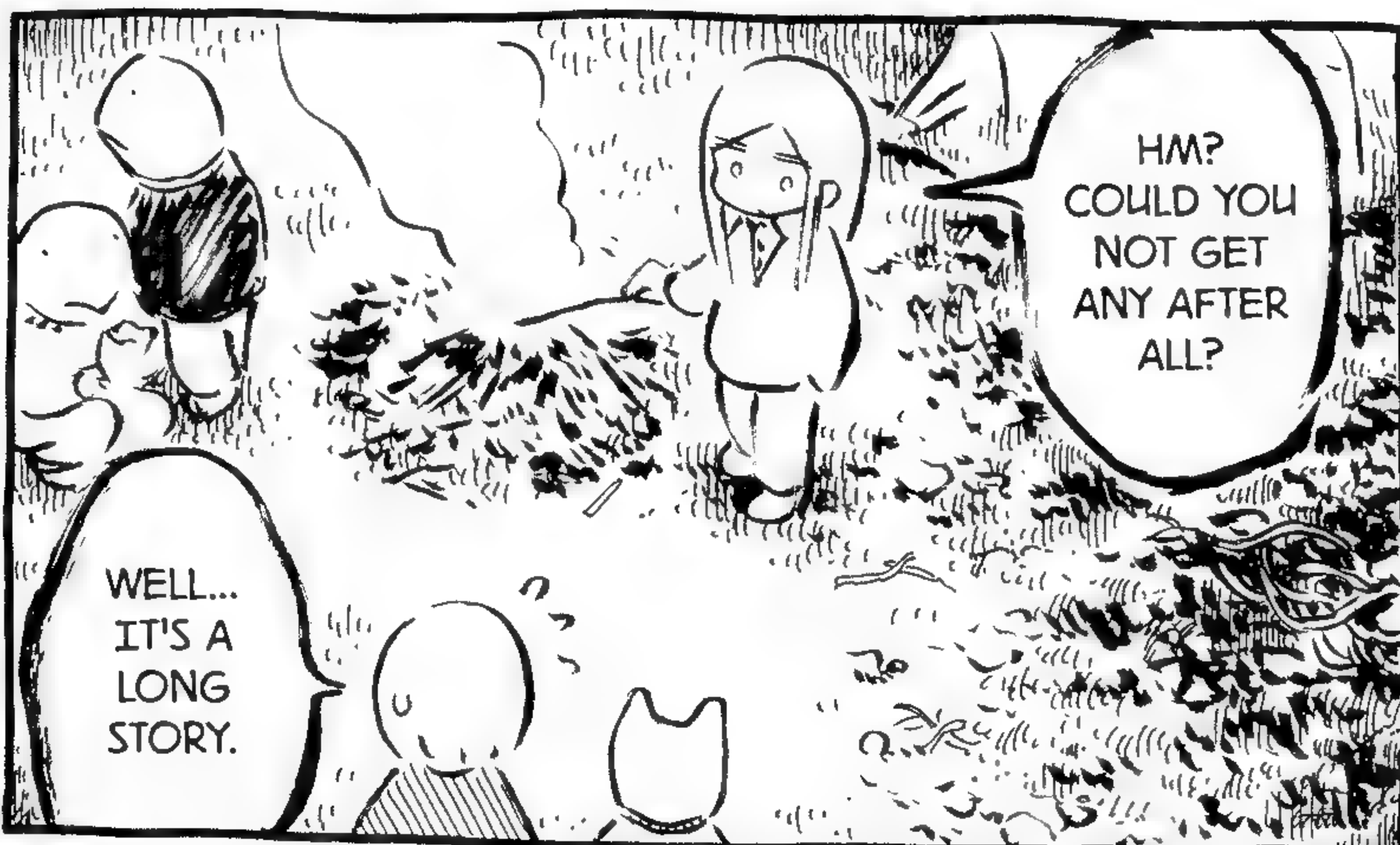
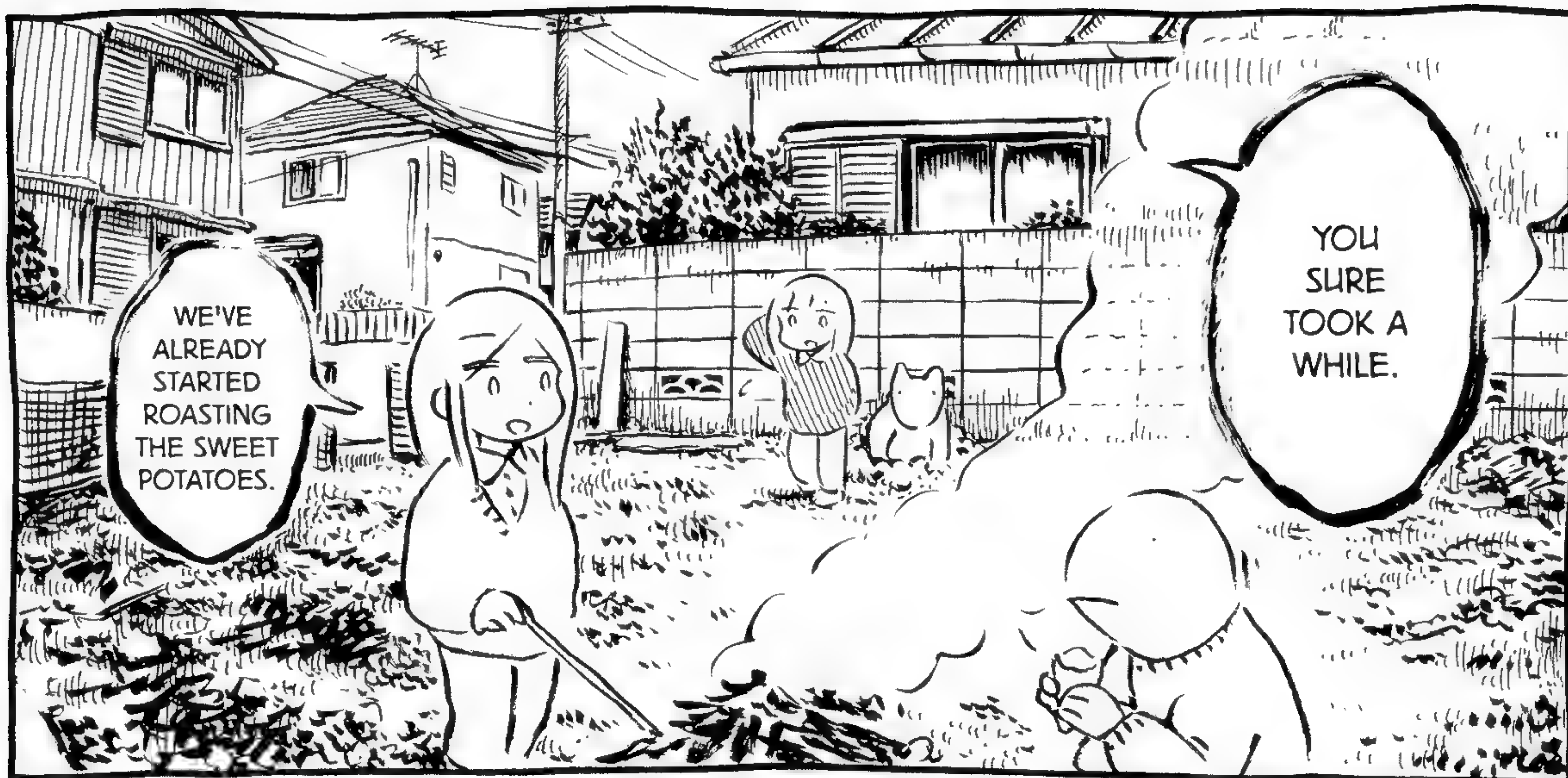
LEAVING THEM
HERE IS ALL IT'LL
TAKE TO MAKE
THEM PERFECT.
HOW COULD WE
PASS UP THIS
OPPORTUNITY!

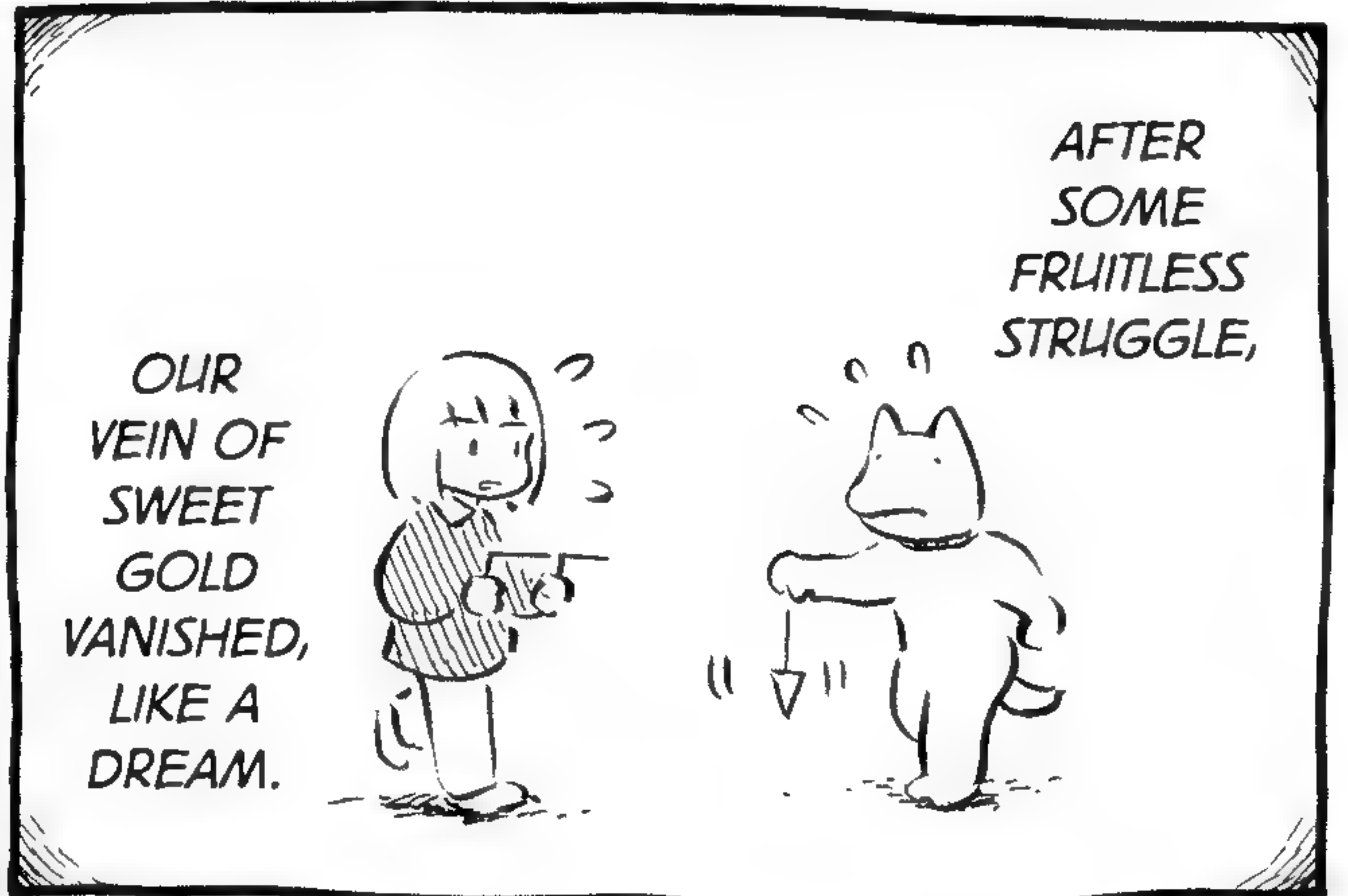
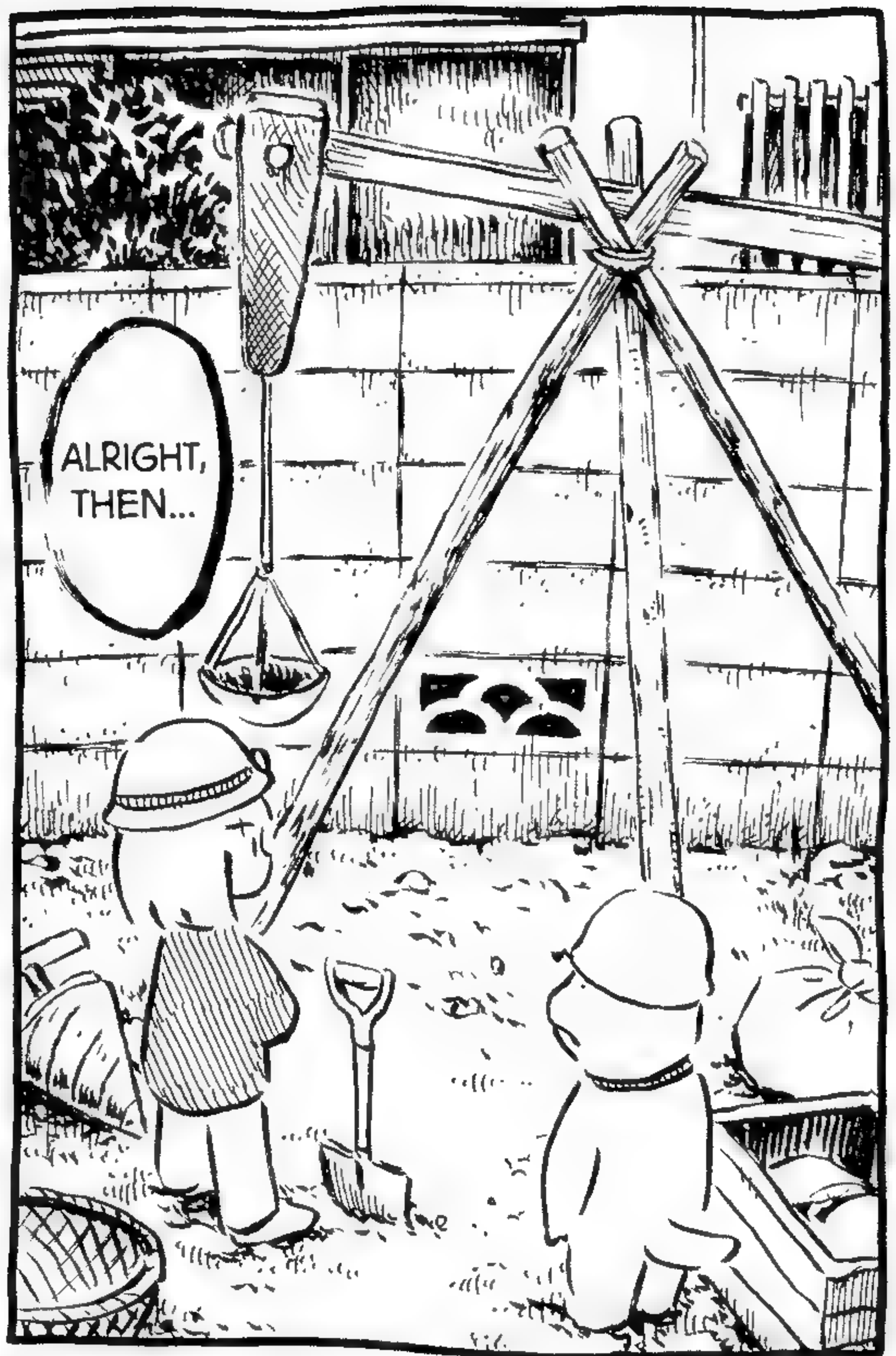
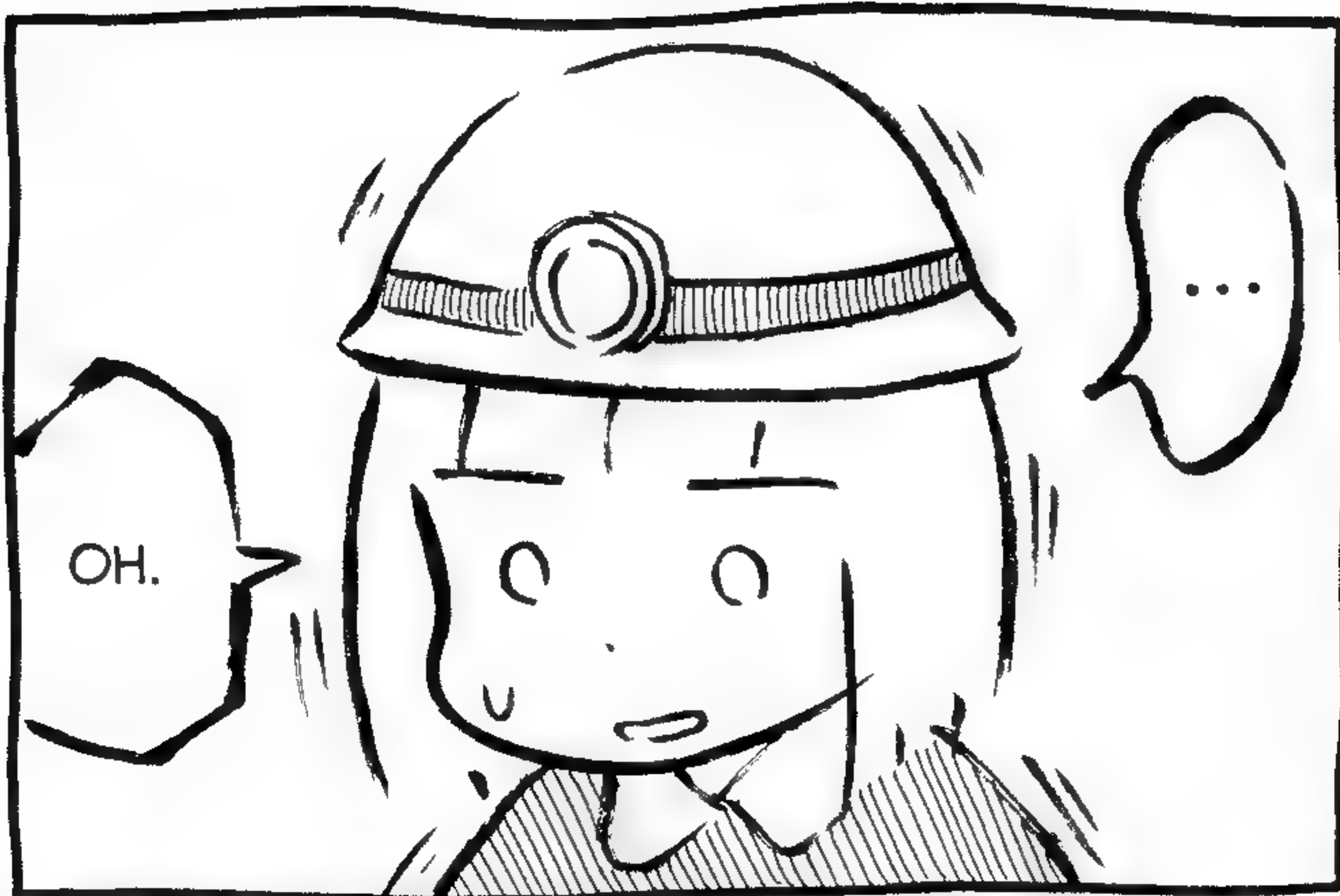
WE'VE GOT
TOO MUCH
TO CARRY
TO THE
SURFACE,
ANYWAY...

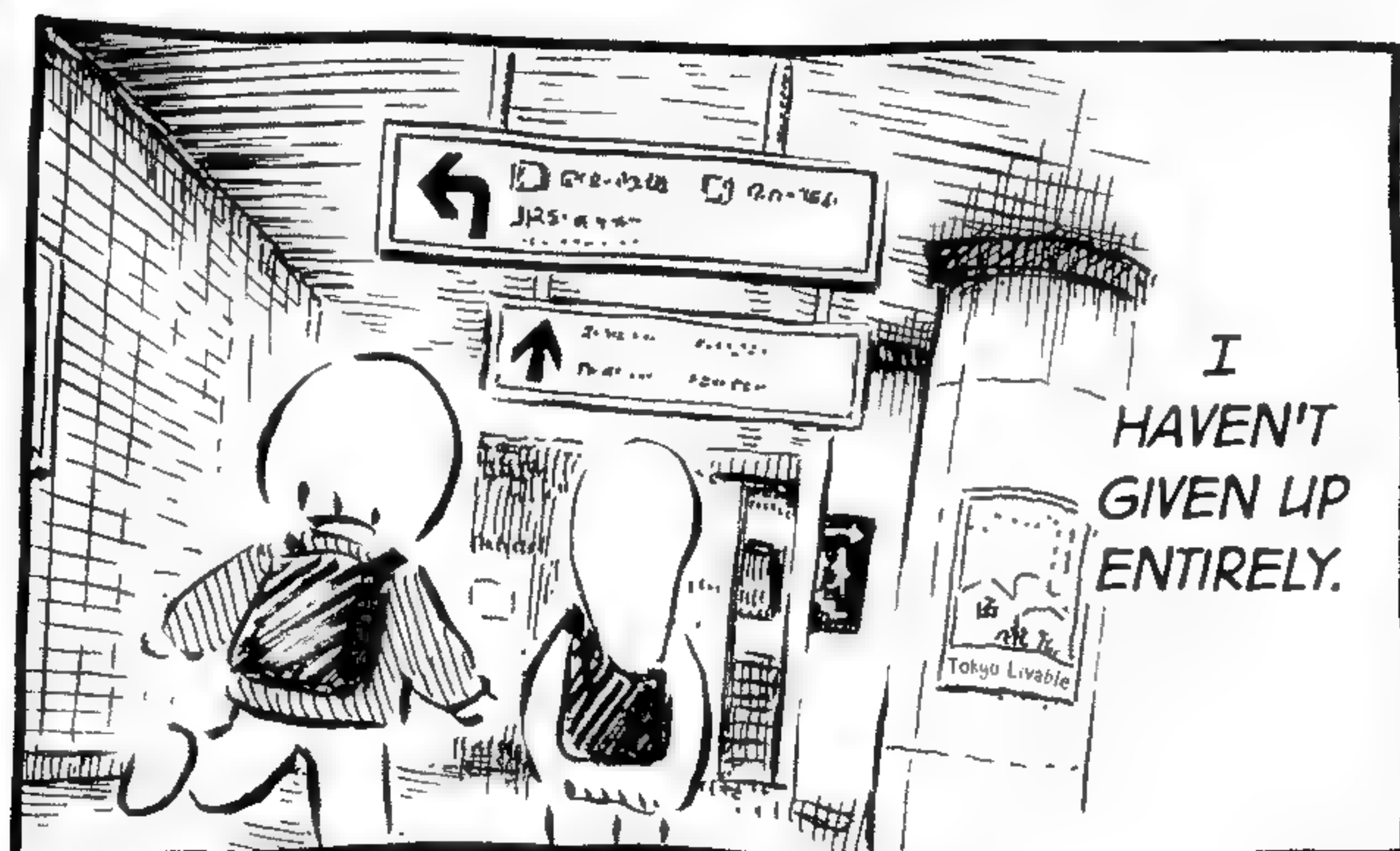
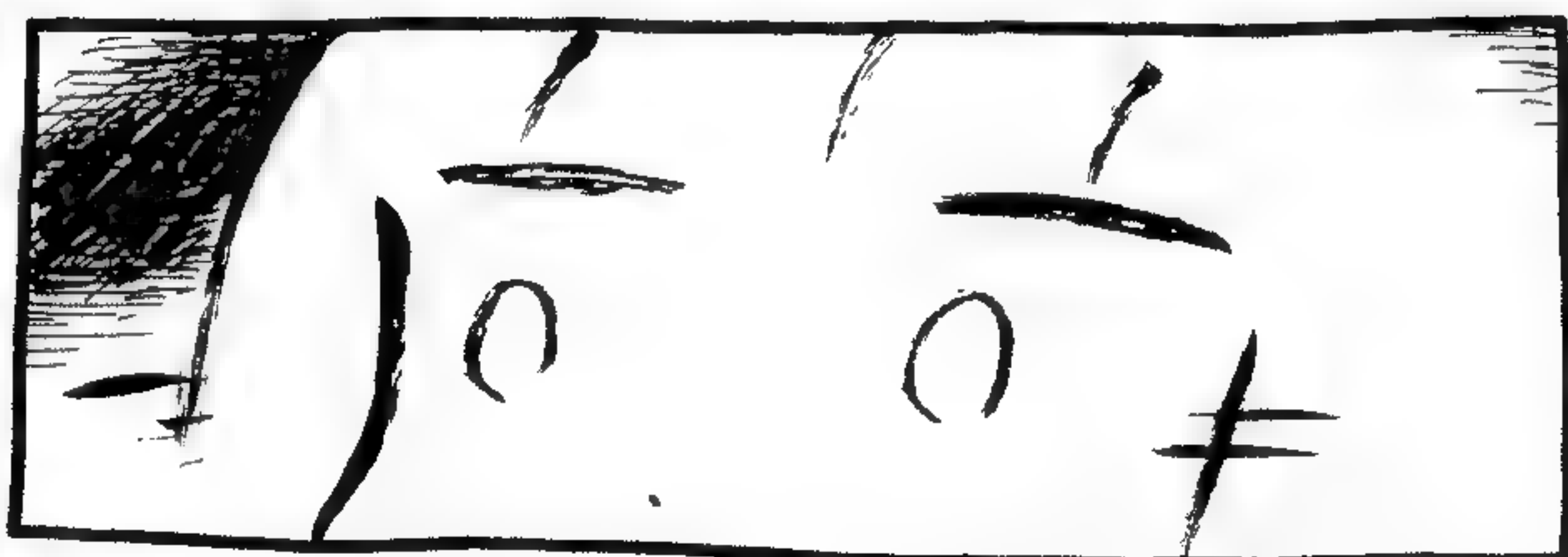
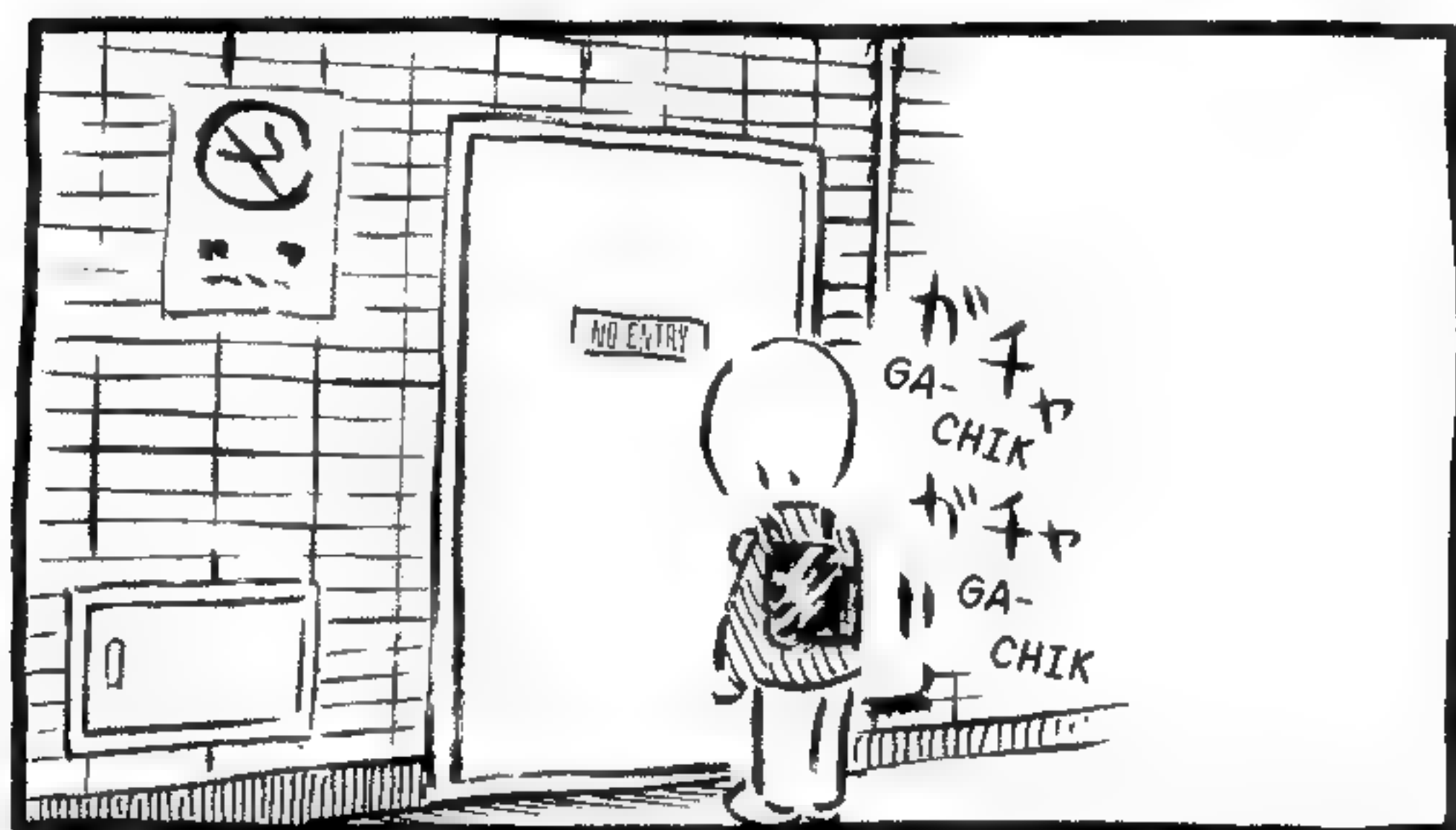
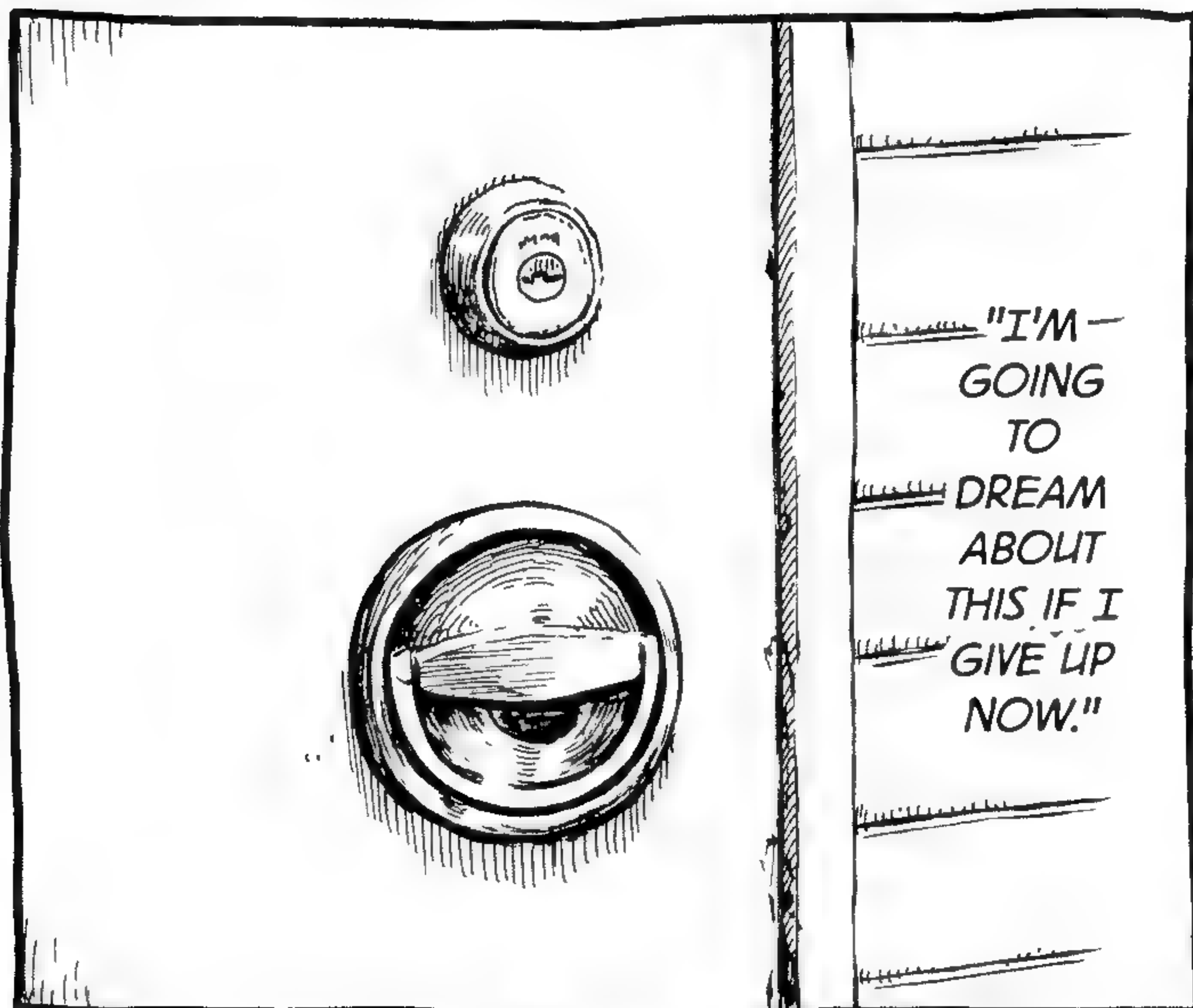
A
BRILLIANT
PLAN!











Impression

Whenever I see something linear, it feels like the only time it seems perfectly straight is when I look at it while thinking, "Oh! It's straight!"

No matter how sharp the shape may be, its sharp contours make no impression on me unless I'm focusing on it in the center of my vision. They exist there according to the emotions and whims of the moment. And they only begin to be straight once they are seen and thought of as straight. That goes for anything, even an accurate ruler.

Looking at it the other way, it could be possible for us to see something crooked as straight if it's supposed to be that way and our point of view steps in to make a correction. Every structure changes according to the order of where it is located, aging with time as it weathers and deteriorates. They all gradually begin to bend.

February 16, 2010

Commentary

These columns are to be read left to right.
Since they are not single page-long spreads like the previous essays, we wanted to inform our readers of where these columns start to avoid confusion.

panpanya's commentary starts on page 194
and runs through page 190.

Then, the other day, I realized that I'd forgotten once more. Even though I still remembered previously feeling relieved... This left me astonished at how fragile my own memory is, so I went through my journal. It was right there, and I was able to remember once more what the billboard was of.

Journals really are important. The feeling that I need to continue keeping a journal only gets stronger when I realize that it could even help my future self out.

Sweet Potato Vine Wonderland:

Rakuen #28, October 2018

On the cannon shell-shaped protrusion by the side of the guard rail in panel 4 of page 167. I didn't think much of this as I drew it, only that you often see these kinds of things on roads. But upon further consideration, I realized I didn't know what it was and decided to look into it while I wrote this story. It turns out that these are called kilometer markers, and they indicate distance from the road's beginning. Apparently, they come in many shapes in addition to this one, such as post-shaped markers and indicator plates with only numbers written on them.

Something small and unexpected like this resulted in me having more fun drawing comics and looking at towns, and that made me happy.

Permission 2:

Rakuen web, August 2018

I can remember picking up unwanted items that were labeled “free to take” twice in the past: Bireley's¹ ashtrays from a Chinese restaurant, and an old book on how to train dogs from a Buddhist altar seller.

Strictly speaking, I didn't need these items, as I don't smoke or have a pet dog. You could say I acted impulsively when I took them, but I've still found places for both in my home and have them to this day. The "Free" part has an odd allure to it.

At the Aquarium:

Eureka, October 2018

A comic for a special issue on "The World of Field Guides."

I like not just field guides, but catalogs, archives, and other collections of information on a theme because of the way they make you feel like the world is both bigger and more detailed than you think. In that sense, it may be something similar that makes maps so interesting.

Symbol:

Rakuen web, December 2018

The other day, I felt like I'd stopped seeing any blimps in the sky. When I looked into it, I found out that the last manned blimp in Japan stopped operating at the end of 2016. I thought the number might be decreasing, but I couldn't believe they were already extinct. I recalled seeing one flying in Tokyo a few years ago, but that must have been the last one in Japan.

I've never seen a hot air balloon in a town, but I hear there are places around Japan where you can ride them.

Waiting at the Usual Spot:

Iwanami Data Science

Vol. 6, June 2017

About five years ago, they were tearing down a billboard placed on top of a building I would always pass by. The billboard had been a familiar sight, but I then realized that I had zero recollection of what had been on it. I obsessively started paging through my memories and felt relieved when I managed to remember what it had been.

¹ Note: *Bireley's* is a brand of non-carbonated fruit flavored soft-drinks.

Introduction to Comparative Pigeon Studies:

Rakuen #27, June 2018

I once saw a gigantic worm on a rainy mountain road. I remember it being as big as a snake, but when I think about it with a cooler head, it seems very likely that while it may have been quite large, my memory of it is exaggerated because of its impact on me when I first faced it. Still, there's no way now for me to know for sure, but I think it's important to record and examine anything amazing in the moment you see it.

When I went back and checked with my family about the Boo Pigeon, the theory arose that the Boo Pigeon and the Foot Pigeon could be one and the same. I think memories are a vague thing. Journals, though, can fix something in place.

Signs of a Coincidence:

*Iwanami Data Science
Vol. 5, February 2017*

On feeling someone's eyes on you.

The idea of sensing someone looking at you from behind might seem to be something ghost-like and unscientific, but on the other hand, it seems

possible when you consider that herbivores have senses so sharp that they can detect when predators are looking at them.

For example, eyes will shine in special ways under certain conditions. Human eyes turn red when a flash photo of their face is taken. Cat's eyes glint despite there being barely any light in a dark place.

It wouldn't be strange for some animal to have the ability to detect a unique kind of light emitted by such looks, and it seems possible that some vestige of that remains in humans. Not that I've ever felt the sensation of someone looking at me, though.

An Unknown Summer:

Rakuen web, July 2018

In recent years, we've had weather in the summer described as "life-threateningly hot," or "extreme heat." It's at times like these when you truly feel grateful for shade, but that thought also brings you to the realization that the tool known as the parasol could be called portable shade. I'd never given much thought to the benefits of a parasol, but now I see it as quite the valuable tool.

How to Can Goods:

Self-published, May 2015

I bought a huge can of tuna the other day at a wholesale supermarket. I don't know what I'm going to do with it, but I don't want to rush to any ideas.

The best-by date is a while in the future, and I want to let it age. Going by past experiences, though, I tend to have to open this kind of thing in a panic as the expiration date looms, so I want to avoid doing that this time.

How to Forge a Journal:

Rakuen #26, February 2018

I have a habit of imagining myself walking around my neighborhood as I go to sleep. But I realize when I look around my actual neighborhood there are at least a few discrepancies from my mental image of it. Sometimes a road might be wider, or a fence is lower than I thought. It lets me feel strangely out of place despite knowing the scene well. The more precisely I try to image what's there, the stronger that feeling of difference, which I find interesting. Repetition lessens the alien feeling, but I can enjoy it all over again by walking somewhere else.

Guyabano Holiday:

Part 1:

Rakuen web Supplement,
March 2018

Parts 2-5:

Rakuen web Supplement,
April 2018

Sidebars 1-3:

Rakuen web Supplement,
August 2018

When you go on a trip to an unknown land, you often end up enjoying elements that are similar to something you know, or just slightly different to something familiar, more than you enjoy the special sights.

To take this a step further, one often feels like they'd like to visit somewhere they've been before more than they want to visit a still-unseen land. This is because you're able to make comparisons with your last visit, making these kinds of enjoyment similar in nature. I wonder if the day will come when I get to visit the Philippines again to eat guyabano.

COMMENTARY

Building a House:

Rakuen web, July 2017

About my home's doorbell.

When I had to replace it a few years ago after the mechanism broke, I couldn't find one with the same tone because of how old it was and unfortunately had to switch to a new tone.

It felt strange when people came to visit at first, as though I was in someone else's home, but I've gotten mostly used to it by now. As this has happened, my memory of that old, nostalgic tone that once notified me of visitors seems to be fading, and it makes me a little sad to think about that.

The Mechanism of Homework:

Rakuen web, August 2017

One year during elementary school, I was assigned to keep a journal for homework. It was a pain to do, so the plan I came up with to somehow make the process more efficient was to write about the homework I did that day. There were a lot of days when I had other homework besides the

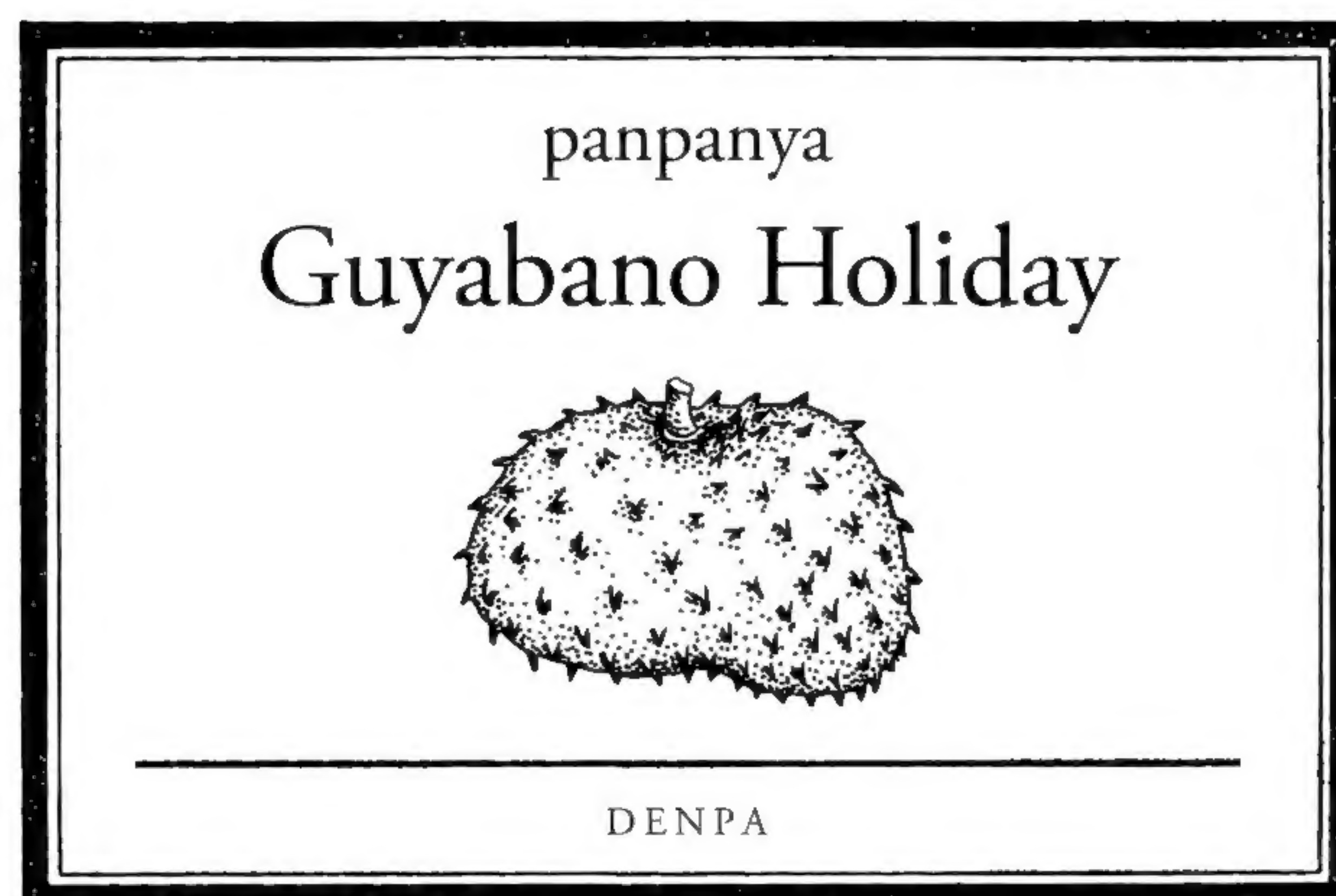
journal, so it would be efficient to do it all, then document that. I wouldn't have to rack my brain to come up with a topic that way.

This went on for a while, but since I kept repeating myself in too simplistic a way, my teacher eventually got mad and forbid me from using the method.

The Study Kotatsu:

Rakuen web, November 2017

I wonder why the braided cords on kotatsu always have a red and white striped pattern on them. When I looked around my home to see if the same cord was used anywhere else, I found the pattern on an old iron's cord as well. I thought that perhaps they indicated a device that generated heat, but my room heater and dryer had regular vinyl coated cords. Maybe there's some kind of standard they use.



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GUYABANO HOLIDAY by panpanya

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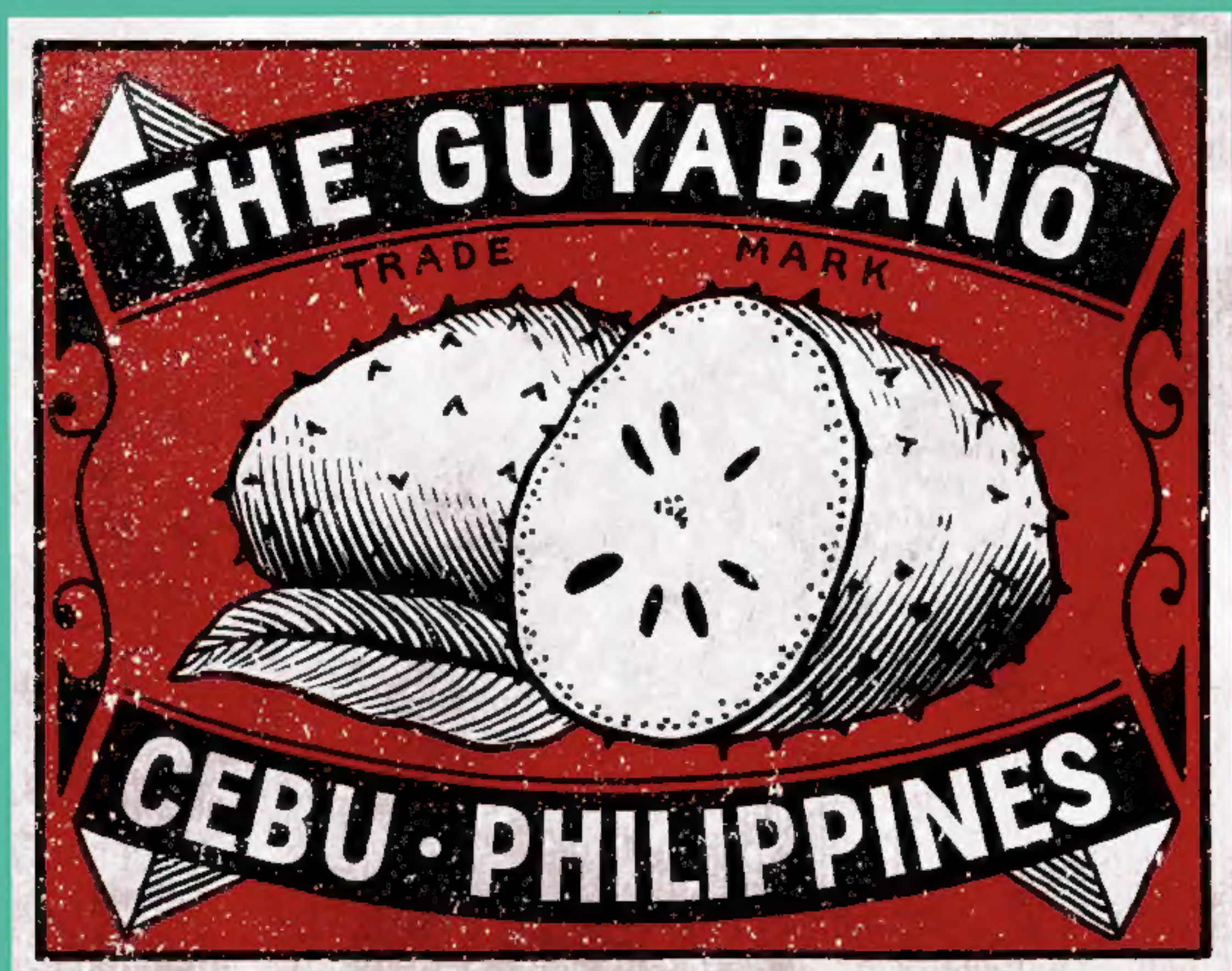
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A fruit in the *Annona* genus originally from the Americas that is often eaten in the countries of Southeast Asia, such as the Philippines. Weak to cold temperatures, it is said to be grown in a tiny portion of Japan, but their existence seems to be very niche. The name *guyabano* comes from Tagalog, while in English it is sometimes known as *soursop*, and in Japanese it is the *togeban-reishi*. Globally there is limited awareness of the fruit's existence. To improve on that, this book will cover the fruit's origins, its horticulture, and its gastronomy. A collection of such stories are what is known in publishing circles as a ***Guyabano Holiday***.





Guyabano Holiday panpanya

Years after their Japanese Comitia debut, **panpanya** is still exciting indie comics fans with an individual style and unique stories. An increasingly regular feature on award lists, including the 2014 *Manga Taisho Gran Prix Award*, **panpanya's** comic art was also featured in the British Museum's *Citi Manga Exhibition* in 2019.

